







Jos. Jeffery

1701







T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IV.



T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH,

CONTAINING,

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

WINTER's TALE.

MACBETH.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
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VOLUME 1773

CONTAINS

ALL THE PLAYS  
AND POEMS  
WITH A  
PREFACE

BY

JOHN GARDNER  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE  
AND  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
OXFORD  
WITH  
A  
PREFACE  
BY  
THE  
AUTHOR

1773



ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

VOL. IV.

B

## Persons Represented.\*

*KING* of France.

*Duke* of Florence.

Bertram, *Count* of Rouffillon.

Lafeu, *an old Lord*.

Parolles, *a parasitical follower* of Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.*

Steward, } *Servants to the Countess* of Rouffillon.  
Clown, }

*Countess* of Rouffillon, *mother* to Bertram.

Helena, *daughter* to Gerard de Narbon, *a famous physician, some time since dead.*

*An old widow* of Florence.

Diana, *Daughter* to the widow.

Violenta, } *Neighbours and friends* to the widow.  
Mariana, }

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

**S C E N E** *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

\* The persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

# ALL'S WELL that ENDS WELL<sup>1</sup>.

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

*The Countess of Rouffillon's house in France.*

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rouffillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.*

### C O U N T E S S.

<sup>1</sup> **I**N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's

<sup>1</sup> The story of *All's Well that Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakespeare from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the first vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1598, p. 282. FARMER.

Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In DELIVERING my son from me*—] To *deliver from*, in the sense of *giving up*, is not English. Shakespeare wrote, *in DISSEVERING my son from me*—The following words, too,—*I bury a second husband*—demand this reading. For to *differver* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which *delivering* does not. WARB.

Of this change I see no need: the present reading is clear, and, perhaps, as proper as that which the great commentator would substitute; for the king *differvers* her son from her, she only *delivers* him. JOHNSON.

command, to whom I am now <sup>3</sup> in ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; <sup>4</sup> whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* <sup>5</sup> This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill  
was

<sup>3</sup> *In ward.*] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.*] An opposition of terms is visibly designed in this sentence; tho' the opposition is not so visible, as the terms now stand. *Wanted* and *abundance* are the opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a contrast to *stir up*? The addition of a single letter gives it, and the very sense requires it. Read *slack* it.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!)* Lafeu was speaking of the king's desperate condition: which makes the countess recall to mind the deceased Gerard de Narbon, who, she thinks could have cured him. But in using the word *bad*, which implied his death, she stops in the middle of her sentence, and makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the present reading, is unintelligible. We must therefore believe Shakespeare wrote (*O that had! how sad a passage 'tis*) *i. e.* - a *presage* that the king must now expect no cure, since so skilful a person was himself forced to submit to a malignant distemper.

WARBURTON.

This

was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she in-

This emendation is ingenious, perhaps preferable to the present reading, yet since *passage* may be fairly enough explained, I have left it in the text. *Passage* is *any thing that pass's*, so we now say, a *passage* of an *authour*, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a *reign*. When the *countess* mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *had* pass'es through her mind.

JOHNSON.

Thus Shakespear himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, act iii. sc. 1.

“ Now in the stirring *passage* of the day.

So in *The Gamester* by Shirley, 1637. “ I'll not be witness  
“ of your *passages* myself.” *i. e.* of what pass'es between you.

STEEVENS.



herits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for<sup>6</sup> where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors

<sup>6</sup> *where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for THEIR simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.*] This obscure encomium is made still more obscure by a slight corruption of the text. Let us explain the passage as it lies. By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in an *ill mind*, these *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. But, says the countess, *in her they are the better for THEIR simpleness*. But *simpleness* is the same with what is called *honesty*, immediately after; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We must certainly read

HER *simpleness*,

and then the sentence is properly concluded. The countess had said, that *virtuous qualities* are the worse for an *unclean mind*, but concludes that Helen's are the *better for her simpleness*, i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then sums up the character, she had before given in detail, in these words, *she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness*, i. e. she derives her *honesty*, her *simpleness*, her moral character, from her father and her ancestors; but she achieves or wins her *goodness*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

WARBURTON.

This is likewise a plausible but unnecessary alteration. *Her virtues are the better for their simpleness*, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shewn the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too*. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.

JOHNSON.

too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes<sup>7</sup> all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.*<sup>8</sup> If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape! thy blood, and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,

<sup>7</sup> all livelihood] Means all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] This seems very obscure; but the addition of a negative perfectly dispels all the mist. *If the living be not enemy, &c.* excessive grief is an enemy to the living, says Lafew: Yes, replies the countess; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. strive to conquer it,] the excess makes it soon mortal.

WARBURTON.

This emendation I had once admitted into the text, but restored the old reading, because I think it capable of an easy explication. Lafew says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living*: the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal*: that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess*. By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies*, and Dr. Warburton, *that which destroys*. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,  
<sup>9</sup> That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
 Fall on thy head ! Farewell, my lord ;  
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,  
 Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best,  
 That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him ! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

*Ber.* [*To Helena.*] ' The best wishes that can befor'd  
 in your thoughts, be servants to you ! Be comfortable  
 to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady : you must hold the  
 credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafcu.*]

*Hel.* Oh, were that all !—I think not on my father ;  
<sup>2</sup> And these great tears grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?  
 I have forgot him : my imagination  
 Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.  
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
<sup>3</sup> In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :

<sup>9</sup> [*That thee may furnish.*] That may help thee with more and  
 better qualifications. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> [*The best wishes, &c.*] That is, may you be mistress of your  
 wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> [*These great tears.*] The tears which the king and countess  
 shed for him. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> [*In his bright radiance, &c.*] I cannot be united with him and  
 move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by  
 the radiance that shoots on all sides from him. JOHNSON.

The



The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table: heart, too capable  
 Of every line and <sup>4</sup>trick of his sweet favour!——  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter Parolles.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar;  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
 Yet these, fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see  
<sup>5</sup>Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And, no.——

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay: you have some <sup>6</sup>stain of soldier in you;  
 let

<sup>4</sup> *Trick of his sweet favour.*] So in King John; *he hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face.* Trick seems to be some peculiarity of look or feature. JOHNSON.

*Trick* is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in another place. The present instance explains itself:

——to sit and draw

*His arched brows, &c.*

——and trick of his sweet favour.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *superfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Stain of soldier.*] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd bumble-bee.*

WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that *Parolles* was entirely dressed in red. Shakespeare writes only *some stain of soldier,*

let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. <sup>7</sup>Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. <sup>8</sup>He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity

*soldier*, meaning only he had *red breeches on*, which is sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tailed humble-bee*.

STEEVENS.

*Stain* rather for what we now say *tincture*, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Loss of virginity is rational increase.*] It is conjectured by the author of the *Observations and Conjectures*, printed at Oxford 1766, that the poet wrote, *rational increase*. *Rational increase* may however mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He, that hangs himself, is a virgin.*] But why is he that hangs himself a virgin? Surely, not for the reason that follows,

*Virginity*

ginity murders itself: and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offence against nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginitie is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin<sup>9</sup> in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see. 'Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request.

*Virginitie murders itself.* For tho' every virgin be a suicide, yet every suicide is not a virgin. A word or two are dropt, which introduced a comparison in this place; and Shakespeare wrote it thus,

*As he, that hangs himself, so is a virgin.*

And then it follows naturally, *virginitie murders itself.* By this emendation, the *Oxford editor* was enabled to alter the text thus,

*He that hangs himself is like a virgin.*

And this is his usual way of becoming a critick at a cheap expence.

WARBURTON.

I believe most readers will spare both the emendations, which I do not think much worth a claim or a contest. The old reading is more spritely and equally just.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup>—*inhibited sin.*—] i. e. forbidden. So in Othello  
— a practiser.

Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant.

So the first folio. Theobald and Johnson read *prohibited*.

STEEVENS.

'Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes, &c.] Parolles, in answer to the question, *how one shall lose virginitie to her own liking?* plays upon the word *king*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginitie, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginitie.*

JOHNSON.

Virginitie,

Virginity, like an old courtier wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which <sup>2</sup>wear not now: your date <sup>3</sup>is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, <sup>4</sup>yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* <sup>5</sup>Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mo-

<sup>2</sup> *which wear not now.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakespeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wear not now." T. T.

<sup>3</sup> *your date is better.*] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a particular kind of *fruit* much used in our author's time—Romeo and Juliet;

They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For *yet*, as it stood before, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *yes*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading,

*Not my virginity yet—You're for the court,  
There shall your master, &c.*

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.—I know not what to do with the passage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended, nor is that connection always to be sought for in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that state, but that in the



A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
<sup>6</sup>A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
 A counsellor, a <sup>7</sup>traitress, and a dear;  
 His humble ambition, proud humility;  
 His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;  
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
 Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——  
 I know not, what he shall:—God send him well!—  
 The court's a learning place;—and he is one——  
*Par.* What one, i'faith?  
*Hel.* That I wish well——'Tis pity——

the enjoyment of her his master should find the gratification of all his most romantic wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards, is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read,

“ Will you any thing with *us* ?” i. e. will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough——

“ Not my virginity yet.”

T. T.

<sup>6</sup> *A phoenix, captain, &c.*] The eight lines following *friend*, I am persuaded is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helena's saying, as it should be read for the future,

*There shall your master have a thousand loves;*

*A mother, and a mistress, and a friend.*

*I know not, what he shall——God send him well.*

Where the fellow finding a *thousand loves* spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enemies*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of *Bedlam*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *a traitress*.] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafau introduces Helena to the king, he says, *You like a traitor, but such traitors his majesty does not much fear.*

JOHNSON.

*Par.*

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
\*And shew what we alone must think, which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit page.*]

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, <sup>9</sup> is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.*

\* *And shew what we alone must think.*] And shew by realities what we now must only think. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.*] The integrity of the metaphor directs us to Shakespeare's true reading; which, doubtless, was—a good MING, i. e. mixture, composition; a word common to Shakespeare and the writers of this age, and

*Par.* I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
<sup>1</sup>What power is it, which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
<sup>2</sup>The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings  
To join like likes, and kifs, like native things.

Im-

and taken from the texture of cloth. The *M* was turned the wrong way at press, and from thence came the blunder.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture I could wish to see better proved. This common word *ming* I have never found. The first edition of this play exhibits *wing* without a capital: yet, I confess, that a *virtue of a good wing* is an expression that I cannot understand, unless by a metaphor taken from falconry, it may mean, *a virtue that will fly high*, and in the stile of Hotspur, *Pluck honour from the moon*.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What power is it, that mounts my love so high,*

*That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?*] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me; why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kifs, like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose  
What hath been,———]*

All these four lines are obscure, and, I believe, corrupt. I shall propose

Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
 That weigh their pain in sense ; and do suppose,  
 What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove  
 To shew her merit, that did miss her love ?  
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,  
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the court of France.*

*Flourish Cornets. Enter the king of France, with letters, and divers attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears ;  
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
 A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it,  
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria ;  
 With caution that the Florentine will move us  
 For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend  
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
 To have us make denial.

propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject.

*Through mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
 Likes to join likes, and kifs, like native things.*

That is, *nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have set between them ; she joins them and makes them kifs like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Hammer.

*Impossible be strange attempts to those  
 That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose  
 It hat ha'n't been, cannot be.*

*New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them.*

JOHNSON.

*1 Lord.*



1 *Lord.* His love, and wisdom,  
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
 For ample credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer ;  
 And Florence is deny'd, before he comes :  
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
 To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve  
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
 For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here ?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rouffillon, my good lord,  
 Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.  
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
 May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks, and duty, are your majesty's.

*King.* I would, I had that corporal soundness now,  
 As when thy father, and myself, in friendship  
 First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far  
 Into the service of the time, and was  
 Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long ;  
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
 To talk of your good father : in his youth  
 3 He had the wit, which I can well observe

To

*3 He had the wit, which I can well observe  
 To day in our young lords : but they may jest,  
 Till their own scorn return to them ; unnoted  
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour.]*

*i. e.* Ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and  
 VOL. IV. C make

To-day in our young lords, but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them ; unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

\* So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,

make it pass for desert. The Oxford editor, not understanding this, alters the line to

*Ere they can eye their levity with his honour.* WARBURTON.

I believe honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation : Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.

This is an excellent observation. Jocular follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

\* *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them.——]*

This passage is so very incorrectly pointed, that the author's meaning is lost. As the text and stops are reformed, these are most beautiful lines, and the sense is this——“ He had no contempt or bitterness ; if he had any thing that look'd like pride or sharpness, (of which qualities contempt and bitterness are the excesses,) his equal had awakened them, not his inferior : to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that bore the shadow of pride or sharpness.”

WARBURTON.

The original edition reads the first line thus,

*So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness.*

The sense is the same. Nor was used without reduplication. So in *Measure for Measure*,

*More nor less to others paying,  
Than by self-offences weighing.*

The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV.

JOHNSON.

Clock

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exception bid him speak ; and, at that time  
 5 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him  
 6 He us'd as creatures of another place ;  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 7 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times ;  
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
 But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, fir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;  
 8 So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.

*King.*

5 *His tongue obeyed his hand.*] We should read,

*His tongue obeyed the hand.*

That is, the *hand* of his honour's clock, shewing the true minute  
 when exceptions bid him speak. JOHNSON.

6 *He us'd as creatures of another place.*] i. e. He made allowances  
 for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from  
 one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not understanding the  
 sense, has altered *another place*, to a *brother-race*. WARBURTON.

7 *Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise, he humbled—*

But why were they proud of his humility? It should be read and  
 pointed thus :

—*Making them proud ; AND his humility,  
 In their poor praise, he humbled—*

i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them  
 and made them *proud* ; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor  
 praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The sentiment is fine.

WARBURTON.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud* of the *humility* of  
 the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled* in  
 the *praises* of the mean, of those who commend them without  
 conviction or discernment : this, however is not so common ;  
 the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

8 *So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.*]

*Epitaph* for character.

WARBURTON.

King. Would, I were with him! He would always say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—  
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out,—*let me not live,* (quoth he,)  
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:—*—This he wish'd.  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourer room.

<sup>2</sup> Lord. You are lov'd, fir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out

I should wish to read,

*Approof so lives not in his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.*

*Approof* is approbation. If I should allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *Epitaph*, which is more than can be reasonably expected, I can yet find no sense in the present reading. JOHNSON.

We might, by a slight transposition, read,

*So his approof lives not in epitaph.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup>—*Whose judgments are*

*Mere fathers of their garments.]*

Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress.

JOHNSON.

With



With several applications :—nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure.—Welcome, count,  
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Flourish. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*A room in the count's palace.*

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*<sup>1</sup>

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to<sup>2</sup> even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours ; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ? Get you gone, firrah : the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe ; 'tis my slowness that I do not : for, I know, you<sup>3</sup> lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.*

<sup>1</sup> *Steward and Clown.*] A *Clown* in Shakespeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or *domestick fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *To even your content.*] To act up to your desires. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.*] Well, but if he had folly to commit them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing else, sure, to make them *his own*? This nonsense should be read, *To make such knaveries YARE* ; nimble, dextrous, *i. e.* Tho' you be fool enough

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, fir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; tho' many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

to commit knaveries, yet you have quickness enough to commit them dextrously: for this observation was to let us into his character. But now, though this be set right, and, I dare say, in Shakespeare's own words, yet the former part of the sentence will still be inaccurate—you lack not folly to commit THEM. Them, what? the sense requires *knaveries*, but the antecedent referred to, is *complaints*. But this was certainly a negligence of Shakespeare's, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot see that this is an inaccuracy which the author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read Shakespeare very little, or greatly mispent his pains. The principal office of a critick is to distinguish between those two things. But 'tis that branch of criticism which no precepts can teach the writer to discharge, or the reader to judge of. WARBURTON.

After premising that the accusative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability.*

REVISAL.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them ?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You are shallow, madam, in great friends<sup>4</sup> ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood ; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist, howfoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave ?

*Clo.* <sup>5</sup> A prophet, I, madam ; I speak the truth the next way :—

“ For

<sup>4</sup>*Clo.* *You are shallow, madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of—*.] This last speech, I think, should be read thus,

*You are shallow, madam ; MY great friends ;—*

Observations and Conjectures printed at Oxford, 1766.

The meaning seems to be, you are not deeply skilled in the character of offices of great friends. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A prophet, I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way.*] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that

“ For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true  
 “ shall find ;

“ Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckoo  
 “ sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* <sup>6</sup>“ Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
 [Singing.

“ Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?

*natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred : travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them ; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bénet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rablais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle ; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the first—*Par l'avis, conseil, prediction des fols vos savez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez, &c.*—The phrase—*speak the truth the next way*, means *directly* ; as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others ; such as inspired persons were supposed to be.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
 Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?  
 Fond done, fond done ;  
 Was this king Priam's joy.]*

This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus,

*Fond done, fond done, FOR PARIS, HE.      WARB.*

If this be a stanza taken from any antient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority.

STEEVENS,

“ Fond



“ Fond done, done fond<sup>7</sup>;  
 “ Was this king Priam’s joy.  
 “ With that she sighed as she stood,  
 “ With that she sighed as she stood<sup>8</sup>,  
 “ And gave this sentence then ;  
 “ Among nine bad if one be good,  
 “ Among nine bad if one be good,  
 “ There’s yet one good in ten<sup>9</sup>.

*Count.* What, one good in ten ? You corrupt the song, firrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam ; which is a purifying o’ the song : ’Would, God would serve the world so all the year ! we’d find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson : One in ten, quoth a’ ! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, ’twould

<sup>7</sup>—*fond* done is foolishly done. So in the Merchant of Venice—

*Jailor, why art thou so fond  
 To let this man abroad.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italic characters the word *bis*, which, I suppose, denoted the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was printed over again, as I have inserted it, from the ancient and only authentic copy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Among nine bad if one be good,  
 There’s yet one good in ten.*]

This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women : a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song, which shews the song said, *Nine good in ten.*

*If one be bad amongst nine good,  
 There’s but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For, though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten ; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris,* and *Polites.*

WARBURTON.

mend

mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, fir knave, and do as I command you ?

*Clo.* <sup>1</sup> That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done !—Tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

*Count.* Well, now.

<sup>1</sup> *Clo. That man, &c.]* The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss* ; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will do no hurt ; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart* ; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So in the following instances :

—“ She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function, about the town ; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland.”

*Cupid's Whirligig* by E. S. 1616.

So in the *Match at Midnight* 1633, by W. R.

“ He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the sight of a *surplice*.”

Again in *The Hollander* 1635.

—“ a puritan, who because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes.” STEEVENS.

*Stew.*

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: <sup>2</sup> Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprized without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

<sup>2</sup> *Fortune, she said, was no goddess, &c. Love no god, &c. complained against the queen of virgins, &c.] This passage stands thus in the old copies:*

*Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level, queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.*

'Tis evident to every sensible reader that something must have slipt out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love, no god, for another;—what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

*Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprized without rescue, &c.*

For in poetical history Diana was well known to preside over chastity, as Cupid over love, or Fortune over the change or regulation of our circumstances.

THEOBALD.

*Count,*

*Count.* You have discharg'd this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt : pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

*Enter Helena.*

*Count.* Even so it was with me, when I was young :  
 If we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn  
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born ;  
 It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,  
 Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth :  
<sup>3</sup> By our remembrances of days foregone,  
<sup>4</sup> Such were our faults, O ! then we thought them none.  
 Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now. —

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother ;  
 Why not a mother ? when I said, a mother,  
 Methought, you saw a serpent : What's in mother,  
 That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;  
 And put you in the catalogue of those,  
 That were enwomb'd mine : 'Tis often seen,  
 Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds  
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

<sup>3</sup> *By our remembrances.]* That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Such were our faults, OR then we thought them none.]* We should read,

— O ! then we thought them none.

A motive for pity and pardon ; agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker. This was sent to the Oxford editor, and he altered O, to tho'.

WARBURTON.

You



You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :—  
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,  
 To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?  
 Why ?——that you are my daughter ?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam.

The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother :  
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;  
 No note upon my parents, his all noble.  
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I  
 His servant live, and will his vassal die :  
 He must not be my brother.—

*Count.* Nor I your mother ?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam ; would you were,  
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)  
 Indeed, my mother !—'or, were you both our mothers  
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven.

So

<sup>5</sup> —or were you both our mothers

I CARE no more FOR, than I do FOR heav'n,

So I were not his sister :——]

The second line has not the least glimmering of sense. Helen, by the indulgence and invitation of her mistress, is encouraged to discover the hidden cause of her grief ; which is the love of her mistress's son ; and taking hold of her mistress's words, where she bids her call her *mother*, she unfolds the *mystery* : and, as she is discovering it, emboldens herself by this reflection, in the line in question, as it ought to be read in a parenthesis,

(I CAN no more FEAR, than I do FEAR heav'n.)

i. e. I can no more fear to trust so indulgent a mistress with the secret, than I can fear heaven, who has my vows for its happy issue. This break, in her discovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine. Here again the Oxford editor does his part.      WARBURTON.

I do

So I were not his sister : <sup>6</sup> can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother  
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—<sup>7</sup> Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
<sup>8</sup> Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,

I do not much yield to this emendation ; yet I have not been able to please myself with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

*Or were you both our mothers,*

I cannot ask for more than that of heaven.

*So I were not his sister ; can be no other*

*Way I your daughter, but he must be my brother ?* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Can't no other,*

*But, I your daughter, he must be my brother.]*

The meaning is obscur'd by the elliptical diction. *Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter he must be my brother ?*

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup>————— *Now I see*

*The mystery of your loneliness, and find*

*Your salt tears' head :—————]*

The mystery of her *loneliness* is beyond my comprehension : the old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here ; which it could not, unless sarcastically employed, and with some spleen. I dare warrant, the poet meant, his old lady should say no more than this : “ I now find the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in secret.” For this reason I have amended the text, *loneliness*. The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives the Countess intelligence of Helena's behaviour, says ;

Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears.

THEOBALD.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—— your *loneliness*.

T. T.

<sup>8</sup> *Your salt tears' head.]* The force, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief.

JOHNSON.

Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
 But tell me then 'tis so:—For, look, thy cheeks  
 Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes  
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,  
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
 That truth should be suspected: speak, is't so?  
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue:  
 If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
 To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,  
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
 The state of your affection; for your passions  
 Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
 I love your son:—  
 My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
 Be not offended; for it hurts not him,  
 That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
 By any token of presumptuous suit;  
 Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;  
 Yet never know, how that desert should be.  
 I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;  
 Yet, in this <sup>9</sup> captious and intenable sieve,

<sup>9</sup> *Captious and intenable sieve.*] The word *captious* I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious*: for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copyers than used by the author.

JOHNSON.

I still

I still pour in the waters of my love,  
 And lack not to lose still<sup>1</sup>: thus, Indian-like,  
 Religious in mine error, I adore  
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
 For loving where you do: but if yourself,  
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking  
 Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian  
 Was both herself and love; O then, give pity  
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse  
 But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;  
 That seeks not to find that, her search implies;  
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
 To go to *Paris*?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.  
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
 Of rare, and prov'd effects; such as his reading  
 And manifest experience had collected  
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me,  
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
 As<sup>2</sup> notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
 More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
 The king is render'd lost.

<sup>1</sup> *And lack not to lose still:—*

Perhaps we should read,

*And lack not to love still.*

T. T.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes, whose faculties inclusive.] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.* JOHNSON.

*Count.*



Count. This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,  
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine<sup>3</sup>; have left off  
The danger to itself?

Hel. <sup>4</sup> There's something hints  
More than my father's skill, (which was the greatest  
Of his profession,) that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your  
honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

<sup>3</sup> Embowell'd of their doctrine.] i. e. exhausted of their skill.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> There's something HINTS  
More than my father's skill——  
——that his good receipt, &c.]

Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the sentence vicious, and shews that we should read,

*There's something HINTS  
More than my father's skill,——  
——that his good receipt——*

i. e. I have a secret premonition or presage.

WARBURTON.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means, and attendants; and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court:—I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt<sup>5</sup>:  
Begone, to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The court of France.*

*Enter the King, with young lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.*

*Flourish cornets.*

K I N G.

**F**AREWEL, young lords: these warlike principles

<sup>5</sup> ———into *thy attempt.*] So the old copy. We might better read——“unto *thy attempt.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> In all the latter copies these lines stood thus:

*Farewel, young lords; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, farewell;  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd.*

The third line in that state was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

*Farewel young lord, these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, farewell;  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.*

The first edition, from which the passage is restored, was sufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not understand. JOHNSON.

Do

Do not throw from you ; and you, my lords, <sup>7</sup> fare-  
wel :—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1 Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,  
After well-enter'd foldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess, he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewel, young lords ;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen : <sup>8</sup> let higher Italy

(Those

<sup>7</sup> ———— *and you my lords farewell.]*

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords  
(besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy ; and therefore I think  
the king's speech should be corrected thus,

“ Farewel, young *lord* ; these warlike principles

“ Do not throw from you ; and you my *lord*, farewell ;”

what follows, shews the connection to be necessary :

“ Share the advice between you ; if *both* gain all, &c.”

T. T.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *let higher Italy*  
(*Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall*  
*Of the last monarch ;) see, &c.]*

This is obscure. Italy, at the time of this scene, was under  
three very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the  
Roman emperors, had one part ; the pope, by a pretended do-  
nation from Constantine, another ; and the third was composed  
of free states. Now by the *last monarchy* is meant the *Roman*,  
the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this  
monarchy, in the scramble, several cities set up for themselves,  
and became free states : now these might be said properly to *in-*  
*herit the fall* of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now  
consider sense. The King says, *higher Italy* ;—giving it the  
rank of preference to France ; but he corrects himself and says,  
I except those from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of  
the last monarchy ; as all the little petty states ; for instance,  
Florence, to whom these voluntiers were going. As if he had

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope,  
but not to the free states.

WARBURTON.

The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the upper sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

*Those ballards that inherit, &c.*

with this note:

Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and states which arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world. HANMER.

Dr. Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle; Sir Tho. Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The passage is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this, *Let upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their antient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.* To *abate* is used by Shakespeare in the original sense of *abatere*, to depress, to sink, to dject, to subdue. So in Coriolanus,

—'till ignorance deliver you,  
As most abated captives to some nation  
That won you without blows.

And *bated* is used in a kindred sense in the Jew of Venice.

— in a bondman's key  
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness.

The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law.

JOHNSON.

2 Lord.

*2 Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy,——take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand. <sup>9</sup> Beware of being captives, Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewel. Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

*1 Lord.* Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!——

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

*2 Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with; *Too young,* and *the next year,* and *'tis too early*——

*Par.* An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, 'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn But one to dance with! by heaven, I'll steal away.

*1 Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, Count.

*2 Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

*Ber.* <sup>1</sup> I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

<sup>9</sup> —— *Beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.*]

The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, *Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.*] I read thus, *Our parting is the parting of a tortured body.* Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes, the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted.

JOHNSON.



1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles! —

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kind;  
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.

2 You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain *Spurio*, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the King —

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for  
3 they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the

2 You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain *Spurio*, his cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his sinister cheek;] It is surprizing, none of the editors could see that a slight transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common sense in the passage, as it stands without such transposition. Parolles only means, "You shall find one captain *Spurio* in the  
"camp, with a scar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my  
"sword gave him." THEOBALD.

3 they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, *do muster*, *to muster*. — *To wear themselves in the cap of the time*, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps. — *there to muster true gait*, signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy. WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus, *They do muster with the true gait*, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. JOHNSON.

influence

influence of the most receiv'd star; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lafeu.* [Lafeu kneels.]

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man

Stands, that, has bought his pardon. I would, you Had kneel'd my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Goodfaith, <sup>4</sup>across:—but, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

<sup>5</sup>Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if My royal fox could reach them: <sup>6</sup>I have seen a *medecin*, That's

<sup>4</sup>—across:—] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup>Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an' if]

These words, *my noble grapes*, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer, to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shakespeare's words. *You will eat*, says Lafeu, *no grapes*. *Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes* as I bring you, *if you could reach them*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup>—————*I have seen a medicine That's able to breathe life into a stone, Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary.*

Mr. Rich. Broom, in his comedy, intitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman*



That's able to breathe life into a stone ;  
 Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
 With sprightly fire and motion ; whose simple touch  
 Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay,  
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,  
 And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, doctor-she : my lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,  
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
 With one, that in her sex, <sup>7</sup> her years, profession,  
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
 Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her,  
 (For that is her demand) and know her business ?  
 That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
 Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee,  
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
 And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafeu.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Laf.* [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.

[*Bringing in Helena.*

*King.* This haste hath wings, indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways ;  
 This is his majesty, say your mind to him :  
 A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

*Woman wears the Breeches*, act 4. sc. 1. mentions this among other dances. "As for *corantos*, *levoltas*, jigs, measures, *pavins*, "brawls, galliards or *canaries* ; I speak it not swellingly, but I "subscribe to no man." DR. GRAY.

<sup>7</sup>—her years, profession,] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

His

His majesty feldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle<sup>8</sup>,  
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was  
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praise toward him;  
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two; more dear I have so:  
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour<sup>9</sup>  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us; and  
The congregated college have concluded,  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her unaidable estate: I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past cure malady  
To empericks; or to disserve so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

<sup>8</sup> ——— Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See Troilus and Cressida. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,]

Perhaps we may better read,

————— wherein the power  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in honour.

JOHNSON.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :  
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live :  
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes ; great floods have flown  
From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,  
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.<sup>1</sup>  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind  
maid ;  
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :  
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
It is not so with him, that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows :

<sup>1</sup> *When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd.]*

I do not see the import or connection of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been lost. JOHNSON.

I would point the passage thus, and then I see no reason to complain of want of connection :

*When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.*

*When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd,*

i. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the wisest men have been writing against the possibility of them. STEEVENS.

But

But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

<sup>2</sup> Myself against the level of mine aim ;

But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame ;  
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name

Sear'd

<sup>2</sup> *Myself against the level of mine aim ;]*

i. e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.

WARBURTON.

I rather think that she means to say, *I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud : I think what I speak.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— a divulged shame

*Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maiden's name*

*Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended ;*

*With vilest torture let my life be ended.]*

This passage is apparently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified ? I have no great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the whole thus,

*King.*



Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. *What darest thou venture ?*

Hel. *Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness ; a divulged shame,  
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name ;  
Sear'd otherwise, to worst of worst extended ;  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.*

When this alteration first came into my mind, I supposed Helen to mean thus, *First*, I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation ; but if your distrust *extends* my character to the *worst* of the *worst*, and supposes me *seared* against the sense of infamy, I will add to the stake of reputation, the stake of life. This certainly is sense, and the language as grammatical as many other passages of Shakespeare. Yet we may try another experiment.

Fear *otherwise* to worst of worst extended ;  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

That is, let me act under the greatest terrors possible.

Yet once again we will try to find the right way by the glimmer of Hanmer's emendation, who reads thus,

————— *my maiden name*  
*Sear'd ; otherwise the worst of worst extended, &c.*

Perhaps it were better thus,

————— *my maiden name*  
*Sear'd ; otherwise the worst to worst extended ;*  
*With vilest torture let my life be ended.* JOHNSON.

Let us try, if possible, to produce sense from this passage without exchanging a syllable. *I would bear* (says she) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet ; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worse extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me* (meaning violation) *let my life be ended with the worst of tortures.* The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that can befall a woman being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line.* STEEVENS.

King,



King. <sup>4</sup> Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak :  
 And what impossibility would slay  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.  
 Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate <sup>5</sup> ;  
<sup>6</sup> Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
 That happiness and <sup>7</sup> prime can happy call :  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

<sup>4</sup> Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak ;]

To *speaking a sound* is a barbarism : for *to speak* signifies to utter an articulate sound, *i. e.* a voice. So Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour Lost*, says with propriety, *And when love speaks the voice of all the gods.* To *speaking a sound* therefore is improper, tho' to *utter a sound* is not ; because the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Besides, the construction is vicious with the two ablatives, *in thee*, and, *within an organ weak*. The lines therefore should be thus read and pointed,

Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak :  
 His power full sounds within an organ weak.

But the Oxford editor would be only so far beholden to this emendation, as to enable him to make sense of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticism or ingenuous dealing.

It *powerful sounds within an organ weak.* WARBURTON.

The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus ;

His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ.

REVISAL :

<sup>5</sup> ——— in thee hath estimate :] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by them. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all]

The verse wants a foot. VIRTUE, by mischance, has dropt out of the line. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— prime] Youth ; the spring or morning of life.

JOHNSON.

Sweet

Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;  
And well deserv'd ! Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* <sup>s</sup> Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command.  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To chuse from forth the royal blood of France ;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of the state \* :  
But such a one thy vassal ; whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :

<sup>s</sup> *King.* *Make thy demand.*

*Hel.* *But will you make it even ?*

*King.* *Ay, by scepter and my hopes of help.]*

The king could have but a very slight hope of *help* from her, scarce enough to swear by : and therefore Helen might suspect he meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest part of the scene is strictly in rhyme : and there is no shadow of reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote,

*Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.* THIRLBY.

\* *With any branch or IMAGE of thy state :*] Shakespeare unquestionably wrote *IMPAGE*, grafting. *IMPE* a grass, or slip, or sucker : by which she means one of the sons of France. So Caxton calls our prince Arthur, *that noble IMPE of fame.*

WARBURTON.

*Image* is surely the true reading, and may mean any representative of thine ; i. e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. There is no such word as *impage*. STEEVENS.

So, make the choice of thine own time, for I,  
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
 More should I question thee, and more I must ;  
 (Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust :)  
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest  
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.  
 Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed  
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ROUSILLON.

*Enter Countess, and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, fir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught : I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* But to the court ? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and ; indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks<sup>9</sup> ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brown-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

<sup>9</sup> *It is like a barber's chair, &c.]* This expression is proverbial. See Ray's Proverbs.

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* <sup>1</sup> To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* <sup>2</sup> O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, O Lord, sir, as you are whip-

<sup>1</sup> *To be young again,*—] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *O Lord, sir,*—] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

WARBURTON.



ping, and *spare not me*? indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my——  
*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* *O Lord, sir*,—why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, *sir*; to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:  
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:  
This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: You understand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*The Court of France.*

*Enter Bertram, Lafcu, and Parolles.*

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear<sup>3</sup>.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists,——

<sup>3</sup> —— *unknown fear.*] *Fear* is here the object of fear.

JOHNSON.



Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus <sup>4</sup>.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death, —

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there? —

<sup>4</sup> Par. *So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.*

Laf. *Of all the learned and authentick fellows—*]

Shakespeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jostled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen; and *authentick* or fashionable to Paracelsus. Sancy, in his *Confession Catholique*, p. 301. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to say, *Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il est bon Galeniste, & tres bon Paraceliste. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, & non mesprisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce soit de vrais preceptes de Paracelse, est bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme pour la Therapeutique.*

WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus,

Laf. *To be relinquished of the artists—*

Par. *So I say.*

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows—*

Par. *Right, so I say.* JOHNSON.

I am entirely of Dr. Johnson's opinion. STEEVENS.

Laf.

*Laf.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor<sup>5</sup>.

*Par.* That's it, I would have said; the very same.

*Laf.* <sup>6</sup> Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak——

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us<sup>7</sup> a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the King; as to be——

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter King, Helena, and attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you said well. Here comes the King.

<sup>5</sup> *A shewing of a heavenly effect, &c.*] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:—*] By *dolphin*, I believe is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so spelt in all the old copies. We should therefore read *your Dauphin, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——*which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, &c.*] Between the words *us* and *a farther*, there seems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpose—*should, indeed, give us* [notice, that there is of this,] *a farther use to be made*——so that the passage should be read with asterisks for the future. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that there is any *hiatus*, or other irregularity of language than such as is very common in these plays. I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus,

*Laf.* *In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

*Par.* *As to be.*

*Laf.* *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says<sup>8</sup>. I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court. Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make;  
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one!—

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken<sup>9</sup> than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*[She addresses herself to a lord.]*

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the King to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already:

<sup>8</sup> Lustick, as the Dutchman says.] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, chearful, pleasant. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
 “ We blush that thou should chuse, but be refus'd ;  
 “ Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever '<sup>1</sup>,  
 “ We'll ne'er come there again.

*King.* Make choice ; and see,  
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;  
 And to imperial <sup>2</sup> *Love*, that god most high,  
 Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit ?

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir ;——all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
 ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies :  
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

<sup>2</sup> *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
 Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her <sup>3</sup> ? An they were sons

<sup>1</sup> *Let the white DEATH sit on thy cheek for ever,]*

Shakespeare, I think, wrote DEARTH ; *i. e.* want of blood, or more figuratively barrenness, want of fruit or issue.

WARBURTON.

The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And to IMPERIAL Love,——]* The old editions read IMPARTIAL, which is right. Love who has no regard to difference of condition, but yokes together high and low, which was her case. WARBURTON.

There is no edition of this play older than that of 1623, the next is that of 1632, of which both read *imperial*: the second reads *imperial Jove*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Laf. Do they all deny her ?]* None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.



of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take; I'll never do you wrong for your own sake: Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good, To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*4 Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* <sup>4</sup> There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you; but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guided power. This is the man. [*To Bertram.*

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she hath done for me?

<sup>4</sup> *There's one grape yet, —*] This speech the three last editors have perplexed themselves by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no explanation necessary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently misunderstood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood, — but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.* JOHNSON.

*Ber.*



*Ber.* Yes, my good lord ;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my  
sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ;  
She had her breeding at my father's charge :  
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever !

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the  
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences, so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name : but do not so.

<sup>5</sup> From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.  
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,  
It is a drop'd honour : <sup>6</sup> good alone

Is

<sup>5</sup> Whence from lowest place virtuous things proceed,]

This easy correction was prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ good al. n<sup>o</sup>,  
Is good without a name. Vileness is so :]

The text is here corrupted into nonsense. We should read,

\_\_\_\_\_ good alone  
Is good ; and, with a name, vileness is so.

i. e. good is good, though there be no addition of title ; and  
vileness is vileness, though there be. The Oxford editor, under-  
standing nothing of this, strikes out *vileness*, and puts in its place,  
*in'tself*. WARBURTON.

The present reading is certainly wrong, and, to confess the  
truth, I do not think Dr. Warburton's emendation right ; yet I  
have nothing that I can propose with much confidence. Of all

Is good, without a name, vileness is so :  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair<sup>7</sup>;  
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir;

And

the conjectures that I can make, that which least displeases me is this :

————— good alone,  
 Is good without a name; Helen is so;

The rest follows easily by this change. JOHNSON.

————— without a name, vileness is so.

I would wish to read,

————— good alone,  
 Is good, without a name; in vileness is so :

i. e. good alone is good unadorned by title, nay, even in the meanest state is so. *Vileness* does not always mean, *moral turpitude*, but *humility of situation*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>————— She is YOUNG, wise, fair ;  
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;  
 And these breed honour :————— ]

The objection was, that Helen had neither riches nor title: to this the King replies, she's *the* immediate heir of nature, from whom she inherits youth, wisdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the *immediate* heir to nature, we must understand one who inherits wisdom and beauty in a supreme degree. From hence it appears that *young* is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wisdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore she could not, with regard to *that*, be said to be the *immediate* heir of nature; for in *that* she was only joint-heir with all the rest of her species. Besides, tho' *wisdom* and *beauty* may *breed honour*, yet *youth* cannot be said to do so. On the contrary, it is *age* which has this advantage. It seems probable, that some foolish player when he transcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondering to find *youth* not reckoned amongst the good qualities of a woman when she was proposed to a lord, and not considering that it was comprised in the word *fair*, foisted in *young*, to the exclusion of a word much more to the purpose. For I make no question but Shakespeare wrote,

————— She is GOOD, wise, fair.

For the greatest part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been against all the rules of good speaking. Nor let it be ob-  
 jected

And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave  
 Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,  
 A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said ?  
 If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest : virtue, and she,  
 Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive  
 to chuse.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad :  
 Let the rest go.—

*King.* <sup>8</sup> My honour's at the stake ; which to defend,

jected that this is requiring an exactness in our author which we should not expect. For he who could reason with the force our author doth here, (and we ought always to distinguish between Shakespeare on his guard and in his rambles) and illustrate that reasoning with such beauty of thought and propriety of expression, could never make use of a word which quite destroyed the exactness of his reasoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expression. WARBURTON.

Here is a long note which I wish had been shorter. *Good* is better than *young*, as it refers to *honour*. But she is more the *immediate heir* of *nature* with respect to *youth* than *goodness*. To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter : thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is transmitted by ancestors ; youth is received *immediately* from *nature*, but *goodness* may be conceived in part the gift of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore loses on one side what it gains on the other. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat  
 I must produce my power.—*]

The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make use of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his honour. THEOBALD.

I must

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;  
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
 My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
 Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,  
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :  
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good :  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
 Into the staggers<sup>o</sup>, and the careless lapse  
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge, and hate  
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,  
 What great creation, and what dole of honour  
 Flies where you bid it ; I find, that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the King ; who, so enobled,  
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise  
 A counterpoize ; if not in thy estate,  
 A balance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the King  
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony

<sup>o</sup> *Into the staggers,*—] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horses apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.



Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
 And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast  
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
 Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur, a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay; Is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Roufillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old. —

*Laf.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

† ————— *whose ceremony*

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
 And be perform'd to-night;—]*

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus,

————— *what ceremony*

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
 Shall be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast  
 Shall more attend—————]*

The *brief* is the *contract of espousal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is necessary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, shall be immediately performed; the rest may be delayed. JOHNSON.

*Laf.*



*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, <sup>2</sup> to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up <sup>3</sup>; and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.——

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default <sup>4</sup>, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

<sup>2</sup> —— for two ordinaries,] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——taking up,] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— in the default,] That is, at a need. JOHNSON.

*Laf.* I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave<sup>5</sup>. [Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me<sup>6</sup>; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above, is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, Sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert

<sup>5</sup>— for doing I am past: as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] Here is a line lost after *past*; so that it should be distinguished by a break with asterisks. The very words of the lost line it is impossible to retrieve; but the sense is obvious enough. For doing I am past; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right, as I will by thee, in what motion [or in the best manner] age will give me leave. WARBURTON.

This suspicion of chiasm is groundless. The conceit which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*, I am past, as I will be past by thee. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;] This the poet makes *Parolles* speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonry even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WARBURTON.

best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than <sup>7</sup> the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Enter Bertram.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Altho' before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:— I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: to the wars, my boy, to the wars! He wears his honour in a box, unseen,

<sup>7</sup> In former copies :

— than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.] Sir Tho. Hanmer restored it. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> That

\* That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home ;  
 Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
 Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
 Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !  
 France is a stable ; we that dwell in't, jades ;  
 Therefore, to the war.

*Ber.* It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house ;  
 Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
 And wherefore I am fled ; write to the King  
 That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
 Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
 Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
 To the dark house<sup>o</sup>, and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure ?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
 I'll send her straight away : To-morrow  
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.—  
 'Tis hard ;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd :  
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :  
 The King has done you wrong : but, hush ! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *That hugs his kickfy-wickfy, &c.*

Sir T. Hanmer in his Glossary, observes that *kickfy-wickfy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in disdain of his *debtors*, intitled, a *kickfy-winsky*, or a *Lerry come-trwang*. Dr. GRAY.

<sup>o</sup> *To the dark house, —*] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat,

*So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown.* JOHNSON.

SCENE



## S C E N E I V.

*Enter Helena and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly ; Is she well ?

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she's not well : but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world ; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things ?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady !

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady ?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would, she did, as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave ; that's, before me thou art a knave : this had been truth, sir.

*Par.*



*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, fir? or were you taught to find me? The search, fir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and right of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-  
ledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, 'is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'the  
King,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,  
May make it probable need<sup>2</sup>.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so. [Exit Parolles.]

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, firrah. [To Clown.  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> *Whose want, and whose delay, &c.*] The *sweets* with which this *want* are *strewed*, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity.

JOHNSON.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance:

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir.

*Laf.* I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, sir, he, sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur.

*Par.* I know not, how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* <sup>3</sup> You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.—

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

<sup>3</sup> *You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;*] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard: set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh; as our poet says in his Hamlet. THEOBALD.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
 Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
 The ministrations and required office  
 On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
 For such a business; therefore am I found  
 So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you,  
 That presently you take your way for home;  
 And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you:  
 For my respects are better than they seem;  
 And my appointments have in them a need  
 Greater than shews itself at the first view,  
 To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so  
 I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That,  
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
 To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let That go:

My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;  
 Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;  
 But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
 What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much:—nothing,  
 indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith,  
 yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kifs.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* † I shall not break your bidding, good my lord. [*Exit Helena.*]

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.

Go thou toward home, where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Duke's court in Florence.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with soldiers,

DUKE.

**S**O that, from point to point, now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

*I Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

† In former copies :

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord:  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will never come.]

What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a shew of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal. THEOBALD,



*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin  
France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*2 Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield<sup>5</sup>,  
But like a common and an outward man<sup>6</sup>,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion :<sup>7</sup> therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it ; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guesst.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*2 Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature<sup>8</sup>,  
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day  
Come here for physick.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be ;  
And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well :  
When better fall, for your avails they fell ;  
To-morrow, to the field, [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs.

WARBURTON.

So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. *I was an inward  
of his.* Measure for Measure. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *By self-unable MOTION ;—*] We should read NOTION.

WARBURTON.

This emendation had been recommended by Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *the younger of our nature,*]

i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows.* The modern editors  
read *nation.* I have restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Roussillon, in France.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it ; save, that he comes not along with her.

*Col.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you ?

*Col.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song ?

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*]

*Col.* I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court. Our old ling, and our Isabels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling, and your Isabels o'the court : the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out ; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here ?

*Col.* E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

*Countess reads a letter.*

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall bear, I am run away ; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,*

BERTRAM.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *sold a goodly manor for a song.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*hold a goodly, &c.* The emendation however seems necessary. STEEVENS.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
 To fly the favours of so good a King;  
 To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
 By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous  
 For the contempt of empire,

*Re-enter Clown,*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

*Enter Helena, and two gentlemen.*

*1 Gen.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.—

*2 Gen.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,——

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
 That the first face of neither, on the start,  
 Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

*2 Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
 And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
 Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

*When*

<sup>1</sup> *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:  
If thou engross'est all the griefs as thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,  
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter. [Reading.]

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,  
which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,

<sup>1</sup> *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to, *When thou canst get the ring from my finger.* WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient, but I once read it thus, *When thou canst get the ring upon thy finger, which never shall come off mine.* JOHNSON.

But

But only she ; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not ?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness :  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have<sup>2</sup>.

Count. You are welcome gentlemen.  
I will intreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him, that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses : more I'll intreat you  
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. <sup>3</sup> Not so, but as we change our courtesies.  
Will you draw near ? [Exeunt Countess and gentlemen.]

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.  
Nothing in France, until he has no wife ;

<sup>2</sup> ——— a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have.]

This is, his vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered  
this thought in all the beauty of expression.

—— I know him a notorious liar ;  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;  
Yet these six evils fit so fit in him,  
That they take place, while virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind——

But the Oxford editor reads,

Which 'hoves him not much to have. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> Not so, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to  
the Countess, she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the  
same offices of civility. JOHNSON.

Thou



Thou shalt have none, Roufillon, none in France,  
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,  
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air<sup>4</sup>,  
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!  
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.  
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;  
 And, tho' I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere,  
 I met the ravening lion when he roar'd  
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,  
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,  
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Roufillon,  
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;  
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:  
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence.  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,

<sup>4</sup> ——— move *the still-piercing air*,  
*That sings with piercing, ———*]

The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read,

———— pierce *the still-moving air*,  
*That sings with piercing, ———*

i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads the still-*peering* air.

Perhaps we might better read,

———— *the still-piecing air.*

i. e. the air that closes immediately. This has been proposed already, but I forget by whom. STEEVENS.

And

And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !  
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The Duke's court in Florence.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, drum  
 and trumpets, soldiers, Parolles.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art ; and we,  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
 Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To the extrem edge of hazard.<sup>5</sup>

*Duke.* Then go forth,  
 And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress !

*Ber.* This very day,  
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :  
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Roussillon in France.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?  
 Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,  
 By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

<sup>5</sup> *To the extreme edge of hazard.]*

Milton has borrowed this expression Par. Reg. B. 1.

*You see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard.* STEEVENS.

L E T T E R.

Stew. *I am\* St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.  
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;  
I, his despightful † Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live ;  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.  
He is too good and fair for death and me,  
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words ?—  
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>o</sup> so much,  
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :  
If I had given you this at over-night  
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath

\*— St. Jaques' pilgrim,—] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rouffillon to Compostella. JOHNSON.

† Juno,] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> Advice, is discretion or thought. JOHNSON.

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
 Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—  
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
 To make distinction: Provide this messenger:—  
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;  
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
[*Exeunt,*

## S C E N E V.

*Without the walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know the knave, (hang him!) one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, <sup>7</sup> are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter Helena, disguis'd like a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her:  
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

<sup>7</sup> are not the things they go under;] Mr. Theobald explains these words by, *They are not really so true and sincere as in appearance they seem to be.* He found something like this sense would fit the passage, but whether the words would fit the sense he seems not to have considered. The truth is, the negative particle should be struck out, and the words read thus, *are the things they go under*: i. e. they make use of oaths, promises, &c. to facilitate their design upon us. The allusion is to the military use of covered-ways, to facilitate an approach or attack; and the scene, which is a besieged city, and the persons spoken of who are soldiers, make the phrase very proper and natural. The Oxford editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his usual way, with a *but*; and reads, *are but the things they go under.* WARBURTON.

I think Theobald's interpretation right; *to go under* the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass.

JOHNSON.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* To St. Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

*Wid.* At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way ? *[A march afar off.]*

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it. Hark you !

They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself ?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France.

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you ?

*Dia.* The count Roufillon : Know you such a one ?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him ;  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported ; for the King had married him  
Against his liking. Think you, it is so ?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, meer the truth ; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name ?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have

I have not heard examin'd<sup>8</sup>.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay! right: good creature! wheresoe'er she is  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed;  
And brokes<sup>9</sup> with all, that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, Bertram, Parolles,  
Officers and Soldiers attending.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;  
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,  
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentle-  
man?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest: yond's that same  
knave<sup>1</sup>,

That

<sup>8</sup> ——— examined.] That is, question'd, doubted. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— brokes —] Deals as a broker. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— yond's that same knave,  
That leads him to these places;—]

What places? Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed,  
VOL. IV. G any

That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he ?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy ?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum ! well. —

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you !

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !—

*Wid.* The troop is past : Come, pilgrim, I will bring you,

Where you shall host : Of enjoyn'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you :

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me ; and to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.

*2 Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*1 Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

any particular locality ? I make no question but our author wrote,  
*That leads him to these paces.*

i. e. such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loving his wife. THEOBALD.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

*1 Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*2 Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

*2 Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*1 Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

*2 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: <sup>2</sup> when  
your

<sup>2</sup> *When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be remov'd.]* Lump of ours has been the reading of all the editions. Ore, according to my emendation, bears a consonancy with the other terms accompanying, (viz. metal, lump and melted) and helps the propriety



your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter Parolles.*

I *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand<sup>3</sup>.

*Ber.*

propriety of the poet's thought: for so one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the meaning of John Drum's entertainment? Lafeu several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Christian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motly interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, the Comedy of Pasquil and Katharine. In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foil'd, and given the drop. And there is another old piece (publish'd in 1627) call'd, Apollo *shroving*, in which I find these expressions:

*Thuriger.* *Thou loxcl, hath Slug infested you?*

*Why do you give such kind entertainment to that cobweb?*

*Scopas.* *It shall have Tom Drum's entertainment; a flap with a fox-tail.*

But both these pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the assistance of our author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect. "My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be remov'd." — I'll now subjoin a quotation from Holingshed, (of whose books Shakespeare was a most diligent reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarfeheld, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that *his porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man, that resorted to his house, Tom Drum's entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.* THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — in any hand.] The usual phrase is—*at any hand*, but in any



*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*2 Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

*2 Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and<sup>4</sup> I will pre-

*any hand* will do. It is used in Holland's Pliny p. 456.—“ he “ must be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand.*” Again p. 508, 553, and 546. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I will presently pen down my dilemmas,*] By this word, Paroles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

sently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know, thou art valiant; and, to the<sup>s</sup> possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost<sup>6</sup> imboss'd him, you shall

<sup>5</sup> *Possibility of thy soldiership,*] Dele *thy*: the sense requires it.

WARBURTON.

There is no occasion to omit this word. *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) *to the possibility of your soldiership.* He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its probability.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *We have almost imbossed him.*] To imboss a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

*Like that self-begotten bird  
In th' Arabian woods emboss,  
Which no second knows or third.* JOHNSON.

see

see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere<sup>7</sup> we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The las I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Florence. The Widow's house.*

*Enter Helena, and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further;

<sup>8</sup> But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these busineses;

<sup>7</sup> *Ere we case him.*] This is, before we strip him naked. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*]

i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.

And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ;  
And, \* what to your sworn council I have spoken,  
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you ;  
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
When I have found it. The gentle Count he woos  
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.

° Now his important blood will nought deny,  
That she'll demand : A ring the County wears  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents,  
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds  
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,

\* *To your sworn counsel.*] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

° *Important* here, and elsewhere, is *important*. JOHNSON.

So Spencer in the *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. C. 6. St. 29.

“ And with *important* outrage him assailed.”

*Important* from the Fr. *Emportant*. T. T.



Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
 Herself most chastly absent : after this,  
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
 To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,  
 That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
 With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
 To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us  
 To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,  
 As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night  
 Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,  
 ' Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed ;  
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;  
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.  
 But let's about it.—

[*Exeunt.*

*' Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed ;  
 And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL act ;]*

To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we should read the second line thus,

*And lawful meaning in a WICKED act ;*

The sense of the two lines is this, It is a *wicked meaning* because the woman's intent is to deceive ; but a *lawful deed*, because the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* because he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not sin and yet a sinful fact.* i. e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides ; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense,

*Unlawful meaning in a lawful act.* JOHNSON.

A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Part of the French camp in Florence.*

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

L O R D.

**H**E can come no other way but by this hedge corner: When you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*Sol.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

*Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us as again?

*Sol.* Even such as you speak to me.

*Lord.* He must think us<sup>2</sup> some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

<sup>2</sup> *Some band of strangers in the adversaries entertainment.] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON.*

*Enter*

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me ; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little ? and great ones I dare not give ; Wherefore ? what's the <sup>3</sup> instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of <sup>4</sup> Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is ? [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

<sup>3</sup> *The instance.*] *The proof.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule.*] We should read, Bajazet's MUTE, *i. e.* a Turkish mute. So in Henry V.

*Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth.*

WARBURTON.

As a mule is dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to Divan.

STEEVENS.

*Par.*

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard ; and to say, it was in stratagem.

*Lord.* 'Twould not do. [Aside.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.

*Lord.* Hardly serve. [Aside.

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

*Lord.* How deep ? [Aside.

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believ'd. [Aside.

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemies ; I would swear, I recover'd it.

*Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemies ! [Alarum within.

*Lord.* *Throcamosousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Crago, crago, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* Oh ! ransom, ransom :—do not hide mine eyes. [They seize him and blindfold him.

*Inter.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Musko's regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

*Inter.* *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :——

*Kereybonto :—*Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh !

*Inter.* Oh, pray, pray, pray.

*Mancha revania dulce.*

*Lord.* *Osceoribi dulchos volvorco.*

*Inter.* The general is content to spare thee yet ; And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform  
Some

Something to save thy life.

*Par.* Oh let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*Inter.* *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit with Parolles.*  
[*A short alarum within.*

*Lord.* Go, tell the count Roufillon and my brother  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him  
muffled

'Till we do hear from them.

*Sol.* Captain, I will.

*Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves,  
Inform 'em that.

*Sol.* So I will, Sir.

*Lord.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely  
lockt. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*The Widow's house.*

*Enter Bertram and Diana.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,

And worth it with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No.

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* <sup>s</sup> No more of that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows :  
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn ?

<sup>s</sup> *No more o' that !*

*I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows :  
I was compell'd to her.]*

I know not well what Bertram can mean by entreating Diana *not to strive against his vows*. Diana has just mentioned his *wife*, so that the *vows* seem to relate to his marriage. In this sense not Diana, but himself, *strives against his vows*. His *vows* indeed may mean *vows* made to Diana ; but, in that case, to *strive against* is not properly used for to reject, nor does this sense cohere well with his first exclamation of impatience at the mention of his wife. *No more of that !* Perhaps we might read,

*I pr'ythee do not drive against my vows.*

*Do not run upon that topick, ; talk of any thing else that I can bear to bear.*

I have another conceit upon this passage, which I would be thought to offer without much confidence :

*No more of that !*

*I pr'ythee do not thrive—against my voice  
I was compell'd to her.*

Diana tells him unexpectedly of his wife. He answers with perturbation, *No more of that ! I pr'ythee do not play the confessor—against my own consent I was compelled to her.*

When a young profligate finds his courtship so gravely repressed by an admonition of his duty, he very naturally desires the girl not to take upon her the office of a confessor. JOHNSON.

*Dia.*



*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
' What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,  
But take the Higheſt to witneſs : Then, pray you tell  
me,

If

*What is not holy, that we swear not BY,]*

Yes, nothing is more common than ſuch kind of oaths. But Diana is not here accusing Bertram for ſwearing by a being not holy, but for ſwearing to an unholy purpoſe ; as is evident from the preceding lines,

*'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth :  
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.*

The line in queſtion, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

*What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'BIDES,*

i. e. if we ſwear to an unholy purpoſe the oath abides not, but is diſſolved in the making. This is an answer to the purpoſe. She ſubjoins the reaſon two or three lines after,

———— *this has no holding,  
To ſwear by him, whom I proteſt to love,  
That I will work againſt him.*————

i. e. that oath can never hold, whoſe ſubject is to offend and diſpleaſe that being, whom, I proteſt, in the act of ſwearing by him, to love and reverence.—What may have miſſed the editors into the common reading was, perhaps, miſtaking Bertram's words above,

*By love's own ſweet constraint*————

to be an oath ; whereas it only ſignifies, *being conſtrained by love.*

WARBURTON.

This is an acute and excellent conjecture, and I have done it the due honour of exalting it to the text ; yet, methinks, there is ſomething yet wanting. The following words, *but take the Higheſt to witneſs*, even though it be underſtood as an anticipation or aſſumption in this ſenſe,—but now ſuppoſe that you *take the Higheſt to witneſs*,—has not ſufficient relation to the antecedent ſentence. I will propoſe a reading nearer to the ſurface, and let it take its chance.

*Ber. How have I ſworn !*

*Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth,  
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.*

*Ber. What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,  
But take the Higheſt to witneſs.*

Diana.

7 If I should swear by Jove's great attributes  
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
 When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
 8 To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths  
 Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;  
 At least, in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:  
 Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy;  
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
 That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,  
 But give thyself unto my sick desire,  
 Who then recovers. Say, thou art mine; and ever  
 My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

*Diana. Then, pray tell me,  
 If I should swear, &c.*

Bertram means to enforce his suit, by telling her, that he has bound himself to her, not by the petty protestations usual among lovers, but by vows of greater solemnity. She then makes a proper and rational reply. JOHNSON.

7 *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes]*

In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still at a loss. JOHNSON.

It may be read thus,

—————“ this has no holding,  
 “ To swear by him whom I *attest* to love,  
 “ That I will work against him.”

There is no consistence in expressing reverence for Jupiter by calling him to *attest* my love, and shewing at the same time, by *working against him* by a wicked passion, that I have no respect to the name which I invoke. JOHNSON.

8 *To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him.]*

This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by him whom she *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read, *to swear to him*. There is, says she, no *holding*, no consistency, in swearing to one that *I love him*, when I swear it only to *injure him*,

JOHNSON.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes in such affairs  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring :  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring :  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
window ;  
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :  
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them ;  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, 'till then ; then, fail not : You have won  
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing  
thee. [Exit.

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and  
me !

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
 As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men  
 Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,  
 When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,  
 When I am buried. <sup>9</sup> Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:  
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
 To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*The Florentine camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord.

*9————— Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid; }*

What! because Frenchmen were false, she, that was an Italian, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we should read,

*————— Since Frenchm'n are so braid,  
 Marry 'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.*

i. e. since Frenchmen prove so crooked and perverse in their manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This she says with a view to Helen, who appeared so fond of her husband, and went through so many difficulties to obtain him. WARBURTON.

The passage is very unimportant; and the old reading reasonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on such occasions, to say in a pet what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally resolve. JOHNSON.

Braid does not signify *crooked* or *perverse*, but *crafty* or *deceitful*. STEEVENS.

1 Lord.] The later editors have with great liberality bestow-



2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, <sup>2</sup> in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd; that he might

ed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *cap<sup>t</sup>. E.* and *capt. G.* It is true that *captain E.* is in a former scene called *lord E.* but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the later readers of Shakespeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*] That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shews that this is the meaning.

JOHNSON.



take a measure of his own judgment, <sup>3</sup> wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rouffillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

2 Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

<sup>3</sup> *he might take a measure of his own judgment.*] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there; if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen busineses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue

H 3

between

between the fool and the soldier? Come, <sup>4</sup> bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*2 Lord.* Bring him forth: He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

*1 Lord.* I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i<sup>n</sup> the stocks; and what, think you, he hath confess'd?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

*2 Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

*1 Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

*Inter.* He calls for the tortures; What, will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*Inter.* *Bosko Chimurcho.*

*2 Lord.* *Boblibindo bicurmurco.*

<sup>4</sup> *bring forth this counterfeit* MODULE;] This epithet is improper to a *module*, which professes to be the counterfeit of another thing. We should read MEDAL. And this the Oxford editor follows. WAREURTON.

*Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himself a *pattern*. JOHNSON.

*Inter.*

*Inter.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*Inter.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and un-serviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*Inter.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him<sup>5</sup>.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I said, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't<sup>6</sup>, in the nature he delivers it,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *a'ls one to him.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read ——— “all's one to me,” but without authority. I believe these words should begin the next speech. They would then appear as a proper remark made by Bertram on the assertion of Parolles. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I con him no thank for it.*] i. e. I shall not thank him in studied language. I meet with the same expression in *Pierre Corneille's his Supplication*, &c.

——— “I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*”

*To con thanks* may, indeed, exactly answer the French *savoir gré*. *To con* is to know. STEEVENS.



*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, fir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*Inter.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, fir, if I were to live this present hour \*, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and found, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves topieces 7.

\*—*if I were to live this present hour, &c.*] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read,

“If I were to live *but* this present hour.” STEEVENS.

7—————*off their cassocks.*] Cassock signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakespeare. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm says—“He will never come within the sight of a *cassock* or a musquet-rest again.” Something of the same kind, likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks, in Mucedorus, an anonymous comedy 1598, attributed by some writers to Shakespeare.

*Within my closet there does hang a cassock*

*The base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's.*

Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil* 1595, says, “I lighted upon an old straddling usurer, clad in a damask *cassock* edged with fur, &c.”

So in *Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, &c.* 1607.

“Enter Memory, an old decrepid man in a velvet *cassock*.”

Again in *Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

—————“I will not stick to wear

“A blue *cassock*.”

On this occasion a woman is the speaker. So again Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* 1589—“Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *cassock of moccado*?” STEEVENS.

*Ber.*



*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?*

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Inter.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, *nay*. [*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Inter.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lowfy.

*Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*Inter.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'the band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*Inter.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file, with the Duke's other letters, in my tent.

*Inter.* Here 'tis; here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Our Interpreter does it well.

*I Lord.* Excellently.

*Inter.* <sup>8</sup> Dian. *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is not the Duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rouffillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, fir, put it up again.

*Inter.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable! both sides rogue.

*Interpreter reads the letter.*

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

<sup>9</sup> *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*

<sup>8</sup> Dian. *The Count's a fool, and full of gold.]*

After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to gold. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it.]*

This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration, *Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

*Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;*

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*He never pays after-debts, take it before,*

*And say——*

That is, take his money and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connection out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the note was probably uniform. JOHNSON.

*He*

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before ;  
 And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this :  
 \* Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.  
 For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it ;  
 Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whip'd thro' the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

*2 Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*Inter.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case : not that I am afraid to die ; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, any where, so I may live.

*Inter.* We'll say what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain : you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour : What is he honestly ?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, <sup>1</sup> an egg out of a cloister ;  
 for

\* *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.*]

All the editors have obtruded a new maxim upon us here, that *boys are not to kiss*.——Livia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite opposite opinion.

*For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses.*

And our poet's thought, I am persuaded, went to the same tune. To *mell*, is derived from the French word, *meler* ; to mingle.

THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *an egg out of a cloister.*] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut* is used by our author, otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence

for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Inter.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! <sup>2</sup> he's a cat still.

whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *he's a cat still.*] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. JOHNSON.

Bertram means no such thing. In a speech or two before, he declares his aversion to a cat, and now only continues in the same opinion, and says he hates Parolles as much as a *cat*. The other explanation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the *cat* which always lights on his legs, for he is now in a fair way to be totally disconcerted. STEEVENS.

I am still of my former opinion. The same speech was applied by king James to Coke, with respect to his subtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could still like a cat light upon his legs. JOHNSON.

*Inter.*



*Inter.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*Inter.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

*2 Lord.* <sup>3</sup> Why does he ask him of me?

*Inter.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*Inter.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

*Inter.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and <sup>4</sup> to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*

*Inter.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the

<sup>3</sup> *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *to beguile the supposition.*] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deserves well*. JOHNSON.



world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death.

*Inter.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him.]

So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* Good bless you, captain Parolles.

*1 Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

*1 Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt.]

*Inter.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Inter.* If you can find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

*Par.* Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft, As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

*Changes to the Widow's house, at Florence.*

*Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world  
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,  
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.  
 Time was, I did him a desired office,  
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
 And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,  
 His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
 My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,  
 And by the leave of my good lord the King,  
 We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
 You never had a servant, to whose trust  
 Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
 To recompence your love: doubt not, but heaven  
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
 As it hath fated her to be<sup>5</sup> my motive  
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
<sup>6</sup> When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles

<sup>5</sup> *my motive.*] *Motive* for assistant. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *When SAUCY trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night!—*]

*i. e.* makes the person guilty of intentional adultery. But trust-  
 ing

Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play  
 With what it loaths, for that which is away:  
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,  
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
 Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
 Go with your impositions, I am yours  
 Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you:  
<sup>1</sup> But with the word, the time will bring on summer,  
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:  
<sup>2</sup> Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

*All's*

ing a mistake cannot make any one guilty. We should read, and point, the lines thus,

*When FANCY, trusting of the cozen'd thoughts,  
 Defiles the pitchy night.*

i. e. the *fancy*, or imagination, that he lay with his mistress, tho' it was, indeed, his wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. *Night*, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obscene, and abominable. The poet, alluding to this, says, with great beauty, *Defiles the pitchy night*, i. e. makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is truly ingenious, but, I believe, the author of it will himself think it unnecessary, when he recollects that *fauçy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> But with the word, *the time will bring on summer,*]

*With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. The Oxford editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) *Bear with the word*.

WARBURTON.

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;*]

The word *revives* conveys so little sense, that it seems very liable to suspicion.

———*and time revives us;*

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten. WARBURTON.

*All's well, that ends well*; still the *fine's* the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

ROUSILLON.

*Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a  
snipt-taffata fellow there; ° whose villainous saffron  
would

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emenda-  
tion none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the  
word *revye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them.  
Why may we not read for a shift, without much effort, *the time*  
*invites us*? JOHNSON.

I am unacquainted with any such word as *revye*. *Time revives*  
*us* may mean the course of events, which promise favourably,  
gives us spirits to undertake our journey; or we might read,  
*time revive us!*—implying a wish, that the series of events to  
come might have that cheerful effect.

Since I wrote the foregoing note, I met with the word in B. Jon-  
son's *Every Man in his Humour*,

———“ here's a trick *vied* and *revied*.”

It seems that these were terms made use of at the old game at  
cards called *Glek*. I am unable to explain them with any degree  
of certainty. Green, in his *Art of Conny-catching*, 1592, says,  
——“ The sweetness of gaine makes him ready to *vie* and *revie*.”

STEEVENS.

° *whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and*  
*dowry youth of a nation in his colour.*] Parolles is represented as an  
affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master  
to run into all the follies of it; where he says, *Use a more spaci-*  
*ous ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time*  
*——and though the devil lead the measure, such a e to be followed.*  
Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-*  
*taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more ob-  
scure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed,  
of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So Fletcher, in  
his *Queen of Corinth*,

———*Has he familiarly*

*Dislik'd your yellow starch; or said your doublet*

*Was not exactly frenchified*———



would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youths of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the King than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

*Count.* 'I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of

And Johnson's *Devil's an Ass*,

*Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the yellow starch.*

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this then to which Shakespeare alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion—*Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale*:

*I must have saffron to colour the warden pyes.* WARBURTON.

Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours.

—“ The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like.”

In *The World to's'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, 1620, the five starches are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority. STEEVENS.

'I would, I had not known him.] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

JOHNSON.



my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother; I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram, of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.*

<sup>2</sup> *his phisnomy is more HOTTER in France than there.*] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid editors, because the devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter*. We should read,—*more HONOUR'D*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair. WARBURTON.

*Laf.* What prince is that ?

*Clo.* The black prince, fir; *alias* the prince of Darknefs; *alias* the Devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purfe : I give thee not this to feduce thee from thy mafter thou talk'ft of; ferve him ftill.

*Clo.* <sup>3</sup> I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the mafter I fpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, fure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houfe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter : fome, that humble themfelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee fo before, becaufe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horfes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they fhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

*Laf.* A fhrewd knave, and an <sup>4</sup> unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. <sup>5</sup> My lord, that's gone, made himfelf much fport out of him : by his authority he remains

This attempt at emendation is unnecessary. The allufion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'm a woodland fellow, fir, &c.*] Shakespear is but rarely guilty of fuch impious traffi. And it is obfervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Unhappy.*] That is, *mifchievoully waggifh*; *unlucky*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himfelf much fport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his faucinefs; and, indeed, he has no FACE, but runs where he will.*——]

Should

remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fau-  
cinefs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where  
he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amifs: and I was  
about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's  
death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his re-  
turn home, I mov'd the King my maſter to ſpeak in  
the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority  
of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious re-  
membrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs has pro-  
miſ'd me to do it; and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he  
hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter mat-  
ter. How do's your ladyſhip like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I  
wiſh it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of  
as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will  
be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in  
ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that, I hope, I ſhall ſee him  
ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here  
to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip to remain  
with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I  
might ſafely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privi-  
lege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter;  
but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Should not we read. no PLACE, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in  
the family? *Observations and Conjectures, &c.* printed at Ox-  
ford 1766.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk, ſo we ſay of a man  
meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*. JOHNSON.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Count.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your <sup>o</sup> carbonado'd face.

*Laf.* Let us see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The court of France at Marseilles.*

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.*

H E L E N A.

**B**UT this exceeding posting, day and night  
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,

<sup>o</sup> *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. Pope reads it *carbina-*  
*do'd*, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allu-  
sion to a wound, made with a carabine; arms, which Henry  
IV. had made famous, by bringing into use amongst his horse.

WARBURTON.

*Carbonado'd* means scotched like a piece of meat for the grid-  
iron, and is, I believe, the true reading. STEEVENS.



As nothing can unroot you. In happy time, —

*Enter a Gentleman*<sup>7</sup>.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gen.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And, therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the King;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The King's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well, that ends well*, yet;  
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit. —  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rouffillon,  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the King before me,

<sup>7</sup> *Enter a gentleman.*] Instead of this notice of the entry of a gentleman, the folio says,

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*

Perhaps a *gentle stranger*, i. e. a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. STEEVENS.



Commend this paper to his gracious hand ;  
 Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
 But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
 I will come after you, with what good speed

<sup>8</sup> Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
 What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.

Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

### ROUSILLON.

*Enter Clown and Parolles.*

*Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this  
 letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to  
 you, when I have held familiarity with fresher  
 clothes: <sup>9</sup> but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's  
 moat;

<sup>8</sup> *Our means will make us means.]*

Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, some-  
 times so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow  
 with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability  
 to exert.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> In former editions,

— *but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell some-  
 what strong of her strong displeasure.]* I believe the poet wrote,  
*in fortune's moat*; because the clown in the very next speech re-  
 plies, *I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring*; and again,  
 when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, *that hath  
 fall'n into th' unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is  
 muddied withal.* And again, *Pray you, sir, use the carp as you  
 may, &c.* In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat or a pond is  
 the allusion. Besides, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of  
 fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the  
 moats round old seats were always replenish'd with fish, so the  
 Clown's joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded  
 from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and there-  
 fore the clown humourously says, when Parolles is pressing him  
 to

moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk cat) that hath fallen into the unclean fish-

to deliver his letter to lord Lafeu, *Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobl man?*

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour, or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the *stinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her as Hesiod did the fury Trititia:

Τῆς ἐκ πύων μύχαι πέειν.

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it, in his book *de Orat.* *Quoniam hæc,* says he, *vel summa laus est in verbis transferendis ut sensum feriat id, quod translatum sit, fugienda est omnis turpitudine earum rerum, ad quas eorum animæ qui audiunt irabet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Afri ani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo sterco curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in Hamlet, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

WARBURTON.

pond

pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. <sup>2</sup> I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit Clown.

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.

<sup>2</sup> *I pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,*] We should read, *SIMILIES of comfort*, such as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp, &c.*

WARBURTON.

The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading may stand.

REVISAL.

[Sound.

[*Sound trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; <sup>3</sup> go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our <sup>4</sup> esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home<sup>5</sup>.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth<sup>6</sup>, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

<sup>3</sup> — *you shall eat;*] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakespeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *wices fit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *esteem*] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate*, in his own he lets it stand and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourselves king of, is much *poorer* than before. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *blade of youth,*] In the *spring of early life*, when the man is yet *green*, *oil* and *fire* suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

*Laf.*



*Laf.* This I must say,——

But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him  
hither ;

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill ?  
All repetition : Let him not ask our pardon.  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege.

*King.* What says he to your daughter ? Have you  
spoke ?

*Laf.* All, that he is, hath reference to your high-  
ness.

? ————— *the first view shall kill*  
*All repetition : ————— ]*

*The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakespeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment ; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit : of all this Shakespeare could not be ignorant, but Shakespeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

*King,*



*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me,  
That set him high in fame.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again

*Ber.* My high repented blames<sup>s</sup>,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege. At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n<sup>9</sup>;  
Extended,

<sup>s</sup> *My high repented blames,*]

*High-repen'ed blames,* are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> SCORN'D *a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;*]

*First,* it is to be observed, that this young man's case was not indifference to the sex in general, but a very strong attachment to one; therefore he could not *scorn* a fair colour, for it was that which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be said to do what men, strongly attach'd to one, commonly do, not al-  
low,

Extended, or contracted, all proportions  
 To a most hideous object : Thence it came,  
 That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
 The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd :—

That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away  
 From the great 'compt : But love, that comes too late,  
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
 To the great sencer turns a four offence,  
 Crying, That is good that is gone : our rash faults

low beauty in any face but his mistress's. And that this was the thought here, is evident,

1. From the latter part of the verse,

—— or *express'd it stoll'n* :

2. From the preceding verse,

*Which warp'd the line of every other favour* 3

3. From the following verses,

*Extended or contracted all proportions*

*To a most hideous object :—*

*Secondly*, It is to be observed, that he describes his indifference for others in highly figurative expressions. Contempt is brought in lending him her perspective-glass, which does its office properly by *warping* the lines of all other faces ; by *extending* or *contracting* into a *hideous object* ; or by *expressing* or shewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of speech can this glass be said to *scorn*, which is an affection of the mind ? Here then the metaphor becomes miserably mangled ; but the foregoing observation will lead us to the genuine reading, which is,

SCORCH'D a fair colour, or *express'd it stoll'n* ;

i. e. this glass represented the owner as brown or tanned ; or, if not so, caused the native colour to appear artificial. Thus he speaks in character, and consistently with the rest of his speech. The emendation restores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the *scornful perspective of contempt* do the office of a *burning-glass*. WARBURTON.

It was but just to insert this note, long as it is, because the commentator seems to think it of importance. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

Make

Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave.  
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
 Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust :  
 ' Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,  
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now, forget her.  
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :  
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. <sup>2</sup> Which better than the first, O dear heaven  
 blefs.

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
 Must be digested : give a favour from you  
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
 That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
 And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
 Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this

<sup>1</sup> *Our own love waking, &c.*]——

These two lines I should be glad to call *an interpolation of a player*. They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themselves. I believe the author made two couplets to the same purpose, wrote them both down that he might take his choice, and so they happened to be both preserved.

For *sleep* I think we should read *sept*. *Love* cries to see what was done while hatred *sept*, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* still *continues* to *sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping ; and so the present reading may stand.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Which better than the first, O dear heav'n, blefs,  
 Or, e'er they meet, in m, O nature, cease !]*

I have ventured, against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Countess's name to these two lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram : but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the King such mortal pangs ? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day : and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. THEOBALD.

The

The last that e'er she took her leave at court;  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Her's it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessity'd to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never her's.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me<sup>3</sup>,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: <sup>4</sup>Noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd

<sup>3</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement——]*

Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—— Noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd;——]*

I don't understand this reading; if we are to understand, that she thought Bertram engag'd to her in affection, insnared by her charms, this meaning is too obscurely express'd. The context rather makes me believe, that the poet wrote,

*—— noble she was, and thought  
I stood unengag'd;——*

i. e. unengag'd: neither my heart, nor person, dispos'd of.

THEOBALD.

The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.



To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
 I could not answer in that course of honour  
 As she had made the overture, she ceas'd  
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
 Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself;  
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine<sup>s</sup>,  
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
 Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's;  
 Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know<sup>6</sup>,  
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
 You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety;  
 That she would never put it from her finger;  
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
 (Where you have never come) or sent it us  
 Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;  
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
 Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove

<sup>s</sup> *King. Plutus himself,*

*That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,]*

Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of metal.

In the reign of Henry the fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication.* Of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Then if you know,*

*That you are well acquainted with yourself,]*

i. e. then if you be wise. A strange way of expressing so trivial a thought! WARBURTON.

The true meaning of this *strange* expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.* JOHNSON.



That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—  
 And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,  
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
 More than to see this ring. Take him away,

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall<sup>7</sup>,  
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
 Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—  
 We'll lift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove,  
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
 Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*]

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
 Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :  
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
 Who hath, some four or five removes, come short<sup>8</sup>  
 To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

<sup>7</sup> *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
 Having vainly fear'd too little.—*]

The proofs which I have already had, are sufficient to shew that  
 my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hither-  
 to more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little  
 fear. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Who hath FOR four or five removes come short*]

We should read,

*Who hath SOME four or five removes come short.*

So in king Lear,

*For that I am SOME twelve or fourteen moonshines  
 Lag of a brother,——* WARBURTON.

*Removes are journies or post-stages.* JOHNSON.

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

The King reads a letter:

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O King; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll  
for this.

I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu;  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:  
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

*Enter Bertram, guarded.*

I am afraid, the life of Helen, (lady)  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*King.* I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you;  
And that you fly them as you swear to them;  
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

*Enter Widow and Diana.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,

And both shall cease<sup>o</sup>, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count; do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny  
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me,  
Either both, or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my  
daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To Bertram.*

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your high-  
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,

'Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,  
Than in my thought it lies!

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price.  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,

<sup>o</sup>—— *shall cease,*——] i. e. decease, die. So in king Lear—  
“ Fall and *cease.*” I think the word is used in the same sense in  
another scene of this comedy. STEEVENS.

Whose high respect and rich validity<sup>1</sup>  
 Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,  
 He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,  
 If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it:  
 Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
 Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,  
 That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said,  
 You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
 So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
 With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd,  
 Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth:  
 Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
 That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,  
 And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:  
 She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint;  
 As<sup>2</sup> all impediments in fancy's course,

Are

<sup>1</sup> *Validity* is a very bad word for *value*, which yet I think is its meaning, unless it be considered as making a contract *valid*.

JOHNSON.

*Validity* certainly means *value*. So in *K. Lear*:

No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure.

Again in *Twelfth-night*:

Of what *validity* and pitch soever. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup>—all impediments in fancy's course,

Are motives of more fancy:—]

Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened.

Are motives of more fancy : and in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient :

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Entor Parolles.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

*tened.* And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty*.

JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The sense will then be this—  
*Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i. e.*  
with the appearance of her *being to be had* as we say at present.  
Shakespeare uses the word frequently, though its sense cannot al-  
ways be precisely determined.

— scorns a *modern* invocation. *K. John.*

Full of wise saws and *modern* instances *As you like it.*

Trifles, such as we present *modern* friends with.

— to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and  
causeless. STEEVENS.

*King.*



*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* It is, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose? Did he love this woman?

*Par.* 'Faith, fir, he did love her: But how?

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that

would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

*King.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir,  
[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [*To Bert.*  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.  
<sup>3</sup> He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick.  
And now behold the meaning.

*Enter Helena, and Widow.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist<sup>4</sup>  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real, that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord;  
<sup>2</sup> 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both; oh, pardon!

*Hel.* Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And look you, here's your letter: This it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child, &c.* This is done.  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

<sup>3</sup> *He knows himself, &c.* — ]

This dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetic interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *exorcist*] This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
 Deadly divorce step between me and you!  
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[*To the Courtes.*

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—  
 Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief, [*To Pa-  
 rolles.*] So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll  
 make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they  
 are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—  
 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*  
 Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.  
 Of that, and all the progress more and less,  
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
 All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,  
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Exeunt.*

# E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by the KING.

**T**HE King's a beggar, now the play is done :

All is well ended, if *this suit be won,*  
*That you express content ; which we shall pay,*  
*With strife to please you, day exceeding day.*

\* *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;*  
*Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

\* *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;]*

The meaning is : Grant *us then your patience ;* hear us without interruption. *And take our parts ;* that is, support and defend us.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakespeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram ; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth ; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate : when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.





TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

## Persons Represented.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*

Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.*

*A sea-captain, friend to Viola.*

Fabian, *servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

*Clown, servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

*Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.*

S C E N E, *a city on the coast of Illyria.*

The first edition of this play is in the folio of 1623.

The persons of the drama were first enumerated, with all the cant of the modern stage, by Mr. Rowe.

# TWELFTH-NIGHT<sup>1</sup>:

O R,

## WHAT YOU WILL.

---

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

*The D U K E's Palace.*

*Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.*

D U K E.

**I**F musick be the food of love, play on ;  
Give me excess of it ; <sup>2</sup> that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—

<sup>1</sup> There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakespeare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *that, surfeiting,*  
*The appetite may sicken, and so die.—]*

There is an impropriety of expression in the present reading of this fine passage. We do not say, *that the appetite sickens and dies through a surfeit* ; but the subject of that appetite. I am persuaded, a word is accidentally dropt ; and that we should read, and point, the passage thus,

——— *that, surfeiting*  
*The app'tite, LOVE may sicken, and so die.* WARBURTON.

It is true, we do not talk of the *death of appetite*, because we do not ordinarily speak in the figurative language of poetry ; but that *app'tite sickens by a surfeit* is true, and therefore proper.

JOHNSON.

That

<sup>3</sup> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing, and giving odour<sup>4</sup>. Enough! no more;  
<sup>2</sup>'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soever,

*<sup>3</sup> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
 O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour——]*

Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting music, here described, though it takes away the natural, sweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such musick,

*That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumbers on a bed  
 Of happy Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite sit free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice. L'Allegro.*

If to melancholy——

*Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek.*

Il Penseroso.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> Stealing and giving odour.——]

So Milton, P. L. B. 4.

—— and whisper whence they stole  
 Their balmy odours. STEEVENS.



But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! <sup>5</sup> so full of shapes in fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :  
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart <sup>6</sup> ;  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from  
her?

<sup>5</sup> — so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is HIGH fantastical.]

This complicated nonsense should be rectified thus,

— so full of shapes IN fancy,  
That it alone is HIGHT fantastical,

i. e. love is so full of shapes in fancy, that the name of fantastical is peculiarly given to it alone.

But, for the old nonsense, the Oxford editor gives us his new.

— so full of shapes is fancy,  
And thou all o'er art high fantastical,

says the critic.

WARBURTON.

*High fantastical*, means no more than *fantastical to the height*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> That instant I was turn'd into a hart,]

This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:  
The element itself, till seven years hence,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloystrefs, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,  
<sup>7</sup> These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,  
<sup>8</sup> (Her sweet perfections) with one self-same King!—  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> THESE sov'reign thrones,——]

We should read THREE *sov'reign thrones*. This is exactly in the manner of Shakespeare. So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit do give thee fivefold blazon.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> HER *sweet perfections*,——]

We should read and point it thus, (*O sweet perfection!*)

WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this new pointing, as the poet does not appear to have meant exclamation. *Liver, brain, and heart* are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment and sentiments*. These are what Shakespeare calls, *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

## THE STREET.

*Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this ?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elyfium.—

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

*Cap.* It is perchance, that you yourself were fav'd.

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

*Cap.* True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,

Affure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and that poor number fav'd with you,  
Hung on our driving boat : I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea ;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born ;  
Not three hours travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here ?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name ?

<sup>o</sup> *A noble Duke in nature, as in name.]*

I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *Duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

*Vio.* What is his name ?

*Cap.* Orfino.

*Vio.* Orfino ! I have heard my father name him ;  
He was a batchelor then.

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

*Vio.* What's she ?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count,  
That dy'd some twelve months since ; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight  
And company of men.

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

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

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain ;  
And, tho' that nature with a-beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee,  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

<sup>2</sup> *And might not be deliver'd, &c.]*

I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation : she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a batchelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

Conceal



Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid  
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become  
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
 It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,  
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,  
 That will allow me very worth his service,  
 What else may hap, to time I will commit ;  
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

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

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

## S C E N E III.

*Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

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

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in  
 earlier a-nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes great  
 exceptions to your ill hours.

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> ————— *I'll serve this Duke ;]*

Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss ; if she cannot serve  
 the lady, she will serve the Duke. JOHNSON.



*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

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

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

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

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

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo<sup>3</sup>, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

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

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

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

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? <sup>4</sup> Castiliano Volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

*Enter*

<sup>3</sup> — *viol de-gambo,*] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, it is mentioned with its proper derivation.

“ Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content

“ For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument.”

In the old dramatic writers frequent mention is made of a *case of viols*, consisting of the *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor, and the treble.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Castiliano vulgo;*] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. The Oxford editor has taken my emendation: But,

by

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, fir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.—

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, Sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

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

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

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

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

by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes it meant most civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness. WARBURTON.

*Castiliano volgo.* I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, as it appears to have been used as a cant term. *The host*, in the *M. W. of Windsor*, calls Caius a *Castilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters says, *Ha! my Castilian dialogues!* in an old comedy call'd *Look about you*, 1600, it is join'd with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakespeare:

“ And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too.”

So again in *Heywood's Jew of Malta*, 1633.

• Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

*Mar.* It's dry, sir's.

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

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

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

[*Exit Maria.*

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

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

*Sir To.* No question.

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

*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knight.

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

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

<sup>s</sup> *It's dry, fir.*] What is the jest of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution,

JOHNSON.

*Sir*

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

*Sir To.* Past question; for <sup>6</sup> thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

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

*Sir To.* Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

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

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

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the word: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; <sup>7</sup> and yet I will not compare with an old man.

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

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

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

<sup>6</sup> In former copies,——*thou see'st, it will not COOL MY nature.*] read, *it will not CURL BY nature.* The joke is evident.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

WARBURTON.

This stroke of pretended satire, but ill accords with the character of the foolish knight. *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from comparison with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say what Falstaff says,—*I am old in nothing but my understanding.* STEEVENS.

*Sir*



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

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking<sup>8</sup>. Shall we set about some revels?

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

*Sir And.* Taurus? that's sides and heart<sup>9</sup>.

*Sir To.* No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher; ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Changes to the palace.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *flame-colour'd stocking.*] The old copy reads—*a dam'd colour'd sock.* *Stockings* were in Shakespeare's time, called *socks*. The same solicitude concerning the furniture of the legs makes a part of master Stephen's character in *Every Man in his Humour*,

*I think my leg would show well in a silk hose.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Taurus? that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

*Viola.*



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

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you, here comes the count.

*Duke.* Who saw Cefario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you a-while aloof.—Cefario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

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

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

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative—a woman's part<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> ————— a woman's part.]

That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

I know,

I know, thy constellation is right apt  
 For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him;  
 All, if you will; for I myself am best  
 When least in company.—Prosper well in this,  
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
 To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best

To woo your lady: [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a barrful strife!  
 Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Olivia's house.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

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

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

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

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

*Clo.* Where, good mistress Mary?

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

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

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

*Clo.* Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad mar-

<sup>2</sup> ——— *len'en answer* :—] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer. JOHNSON.

riage;

riage; <sup>3</sup> and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

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

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

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

*Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.*

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

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

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

<sup>3</sup>—— and for turning away, let summer bear it out.] This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*.

I found this observation among some papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the perusal of which, am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of *Medea* and *Leonidas*, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the rest of the world.

I am of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and apposite. For *turning away, let summer bear it out*. It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the meaning of this passage is, *if I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismissal; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, that he knows not whether to call him *a foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man.* JOHNSON.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good Madona.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, Madona; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

*Clo.* Good Madona, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think, his soul is in hell, Madona.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

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

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake  
shake



shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

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

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

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

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

*Clo.* <sup>5</sup> Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

<sup>5</sup> *Now Mercury indue thee with LEASING, for thou speak'st well of fools!*] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, *with PLEASING, i. e.* with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the first editors, who did not understand the phrase, *indue thee with pleasing*, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his Oxford edition, reads, *with LEARNING*; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, tho' they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading more humorous. *May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools.* JOHNSON.

*Enter*



*Enter Maria.*

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

*Oli.* From the count Orsino, is it?

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

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your uncle.

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

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

*Enter Sir Toby.*

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

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman? what gentleman?

*Sir To.* <sup>6</sup>'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle herring!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby,——

<sup>6</sup>'Tis a gentleman. HERE ] He had before said it was a gentleman. He was asked what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus,

*'Tis a gentleman-HEIR.*

i. e. some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him presently after. WARBURTON.

Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle herring*? I would print it, as an imperfect sentence. Mr. Edwards has the same observation. STEVENS.

*Oli.*

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

*Sir To.* Letchery! I defy lechery: there's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

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

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat<sup>7</sup> makes him a fool; the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

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

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, Madona; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Re-enter Malvolio.*

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

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll<sup>8</sup> stand at

<sup>7</sup> — *above heat*] i. e. above the state of being hot in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *stand at your door like a sheriff's post, —*] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So *Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour*,

————— *put off*  
To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the Shrives posts.

at your door like a sberiff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

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

*Oli.* Of what personage, and years, is he?

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

*Oli.* Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

*Enter Maria.*

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

So again in the old play called *Lingua*,

*Knows he how to become a scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?* WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that "by this post is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horseblock, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door."

In *The Contention for Honour and Riches*, a masque by Shirly, 1633, one of the competitors swears

"By the *Shrieve's post*, &c."

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632.

"If e'er I live to see thee sheriff of London,

"I'll gild thy painted *posts cum privilegio*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by B. Jonson,

—"The provident painting of his *posts*, against he should have  
"been prætor." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Viola.*

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

*Oli.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; <sup>9</sup>I am very com-  
p-  
tible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

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

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I am very comptible,]* *Comptible* for ready to call to account. WARBURTON.

Viola seems to mean just the contrary. She begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension. STEEVENS.



*Oli.* It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were faucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so <sup>1</sup> skipping a dialogue.

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

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your <sup>2</sup> giant, sweet lady.

<sup>3</sup> *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> — *skipping* —] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Some mollification for your giant.*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Vio.* — *tell me your mind, I am a messenger.*] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus,

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, *Tell me your mind*. The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclinations*, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, *I am a messenger*. WARBURTON.

*Oli.*



*Oli.* Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, fir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,——

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

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom, in what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. <sup>4</sup> Look you, fir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

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

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,

<sup>4</sup> *Look you, fir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?* This is nonsense. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expression an air of gallantry. Viola presses to see Olivia's face: The other at length pulls off her veil, and says; *We will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture.* I wear this complexion to day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she *pained*. The other, vexed at the jest, says, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent face. *'Tis in grain*, &c. replies Olivia. WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with this emendation. She says, I *was* this present, instead of saying I *am*; because she had once shewn herself, and personates the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, fir, I will not be fo hard hearted : I will give out diverfe fchedules of my beauty. It fhall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utenfil, labell'd to my will. As, *item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and fo forth. Were you fent hither to praife me ?

*Vio.* I fee you, what you are : you are too proud ;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and mafter loves you : O, fuch love  
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd  
The non-pareil of beauty !

*Oli.* How does he love me ?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,  
<sup>6</sup> With groans that thunder love, with fighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love  
him :

Yet I fuppofe him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great eftate, of fresh and ftainlefs youth ;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learned, and valiant ;  
And in dimension, and the fhape of nature,  
A gracious perfon : but yet I cannot love him ;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my mafter's flame,  
With fuch a fuffering, fuch a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no fenfe,

<sup>5</sup> *If you will lead thefe graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.]*

How much more elegantly is this thought expreffed by Shake-  
fpeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philifter* ?

*I grieve fuch virtue fhould be laid in earth  
Without an heir.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *With groans that thunder love, with fighs of fire.]*

This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and is faid in mockery  
of amorous hyperboles. STEEVENS.

I would

I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you ?

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

*Oli.* You might do much :

What is your parentage ?

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

*Oli.* Get you to your lord ;  
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :  
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

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

*Oli.* What is your parentage ?  
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :—*  
*I am a gentleman.*—I'll be sworn thou art.  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast ;—soft !  
soft !

<sup>7</sup> *Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,]*

I have corrected, *reverberant*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakespeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unnecessary. B. Jonson in one of his plays mentions,—*reverberate glass*. STEEVENS.

Unless the master were the man.—How now?  
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
 Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
 With an invisible and subtile stealth,  
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——  
 What, ho, Malvolio!——

*Re-enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
 The County's man; he left this ring behind him,  
 Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.  
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* I do, I know not what; and fear to find  
<sup>s</sup> Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
 Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;  
 What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*THE STREET.*

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

ANTONIO.

**W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you not,  
 that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly

<sup>s</sup> *Mine eye, &c.*] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress  
 of my own actions, I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and  
 flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love.

JOHNSON.



over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

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

*Seb.* No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather<sup>9</sup> to express myself: You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian; which I call'd Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not, <sup>1</sup> with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

<sup>9</sup> *To express myself.*] That is, *to reveal myself.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *With such estimable wonder.*] These words Dr. Warburton calls an interpolation of the players, but what did the players gain by it? they may be sometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a speech only to make it longer. Shakespeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

*Seb.*



*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

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

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.*

*Mal.* Were not you e'en now with the countess Olivia?

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

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

*Vio.* She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

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

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She

She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,  
 That, sure, methought <sup>2</sup> her eyes had lost her tongue,  
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
 She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion  
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
 None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none,  
 I am the man ;—if it be so, (as, 'tis ;)  
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
 Wherein <sup>3</sup> the pregnant enemy does much.  
 How easy is it, for the proper false <sup>4</sup>

In

<sup>2</sup>— her eyes had LOST her tongue,]

This is nonsense : we should read,

— her eyes had CROST her tongue,

Alluding to the notion of the fascination of the eyes ; the effects of which were called *crossing*. WARBURTON.

That the fascination of the eyes was called *crossing* ought to have been proved. But however that be, the present reading has not only sense but beauty. We say a man *lose* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue *lost* her eyes ; her tongue was talking of the Duke and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The pregnant enemy*] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *How easy is it, for the proper false  
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !]*

This is obscure. The meaning is, *how easy is disguise to women ; how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances.* The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus,

*For such as we are made, if such we be,  
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is just. Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and false, i. e. *deceitful*, to make an impression on the hearts of women ?—The *proper false* is certainly a less elegant expression than

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;  
 For, such as we are made, if such we be.  
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;  
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
 What will become of this? As I am man,  
 My state is desperate for my master's love;  
 As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)  
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
 It is too hard a knot for me to unty. [Exit.

than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*. The *proper false* may be yet explained another way. Shakespeare generally uses *proper* for *peculiar*. So in Othello,

In my defunct and *proper* satisfaction.

The *proper false* will then mean those who are peculiarly false, either through premeditation or art. To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, *i. e.* to make an impression on their easy minds. The ingenious and learned author of Considerations and Conjectures upon some passages in Shakespeare, printed at Oxford 1766, concurs with me in the first supposition, and adds—  
 “instead of transposing these lines according to Dr. Johnson's conjecture, I am rather inclined to read the latter thus,

“For such as we are made of, such we be.”

So in *The Tempest*.

“——— we are such stuff

“As dreams are *made of*.” STEEVENS.

“How will this fadge?———]”

To *fadge*, is to *suit*, to *fit*.

So in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus* 1600,

“I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because I cannot lie.”

So in our author's *Love's Labour Lost*,

“We will have, if this *fadge* not, an antick.” STEEVENS. }

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Changes to Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

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

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

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

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but, <sup>6</sup> I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria! I say! ——a stoop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

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

*Sir And.* <sup>7</sup> By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.

<sup>6</sup> *I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of these elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *By my troth the fool has an excellent breast.*] That is, he has an excellent voice. It was proposed to Theobald to read *breath* for *breast*. Theobald's reasons for retaining *breast* may be corroborated from the following passage in the statutes, given to Stoke college by archbishop Parker, 1535. "of which said queristers, " after their *breasts* are changed, we will, the most apt be helpen " with exhibition of forty shillings, &c." *Strype's Life of Parker,*



breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i'faith: I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Hadst it<sup>s</sup>?

*Clo.*

p. 9. That is, the boys, when their *voices* were changed or broke, and consequently rendered unserviceable to the choir, were to be removed to the university. WARTON.

B. Jonson uses the word *breast* in the same manner, in his *Masque of Gypsies*, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called the 4 P's, written by J. Haywood, p. 96, of Doddsley's edit. is this passage:

Poticary. *I pray you, tell me can you sing?*

Pedler. *Sir, I have some sight in singing.*

Poticary. *But is your breast any thing sweet?*

Pedler. *Whatever my breast is, my voice is meet.*

In *The Pilgrim* of B. and Fletcher, the fool says,

“Let us hear him sing; he has a fine *breast*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *I sent thee six-pence for thy lemon, had'st it.*] But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly mistaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have restored, *leman*, i. e. I sent thee six-pence to spend on thy mistress. THEOBALD.

I receive Theobald's emendation, because I think it throws a light on the obscurity of the following speech.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*, for (says he) *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock*, i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.* i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and sometimes the *whip* itself. The word occurs in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605,

“Bought you a whistle and a *whipstock* too.”

Again in *Gascoigne*,

—“cast *whipstocks* to clout his shoon.”



*Clo.* <sup>9</sup> I did impeticoat thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

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

*Sir To.* Come on; there's six-pence for you. Let's have a song.

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

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

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

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

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith!

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;

So in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

“I would knock my *whipstock* on your addle pate.”

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607,

“Cashier him, call him *whipstock*, let him perish.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I did impeticos*, &c.] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read, *I did impeticoat thy gratuity*. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. JOHNSON.

*What's*

*What's to come, is still unsure :*

<sup>1</sup> *In delay there lies no plenty ;*

<sup>2</sup> *Then come kifs me, sweet, and twenty,*  
*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

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

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

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

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we <sup>3</sup> make the welkin dance, indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will <sup>4</sup> draw three souls out of one weaver ? shall we do that ? *Sir*

<sup>1</sup> *In delay there lies no plenty :*] This is a proverbial saying corrupted ; and should be read thus,

*In DECAY there lies no plenty.*

A reproof of avarice, which stores up perishable fruits till they decay. To these fruits the poet, humourously, compares youth or virginity ; which, he says, is a *stuff will not endure.* WARBURTON.

I believe *delay* is right. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Then come kifs me, sweet, and twenty,*]

This line is obscure ; we might right read,

*Come, a kifs then, sweet, and twenty.*

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Make the welkin dance.*] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *draw three souls out of one weaver ?*] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing.* *Now it is soul ravished.* *Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ?*—Why, he says, *three souls*, is because he is speaking of a catch in *three parts*. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his *Poetaster* ; *What, will I turn shark upon my friends ? or my friends friends ? I scorn it with my three souls.* By the mention of these *three*, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakespear's purpose, to hint to us those surprizing effects of musick, which the antients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who

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

*Clo.* By'r lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

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

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

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

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

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[*They sing a catch* <sup>5</sup>.

*Enter Maria.*

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

*Sir To.* My lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a <sup>6</sup> Peg-a-Ramsfey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am

who moved *stones and trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *savage beasts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleased, the *vassions of his human auditors*. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> This catch is lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Peg-a-Ramsfey* I do not understand. *Tilly wally* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

In *Durfey's Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsfey*. See also *Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

*Tilly wally* is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play *Sir John Oldcastle*; and is likewise a character in the old comedy entitled *Lady Alimony*.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsfey* among several other ballads, viz. *Rogero*, *Basilino*, *Turkelony*, *All the flowers of the Broom*, *Pepper is black*, *Green Sleeves*, *Peggie Ramfey*.

Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, lady, lady. [Singing.]

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

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does 'it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* O, the twelfth day of December,——[Singing.]

*Mar.* For the love o'God, peace.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your <sup>7</sup> coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches: Sneck up <sup>8</sup>!——

*Mal.*

*Three merry men be we* is a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by B. and Fletcher in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*,

“ Three merry men  
“ And three merry men  
“ And *three merry men be we.*”

Again in *The Bloody Brother* of B. and Fletcher,

“ Three merry boys, and three merry boys,  
“ And three merry boys are we,  
“ As ever did sing, three parts in a string,  
“ All under the triple tree.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> A Cozier is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, French.

JOHNSON.

The word is used by Hall in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. 4. stat. 2.

*Himself goes patch'd like some bare Cottyer*

*Lest he might ought his future stock impair.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Sneck up!*] The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a hiccup. They are however



*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mal.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

*Clo.* What, an if you do?

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

*Clo.* O no, no, no, no you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o'time, fir, ye lie. Art thou any more than a steward? <sup>9</sup> Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.*

however used in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion:

—"let thy father go *sneak up*, he shall never come between  
"a pair of sheets with me again while he lives."

Again in the same play,

—"Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneak up*."

Perhaps in all these instances the words may be corrupted. In *Hen. IV.* p. 1. Falstaff says, "the Prince is a Jack, a *Sneak cup*." i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak cup*, at least, in Sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that *sneak the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——"dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" It was the custom on holidays or saints days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is*



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

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, fir, rub your chain with crums<sup>1</sup>.—A floop of wine, Maria.—

*Mal.* Mistrefs Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule<sup>2</sup>; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

*sometimes a kind of Puritan.* See *Quarulous's* account of *Rabbi Busy*. Act 1. sc. 3. *Ben. Jonson's Barthelmew Fair*. Dr. LETHERLAND.

<sup>1</sup> ——— Rub your chain with crums.] I suppose it should be read, rub your chin with crums, alluding to what had been said before that. Malvolio was only a steward, and consequently dined after his lady. JOHNSON.

That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the *Martial Maid* of B. and Fletcher:

“ Dost thou think I shall become the *Steward's* chair?  
“ Will not these slender haunches shew well in a  
“ chain? ———”

Again,

“ *Pio.* Is your chain right?  
“ *Bob.* It is both right and just, fir;  
“ For tho' I am a steward, I did get it  
“ With no man's wrong.”

The best method of cleaning any gilt plate is by *rubbing it with crums*. Nash, in his piece entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with *having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain, at his lord's installing at Windsor*.

So in Middleton's comedy of *a Mad World my Masters*, 1608,

“ Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandfire's chief  
“ gentleman in the chain of gold.”

To conclude with the most apposite instance of all. See *Webster's Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623,

“ Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him  
“ To scower his gold chain.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Rule is, method of life, so *misrule* is tumult and riot.

JOHNSON.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEEVENS.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

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

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

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

*Sir To.* Possess us<sup>3</sup>, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

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

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; + an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on

<sup>3</sup> *Possess us,*] That is, *inform us, tell us,* make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

+ *an affectioned ass.*] *Affectioned,* for full of affection.

WARBURTON.

*Affection'd* means *affected.* In this sense, I believe, it is used in Hamlet——“no matter in it that could indite the author of “*affection.*” i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

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

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

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

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

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

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an afs.

*Mar.* Afs, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

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

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

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

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

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too,

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

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

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

*Sir*

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

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

## SCENE IV.

*The Duke's palace.*

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some musick.—Now, good-morrow, friends——

Now, good Cefario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song, we heard last night:  
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;  
More than light airs, and recollected<sup>s</sup> terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——  
—Come, but one verse.

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

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.  
[Exit Curio. [Musick.]

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

<sup>s</sup> recollected] studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the feat  
Where love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye  
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves ;  
Hath it not, boy ?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour <sup>6</sup>.

*Duke.* What kind of a woman is't ?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

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

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven ; Let still the woman  
take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn <sup>7</sup>,  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

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

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

*Re-enter Curio and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come.—The song we had last  
night,——

<sup>6</sup> *favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *lost and worn,*]

Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and worn* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together. and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir Tho. Hanmer. JOHNSON.



Mark it, Cefario; it is old and plain:  
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
 And the free<sup>8</sup> maids that weave their thread with  
     bones,  
 Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth<sup>9</sup>,  
 And dallies with the innocence of love<sup>1</sup>,  
 Like the old age<sup>2</sup>.

*Clo.* Are you ready, fir?

*Duke.* Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

## S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath,  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 O, prepare it;  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it<sup>3</sup>.  
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.*

<sup>8</sup> free] is, perhaps, vacant, unengaged, easy in mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Silly sooth,] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> And dallies with the innocence of love,]

*Dallies* has no sense. We should read, TALLIES, *i. e.* agrees with; is of a piece with. WARBURTON.

To *dally* is to play harmlessly. There is no need of change. So act 3d. *They that dally nicely with words.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> old age.] The *old age* is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.]

Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I. JOHNSON.

*A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O! where  
True lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, fir; I take pleasure in singing, fir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, fir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholy God protect thee; and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal<sup>4</sup>! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, <sup>5</sup> that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel.

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt.*

Once more, *Cesario*,

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

<sup>4</sup> *a very opal!*] A precious stone of almost all colours. POPE.

So Milton describing the walls of heaven,

*With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd.*

The opal is a precious stone which varies its appearance as it receives the light at different angles. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *that their business might be every thing, and their intent EVERY where;*] Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read,——*and their intent NO where.* Because a man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any *intent*; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of *making a good voyage* out of nothing, directs to this emendation. WARBURTON.

An *intent every where* is much the same as an *intent no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another.

REVISAL.

The

The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune :

° But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir? —

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd?

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

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

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,  
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much : make no compare

° *But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks her IN, —*]

What is *that miracle, and queen of gems?* we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?* — We should read,

*But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks, HER MIND, —*

i. e. what *attracts my soul*, is not her *fortune*, but her *mind*, that *miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks*, i. e. sets out, adorns.

WARBURTON.

The *miracle and queen of gems* is her *beauty*, which the commentator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to her *mind*, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature it must be *pranked* by education.

Shakespeare does not say that *nature pranks her in a miracle*, but in the *miracle of gems*, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful.

JOHNSON.

° *I cannot be so answer'd.*]

The folio reads, — *It cannot be, &c.* STEEVENS.

Between

Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know——

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

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

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord: She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
\* She sat like *Patience* on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We

\* *She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief,———*]

Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer,

*And her besidis wonder discretlie  
Dame Patience ysittinge there I fonde  
With face pale, upon a hill of fonde.*

And adds, *If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in brightning the picture! How much does the green and yellow melancholy transcend the old bard's pale face; the monument his hill of sand.*———i hope this critic does not imagine Shakespeare meant to give us a picture of the face of *Patience*, by his *green and yellow melancholy*; because, he says, it transcends the *pale face* of *Patience* given us by Chaucer. To throw *Patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *Patience*, but to *her* who sat like *Patience*. To give *Patience* a *pale face*, was proper: and had Shakespeare described *her*, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakespeare is speaking of a marble statue of *Patience*; Chaucer, of *Patience* herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to *Patience* exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *Patience on a monument*. The old bard speaking



We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Changes to Olivia's garden.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

speaking of *Patience* herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the *losses of shipwreck*. And now we see why she is represented as *sitting on a hill of sand*, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand. WARBURTON.

*9 I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too———]*

This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. But the Oxford editor, a great enemy, as should seem, to all equivocation, obliges her to answer thus,

*She's all the daughters of my father's house,  
And I am all the sons———*

But if it should be asked now, how the Duke came to take this for an answer to his question, to be sure the editor can tell us.

WARBURTON.  
*Fab.*



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

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

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

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

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

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain: How now, my nettle of India<sup>1</sup>?

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

*Enter Malvolio.*

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

<sup>1</sup> *nettle of India*] The poet must here mean a zoophyte, called the *Urtica marina*, abounding in the Indian seas.

“ Quæ taëta totius corporis pruritus quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* est fortita. *Wolfgan. Hist. Animal.*”

“ *Urticæ marinæ* omnes pruritus quendam movent, et acrimonia suâ *venærem* extinctam et sopitam excitant.”

*Jobnston's Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aquat.* p. 56. STEEVENS.

*Sir To.* Here's an over-weening rogue,—

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

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

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be count Malvolio,—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, Peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't: <sup>2</sup> the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him. \*

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

*Sir To.* <sup>3</sup> O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.*

<sup>2</sup> *the lady of the Strachy.*] We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville says, *As Trachye and Macedoigne of the which Alisandre was kyng.* It was common to use the article *the* before names of places: and this was no improper instance, where the scene was in Illyria.

WARBURTON.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

*Straccio* (see Torriano's and Altieri's dictionaries) signifies *clouts* and *tatters*, and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dictionary, says that *straccio* was pronounced *stratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakespeare's meaning was this, that the chief lady of the queen's wardrobe, had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vastly inferior to her. SMITH.

Such is Mr. Smith's note, but it does not appear that *Strachy* was ever an English word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any use on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

\* —*blows him.*] i. e. puffs him up. So in Anthony and Cleopatra: —————“on her breast

“There is a vent of blood, and something *blown.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *stone-bow.*] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones.

JOHNSON.

This

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

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

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

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

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

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch<sup>4</sup>, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Tho' our silence be drawn from us with carts, yet, peace<sup>5</sup>.

This instrument is mentioned again in *Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, 1605—"whoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those who shoot in *stone-bows*, wink with one eye." So in B. and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

———"children will shortly take him

"For a wall, and fet their *stone-bows* in his forehead."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Wind up my watch.*] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares.*] i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Yet the Oxford editor has altered it to,

*Tho' our silence be drawn from us by the cars.*

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it oft lies so deep that the reader has reason to wish he could have explained his own meaning. WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is, *Though our silence be drawn from us with carts, yet peace.* In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says, *I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not draw from me.* So in this play, *Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.* JOHNSON.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

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

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

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

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

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

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

*Mal.* One Sir Andrew—

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

*Mal.* What employment have we here<sup>6</sup>?

[*Taking up the letter.*

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's<sup>7</sup>. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

<sup>6</sup> *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—*What's to do here.* The Oxford editor, not attending to this, alters it to

*What implement have we here?*

By which happy emendation, he makes Malvolio to be in the plot against himself; or how could he know that this letter was an *implement* made use of to catch him? WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup>—*her great P's.*] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.

STEEVENS.

There may, however, be words in the direction which he does not read. To formal directions of two ages ago were often added these words, *Humbly Present.* JOHNSON.



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

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

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* *Jove knows, I love, but who, Lips do not move, no man must know.*

*No man must know*——What follows? The number is alter'd——*No man must know*:——if this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* *I may command, where I adore:*

*But, silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,*

*M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

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

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the <sup>8</sup> stannyl checks at it!

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any <sup>9</sup> formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—and the end;——what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make

<sup>8</sup> *stannyl,*] The name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *formal capacity.*] *Formal*, for common. WARBURTON.

*Formal capacity*, i. e. any one in his senses. So in the *Comedy of Errors*,

“Make of him a *formal* man again.”

In *Measure for Measure*,

“These *informal* women.” STEEVENS.



that resemble something in me? Softly :— M. O.  
A. I.—

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

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox<sup>1</sup>.

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

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

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

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope<sup>2</sup>.

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

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

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

*Mal. M. O. A. I.*—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang*

<sup>1</sup> *as rank as a fox.*] *Sir Thomas Hanmer* reads, *not as rank*. The other editions, *though it be as rank*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And O shall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else,

“ How can you fall into so deep an *Oh* ? ” STEEVENS.

arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings<sup>3</sup>; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, the fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more<sup>4</sup>: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice*, the very man<sup>5</sup>. I do  
not

<sup>3</sup>—yellow stockings;] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. In Davenant's play, called *The Wits*, act 4, p. 208. Works fol. 1673:

“ You said, my girl, Mary Queasie by name, did find your  
“ uncle's yellow stockings in a porringer; nay, and you said she  
“ stole them.” Dr. PERCY.

So Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled *The World Toss'd at Tennis*, 1620, where the five different-colour'd stiches are introduced as striving for superiority. *Yellow starch* says to white,

“ ——— since she cannot

“ Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shews

“ Her love to't, and makes him wear yellow hose.”

So in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*.

“ Many of our young married men have ta'en an order to  
“ wear yellow garters, points and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought  
“ yel'ow will grow a custom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> with thee. *The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more:*] Wrong pointed: We should read,—with thee, the fortunate, and happy. *Day-light and champion discover no more:* i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

WARBURTON.

The Folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, *the fortunate-unhappy*, and so I have printed it. *The fortunate-unhappy* seems to be the subscription of the letter. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I will be point-de-vice, the very man.*] This phrase is of French extraction—a *points-devisez*. Chaucer uses it in the *Romaunt of the Rose*,

“ Her nose was wrought at *point-devisee*.”

i. e. with the utmost possible exactness.

Kastril,

not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

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

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

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir And.* Nor I either.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

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

*Sir And.* Or o'mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip<sup>6</sup>, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir*

Kastril, in the *Alchemist*, calls his sister *Punk-devise*: and again in the *Tale of a Tub*, act 3. sc. 7.

—————“ and if the dapper priest

“ Be but as cunning *point* in his *devise*

“ As I was in my lie.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *tray-trip*,] The word *tray-trip* I do not understand. JOHNSON. *Tray-trip* is mentioned in *The City Match* by Jasper Maine, 1639,

—————“ while she

*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?

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

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

*Sir To.* Like aqua vitæ with a midwife<sup>7</sup>.

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

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar; thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*OLIVIA's garden.*

*Enter Viola and Clown.*

V I O L A.

**S**AVE thee, friend, and thy musick. Dost thou live<sup>8</sup> by the tabor?

*Clow,*

“ Made visits above stairs, would patiently

“ Find himself business at *tray-trip* i' the hall.”

And again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, 1616,

“ Reproving him at *tray-trip*, fir, for swearing.”

So again in *Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639,

“ mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black puddings.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Aqua vitæ*] Is the old name of *strong waters*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *by the tabor?* Clown. *No, fir, I live by the church.*] The Clown,



*Clo.* No, fir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman ?

*Clo.* No fuch matter, fir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my houfe, and my houfe doth ftand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'ft fay, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or the church ftands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ftand by the church.

*Clo.* You have faid, fir.—To fee this age!—A fentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit : How quickly the wrong fide may be turned outward ?

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

*Clo.* I would therefore, my fifter had had no name, fir.

*Vio.* Why, man ?

*Clo.* Why, fir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word, might make my fifter wanton : But, indeed, words are very rafcals, fince bonds difgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reafon, man ?

*Clo.* Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown fo falfe, I am loth to prove reafon with them.

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

*Clo.* Not fo, fir, I do care for fomething : but, in my confcience, fir, I do not care for you : if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would, it would make you invifible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

*Clo.* No, indeed, fir ; the lady Olivia has no folly :

*Clown,* I fuppofe, willfully miftakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *figh of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a mufic fhop. STEEVENS.



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

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the duke Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

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

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

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

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

*Clo.* I would play lord Pandarus<sup>9</sup> of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, fir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of the persons, and the time;  
And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That

<sup>9</sup> *lord Pandarus*] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the haggard*,] The *haggard* is the unreclaimed hawk, who flies after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity,  
as

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,  
As full of labour as a wise-man's art :  
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit ;  
But wise-men's folly fall'n, <sup>2</sup> quite taints their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Save you, gentleman <sup>3</sup>,

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

*Sir To.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

*Sir To.* I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.—  
Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous  
you should enter, if your trade be to her.

as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be  
read more properly,

*Not like the haggard.*

He must chuse persons and times, and observe tempers, he must  
fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large  
like the *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *But wise men's folly fall'n,——]*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly shewn.* JOHNSON.

The sense is, *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into ex-  
travagance, overpowers their discretion.* REVISAL.

I explain it thus. The folly which he shews with proper adap-  
tation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore  
produces no censure ; but the folly of wise men when it *falls* or  
*happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judg-  
ment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> In former editions :

*Sir To.* *Save you, gentleman.*

*Vio.* *And you, sir.*

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

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

I have ventured to make the two knights change speeches in this  
dialogue with Viola ; and, I think, not without good reason. It  
were a preposterous forgetfulness in the poet, and out of all prob-  
ability, to make Sir Andrew not only speak French, but under-  
stand what is said to him in it, who in the first act did not know  
the English of *Pourquoi*. THEOBALD.

*Vio.*

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, fir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage<sup>4</sup>.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, fir, put them to motion.

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

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, fir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

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

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear<sup>5</sup>.

*Sir And.* *Odcurs, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

*[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]*

Give me your hand, fir.

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

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cefario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, fir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the duke Orsino, youth.

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

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

<sup>4</sup> *the list*] Is the bound, limit, farthest point. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.*] *Pregnant* for ready.

WARBURTON.

*Pregnant* is a word in this writer of very lax signification. It may here mean *liberal*. JOHNSON.

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

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

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

*Vio.* Dear lady, —

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,  
After the last enchantment, (you did hear) <sup>6</sup>  
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :  
Under your hard construction must I fit,  
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours. What might you  
think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your re-  
ceiving <sup>7</sup>•

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus <sup>8</sup>, not a bosom,  
Hides my poor heart :—So let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

<sup>6</sup> *After the last enchantment, (you did hear.)*]

Nonsense. Read and point it thus,

*After the last enchantment you did here,*

i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affec-  
tions. WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to one of your receiving*]

i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. She considers him as an arch  
page. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *a cyprus,*] Is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

*Vio.*



*Vio.* No, not a grice<sup>9</sup>; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward hoe:—

Grace, and good disposition attend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay: I pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st  
of me?

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

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

*Vio.* Then think you right, I am not what I am.

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

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

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

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt, and anger, of his lip!  
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:  
But, rather reason thus with reason fetter;  
Love fought is good; but given unfought, is better.

<sup>9</sup> a grice;] Is a *step*, sometimes written *greese* from *degrees*,  
French. JOHNSON.

*Vio.*



*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

<sup>1</sup> And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone<sup>2</sup>.

And so adieu, good madam; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st  
move

That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to an apartment in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her to-  
wards you.

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

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

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jury-men, since  
before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did shew favour to the youth in your sight,

<sup>1</sup> *And that no woman has; —*]

And that *heart* and *bosom* I have never yielded to any woman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *——— save I alone.*]

These three words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably  
enough. JOHNSON.

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

*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist<sup>3</sup>, as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him<sup>4</sup>; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no

<sup>3</sup> — as lief by a Brownist,] The sect of the Brownists, of which the poet makes mention, was derived from one Robert Brown, in the year 1581. The tenets of this sect were of so absurd a nature, and so totally repugnant to the modes of the establishment at that time, that they drew upon themselves the public censure, the consequence of which was, that they were soon obliged to seek an asylum in the Netherlands. Some time afterwards, the author returned and took orders in the church of England, but (*nefas dixit*) he turned out to be a very profligate and unworthy pastor.

It is remarkable, that a part of this sect, transplanting themselves into America, laid the foundation of the colony of New England. HUMPHREYS.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. In the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611, is the following stroke at them:

—“of a new sect, and the good professors, will, like the  
“*Brownist*, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and  
“obscure holes already.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him,] This is nonsense. We should read, I believe—“Challenge me the Duke's  
“youth; go, fight with him; hurt him, &c.” T. T.

love-

love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

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

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

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand<sup>5</sup>; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: <sup>6</sup> taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

<sup>5</sup> *in a martial hand*;] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed—a curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice,*] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those, in which our author intended to shew his respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words, quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—" *All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thou's.) " *You are an odious man.*" ——" *Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*" ——" *O damnable atheist!*"—" *Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart.*" ——" *Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of bell.*" ——" *Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar, &c.*" Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satyrically prescribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakespeare had of these petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech; *Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose pen no matter.*—A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a suppos'd traitor! THEOBALD.

*Fab.*

*Fab.* This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

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

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

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

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

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* <sup>7</sup> Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stiches, follow me: yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such

<sup>7</sup> *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The womens parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. STEEVENS.

a thing



a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the street.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

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

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my desire, (More sharp than filed steel,) did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (tho' so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks<sup>s</sup>,

And

<sup>s</sup> In former editions,

*I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks: and ever-oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;*

The second line is too short by a whole foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much propriety as, *always-sometimes*? As I have restored the passage, it is very much in our author's manner and mode of expression. So in *Cymbeline*;

— Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.



And thanks, and ever. Oft good turns  
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :  
 But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,  
 You should find better dealing. What's to do ?  
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

*Ant.* To-morrow, fir ; best, first, go see your lodg-  
 ing.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;  
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
 With the memorials, and the things of fame,  
 That do renown this city.

*Ant.* 'Would, you'd pardon me :  
 I do not without danger walk these streets.  
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Duke his gallies,  
 I did some service ; of such note, indeed,  
 That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;  
 Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,  
 Might well have given us bloody argument.  
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
 What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,  
 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out ;  
 For which, if I be laps'd in this place,  
 I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, fir, here's my purse :

And in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

*And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
 Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
 When I have found it.* THEOBALD.

My reading, which is——

*And thanks and ever. Oft good turns*

is such as is found in the old copy, only altering the punctuation,  
 which every editor must have done in his turn. Theobald has  
 completed the line, as follows :

“ And thanks and ever *thanks and oft good turns.*”

STEEVENS.

In

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your know-  
ledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.—

*Seb.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Olivia's house.*

*Enter Olivia, and Maria.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: <sup>9</sup> He says he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?  
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor-  
row'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

<sup>9</sup> In former editions,

*I have sent after him; he says he'll come;*

From whom could my lady have any such intelligence? Her ser-  
vant, employed upon this errand, was not yet return'd; and,  
when he does return, he brings word, that the youth would hard-  
ly be intreated back. I am persuaded, she was intended rather  
to be in suspense, and deliberating with herself: putting the sup-  
position that he would come; and asking herself, in that case,  
how she should entertain him. THEOBALD.

— *he says he'll come;*] i. e. I suppose now, or admit now, he  
says he'll come; which Mr. Theobald, not understanding, alters  
unnecessarily to, *say he will come;* in which the Oxford editor has  
followed him. WARBURTON.

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.

He is sure posselt, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. I'm as mad as he.

*Enter Malvolio.*

If sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of it? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request?

Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatness;—'twas well writ.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Some are born great——

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atchieve greatness——

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* And some have greatness thrust upon them——

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;——

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

*Oli.* Cross-garter'd?

*Mal.* Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a servant still.

*Oli.* Why, this is a very midsummer madness'.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the duke Orfino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry.

[*Exit.*

*Mal.* Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy bumble slough,* says she;——*be opposite with a kinsman—surly with ser-*

<sup>1</sup> *midsummer madness.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.



*vants*,—let thy tongue tang <sup>2</sup> with arguments of state, —put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her <sup>3</sup>: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow <sup>4</sup>! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

<sup>2</sup>—let thy tongue tang, &c.] The old copy (i. e. the folio) reads,

—— “ let thy tongue langer, &c.

Perhaps the author wrote, Let thy tongue linger, i. e. be slow in descanting on state matters. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I have lim'd her, —] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *lirdime*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> fellow! —] This word which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

*Mal.*



*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.—Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live: My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?—

*Sir To.* Ay, biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit<sup>5</sup> with satan. Hang him, foul collier<sup>6</sup>.

*Mar.*

<sup>5</sup> — *cherry-pit*] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says—"You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." So in a comedy, called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1611—"if she were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." So in *The Witch of Edmonton*, "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at *cherry-pit*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hang him, foul collier!*] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practis'd by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the conclusion of his *Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has published what he calls, *A pleasant Discovery of the Cozenage of Colliers*.

STEEVENS.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlines.

*Mal.* Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder<sup>7</sup> of madmen; but see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so sawcy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Sir Toby reads.*

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness, *Like will to like,* says the *Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *a finder of madmen:*] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy. JOHNSON.

*Youth,*

*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

*Fab.* A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

*Sir To.* I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

*Fab.* Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine<sup>s</sup>, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir To.* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd

<sup>s</sup>—— He may have mercy upon mine,——] We may read, *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished, that Shakespeare in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaness. JOHNSON.

off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter Olivia and Viola.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece : give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out.  
There's something in me, that reproves my fault ;  
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this<sup>9</sup> jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :  
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny ;  
That, honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

<sup>9</sup> —wear this jewel for me,] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity. JOHNSON.

*Vio.*



*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well. A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor<sup>1</sup>, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd<sup>2</sup> rapier,

<sup>1</sup> *thy* interceptor,] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *interpreter*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;—*] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.



pier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS of the CARPET, tho' few, or no persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing about it, or even to have heard of it. I have taken some memoranda concerning the institution, and know that William lord Burgh (of Starborough castle in the county of Surry, father to Thomas lord Burgh, deputy of Ireland, and to Sir John Burgh who took the great Caracca ship in 1592) was made a *Knight of the Carpet*, at Westminster, on the 2d of October, 1553, the day after Queen Mary's coronation: and I met with a list of all who were made so at the same time, in *Strype's Memorials*, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 11.

See *Anstis's Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath*, (Lond. 1725) p. 50, "Upon the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, a commission was granted to the earl of Arundel, empowering him to make knights, but WITHOUT any additional title, within two days after the date of that patent: which were the two days preceding her coronation. In pursuance hereof, we find the names of the knights created by him, according to the stated form of creating knights of the Bath; and the variety of the ceremonies used, so distinctly related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in the appendix."

So that Mr. Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species of Knights of the Bath, tho' without any additional title.

If so, the appellation of *Knights of the Carpet* might be only popular; not their strict or proper title. This, however, was sufficient to induce Shakespeare (who wrote whilst they were commonly spoken of by such an appellation) to use that term, in contrast to a knighthood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of military valour.

For this valuable note I am happy to confess my obligations to JAMES BURROW, Esq. of the Temple, F. R. S. and F. S. A. Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose:

—————"foldiers come away

"This *Carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars." STEEVENS.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is an uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. *[Exit Sir Toby.]*

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil<sup>3</sup>; I have not seen such a virago<sup>4</sup>. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck—in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't;—This shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought

<sup>3</sup> *Why, man, he is a very devil, &c.*] Ben. Jonson has imitated this scene in the *Silent Woman*. The behaviour of Sir John Daw, and Sir Amorous la Foole, is formed on that of Viola and Ague-cheek. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *I have not seen such a virago.*] *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man.

JOHNSON,

him

him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot<sup>s</sup> by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*]

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Enter Antonio.*

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*Ant.* Put up your sword: If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me; if you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

*Sir To.* You, sir? Why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*]

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

*1 Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

<sup>s</sup> — by the duello.] i. e. by the laws of the duello, which were in Shakespeare's time, settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.



2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy:—I shall answer it.  
What will you do? Now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me  
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,  
Than what befalls myself: You stand amaz'd,  
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must intreat of you some of that mony.

*Vio.* What mony, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;  
I'll make division of my present with you:  
Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* Oh, heavens themselves!—

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.*



*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;  
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,——  
And to his image, which, methought, did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*I Off.* What's that to us?—the time goes by;—  
away:

*Ant.* But oh, how vile and idle proves this god !  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind :  
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil<sup>6</sup>.

*I Off.* The man grows mad ; away with him.  
—Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*]

*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself ;—so do not I<sup>7</sup>.  
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian ;  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian : I my brother know  
Yet living in my glafs. Even such, and so  
In favour was my brother ; and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

<sup>6</sup> —— *o'erflourish'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakespeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *so do not I.*]

This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

For him I imitate : oh, if it prove,  
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not— [Exit *Sir Andrew.*]

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

C L O W N.

**W**ILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Vent my folly!—He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber<sup>8</sup> the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek<sup>9</sup>, depart from me; There's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand: These wise men, that give fools mony, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* Now, fir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.]

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.]

*Sir To.* Hold, fir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit Clown.]

*Sir To.* Come on, fir; hold. [Holding Sebastian.]

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way

<sup>8</sup> *I am afraid this great lubber*] That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,—*] Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IV.* Yet the Oxford editor alters it to Geck. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> —*get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.*]— This seems to carry a piece of satire upon monopolies, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence.

WARBURTON.

to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my young foldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

*Sir To.* Madam?

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudeſby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>2</sup>

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botch'd up<sup>3</sup>; that thou thereby

May'st

<sup>2</sup> *In this uncivil and unjust extent*]

*Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *This ruffian hath botch'd up, ——— ]*

*i. e.* swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess.

WARBURTON.

I fancy



May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:  
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee<sup>4</sup>.

*Seb.* What relish is in this<sup>5</sup>? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be  
rul'd by me.

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be! [Exit.

SCENE II.

*An apartment in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown, and this  
beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the cu-  
rate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-  
self in't; and I would, I were the first that ever dis-  
sembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to be-

I fancy it is only a coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad tay-  
lor is called a *botcher*, and to *botch* is to make clumsily.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in  
*Ant. and Cleopatra*:

————— "if you'll *patch* a quarrel

"As matter whole you've not to make it with." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*]

I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between  
*heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that of-  
fends thee attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the antients expressed it,  
*half my heart*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *What relish is in this?*—————]

How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?

JOHNSON.



come the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar<sup>6</sup>. The competitors enter.

*Enter Sir Toby and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master parson.

*Clo.* *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, <sup>7</sup> very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That that is, is*: so I being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say,——peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* Who calls there? [*Malvolio within.*]

*Clo.* Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

<sup>6</sup> — *as to say, a CAREFUL man and a great scholar.*] This refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student*; it is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, *as to say a GRACEFUL man*, i. e. comely. To this the Oxford editor says, *rectè*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *very wittily said—that that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

*Clo.* Fy, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, <sup>s</sup> it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question?

<sup>2</sup> —it hath bay-windows] A bay-window is the same as a bow-window; a window in a recess, or bay. The following instances may support the supposition:

“ We are simply stock'd, with cloth of tissue cushions

“ To furnish out bay-windows.”

*Chaste Maid in Cheap-side, 1620.*

So in *Cinthia's Revels* by B. Jonson, 1601,

—“ retiring myself into a bay-window, &c.”

Again, *Stowe's Chronicle* of Hen. IV.

“ As Tho. Montague rested him at a bay-window, a gun was levell'd, &c.”

So in a small black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, written by Maister Streamer:

“ I was lodged in a chamber, which had a faire bay-window opening into the garden.”

So in *Haywood* the Epigrammatist:

“ All Newgate windowes, bay-windows they be,

“ All lookers out there stand at bay we see.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. JOHNSON.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What think'st thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters<sup>1</sup>.

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with Maria.

*Clo.* Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does.

[Singing.

*Mal.* Fool——

*Clo.* My lady is unkind, perdy.

*Mal.* Fool——

*Clo.* Alas, why is she so?

*Mal.* Fool, I say——

<sup>1</sup> *Nay, I am for all waters.*] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. JOHNSON.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai manti lo da ogni acqua.* SMITH.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* *She loves another* —— Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here <sup>2</sup> property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, ——

*Clo.* <sup>3</sup> Maintain no words with him, good fellow. —— Who, I, sir? not, I, sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas ——

Marry, amen. —— I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

<sup>2</sup> *property'd me*;] They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Maintain no words with him*,] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas. —— *I will, sir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered. JOHNSON.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I set down to my lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit<sup>4</sup>?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,* [Singing.]

*I'll be with you again*

*In a trice, like to the old vice<sup>5</sup>,*

*Your need to sustain:*

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,*

<sup>4</sup> *tell me, are you not mad,—or do you but counterfeit?*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt. JOHNSON.

The reading may stand, and the sense continue such as it is given in the note. An anonymous correspondent is of a contrary opinion, and thinks the Clown means—*Are you really mad, or pretend to be in your sober senses in order to get out of this confinement?* STEEVENS

<sup>5</sup> ——— *like to the old vice,*]

*Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis a vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

*Cries,*

*Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,  
° Adieu, goodman devil.*

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Olivia's garden.*

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't :  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?  
I could not find him at the Elephant :  
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit<sup>7</sup>,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service :—  
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness ;

<sup>6</sup> *Adieu, goodman, devil.]*

This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates Malvolio's name, and says,

*Adieu, goodman mean-evil.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,  
That he did range, &c.]*

i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure ; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote ;

— *and there I found this credent.*

He uses the same term again in the very same sense in the *Winter's Tale* :

— *Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st cojoin with something, and thou dost, &c.*

THEOBALD.

— *I found this credit,] Credit, for account, information.*  
The Oxford editor roundly alters it to *current* ; as he does almost every word that Shakespeare uses in an anomalous signification.

WARBURTON.

Yet

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse<sup>8</sup>;  
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
 To any other trust<sup>9</sup>, but that I am mad,  
 Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,  
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
 As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,  
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter Olivia and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean  
 well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
 And underneath that consecrated roof,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,  
<sup>1</sup> Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth.—What do you say?

<sup>8</sup> ———all instance, a' discourse;]

*Instance*, for sense; *discourse*, for reason. WARBURTON.

*Instance* is *example*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *To any other trust*,——]

To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Whiles*] Is *until*. This word is still so used in the northern counties. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

Almost throughout the old copies of Shakespeare, *whiles* is given us instead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the first reformer of his orthography, made the change. STEEVENS.

*Seb.*

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn <sup>2</sup> truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father;—And  
heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Clown and Fabian.*

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass:

<sup>2</sup> Truth,] Truth is fidelity. JOHNSON.



so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses<sup>3</sup>, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would, you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

<sup>3</sup> *so that, conclusions to be as kisses,—*] Though it might be unreasonable to call our poet's fools and knaves every where to account; yet, if we did, for the generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous absurdity have we here? To suppose the text genuine, we must acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning: and what has no known meaning, cannot be allowed to have either wit or humour. Besides, the Clown is affecting to argue seriously and in form. I imagine, the poet wrote;

*So that conclusion to be asked, is,*

*i. e.* So that the conclusion I have to demand of you is this, *if your four, &c.* He had in the preceding words been inferring some *premisses*, and now comes to the *conclusion* very *logically*; you grant me, says he, the *premisses*; I now ask you to grant the *conclusion*.

WARBURTON.

Though I do not discover much ratiocination in the Clown's discourse, yet, methinks, I can find some glimpse of a meaning in his observation, that *the conclusion is as kisses*. For, says he, *if four negatives make two affirmatives, the conclusion is as kisses*: that is, the conclusion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kissing* and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirmative. What the *four negatives* are I do not know. I read, *So that conclusions be as kisses.* JOHNSON.

*Clo.*

*Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplet, fir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet<sup>4</sup>, fir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, fir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, fir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, fir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, fir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan, in the smoak of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy, and the tongue of loss  
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

<sup>4</sup> —bells of St. Bennet,] When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Pa's steeple*, and has introduced a Frenchman, named *Don Pedro*, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorbubus to a *bedlamite*, says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Morglay*, and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a *cockney*. STEEVENS.

1 *Off.* Orsino; this is that Antonio,  
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from  
Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tyger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state<sup>s</sup>;  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;  
But in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:  
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love without retention, or restraint,  
All his in dedication. For his sake,  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,  
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use

<sup>s</sup> ——— *desperate of shame, and state,*]

Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man. JOHNSON.

Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be ?

*Duke.* When came he to this town ?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,

(No *interim*, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter Olivia, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess ; now heaven walks on earth.

—But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;  
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.—

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?

—Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam !

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,——

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario ?——Good my lord——

*Vio.* My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to my mine ear<sup>s</sup>,  
As howling after musick.

*Duke.* Still so cruel ?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,

<sup>s</sup> — as FAT and fulsome]

We should read, as FLAT. WARBURTON.

*Fat* means *dull* ; so we say a *fatheaded* fellow ; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene* ; and *fat* is more congruent to *fulsome* than *flat*. JOHNSON.



That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do't  
 Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death  
 Kill what I love: a savage jealousy,  
 That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this:  
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
 And that I partly know the instrument,  
 That screws me from my true place in your favour;  
 Live you the marbled-breasted tyrant still.  
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,  
 And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,  
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.  
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

*Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,  
 Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death  
 Kill what I love:—]*

In this *smile*, a particular story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known to shew the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, *when they despair'd of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear*, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, he went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. THEOBALD.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*  
*Vio.* And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*following.*

*Oli.* Where goes Cefario?

*Vio.* After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;  
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
 If I do feign, you witness above  
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you  
 wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away.

[*To Viola.*

*Oli.* Whether, my lord? Cefario, husband, itay.

*Duke.* Husband?

*Oli.* Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, firrah?

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
 Fear not, Cefario, take thy fortunes up;  
 Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art  
 As great, at that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
 Here to unfold, (though lately we intended  
 To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
 Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,  
 Hath newly past between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

R 2

Attested

Attested by the holy clove of lips,  
 Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings;  
 And all the ceremony of this compact  
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
 I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,  
 When time hath sew'd a grizzle on thy<sup>7</sup> case?  
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
 Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,  
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest——

*Oli.* O, do not swear;  
 Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

*Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God a surgeon; and send  
 one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* H'as broke my head a-crofs, and given  
 Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,  
 your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at  
 home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cefario: we  
 took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-  
 dinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cefario?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is.——You broke  
 my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set  
 on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
 You drew your sword upon me, without cause;  
 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

<sup>7</sup> *Case?*] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet  
 talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Toby and Clown.*

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sot, did'ft see Dick furgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

*Sir To.* <sup>s</sup> Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin.

I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

<sup>s</sup> *Then he's a rogue and a passy-measure pavin.]*

This is the reading of the old copy, and probably right, being an allusion to the quick measure of the *pavin*, a dance in Shakespeare's time. DR. GRAY.

A *passy-measure pavin* may perhaps mean a *pavin* danced out of time. Sir Toby might call him by this title, because he was drunk at a time when he should have been sober, and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight. Such however is the reading of the old copy, though the *u* in *pavin* being reversed, the modern editors have been content to read——

———*and a pass-measure painim.*

This dance is mentioned by B. and Fletcher in the *Mad Lover*:

“ I'll pipe him such a *pavan*.”

And in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, containing a *pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, &c.* 1579, it is enumerated, as follows, among other dances:

“ Dumps, *pavins*, galliardes, measures, fancyes, or newe “ freynes.” I do not, at last, see how the sense will completely quadrate on the present occasion. STEEVENS.



*Sir To.* Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*]

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I do perceive, it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other, but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit and two  
persons;

? A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee?

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd;

? A natural perspective—————]

A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

Of

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Meffaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.

If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow,

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And dy'd that day, when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town  
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:  
[*To Olivia.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true;  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

—Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To Vio.*  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings, will I over-swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither,  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Enter the Clown, with a letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frenzy<sup>1</sup> of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—  
How does he, firrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's  
end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here  
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day  
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,  
so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool  
delivers the madman—*By the Lord, madam*—[*Reads,*

*Oli.* How now, art mad!

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow  
*vox.*<sup>2</sup>

*Oli.*

<sup>1</sup> *A most extracting frenzy*———] i. e. A frenzy that drew  
me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——y & must allow *vox.*] I am by no means certain that I  
under-

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read it i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madona; but to read his right wits,<sup>3</sup> is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princefs, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, firrah. [To Fabian.

*Fab.* [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darknes, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* The madly-us'd Malvolio.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This favours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister, as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,<sup>4</sup>

understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of the Revisal pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the Clown begins reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Olivia asks him, *if he is mad.* No, madam, says he, *I do but barely deliver the sense of this madman's epistle; if you would have it read as it ought to be, that is, with such a frantic accent and gesture as a madman would read it, you must allow vox, i. e. you must furnish the reader with a voice, or, in other words, read it yourself.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *but to read his right wits,* ——— ] Perhaps so, — *but to read his wits right is to read thus.* To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,*] The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote,

—— *an't so please you.* REVISAL.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife. JOHNSON.

Here



Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.  
Your master quits you : and, for your service done  
him,

So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand ; you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister ?—you are she.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman ?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same : How now, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious  
wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio ? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.  
You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase ;  
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;  
Bade me come smiling, and cross garter'd, to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon sir Toby, and the <sup>s</sup> lighter people :  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck, <sup>o</sup> and gull,  
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me, why ?

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Tho', I confess, much like the character :

<sup>s</sup> —lighter—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> —geck,—] A fool. JOHNSON.

But,

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.  
 And now I do bethink me, it was she  
 First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd<sup>7</sup>  
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content;  
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
 But, when we know the grounds, and authors of it,  
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
 Taint the condition of this present hour,  
 Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
 Set this device against Malvolio here,  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ  
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;  
 In recompence whereof, he hath married her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
 That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—but do you remember, madam,—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? and you smile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

<sup>7</sup>————— *here were presuppos'd]*

*Presuppos'd*, for imposed. WARBURTON.

*Presuppos'd* rather seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation. STEEVENS.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;

(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)

But, when in other habits you are seen,

Orfino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,*

*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*A foolish thing was but a toy,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*'Gainst knaves, and thieves, men shut their gate,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*With toff-pots still had drunken heads,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done;*

*And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.**

This

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.





THE

W I N T E R'S

T A L E.

## Persons Represented.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords:*

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

*Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.*

*Clown, his Son.*

*A Mariner.*

*Gaoler.*

*Servant to the old Shepherd.*

Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady.*

*Two other Ladies.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdesses.*

*Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards,  
and Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*

THE  
WINTER'S TALE.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An anticbamber in Leontes's palace.*

*Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.*

ARCHIDAMUS.

**I**F you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

<sup>1</sup> *The Winter's Tale.*] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dostus and Fawria*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.



*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us<sup>2</sup>, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,——

*Cam.* 'Beseech you——

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied<sup>3</sup>, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heavens continue their loves!——

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks

<sup>2</sup> —— *our entertainment, &c.*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —— *royally attornied,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

the subject <sup>4</sup>, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*A room of state.*

*Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watry star hath been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leo.* Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them, when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow <sup>5</sup>

No

<sup>4</sup> ——— *physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— THAT MAY *blow*  
*No swaping winds,* ———]

This is nonsense, we should read it thus:

————— MAY THERE *blow*, &c.

He had said he was apprehensive that his presence might be want-

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
 " This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd  
 To tire your royalty.

*Leo.* We are tougher, brother,  
 Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.

*Leo.* We'll part the time between's then; and in  
 that

I'll no gain-saying.

*Pol.* Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;  
 There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'the  
 world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, altho'  
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,  
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
 To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
 Farewel, our brother.

*Leo.* Tongue ty'd, our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
 until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,

ed at home; but, lest this should prove an ominous speech, he  
 endeavours, as was the custom, to avert it by a deprecatory  
 prayer:

————— *may there blow*

*No sneaping winds—to make us say,*

*This was put forth too truly.*——

But the Oxford editor, rather than be beholden to this correc-  
 tion, alters it to,

————— *there may blow*

*Some sneaping winds*———

and so destroys the whole sentiment. WARBURTON.

*That may blow* is a Gallicism, for *may there blow*. JOHNSON.

Charge

Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,  
 All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction<sup>6</sup>  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :  
 But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
 Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[*To Polixenes.*

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
 You take my lord, I'll give you my commission<sup>7</sup>,  
 To let him there a month, behind the gess<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ————— [*this satisfaction*]

We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— [*I'll give HIM my commission,*]

We should read,

————— [*I'll give YOU my commission,*

The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, shews the necessity of it : For she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ————— [*behind the gess*]

Mr. Theobald says, *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just* : But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *GESTS* ; from the old French word *GISTE*, *ai-verjorium*. WARBURTON.

In *Strype's Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, p. 283.—The archbishop intreats Cecil, “ to let him have the new-resolved-  
 “ upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time  
 “ to time know where the king was.”

Holland, in his translation of *Pliny*, says p. 282.—“ These  
 “ quails have their set *gests*, to wit, ordinarie resting and bait-  
 “ ing places.”

*Gess*, in this place, seems to signify *the time of sojourning*.

STEEVENS.

Prefix'd

Prefix'd for his parting : yet, (good deed)<sup>9</sup> Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will ?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows : But I,  
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,  
Should yet say, " Sir, no going. *Verily*,  
" You shall not go ;" a lady's *verily* is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet ?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread *verily*,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam :  
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;  
Which is for me less 'easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your goaler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys :  
You were pretty lordings then ?

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

<sup>9</sup> ———yet, good heed, Leontes,]

i. e. yet take good heed, Leontes, to what I say. Which phrase,  
Mr. Theobald not understanding, he alters it to, *good deed*.

WARBURTON.

———yet *good-deed*, Leontes,——

is the reading of the old copy, and signifies *indeed, in very deed*,  
as Shakespeare in another place expresses it. Dr. Warburton is  
in fault, not Theobald. STEEVENS.

And



And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two ?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
i'the fun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing ; no, nor dream'd,  
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd <sup>1</sup>,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* <sup>2</sup> Grace to boot !——  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,

<sup>1</sup> —— *th' imposition clear'd,*  
*Hereditary ours.*]

i. e. setting aside *original sin* ; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Grace to boot !*

*Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say, &c.*]

Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them* ; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women. To each part of this observation the queen answers in order. To that of *temptations* she replies, *Grace to boot !* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our tempting you*, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would be making your queen and me devils, &c. WARBURTON.

Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—  
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;  
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
 You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,  
 With any but with us.

*Leo.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leo.* At my request he would not:  
 Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st  
 To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leo.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't  
 before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram us with praise, and make's  
 As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-  
 less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal<sup>3</sup>.

My last good deed was, to intreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I speak to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

<sup>3</sup> *With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal.]*

Thus this passage has been always pointed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpose*; but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus,

————— *ere*  
*With spur we heat an acre, but th' goal.*

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Why, that was when  
 Three crabbed months had sowl'd themselves to  
 death,  
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
 And clepe thyself my love<sup>4</sup>; then didst thou utter,  
 "I am yours for ever."

*Her.* It is *grace*, indeed.  
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
 twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;  
 The other for some while a friend.

*Leo.* Too hot, too hot :—— [ *Aside.*  
 To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
 I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;  
 But not for joy,——not joy.——This entertainment  
 May a free face put on ; derive a liberty  
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
 And well become the agent : it may, I grant ;  
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o'the deer<sup>5</sup>; oh, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
 Art thou my boy ?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leo.* P'fecks !

Why, that's my bawcock. What? hast smutch'd  
 thy nose ?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

<sup>4</sup> *And clepe thyself my love ;———]*

The old edition reads —— *And clap thyself*. This reading may be explained : She open'd her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The mort o'the deer ;———]*

A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

We

We must be neat <sup>6</sup>; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling <sup>7</sup>

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough pass, and the shoots  
that I have,

To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing: But were they false,  
As <sup>8</sup> o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
To say, this boy were like me. Come, sir page,

<sup>6</sup> *We must be neat; ———]*

Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutched, cries, *we must be neat*, then recollecting that *neat* is the term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *——— Still virginalling]*

Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.  
JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *As o'er-dy'd blacks, ———]*

Sir T. Hanmer understands, blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law of Massenger*, which might lead us to offer another interpretation.

———“Blacks are often such dissembling mourners  
“There is no credit given to't, it has lost  
“All reputation by false sons and widows  
“I would not hear of blacks.” STEEVENS.

Look



Look on me with your welkin-eye<sup>o</sup>. Sweet villain!  
Most dear'st! my collop!—can thy dam?<sup>2</sup>—may't  
be?——

Affection! thy intention stabs the center<sup>1</sup>.  
Thou dost make possible things not so held<sup>2</sup>;  
Communicat'st with dreams,—(How can this be?)  
With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost,  
(And that beyond commission, and I find it)  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardning of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How? my lord?

*Leo.* What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

*Her.* You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my lord?

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!  
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

<sup>o</sup> ——— welkin-eye. ——— ]

Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Affection! thy intention stabs the center.* ]

Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another, for which there is no authority:

*Imagination! thou dost stab to the center!*

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou dost make possible things not so held,* ]

i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

Left



Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornament oft does, too dangerous.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money<sup>3</sup>?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leo.* You will!—why, + happy man be his dole!—  
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brothers welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's

<sup>3</sup> *Will you take eggs for your money?*]

This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a cuckold for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. *Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight. SMITH.

I meet with Shakespeare's expression in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633,—“I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *happy man be his dole!* — ]

May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

Apparent

Apparent<sup>5</sup> to my heart.

*Her.* If you will seek us,

We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

*Leo.* To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing Hermione.*

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.*

*Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears,——a<sup>6</sup> fork'd one.——

Go, play, boy, play;——thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence;

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:

<sup>5</sup> *Apparent* ————]

That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ———— *a fork'd one* ————]

That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly. Know it,  
 It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us  
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leo.* Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leo.* Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest  
 man: [*Exit Mamillius.*

Camillo, this great fir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold;  
 When you cast out, ' it still came home.

*Leo.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made  
 His business more material.

*Leo.* Didst perceive it?—

<sup>8</sup> They're here with me already; whispering, round-  
 ing<sup>9</sup>:

*Sicilia is a so-forth*: 'tis far gone,  
 When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,  
 That he did stay?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *it still came home.*]

This is a sea-faring expression, used of the anchor, and meaning,  
*it would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *They're here with me already; ——— ]*

Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people acci-  
 dentally present. THIRLBY.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *whisp'ring, rounding:*]

i. e. *rounding in the ear*, a phrase in use at that time. But the Ox-  
 ford editor not knowing that, alters the text to, *whisp'ring round.*  
 WAREBURTON.

*To round in the ear*, is to *whisper*, or to *tell secretly*. The ex-  
 pression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book  
*de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leo.* At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is foaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes<sup>1</sup>,  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think, most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leo.* Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

<sup>1</sup> ——— lower messes,]

*Mess* is a contraction of *Master*, as *Mess* John, Master John; an appellation used by the Scots, to those who have taken their academical degree. *Lower Messes*, therefore are graduates of a lower form.

The speaker is now mentioning gradations of understanding, and not of rank. JOHNSON.

I believe *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degrees about the court. At every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present, placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with an additional mark of inferiority, *viz.* that of having coarser provisions set before them. This was not less a subject matter of complaint in the time of B. and Fletcher, than in that of Juvenal, as the following instance may prove:

“Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones

“Partly to make a shew with,

“And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating.”

*Woman Hater*, act 1. sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

My



My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest like, thou  
 Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been  
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
 In that, which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord !——

*Leo.* To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,  
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;  
 Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
 From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted  
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent : or else a fool,  
 That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
 And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly ; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out <sup>2</sup>  
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

<sup>2</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry out  
 Against the non-performance,———]*

This is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—“the *now*-performance,” which gives us this very reasonable meaning :—*At the execution whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it.* REVISAL.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

Which



Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

*Leo.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour  
 Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it;)   
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess;  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth plight: say it and justify it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin<sup>3</sup>  
 As deep as that, tho' true.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses<sup>4</sup>?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes

<sup>3</sup> ————— were sin  
 As deep as that, tho' true.]

i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ————— meeting noses?]

Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.  
 VOL. IV. T Blind

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,  
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say, it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leo.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why he, that wears her like his medal, hang-  
ing  
About his neck; Bohemia:—Who, if I  
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou  
His cup-bearer, (whom I, from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st  
see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am gall'd) thou might'st be-spice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,

But

But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work<sup>5</sup>,  
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> *But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,  
Maliciously, like poison:—*]

The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that *dete*? the poisoner. These effects he finely calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to *betray* the user. But the Oxford editor would mend Shakespeare's expression, and reads,

————— *that should not work  
Like a malicious poison:—*

So that Camillo's reason is lost in this happy emendation.

WARBURTON:

*Rash* is *hasty*, as in another place, *rash* gunpowder. *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. Shakespeare had no thought of *betraying the user*. The Oxford emendation is harmless and useless. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *But I cannot, &c.*] In former copies,

————— *But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee*—————

Leo. *Make that thy question, and go rot!*

The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo, must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him. — I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The king, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provok'd that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries;

*I've lov'd thee. — Make't thy question, and go rot!*

i. e. I have tender'd thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.

*Leo.* I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question,  
and go rot!

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation? fully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;  
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince, my son,  
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir,  
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leo.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leo.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner



Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't  
 Is the obedience to a master; one,  
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
 All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
 Promotion follows. If I could find example  
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
 Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!  
 Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks,  
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
 Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i'the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
 As he had lost some province, and a region  
 Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him  
 With customary compliment; when he,  
 Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and  
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding,  
 That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not? do you know, and  
 dare not?

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:  
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
 Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
 A party in this alteration, finding



Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto,  
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle<sup>7</sup>;) I beseech you,  
If you know aught, which does behove my know-  
ledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine,) that thou declare,  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if it be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my  
counsel;  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me

<sup>7</sup> *In whose success we are gentle;—]*

I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*. JOHNSON.

*Gentle* in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. STEEVENS.

Cry,

Cry, *loft*, and fo good-night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed, Him to murder you <sup>8</sup>.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he  
 fwears,

As he had feen't, or been an instrument  
 To vice you to't <sup>9</sup>, that you have touch'd his queen  
 Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh, then, my beft blood turn  
 To an infected gelly; and my name  
 Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beft!  
 Turn then my freft reputation to  
 A favour, that may ftrike the dulleft noftril  
 Where I arrive; and my approach be fhun'd,  
 Nay, hated too, worfe than the great'ft infection  
 That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear this though over <sup>1</sup>

By

<sup>8</sup> *I am appointed, Him to murder you.*]

i. e. I am the perfon appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To vice you to't, ———]*

i. e. to draw, perfuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff fpeaking of Falftaff, “ *If he come but within my vice, &c.*” The *Vice* in the old plays never appears as a *tempter*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Cam. Swear his thought over*

*By each particular ftar in heaven, &c.]*

The tranfpofition of a fingle letter reconciles this paffage to good fenfe; Polixenes, in the preceding fpeech, had been laying the deepeft imprecations on himfelf, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

—— Swear this though over, &c. THEOBALD.

By each particular star in heaven, and  
 By all their influences, you may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel shake,  
 The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation<sup>2</sup>  
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
 The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
 That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you  
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.  
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
 And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,  
 Clear them o'the city. For myself, I'll put  
 My fortunes to your service, which are here  
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
 For, by the honour of my parents, I  
 Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
 Than one condemned by the king's own mouth;  
 Thereon his execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;  
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
 My people did expect my hence departure  
 Two days ago.—This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive

*Swear his thought over*

May however perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion,*  
 that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion,* by swearing oaths nu-  
 merous as the stars. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *whose foundation*

*Is pil'd upon his faith, ———— ]*

This folly which is founded upon settled *belief.* STEEVENS.

He

He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever  
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me :  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort<sup>3</sup>  
 The gracious queen ; part of his team ; but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo,  
 I will respect thee as a father, if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority, to command  
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness,  
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

## THE PALACE.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

**T**AKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
 'Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.

Shall

<sup>3</sup> *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen ; ——— ]*

But how could this expedition comfort the queen ? on the contrary it would increase her husband's suspicion. We should read,

*——— and comfort  
 The gracious queen's ; ———*

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend. The Oxford editor has thought fit to paraphrase my correction, and so reads,

*——— Heaven comfort  
 The gracious queen ; ———* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just ; but what shall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing ? Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest, is lost.

*——— and*

Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

*Mam.* Not for because

Your brows are blacker ; (yet black brows, they say, Become some women best ; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,

What colour are your eye-brows ?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

*2 Lady.* Hark ye ;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall Present our services to a fine new prince One of these days ; and then you'll wanton with us, If we would have you.

*2 Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk ; Good time encounter her !

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir, now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us, And tell us a tale.

————— *and comfort*

*The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! ———*

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion, this passion is the *theme* or subject of the king's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May part of the king's present sentiments comfort the queen, but away with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out.

JOHNSON.

*Mam.*



*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall it be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter:

I have one of sprights and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good fir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man——

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it  
softly:

Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.*

*Leo.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with  
him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scower so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge<sup>+</sup>!—how accurs'd

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent hefts;——I have drunk and seen the  
spider.——

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

<sup>+</sup> *Alack, for lesser knowledge!——]*

That is, O that my knowledge were less. JOHNSON.

All's

All's true that is mistrusted : that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
He hath discover'd my design, and I<sup>s</sup>  
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will : How came the posterns  
So easily open ?

*Lord.* By his great authority,  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.—

Give me the boy ; [*To Hermione.*] I am glad, you did  
not nurse him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.—

*Her.* What is this ? sport ?

*Leo.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about  
her ;

Away with him : and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with ; for it is Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not ;  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
How'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leo.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and

<sup>s</sup> *He hath discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing ;——]*

Alluding to the superstition of the vulgar, concerning those who were enchanted, and fastened to the spot, by charms superior to their own. WARBURTON.

The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. Dr. Warburton's supposed allusion to enchantments, is quite beside the purpose. REVISAL.

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
*'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable :*  
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech,) and  
 straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands,  
 That calumny doth use : Oh, I am out,—  
 That mercy does ; for calumny will fear  
 Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
 When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
 Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,  
 (From him, that has most cause to grieve it should  
 be ;)

She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
 Do but mistake °.

*Leo.* You have mistook, my lady,  
 Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,  
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all degrees,  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
 She's an adulteress ; I have said, with whom ;  
 More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
 A Federary with her ; and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know herself,

° ——— you, my lord,  
 Do but mistake.]

Otway had this passage in his mind, when he put the following  
 lines into the mouth of Castalio :

—— Should the bravest man  
 That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper  
 What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars :  
 My friend my be mistak'n. STEEVENS.

But

But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leo.* No, if I mistake <sup>7</sup>  
In these foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison;  
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty <sup>8</sup>,  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,

<sup>7</sup> ——— if I mistake ———  
The center, &c. ——— ]

That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> He who shall speak for her is far off guilty,  
But that he speaks. ——— ]

This cannot be the speaker's meaning. Leontes would say, I shall hold the person, *in a great measure* guilty, who shall dare to intercede for her: and this, I believe, Shakespeare ventured to express thus:

*He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty, &c.*

i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her guilt. THEOBALD.

It is strange that Mr. Theobald could not find out that *far off guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree*. JOHNSON.

With

With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be perform'd!——

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't, that goes with me? 'beseech your  
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
[*To her ladies.*

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-  
tress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out: this action<sup>9</sup>, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I trust, I shall.—My women,—come; you have  
leave.

*Leo.* Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies.*

*Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen  
again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

*Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where<sup>1</sup>

I lodge

<sup>9</sup> ————*this action,*———] The word *action* is here taken  
in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation.* JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> ————*I'll keep my stable where  
I lodge my wife;*———]

*Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of  
the



I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
 Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;  
 For every inch of woman in the world,  
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
 If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my lord,——

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
 You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
 That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,  
 I would land-damn<sup>2</sup> him: Be she honour-flaw'd,  
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stables*, and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakespeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.

<sup>2</sup> —— *land-damn him:——*]

Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

*Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him; *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

*Land-damn* him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure sentence to be pass on him in this world*.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides it appears too ridiculous a threat for so atrocious a criminal. It must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following instance in *Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

“Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't.”

STEEVENS.

The

The second, and the third, nine, and <sup>3</sup> some five ;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't :—By mine  
honour,

I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,  
<sup>4</sup> And I had rather glib myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leo.* Cease ; no more :  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose : I see't and feel't ;  
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
The instruments that feel. [*Striking his brows.*]

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leo.* What ? lack I credit ?

*Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leo.* Why, what need we

<sup>3</sup> ————— and some five ;]

This is Mr. Theobald's correction ; the former editions read,  
*sans* five. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And I had rather glib myself, &c.—*]

For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which in the northern lan-  
guage, is the same with *geld*.

In the *Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, act 4, the word  
*lib* is used in this sense :—“ He can sing a charm (he says) shall  
“ make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it : no tooth-  
“ drawer, or corn-cutter did ever work with so little feeling to a  
“ patient.” DR. GRAY.

So in the comedy of *The Fancies*, by Ford, 1638.

“ What a terrible sight to a *lib'd* breech, is a sow-gelder ?”

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this  
time current in many counties, where they say—to *glib* a boar, to  
*glib* a horse. STEEVENS.

Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
 Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
 Imparts this: which, if you, (or stupified,  
 Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not  
 Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,  
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
 The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all  
 Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
 Without more overture.

*Leo.* How could that be?  
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
 Added to their familiarity,  
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation<sup>5</sup>,  
 But only seeing, all other circumstances  
 Made up to the deed) do push on this proceeding:  
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
 Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,  
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency<sup>6</sup>: Now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leo.* Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

<sup>5</sup> ——— nought for approbation,  
 But only seeing, ——— ]

*Approbation*, in this place, is put for *prof.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— stuff'd sufficiency; ——— ]

That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good  
 From our free person, she should be confin'd ;  
 Lest that the treachery of the two <sup>7</sup>, fled hence,  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;  
 We are to speak in public : for this business  
 Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A P R I S O N.

*Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;  
[*Exit Gentleman.*  
 Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady !  
 No court in Europe is too good for thee ;  
 What dost thou then in prison ? Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.*

You know me, do you not ?

*Goal.* For a worthy lady,  
 And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
 Conduct me to the queen.

*Goal.* I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
 I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
 To lock up honesty and honour from  
 The access of gentle visitors ! Is it lawful

<sup>7</sup> *Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.—*]

He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo.

Pray you to see her women? any of them?  
Emilia?

*Goal.* So please you, madam,  
To put a part these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray you now  
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Gent.

*Goal.* And, madam, I must  
Be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado  
[Exit Goaler.  
To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

*Enter Emilia.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well, as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: On her frights and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o'the king<sup>s</sup>! bespew  
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll tak't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;

<sup>s</sup> *These dangerous, unsafe lunes o'the king!—*]

I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted  
in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of  
expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. He has  
got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune*.  
*folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.* Richelet.

THEOBALD.

And



And never to my red-look'd anger be  
 The trumpet any more : Pray you, Emilia,  
 Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,  
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child :  
 The silence often of pure innocence  
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
 That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue : there is no lady living  
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be deny'd.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
 I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,  
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it !  
 I'll to the queen : please you come something nearer.

*Goal.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the  
 babe,  
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir :  
 The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is  
 By law and process of great nature, thence  
 Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to  
 The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,  
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Goal.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other attendants.*

*Leo.* Nor night, nor day, no rest:—It is but  
weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,  
She, the adultress;—for the harlot-king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank<sup>9</sup>  
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* My lord?

*Leo.* How do's the boy?

*Atten.* He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,  
His sickness is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: go,  
[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fy, fy! no thought of him;—  
The very thought of my revenges that way

<sup>9</sup> ————— *out of the blank*  
*And level of my brain; —————*]

Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him.  
*Blank and level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

Recoil

Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;  
 And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,  
 Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
 Shall she, within my power.

*Enter Paulina, with a child.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
 to me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,  
 More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-  
 manded,

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir ;  
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,  
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
 At each his needless heavings ;—such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
 Do come with words, as med'cinal, as true ;  
 Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,  
 That presses him from sleep.

*Leo.* What noise there, ho ?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
 About some gossips for your highness.

*Leo.* How ?——

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,  
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;  
 I knew, she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
 She should not visit you.

U 4

*Leo.*

*Leo.* What? can't not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty, he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo-you now; you hear!  
When she will take the rein, I let her run,  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,——  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leo.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say,  
good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I<sup>1</sup>  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

<sup>1</sup> *And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.*]

Paulina supposes the king's jealousy to be raised and inflamed by  
the courtiers about him; who, she finely says,

——— *creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needle's heavings: ———*]

Surely then, she could not say, that were she a man, *the worst of  
these*, she would vindicate her mistress's honour against the king's  
suspicions, in single combat. Shakespeare, I am persuaded,  
wrote,

——— *so were I  
A man, ON TH' worst about you.*

i. e. were I a man, I would vindicate her honour, on the worst  
of these sycophants that are about you. WARBURTON.

The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your  
servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

JOHNSON.

*Paul.*

*Paul.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;  
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

*Leo.* Out!

A mankind witch<sup>2</sup>! Hence with her, out o' door:—  
A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so intir'ling me; and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leo.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.—

[*To Antigonus.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd<sup>3</sup>; unrooted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,  
Take't up, I say; give't to<sup>4</sup> thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

<sup>2</sup> *A mankind witch!*—————]

*A mankind woman*, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women, therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says, of a woman suspected to be a witch, *that he does not like when a woman has a beard*. Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou art woman-tyr'd*; ———]

*Woman tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. \*The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakespeare.—So in *The Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612:

“He has given me a bone to tire on.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *thy crone.*]

i. e. thy old worn-out woman. STEEVENS.

Tak'ft



Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness<sup>s</sup>  
Which he has put upon't!

*Leo.* He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So, I would, you did: then, 'twere past all  
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

*Leo.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone was found.

*Leo.* A callat

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-  
band,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it; and together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—

<sup>s</sup> *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

*Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness]*

Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*, Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *self*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

And

And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
 No yellow in't<sup>6</sup>; lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's!

*Leo.* A gross hag!—

<sup>7</sup> And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands,  
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
 Hardly one subject.

*Leo.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
 Can do no more.

*Leo.* I'll have thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,  
 Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
 But this most cruel usage of your queen  
 (Not able to produce more accusation  
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours  
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leo.* On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
 Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
 If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
 —Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove  
 send her  
 A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—

<sup>6</sup> *No yellow in't*; ————— ]

*Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And, lozel*, ————— ]

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser.

STEEVENS.

You,

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so: Farewel; we are gone.

[*Exit.*

*Leo.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't! Even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word it is done,  
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*Lord.* We can. My royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leo.* You are liars all.

*Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:  
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech you  
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,  
(As recompence of our dear services  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[*They kneel.*

*Leo.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:  
—It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

To

To save this bastard's life : (for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life ?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible : swear by this sword,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leo.* Mark and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the  
fail

Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,——  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,——  
That thou commend it strangely to some place <sup>s</sup>,  
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this ; tho' a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe :  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,

<sup>s</sup> —— *commend it strangely to some place,*]

Commit to some place, *as a stranger*, without more provision.

JOHNSON.

Against

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the child.*]

*Leo.* No; I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please your highness, posts,  
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
 An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,  
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hastening to the court.

*Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

*Leo.* Twenty-three days  
 They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,  
 The great Apollo suddenly will have  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
 A just and open trial. While she lives,  
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,  
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*]

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

*A part of Sicily, near the sea side.*

*Enter Cleomenes and Dion, with Attendants.*

C L E O M E N E S.

**T**HE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
 Fertile the isle<sup>9</sup>; the temple much surpassing  
 The common praise it bears.

*Dion.*

<sup>9</sup> Fertile the isle, ——— ]

But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in  
 Phocis,



*Dion.* I shall report<sup>1</sup>,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!—  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'the offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafning voice o'the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o'the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen, (O be't so!)  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,

Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakespeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editors blunder, then Shakespeare wrote, *Fertile the soil*,—which is more elegant too, than the present reading.

WARBURTON.  
Shakespeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> I SHALL report,  
FOR MOST *it caught me*, &c.]

What will he report? And what means this reason of his report, that the celestial habits most struck his observation? We should read,

IT SHAMES report,  
FOREMOST *it caught me*,——

Cleomenes had just before said, that the *temple much surpassed the common praise it bore*. The other very naturally, replies—*it shames report*, as far surpassing what report said of it. He then goes on to particularize the wonders of the place: *Foremost*, or first of all, the priests garments, their behaviour, their act of sacrifice, &c. in reasonable good order. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation I see no reason; the utmost that can be necessary is, to change, *it caught me*, to *they caught me*; but even this may well enough be omitted. *It* may relate to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

The time is worth the use on't <sup>2</sup>.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses;—

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*A Court of Justice.*

*Leontes, Lords and Officers, appear properly seated.*

*Leo.* This session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,  
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt, or the purgation <sup>3</sup>.  
—Produce the prisoner.

<sup>2</sup> *The time is worth the use on't.*]

It should be just the reverse,

*The use is worth the time on't.*

and this alteration the Oxford editor approves. WARBURTON.

Either reading may serve, but neither is very elegant. *The time is worth the use on't*, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompens'd us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Even to the guilt, or the purgation.*]

Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

*Off.*

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

*Hermione is brought in, guarded ; Paulina, and  
Ladies, attending.*

*Leo.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence + whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation ; and  
The testimony on my part, no other  
But what comes from myself ; it shall scarce boot me  
To say, *Not guilty* : mine integrity <sup>5</sup> ;  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy ; which is more

<sup>4</sup>—pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed* ; to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Gent. of Verona*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *mine integrity, &c.*]

That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*.  
JOHNSON.

Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it <sup>6</sup>  
 As I weigh grief which I would spare\* : for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, fir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so : Since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I <sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *For life I prize it, &c.]*

*Life* is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

\* *I would spare :*] *To spare* any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd t' appear thus? ———]*

These lines I do not understand ; with the license of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus,

———— *Since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent have I  
 Been stain'd to appear thus.*

At least I think it might be read,

*With what encounter so uncurrent have I  
 Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond.* JOHNSON.

The sense seems to be this,—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

———— *a noble nature  
 May catch a wrench.* Timon.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character*, and in B. and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs :

———— *“ strain your loves  
 “ With any base, or hir'd persuasions.”* STEEVENS.

Have

Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond  
The bounds of honour; or, in act, or will  
That way inclining; hardned be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fy, upon my grave!

*Leo.* I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of those bolder vices wanted<sup>3</sup>  
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
Tho' 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
With such a kind of love, as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had  
spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,

<sup>3</sup> *I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of those bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.]*

It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakespeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.



That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd  
For me to try how : all I know of it,  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;  
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves  
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not :  
My life stands in the level of your dreams<sup>9</sup>,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leo.* Your actions are my dreams ;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame<sup>1</sup>,  
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth ;  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats ;  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity :  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,

<sup>9</sup> *My life stands in the level of your dreams,]*

To be *in the level* is by a metaphor from archery to be *within the reach*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth.]*

I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*,  
which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we may read,

*Those of your pack are so.*

*Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal in-  
vective. JOHNSON.

But

But know not how it went. My second joy,  
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
<sup>2</sup> Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast  
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred  
 The childbed privilege deny'd, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit<sup>3</sup>. Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No life;  
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises; (all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake) I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle;  
 Apollo be my judge.

*Enter Dion and Cleomenes.*

*Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,  
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

*Her.* The emperor of Russia was my father:  
 Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see

<sup>2</sup> *Starr'd must unluckily,——}*

i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have got strength of limit.—}*

I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the childbed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*.  
*And now, &c.* JOHNSON.

The flatness of my misery<sup>4</sup>; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought  
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leo.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo  
a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe  
truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if  
that, which is lost, be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leo.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'the oracle:  
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord the king, the king!—

*Leo.* What is the business?

*Ser.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed<sup>5</sup>, is gone.

*Leo.* How! gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

<sup>4</sup> *The flatness of my misery;—*]

That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Of the queen's speed,——*]

Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON,

Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*Hermione faints.*

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen: look  
down,

And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command; tho' I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, (most humane,

And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: How he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker<sup>o</sup>!

*Enter Paulina.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!

<sup>o</sup> *Does my deeds make the blacker!*]

This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!——

*Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?  
burning

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture  
Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine! O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,<sup>7</sup>  
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,  
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,

<sup>7</sup> *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful:——]*

I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read *soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the king of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

————— *shew thee of a fool,* —————

So all the copies. We should read,

————— *shew thee off, a fool,* —————

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c.

WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity if he had remembered, that the present reading, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.



More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,  
 To be, or none, or little ; <sup>s</sup> tho' a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,  
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-  
 geance for't  
 Not dropt down yet.

*Lord.* The higher powers forbid !

*Paul.* I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, nor  
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !  
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.* Say no more ;

<sup>s</sup> ——— tho' a devil

*Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :]*

i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd ere he  
 would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'th boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't<sup>9</sup> :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much  
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;  
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear unto  
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *I am sorry for't :*]

This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

*Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd  
upon<sup>1</sup>

The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay my lord; and fear,  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.  
[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Come, poor babe; I have heard,  
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou art perfect then, ————]*

*Perfect* is often used by Shakespeare for *certain, well assured, or well informed.* JOHNSON.

And,

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her : “ Good Antigonus,  
 “ Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 “ Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 “ Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
 “ Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 “ There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe  
 “ Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 “ I pr’ythee, call’t. For this ungentle business,  
 “ Put on thee by my lord, thou ne’er shalt see  
 “ Thy wife Paulina more :”—And so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :  
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar’d by this. I do believe,  
 Hermione hath suffer’d death ; and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the child.*

There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty  
 one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins ;—Poor  
 wretch,

That for thy mother’s fault art thus expos’d  
 To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds : and most accur’d am I  
 To be by oath enjoin’d to this.—Farewel !

The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough : I never saw

The



The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour<sup>2</sup>!—  
Well may I get aboard——This is the chace,  
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder! A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my son come; he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!——

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by

<sup>2</sup> *A savage clamour!——]*

This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*.

JOHNSON.

land;



land; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and frost, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,— To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;— And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water; nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* <sup>3</sup>Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would, you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.— [Aside.]

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look

<sup>3</sup> *Shep.* *Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.*] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown had just told his father, that he said, his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*, and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself. STEEVENS.

thee

thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>4</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; so, let's see; it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling<sup>5</sup>.—open't: What's within, boy?

<sup>6</sup> *Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern

<sup>4</sup> — a bearing-cloth—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> — some changeling.—] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So Spenser, B. 1. C. 10.

“ And her base Elfin brood there for thee left

“ Such, men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *You're a made old man*;] In former copies,—*You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—'This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have ventur'd to correct in the text—*You're a made old man*: i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. THEOBALD.

by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the fight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

T I M E.

**I**, That please some, try all; both joy and terror  
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold  
error<sup>7</sup>,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years<sup>8</sup>, and leave the growth untry'd<sup>9</sup>  
Of

<sup>7</sup> ——— *that make and unfold error,*—]

This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover* them, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that time often for a season *covers* errors, which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read,

————— *that mask and unfold error,*— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ————— *that I slide*  
O'er sixteen years, ————— ]

This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once-famous *Lilly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty  
years;

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power<sup>1</sup>  
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to  
 The times, that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale  
 The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,

years; Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakespeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during that sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— and leave the GROWTH untry'd  
 Of that wide gap; ———]

The *growth* of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote,

——— and leave the GULF untry'd,

i. e. unwaded through. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a *gulf*; as *swift passage*, —*slide over*—*untry'd*—*wide gap*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is consistent enough with our author's manner, who attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the *passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined*. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— since it is in my power, &c.]

The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita on her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.



As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving  
 That he shuts up himself; Imagine me <sup>2</sup>,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
 I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel  
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophecy;—But let Time's news  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—A shepherd's  
 daughter,  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is the argument of time <sup>3</sup>: Of this allow,  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:  
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly you never may <sup>4</sup>. [Exit.

<sup>2</sup> ——— imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia;———]

*Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate,

——— imagine we,  
 Gentle spectators, that you now may be, &c.

Let us imagine that you, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Is the argument of time:———]*

*Argument* is the same with *subject*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *He wishes earnestly, you never may.]*

I believe this speech of *time* rather begins the fourth act than concludes the third. JOHNSON.

It does so in the old copy, and I have therefore re-placed it.

STEEVENS.

SCENE



## SCENE I.

*The Court of Bohemia.**Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years<sup>5</sup> since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships<sup>6</sup>. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pry-thee

<sup>5</sup> *It is fifteen years*——] We should read—*sixteen*. Time has just said,

—— *that I slide*

*O'er sixteen years*—— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *and my profit therein, the HEAPING friendships.*] This is nonsense. We should read, REAPING friendships. The king had said his study should be to reward his friend's deserts; and then concludes, that his profit in this study should be reaping the fruits of his friend's attachment to him; which refers to what he had before said of the necessity of Camillo's stay, or otherwise he could not reap the fruit of those businesses, which Camillo had cut out.

WARBURTON.

I see not that the present reading is nonsense; the sense of *heaping friendships* is, though like many other of our authour's, unusu-

thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted<sup>7</sup>, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

*Pol.* I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is ex-

al, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships. That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *but I have, MISSINGLY, noted,*] We should read, *but I have, MISSING HIM, noted.* This accounts for the reason of his taking note, because he often missed him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that sense, it is to be understood. The Oxford editor reads, *missingly noted.*

WARBURTON.

I see not how the sense is mended by Sir T. Hanmer's alteration, nor how is it at all changed by Dr. Warburton's.

JOHNSON.

*Missingly noted,* means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

tended

tended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise a part of my intelligence.  
<sup>s</sup> But, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Country.*

*Enter Autolycus singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,  
 With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
 For the red blood reigns in the winter pale?*

*The*

<sup>s</sup> But, I fear, the angle—] Mr. Theobald reads, and I fear the *engle*. JOHNSON.

*Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son like a fish away. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Why, then COMES in the sunset o' th' year;  
 For the red blood REIGNS in the WINTER pale.]*

I think this nonsense should be read thus,

*Why, then COME in the sweet o' th' year;  
 'FORE the red blood REINS-in the winter pale.*

i. e. why then come in, or let us enjoy, pleasure, while the season serves, before *pale winter reins-in the red* or youthful *blood*; as much as to say, let us enjoy life in youth, before old age comes and freezes up the blood. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby reads, perhaps rightly, certainly with much more probability, and easiness of construction;

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!  
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge<sup>1</sup>:  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  
 The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,  
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts<sup>2</sup>,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time wore  
 three-pile; but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
 The pale moon shines by night:  
 And when I wander here and there,  
 I then do go most right.  
 If tinkers may have leave to live,  
 And bear the sow-skin budget;  
 Then my account I well may give,  
 And in the stocks avouch it.*

*For the red blood runs in the winter pale.*

That is, *for the red blood runs pale in the winter.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

*For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— pugging tooth ——— ]

Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, *progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that this is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces, and *progging* by B. and Fletcher in the *Spanish Curate*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— my aunts, ——— ]

*Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *barwd*. In Middleton's comedy, called *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense:—

“ It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I  
 “ need not say *barwd*; for every one knows what *aunt* stands for  
 “ in the last translation.” STEEVENS.

My



<sup>3</sup> My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. <sup>4</sup> My father nam'd me Autolycus, who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconfider'd trifles: With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison <sup>5</sup>; and my revenue is the silly cheat <sup>6</sup>. <sup>7</sup> Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are

<sup>3</sup> *My traffick is sheets*;—] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *My father nam'd me Autolycus, &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakespeare. I have seen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison*;] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this snabby dress.

PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> — *my revenue is the silly cheat*.] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakespeare's humour, alters it to, *the fly cheat*.

WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *conycatching* or *thievery* which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.



terrors to me : for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it,—A prize ! a prize !

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see ;—Every eleven weather tods<sup>8</sup> ; every tod yields pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to ?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine—[*Aside.*

*Clo.* I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice — what will this sifter of mine do with rice ? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers : three-man-song-men all<sup>9</sup>, and very good ones ; but they are most of them means, and bases : but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies<sup>1</sup> ; mace——dates——none ; that's out of my note : nutmegs, seven ; a race or two, of ginger ; but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'the sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that ever I was born !

[*Groveling on the ground,*

*Clo.* I'the name of<sup>2</sup> me——

*Aut.* Oh, held me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !——

<sup>8</sup> — *tods* ;—] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> *three-man—song-men all*,] i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. A *six-man-song* occurs in the *Tu nament of Tottenbam*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 24. PERCY.

<sup>1</sup> —— *warden-pies* ——] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I'the name of me*——] Is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So Sir Andrew Ague-cheek,——“ Before me, she's a good wench.” STEEVENS.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: Offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow, <sup>é</sup> <sub>é</sub>, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames<sup>3</sup>: I knew him once a servant of

<sup>3</sup> — with trol-my-dames:—] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WAREBURTON.

the prince: I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but <sup>4</sup> abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son <sup>5</sup>, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet fir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on thy way?

*Aut.* No, good-fac'd fir; no, sweet fir.

*Clo.* Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet fir!—Your purse is not hot

<sup>4</sup> — *abide.*] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *motion of the prodigal son,*] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

enough to purchase your spicce. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue <sup>6</sup>!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily bend the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*A Shepherd's Cott.*

*Enter Florizel and Perdita.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me <sup>7</sup>; Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self, <sup>8</sup> The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom; I should blush

<sup>6</sup> — *let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!*] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *your extremes,* — ]

That is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON:

<sup>8</sup> *The gracious mark o'the land,* — ]

The *object* of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

To



To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
To shew myself a glafs ?

*Flo.* I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause !  
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,

° ————— *sworn, I think,*  
*To shew myself a glafs.*]

i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glafs, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. But the Oxford editor alters it to,

————— *sworn, I think,*  
*To shew myself a glafs.*

What he means I don't know. But Perdita was not so much given to *swimming*, as appears by her behaviour at the king's threats, when the intrigue was discovered. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus :

————— *But that our feasts*  
*In every me's have folly, and the feeders*  
*Digest it with a custom (sworn I think)*  
*To see you so attired, I should blush*  
*To shew myself a glafs.*

i. e. —But that our rustic feasts are in every part accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized, (custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe) I should blush to present myself before a glafs, which would shew me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble state, or so much better habited than even that of my prince.

STEEVENS.

Should



Should pass this way, as you did : Oh, the fates !  
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
 Vilely bound up<sup>1</sup> ! What would he say ? Or how  
 Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
 The sternness of his presence !

*Flo.* Apprehend  
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
 The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter  
 Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
 As I seem now. Their transformations  
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;  
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires  
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts  
 Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O, but, dear sir,  
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king.  
 One of these two must be necessities,  
 Which then will speak ; that you must change this  
 purpose,  
 Or I my life.

<sup>1</sup> *His work so noble, &c.]*

It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

This allusion occurs more than once in *Roméo and Juliet* :

“ This precious *book of love* this *unbound lover*

“ To beautify him only lacks a *cover*.”

Again,

“ That book in many eyes doth share the glory

“ That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story.”

STEEVENS.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
 With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not  
 The mirth o'the feast: or, I'll be thine, my fair,  
 Or not my father's: For I cannot be  
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
 Tho' destiny say, *no*. Be merry, gentle;  
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
 Lift up your countenance; as it were the day  
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
 We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,  
 Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;  
 with Polixenes, and Camillo disguis'd.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:  
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
 And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
 This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;  
 Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:  
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here  
 At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle:  
 On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire  
 With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it  
 She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
 As if you were a feasted one, and not  
 The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid  
 These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is  
 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
 Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast. Come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.*

*Per.* Sir, welcome!

[*To Pol. and Cam.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostels'hip o'the day: You're welcome, sir!  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend Sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:  
<sup>2</sup> Grace and remembrance be unto you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdes,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be:  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind

<sup>2</sup> *Grace, and remembrance—*]

*Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

*Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physic.

STEEVENS.

By

By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them :  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-  
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;  
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through. Now, my  
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might  
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet  
Your maiden-heads growing : O Proserpina<sup>3</sup>,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take

<sup>3</sup> ——— O Proserpina,  
For th' flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon!]

So Ovid,

—— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora  
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis. STEEVENS.



The winds of March with beauty : violets dim<sup>4</sup>,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength ; (a malady  
 Most incident to maids) <sup>5</sup> gold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack  
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,  
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

*Flor.* What ? like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
 Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,  
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers ;  
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;  
 Pray, so ; and for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do

<sup>4</sup> ——— *violets dim,*

*But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,]*

I suspect that our authour mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image : but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

*Εὐωπιῶν πορνία* Her. Homer.

STEEVENS;

<sup>5</sup> ——— *gold oxlips, ———]*

*Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer ; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.



Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function. <sup>6</sup> Each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles,

Your praises are too large : but that your youth  
 And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have <sup>7</sup>

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
 To put you to't. But, come ; our dance, I pray :  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em <sup>8</sup>.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
 Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems,  
 But smacks of something greater than herself,  
 Too noble for this place.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Each your doing,*]

That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON:

<sup>7</sup> *I think, you have*

*As little skill to fear,*———]

*To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to  
*our to have reason to do a thing.* The Oxford editor, ignorant of  
 this, alters it to,

*As little skill in fear,*———

which has no kind of sense in this place. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Per.* *I'll swear for 'em.*]

I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong person. And that the  
 king begins his speech aside :

*Pol.* *I'll swear for 'em,*

*This is the prettiest, &c.* JOHNSON.

*Cam.* He tells her something<sup>9</sup>,  
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick  
To mend her kissing with.—

*Mop.* Now in good time !

*Clo.* Not a word, a word ; <sup>1</sup> we stand upon our  
manners ;  
Come, strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,  
Who dances with your daughter ?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles ; and he boasts him-  
self

To have a worthy feeding<sup>2</sup> : but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it :  
He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter,  
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

<sup>9</sup> *He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look on't : ———]*

Thus all the old editions. The meaning must be this. The  
prince tells her something, *that calls the blood up into her cheeks,  
and makes her blush.* She, but a little before, uses a like expres-  
sion to describe the prince's sincerity :

————— *your youth*  
*And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unplain'd shepherd.* THEOBALD :

<sup>1</sup> ————— *we stand, &c.]*

That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *a worthy FEEDING ———]*

Certainly BREEDING. WARBURTON.

I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a  
tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daugh-  
ter's fortune. JOHNSON.

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kifs to chuse  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; tho' I report it  
That should be silent : if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the  
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and  
pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you : he sings  
several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony ; he utters  
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew  
to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better : he shall come in.  
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-  
ter merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed,  
and sung lamentably.

*Ser.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all  
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :  
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without  
bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burdens  
of *dil-do's* and *fa-dings* : *jump her and thump her* : and  
where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were,  
mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter,  
he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm,*  
*good man* ; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do*  
*me no harm, good man.*

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-con-  
ceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

*Ser.*

<sup>3</sup> — *unbraided wares* ?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such  
are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any  
thing

*Ser.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gros; inkles, <sup>4</sup> caddiffes, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods and goddesses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the <sup>5</sup> sleeve-band, and the work about the square-on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter Autolycus singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;*  
*Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;*  
*Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;*  
*Masks for faces, and for noses;*  
*Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber;*  
*Perfume for a lady's chamber:*  
*Golden quoifs, and stomachers,*  
*For my lads to give their dears:*

thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribbons, &c.* which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants;—any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *caddiffes*, — ] I do not exactly know what *caddiffes* are. In *Shirley's Witty Fair one*, 1633, one of the characters says, — “ I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *sleeve-band*, — ] Is put very properly by Sir T. Hanmer; it was before *sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.



*Pins, and poking-sticks of steel<sup>6</sup>,  
 What maids lack from head to heel :  
 Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy,  
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
 Come buy, &c.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no mony of me ; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces ? Is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. <sup>7</sup>Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *poking sticks of steel,*]

The *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In *Marston's Malecontent*, 1604, is the following instance.—“ There is such a deale of pinning, these ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth them all :” and, again, “ if you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form, &c.”

So in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, “ Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.”

*Poking-sticks* are mentioned likewise in the *Monsieur Thomas* of B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *clamour your tongues,*] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition



*Mop.* I have done. Come, <sup>s</sup> you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.*

repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakespeare a ceasing but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much ado about Nothing*, act 5. sc. 7.

*Ben.* ——" *If a man*

" *Do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he shall*  
 " *live no longer in monument than the bells ring and the*  
 " *widow weeps.*

*Beat.* " *And how long is that think you?*

*Ben.* " *Question; why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in*  
 " *rheum.*"

But I should rather think, he wrote *charm your tongues*, as Sir T. H. has altered it, as he uses the expression, III. P. of Hen. VI. act. 5. sc. 6.

*K. Ed.* " *Peace wilful boy, or I shall charm your tongue.*"

And in *Othello*, act 5. sc. 8.

*Iago.* " *Mistress, go to, charm your tongue.*

*Emil.* " *I will not charm my tongue, I am, &c.*"

We meet with the same expression, and in the same sense, in B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act 1. sc. 1.

*Mercurio.* " *How now my dangerous braggart, in decimo sexto;*  
 " *charm your skipping tongue, or I'll*"

DR. GRAY.

<sup>s</sup> *You promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.*] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe, " *Tawdrie lace, astrigmenta, timbræ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut recte monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.*" *Etymol. in voce.* We find it in *Spenser's Pastorals*, Aprill.

" *And gird in your waste,*

" *For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace.*"

As to the other present, promised by Camillo to Mopsa, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus *Autolycus*, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale,

*Gloves as sweet as damask roses,*

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony ?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope, so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here ? ballads ?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, or a life ; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burden ; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you ?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying an usurer !

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Stowe's Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not " make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth], the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges : and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands : and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614. p. 868. col. 2. In the annual accounts of a college in Oxford, *anno* 1630, is this article, *solut. pro sum'gandis chirotheis*. WARTON.

So in the *Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593 :

" Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*."

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon. STEEVENS.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by; and lets first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: Another.—

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

## S O N G.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go;  
*Where, it fits not you to know.*

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
*Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill.

A. *Neither.* D. *What neither?* A. *Neither.*  
 D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*  
 M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*  
*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :  
 My father and the gentlemen are in<sup>o</sup> sad talk, and  
 we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack  
 after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler,  
 let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,  
 Or lace for your cape,  
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
 And silk, and thread,  
 Any toys for your head  
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
 Come to the pedler;  
 Money's a medler,  
 That doth<sup>1</sup> utter all mens' wear-a.*

[*Exit Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.*<sup>2</sup> Master, there are three carters, three shep-

<sup>o</sup>—*sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *That doth utter all men's wear-a.*]

To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds,——*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four three's* of *herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakespeare intended, all the *four three's* should have. I therefore guess that he wrote;—*Master, there are three goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the *four* species of cattle usually tended by *herdsmen*. THEOBALD.



herds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair<sup>3</sup>, they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'the mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling<sup>4</sup>, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those, that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at door, sir.

<sup>3</sup> — *all men of hair,*] i. e. nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phrase is taken from *tennis-balls*, which were stuffed with hair. So in Henry V. it is said of a courser,

*He bounds as if his entrails were hairs.* WARBURTON.

This is a strange interpretation. *Errors*, says Dryden, *flow upon the surface*, but there are men who will fetch them from the bottom. *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *bowling,* —] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

Here



*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Pol.* [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter<sup>5</sup>.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—  
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd  
The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him. If your last  
Interpretation should abuse; and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know,

She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow  
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—

<sup>5</sup> *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.]

This is replied by the king in answer to the shepherd's saying, since these good men are pleas'd. Yet the Oxford editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to Florizel, since Florizel and the old man were not in conversation. WARBURTON.

But,

But, to your protestation : let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too ?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men ; the earth, and heavens, and all :  
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch  
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-  
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love : for her, imploy them all ;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shews a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him ?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better.  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain ;——

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be

I'the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,  
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand,

And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, a while ; 'beseech you,  
Have you a father ?

*Flo.* I have : But what of him ?

*Pol.* Knows he of this ?

*Flo.*

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table: Pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?  
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate<sup>6</sup>?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No; he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *dispute his own estate?*]

Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, &c. CHAMIER.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not :

Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook ! Thou old traytor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

*Shep.* O, my heart !

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and  
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as  
never

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession ;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words ;  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

<sup>7</sup> *Far than*———]

I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee  
of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is the true one. The ancient comparative of  
*ferr* for *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Gloucester, and  
Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened in-  
to *ferre*. *H. of Fa. B.* 2. v. 92.

“ But er I beren thee moche *ferre*.”

*Knight's Tale*, 2062.

Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*. T. T.

Unworthy



Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
 As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

*Per.* Even here, undone!

I was not much affeard<sup>8</sup>: for once, or twice,  
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care:—this dream of mine,—  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father?  
 Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three<sup>9</sup>,  
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father dy'd,  
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me

<sup>8</sup> *I was not much affeard: &c.*]

The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.*]

These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARBURTON.

Where



Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*

That knew'st, this was the prince; and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not affear'd; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not following  
My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, (which I do guess,

You do not purpose to him) and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?—

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,

<sup>1</sup> And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks—

From my succession wipe me, father! I

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

<sup>1</sup> *And mar the seeds within!—*]

So in *Macbeth*,

*And nature's germins tumble all together.*

STEEVENS.

*Flo.* I am ; and by my fancy<sup>2</sup> : if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's friend,  
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion ; let myself, and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;  
And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita——  
I'll hear you by and by.

[*To Camillo.*]

*Cam.* [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,  
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;

<sup>2</sup> ——— and by my fancy : ——— ]

It must be remembered that *fancy* in this authour very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo —  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
That I have borne your father ?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick  
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care  
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king ;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness ; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress ; from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by  
(As, heavens forefend !) your ruin. Marry her ;  
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,  
Your discontenting father I will strive  
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And after that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go ?

*Flo.* Not any yet :  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess

'Ourselfes to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me.

This follows. If you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight; make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess  
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes.  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him,  
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought, or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down<sup>4</sup>:  
The

<sup>3</sup> *Ourselfes to be the slaves of chance, and flies*]

As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself  
to *chance* to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:*  
*The which shall point you forth at every sitting,*  
*What you must say; — ]*

Every *sitting*, methinks, gives but a very poor idea. Every *sitting*,  
as I have ventur'd to correct the text, means, every convenient  
opportunity: every juncture, when it is *fit* to speak of such or  
such a point. THEOBALD.

*The which shall point you forth at every sitting,*

Every *sitting*, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives us but a very  
poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes  
to,



The which shall point you forth at every sitting,  
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,  
 But that you have your father's bosom there,  
 And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
 There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain  
 To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
 But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
 Nothing so certain as your anchors; who  
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
 Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,  
 Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
 Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
 I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
 But not take-in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
 There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
 years,  
 Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
 She is as forward of her breeding, as  
 She is i'the rear of birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
 She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
 To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
 I'll blush you thanks.

to, when he has alter'd it to *every sitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings*.

WARBURTON.



*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—

But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

*Cam.* My lord,

Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want; one word—

[*They talk aside.*]

*Enter Autolycus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! <sup>5</sup> I have  
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad,  
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to  
keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should

<sup>5</sup> — *I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, —*] A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intitled, *Certain necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing Infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of pomanders, one for the rich, and another for the poor.

Dr GRAY.

In *Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, &c.* 1607, is the following receipt given, act 4. sc. 3.

“ Your only way to make a good pomander is this. Take an  
“ ounce of the purest garden mould, cleans'd and steep'd seven  
“ days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best  
“ labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and  
“ musk. Incorporate them together and work them into what form  
“ you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make  
“ you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.”

The speaker represents ODOR. STEEVENS.

buy

buy first; as if my trinkets had been <sup>o</sup> hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My Clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel and Perdita come forward.*

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from king Leontes——

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here? [Seeing *Autolycus*.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have over-heard me now,——why hanging.

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

<sup>6</sup> —— as if my trinkets had been hallow'd, —— ] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, fir.

*Cam.* Why, be fo ftill; here's nobody will ftal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we muft make an exchange; therefore, difcufe thee inftantly, thou muft think, there's neceffity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: Tho' the pennyworth, on his fide, be the worft, yet hold thee, there's fome <sup>7</sup> boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, fir:— I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, difpatch: the gentleman is half fled already.

*Aut.* Are you in earneft, fir?— I fmell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Difpatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earneft; but I cannot with confcience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.  
Fortunate miftrefs,—let my prophecy  
Come home to you!—you muft retire yourfelf  
Into fome covert: take your fweet-heart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;  
Dismantle you; and, as you can, difliken  
The truth of your own feeming; that you may,  
For I do fear eyes over you, to fhip-board  
Get undefcry'd.

*Per.* I fee, the play fo lies,  
That I muft bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy—  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me fon.

*Cam.* Nay, you fhall have no hat:  
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

<sup>7</sup> boot.] that is, *something over and above*, or, as we now fay, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

*Aut.*

*Aut.* Adieu, fir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?

Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound :

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail

To force him after : in whose company

I shall review Sicilia ; for whose fight

I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us !——

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[*Exit Flo. with Per.*

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exit.*

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it : To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ? what a boot is here, with this exchange ? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. <sup>8</sup> If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

*Aside, aside ;—*here's more matter for a hot brain : Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no

<sup>8</sup> *If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't ;*] This is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer, instead of, *if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I'd not do it.* JOHNSON.



other way, but to tell the king she's a changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Skep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Skep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Skep.* I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

*Skep.* Well; let us to the king: there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

*Aut.* Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's<sup>9</sup> excrement.—How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

*Skep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

<sup>9</sup> — pedler's excrement. — ] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599,

“ Whose chin bears no impression of manhood

“ Not a hair, not an excrement.”

So in *Love's Labour Lost*,

“ — dally with my excrement, with my mustachio.”

STEEVENS.



*Aut.* Your affairs there?—what? with whom? the condition of that farthel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, fir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lye<sup>1</sup>.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, fir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, fir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant<sup>2</sup>; say, you have none.

*Shep.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— therefore they do not give us the lye.] *Dele* the negative: the sense requires it. The joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us, by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not give us the lye, they *sell* it us. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant*; —] This satire, on the bribery of courts, not unpleasant. WARBURTON.

*Shep.* None, fir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth<sup>3</sup>.

*Aut.* The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, fir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, fir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

This satire, or this pleasantry, I confess myself not well to understand. JOHNSON.

As he was a suitor from the country, the *Clown* supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *A great man*———by the picking of his teeth.] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the Bastard in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says,

*He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess.* JOHNSON.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Think you so, fir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Cleo.* Has the old man e'er a son, fir, do you hear, an't like you, fir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day <sup>4</sup> prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: ' being something gently consider'd I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold:

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the hottest day, &c.*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *being something gently considered* ——— ] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* STEEVENS.

shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.—

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him



him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [Exit.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia.*

*Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.*

CLEOMENES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leo.* Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,  
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man<sup>6</sup>  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord:  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

<sup>6</sup> In former editions,

*Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of, true.*

*Paul. Too true, my lord:]*

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that, *true*, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

Or



Or, from the<sup>7</sup> All that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leo.* I think so. Kill'd!

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Clo.* Not at all, good lady;  
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Dio.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,  
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well<sup>8</sup>

What

<sup>7</sup> Or, from the *All that are, took something good,*]

This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and  
Rosalind before.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?*]

The speaker is here giving reasons why the king should marry  
again. *One* reason is, pity to the state; *another*, regard to the  
continuance of the royal family; and the *third*, comfort and con-  
solation to the king's affliction. All hitherto is plain, and be-  
coming a privy-counsellor. But now comes in, what he calls, a  
*holy* argument for it, and that is *a rejoicing that the former queen is  
well and at rest*. To make this argument of force, we must con-  
clude that the speaker went upon this opinion, that a widower  
can never heartily rejoice that his former wife is at rest, till he has  
got another. Without doubt Shakespeare wrote,

—————*What were more holy,*

*Than to rejoice the former queen?* THIS WILL.

What, says the speaker, can be a more holy motive to a new choice  
than

What holier, than, for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort, and for future good,  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
 'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary;  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;  
[To the king.]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good Paulina,  
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
 I know, in honour: O, that ever I  
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now  
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
 Have taken treasure from her lips!

than that it will glad the spirit of the former queen? for she was  
 of so excellent a disposition that the happiness of the king and  
 kingdom, to be procured by it, will give her extreme pleasure.  
 The poet goes upon the general opinion, that the spirits of the  
 happy in the other world are concerned for the condition of their  
 surviving friends. WARBURTON.

This emendation is one of those of which many may be made;  
 it is such as we may wish the authour had chosen, but which we  
 cannot prove that he did chuse; the reasons for it are plausible,  
 but not cogent. JOHNSON.

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded,

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit<sup>o</sup>  
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vext,  
And begin, *Why to me?*——

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just such cause.

*Leo.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so,  
Were I the ghost that walk'd; I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd

<sup>o</sup> —— *would make her fainted spirit, &c.]* In the old copies,

—— *would make her fainted spirit*

*Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vext,  
And begin, &c.*

'Tis obvious, that the grammar is defective; and the sense consequently wants supporting. The slight change, I have made, cures both: and, surely, 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the king to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost with the subject of a second match; rather than in general terms to call themselves *offenders, sinners*. THEOBALD.

The Revival reads,

*Were we offenders now* ——

very reasonably. JOHNSON.

We might read, changing the place of one word only,

—— *would make her fainted spirit*

*Again possess her corps; and on this stage  
(Where we offenders now appear, soul-vext'd)  
Begin—And why to me?*——

The blunders of the folio are so numerous, that it should seem when a word had dropt out of the press they were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.

Should

Should be, *Remember mine.*

*Leo.* Stars, stars,

And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leo.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,

<sup>1</sup> Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam, pray, have done.

*Paul.* Yet, if my lord will marry,—If you will, fir;  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To chuse you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leo.* My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

*Paul.* That

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath:  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she,  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires  
Access to your high presence.

*Leo.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,

<sup>1</sup> *Affront his eye.*] *To affront,* is to meet. JOHNSON.



'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leo.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* Oh Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself †  
Have said, and writ so; (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme) *she had not been,*  
*Nor was she to be equall'd*; thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam;  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make profelytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leo.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
[*Exit Cleomenes.*  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange  
He thus should steal upon us.

† ——— *Sir, yourself*  
*Have said, and have writ so; ———*]

The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but  
to what follows that, *she had not been* ——— *equall'd.* JOHNSON,

*Paul.*



*Paul.* Had our prince,  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leo.* Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st;  
He dies to me again; when talk'd of. Sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman; thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are comè.—

*Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one;  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome;  
As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too of your brave father; whom  
Tho' bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on.

*Flo.* Sir, by his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,  
(He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leo.* Oh, my brother !

(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir  
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness ! Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less,  
The adventure of her person ?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leo.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose  
daughter<sup>3</sup>

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness : my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you

<sup>3</sup> ——— whose daughter

*His tears proclaim'd his parting with her : ——— ]*

This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read,

——— whose daughter

*His tears proclaim'd her parting with her.*

The prince first tells that the lady came from *Lybia*, the king interrupting him, says, from *Smalus* ; from him, says the prince, whose tears, at parting, shew'd her to be his daughter. JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of a proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issue-less; and your father's blest'd,  
 (At he from heaven merits it) with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,  
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:  
 Desires you to attach his son, who has,  
 His dignity and duty both cast off,  
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
 A shepherd's daughter.

*Leo.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him.  
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
 My marvel, and my message. To your court  
 Whilst he was hastning, (in the chase, it seems,  
 Of this fair couple) meets he on the way  
 The father of this seeming lady, and  
 Her brother, having both their country quitted  
 With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
 Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now  
 Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge;  
 He's with the king your father.

*Leo.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now  
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I

Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
 With divers deaths, in death.

*Per.* Oh, my poor father!—

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
 Our contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are marry'd?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;  
 The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My lord,  
 Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
 When once she is my wife.

*Leo.* That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,  
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
 (Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,  
 Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,  
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty<sup>4</sup>,  
 That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
 Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
 Should chase us, with my father; power no jot  
 Hath she, to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,  
 Remember, since you ow'd no more to time

<sup>4</sup> *Your choice is not so rich in WORTH as beauty,*]  
 The poet must have wrote,

*Your choice is not so rich in BIRTH as beauty;*  
 Because Leontes was so far from disparaging, or thinking meanly of her worth, that, on the contrary, he rather esteems her a treasure; and, in his next speech to the prince, calls her his *precious mistress*. WARBURTON.

*Worth* is as proper as *birth*. *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Than



Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*Leo.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-  
tress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such  
gazes

Than what you look on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[*To Florizel.*

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

## T H E S A M E.

*Enter Autolycus, and a gentleman.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this re-  
lation ?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard  
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it :  
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-  
manded out of the chamber. Only this, methought,  
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business ;  
but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,  
were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost,  
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their  
eyes.

eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner,

ner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience

dience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by <sup>5</sup> that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he him-

<sup>5</sup> *That rare Italian master Julio Romano;*] All the encomiums, put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our author. He was born in the year 1492, lived just that circle of years which our Shakespeare did, and died eighteen years before the latter was born. Fine and generous; therefore, as this tribute of praise must be own'd, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism; which might have slept in obscurity, perhaps Mr. Pope will say, had I not animadverted on it.

THEOBALD.

*That rare Italian master, Julio Romano; &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our author.* But he is ever the unluckiest of all critics when he passes judgment on beauties and defects. The passage happens to be quite unworthy Shakespeare. 1. He makes his speaker say, that was Julio Romano the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, *had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his*  
works,



himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her<sup>o</sup> custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* <sup>7</sup> Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [ *Exeunt.*

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him,

*work, he would beguile nature of her custom.* 2dly, He makes of this famous painter, a *statuary*; I suppose confounding him with Michael Angelo; but, what is worst of all, a *painter of statues*, like Mrs. Salmon of her wax-work. WARBURTON.

Poor Theobald's encomium of this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear Shakespeare from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By *eternity* he means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — of her custom, — ] That is, of her trade, — would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? ] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

I heard

I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy ; I am past more children ; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir : You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these clothes ? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have : but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother ; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother ; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father ; and so we wept : and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are,

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to  
give

give me your good report to the prince, my master.

*Shep.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and <sup>8</sup> franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no <sup>9</sup> tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power,

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

#### PAULINA'S HOUSE.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Flerizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.*

*Leo.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

<sup>8</sup> — *franklins say it,*—] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *tall fellow*—] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well : All my services  
You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble : But we came  
To see the statue of our queen :—Your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart<sup>1</sup>. But here it is : prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder : But yet speak :—First you, my leige,  
Comes it not something near ?

*Leo.* Her natural posture !  
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,

<sup>1</sup> ——— therefore I keep it  
Lovely, apart.———]

*Lovely*, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads,

*Lonely, apart.*———

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*. WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone, separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

Thou



Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,  
 In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender  
 As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
 Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing  
 So aged, as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her,  
 As she liv'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might have done,  
 So much to my good comfort, as it is  
 Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood ;  
 Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
 As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her !  
 I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,  
 For being more stone than it ? Oh, royal piece,  
 There's magick in thy majesty, which has  
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and  
 From my admiring daughter took the spirits,  
 Standing like stone with thee !

*Per.* And give me leave,  
 And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
 I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
 Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

*Paul.* Oh, patience<sup>2</sup> ;——  
 The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's  
 Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on ;  
 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
 So many summers, dry : scarce any joy  
 Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,  
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,

<sup>2</sup> O patience ;——]

That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager.* JOHNSON.

Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord<sup>3</sup>,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)  
I'd not have shew'd it.

*Leo.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your  
fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

*Leo.* Let be, let be.

<sup>4</sup> Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

<sup>3</sup> *Indeed, my lord,*

*If I had thought, the sight of my poor image*

*Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)*

*I'd not have shew'd it.*

I do not know whether we should not read, without a parenthesis,

————— for the stone i'th' mine

*I'd not have shew'd it.*

A *mine* of *stone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakespeare. *Observations and Conjectures*, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—* ]

The sentence completed is,

—— *but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

*Leo.*

*Leo.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't<sup>5</sup>,  
As we were mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

*Leo.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together :  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ;  
but  
I could afflict you further.

*Leo.* Do, Paulina ;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizel  
Could ever yet cut breath ? let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You'll marr it, if you kiss it ; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

*Leo.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you  
For more amazement : If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move, indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,  
Which I protest against, I am assisted

<sup>5</sup> *The FIXURE of her eye has motion in't,]*

This is sad nonsense. We should read,

*The FISSURE of her eye*—

i. e. the socket, the place where the eye is. WARBURTON.

*Fixure* is right. The meaning is, that her eye, though *fixed*,  
as in an earnest gaze, has motion in it. EDWARDS.

By wicked powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:  
Or those; that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: strike. [Musick.]  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach,  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs;  
[Hermione comes down.]

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

*Leo.* Oh, she's warm! [Embracing her.]  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how stol'n from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,  
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,

And



And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady :  
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how  
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that ;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
<sup>6</sup> You precious winners all ; your exultation  
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament 'till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace, Paulina :  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,  
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and honesty  
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.—

<sup>6</sup> *You precious winners all ;—*]

You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired may join  
in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be reco-  
vered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

What?—Look upon my brother?—Both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king; who, heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

MACBETH.

## Persons Represented.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }  
 Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }  
 Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army.*

Lenox, }  
 Macduff, }  
 Ross, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
 Menteth, }  
 Angus, }  
 Cathnes, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English forces.*

*Young Siward, his son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

*Son to Macduff.*

*An English Doctor.*

*A Scotch Doctor. A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady Macduff.*

*Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.*

*Hecate, and three Witches.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle\*.*

Of this play there is no edition more antient than that of 1623.

Most of the notes which the present editor has subjoined to this play were published by him in a small pamphlet in 1745. JOHNS.

\* I have taken a liberty with this tragedy, which might be practised with almost equal propriety in respect of a few others, I mean the retrenchment of such stage-directions as are not supplied by the old copy. Mr. Rowe had trick'd out Macbeth, like many more of Shakespeare's plays, in all the foppery of the reign of queen Anne. Every change of situation produced notice that the scene lay in an anti-chamber, a royal apartment, or a palace, and even some variations and starts of passion were set down in a manner no less ostentatious and unnecessary. STEEVENS.



# M A C B E T H.

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

*Thunder and Lightning. \* Enter three Witches.*

### I W I T C H.

**W**HEN shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
*2 Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,  
<sup>1</sup> When the battle's lost and won.  
*3 Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

*\* Enter three Witches.]* In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The

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<sup>1</sup> *When the battle's lost and won.]*

i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. These wayward sisters, as we may see in a note on the third scene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

*Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ; quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.*

WARBURTON.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* <sup>2</sup> There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.*

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. These phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their successes to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χωρίς ὀπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instances of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεινὸν τὸ δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγικῆς, καὶ ὀπλίτας δι' αἰθέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃ γυνταίας δυνάμει καὶ ἰδέαν.* *Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed*  
men

<sup>2</sup> *There to meet with Macbeth.]*

Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and after him other editors read,

“There I go to meet Macbeth.” STEEVENS.

1 *Witch*. I come :—Grimalkin<sup>3</sup> !—

*All*. Padocke calls :—Anon<sup>4</sup>.

Fair

*men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysoſtom believed that ſuch performances were really to be ſeen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his deſcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that ſuch notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occaſion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally diſcovers prodigies, but as the ſcene of action was removed to a great diſtance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ſtill continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whoſe conviction is ſtill commemorated in an annual ſermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumſtances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in perſon a woman accuſed of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illuſions of evil ſpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies uſed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juſtice of puniſhing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottiſh dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, ſoon after his acceſſion, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his ſpeculations, the ſyſtem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who deſired either to gain preferment or not to loſe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateſt part of mankind have

no

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<sup>3</sup> — Grimalkin ! — ]

From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch to take on her a cat's body nine times. Mr. Upton obſerves, that to underſtand this paſſage we ſhould ſuppoſe one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Padocke calls :—Anon.— ]

This, as well as the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Preceding editors had appropriated the firſt of them to the ſecond Witch. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That “ if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit ; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose ; 3. or take up any dead man, woman or child out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment ; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment ; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body ; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death.” This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakespeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it ; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits ; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true ; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Fair is foul, and foul is fair :*]

i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says,

*So foul and fair a day I have not seen.* WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

*King.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the serjeant,  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Cap.* Doubtful it stood<sup>6</sup>,  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choak their art. The merciless Macdonel<sup>7</sup>,  
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to That  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him)<sup>8</sup> from the western isles  
Of Kernes and Gallow-glass<sup>es</sup> was supply'd;

<sup>6</sup> *Doubtful long it stood,]*

Mr. Pope, who first introduced the word *long* to assist the metre, has thereby injured the sense. If the comparison was meant to coincide in all circumstances, the struggle could not be *long*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Macdonel,]*

According to Holinshed we should read, *Macdowal* or *Macdowald*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *from the western isles*

*Of Kernes and Gallow-glass<sup>es</sup> was supply'd;]*

Whether *supply'd of*, for *supply'd from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakespeare's expression; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallow-glass<sup>es</sup>*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. *Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos Kernos vocant, nec non secures & loriceæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos Galloglassios appellant.* Waræi Antiq. Hiber. cap. 6. WARBURTON.

And



⁹ And Fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,  
 Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak :  
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)  
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution,  
 Like Valour's minion, carved out his passage,  
 'Till he fac'd the slave :  
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,  
 'Till ' he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King.

⁹ *And Fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,]*

Thus the old copy ; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Hollingshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause, &c.* This is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

If *quarry* be admitted at all, it must be in the sportsman's sense. *Quarry for game.* STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,]*

We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides it must be a strange awkward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *nave* to the *chops*. But Shakespeare certainly wrote,

———— *he unseam'd him from the nape to the chops,*

i. e. cut his skull in two ; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the skull. So in *Coriolanus*,

*O ! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks.*

The word *unseamed*, likewise, becomes very proper ; and alludes to the future which goes cross the crown of the head in that direction called the  *sutura sagittalis* ; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his *Comus*, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus,

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. <sup>2</sup> As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,

“ Or drag him by the curls, and cleave his scalpe

“ Down to the hippes.”——

An evident imitation of this corrupted passage. But he alter'd it with better judgment to,

——“ to a foul death

“ Curs'd as his life.” WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> As when the sun 'GINS his reflexion,]

Here are two readings in the copies, *gives*, and *'gins*, i. e. *begins*. But the latter I think is the right, as founded on observation, that storms generally come from the east. *As from the place (says he) whence the sun begins his course, (viz. the east) shipwrecking storms proceed, &c.* For the natural and constant motion of the ocean is from east to west; and the wind has the same general direction. *Præcipua & generalis [ventorum] causa est ipse Sol qui aërem rarefacit & attenuat. Aër enim rarefactus multo majorem locum postulat. Inde fit ut Aër à sole impulsus alium vicinum aërem magno impetu protrudat; cumque Sol ab Oriente in occidentem circumrotetur, præcipuus ab eo aëris impulsus fiet versus occidentem. Varenii Geogr. l. 1. c. 14. prop. 10.* See also Dr. Halley's *Account of the Trade Winds of the Monsoons*. This being so, it is no wonder that storms should come most frequently from that quarter; or that they should be most violent, because there is a concurrence of the natural motions of wind and wave. This proves the true reading is *'gins*; the other reading not fixing it to that quarter. For the sun may *give* its reflexion in any part of its course above the horizon; but it can *begin* it only in *one*. The Oxford editor, however, sticks to the other reading, *gives*: and says, that, by the *sun's giving his reflexion*, is meant the *rain-bow, the strongest and most remarkable reflexion of any the sun gives*. He appears by this to have as good a hand at reforming our physics as our poetry. This is a discovery, that shipwrecking storms proceed from the rainbow. But he was misled by his want of skill in Shakespeare's phraseology, who, by the *sun's reflexion*, means only the sun's light. But while he is intent on making his author speak correctly, he slips himself. The rainbow is no more a reflexion of the sun than a tune is a fiddle. And, though it be the most remarkable effect of reflected light, yet it is not the strongest. WARBURTON.

There are not two readings: both the old folios have *'gins*.

JOHNSON.

Ship-

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break<sup>3</sup> ;  
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
<sup>4</sup>Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark :  
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels ;  
 But the Norway lord, surveying 'vantage,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
 Began a fresh assault.

*King.* Dismay'd not this  
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

*Cap.* Yes ;  
 As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report, they were  
<sup>5</sup>As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;

<sup>3</sup> ————— *thunders break ;*]

The word *break* is wanting in the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Discomfort swells.* — ]

*Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*. *Well'd*, for *flowed*, was an emendation. The common copies have, *discomfort swells*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;*  
*So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.* ]

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage by altering the punctuation thus :

————— *they were*  
*As cannons overcharg'd, with double cracks*  
*So they redoubled strokes*—————

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks* ; but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he *redoubles strokes with double cracks*, an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned than that which is rejected in its favour. That a *cannon is charged with thunder*, or *with double thunders*, may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance, and nothing else is here meant by *cracks*, which in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*.

The old copy reads,

*They doubly redoubled strokes.* JOHNSON.

So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
6 Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell :—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.—

*King.* So well thy words become thee, as thy  
wounds ;

They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons.

7 *Enter Rosse.*

Who comes here ?

*Mal.* The worthy Thane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes ?

8 So should he look, that seems to speak things  
strange.

I have followed the old reading. In *Rib.* II. act 1. we find  
this passage in support of it :

“ And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

“ Fall, &c.” STEEVENS.

6 Or memorize another Golgotha,]

*Memorize,* for make memorable. WARBURTON.

7 *Enter Rosse and Angus.*] As only the Thane of Rosse is spoken  
to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene, An-  
gus has no business here, the King expressing himself in the singu-  
lar number :

*Whence cam'st thou worthy Thane ? -*

I have printed it *Enter Rosse,* only. STEEVENS.

8 *So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.*]

The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he  
look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet  
told strange things, nor could look as if he told them ; Lenox  
only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell,  
and therefore undoubtedly said,

*What haste looks thro' his eyes ?*

*So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.*

He looks like one that *is big with* something of importance ; a  
metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse.

JOHNSON.



Rosse. God save the King !

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,  
Where the Norway banners<sup>9</sup> flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway, himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :  
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,  
<sup>1</sup> Confronted him <sup>2</sup> with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit : and to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness !

<sup>9</sup> ——— flout the sky,]

To *flout* is to dash any thing in another's face. WARBURTON.

To *flout* does never signify to *dash any thing in another's face*. To *flout* is rather to *mock* or *insult*. The banners are very poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Confronted HIM with self-comparisons,]

The *disloyal* Cawdor, says Mr. Theobald. Then comes another, and says, a strange forgetfulness in Shakespeare, when Macbeth had taken the *Thane of Cawdor* prisoner, not to know that he was fallen into the King's displeasure for rebellion. But this is only blunder upon blunder. The truth is, by *him*, in this verse, is meant Norway ; as the plain construction of the English requires. And the assistance the *Thane of Cawdor* had given Norway was underhand ; which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered ; but was unknown to Macbeth. Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with hidden help and 'vantage*. WARBURTON.

The second blunderer was the present editor. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— with self-comparisons,]

*i. e.* give him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

WARBURTON.

Rosse.

*Rosse.* <sup>3</sup> Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves composition ;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

<sup>3</sup> Till he disbursed, at <sup>4</sup> Saint Colmes' inch,

Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

*King.* No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom-interest :—Go, pronounce his death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Killing swine.

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht :—*Give*  
*me*, quoth I.

<sup>5</sup> *Aroint thee, witch!*—the rump-fed <sup>6</sup> ronyon cries.

Her

<sup>3</sup> Now Sweno, &c. — ]

The folio reads,

*That now Sweno, the Norwayses.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Saint Colmes' inch* ]

The folio reads,

“ At Saint Colmes' *ynch.*”

*Colmes-inch*, now call'd *Inchcomb*, a small island lying in the Forth, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb.

*Inch* or *ynch* was the old Scots word for an island, and, as I am informed, is still used in some parts of Ireland. The modern editors have been content to read, without authority,

*Saint Colmes'-kill Isle.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Aroint thee,* ——— ]

*Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone. POPE.

*Aroint thee, witch!* ——— ]

In one of the folio editions the reading is *Aroint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common accounts of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither fall,

<sup>7</sup> And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do,—I'll do,—and I'll do.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Thou art kind.

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* And I another.

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* I myself have all the other.

they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *aroint thee, Witch*, will mean, *Away, Witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other authour; till looking into Hearne's Collections I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *OUT OUT ARONGT*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

*Rynt you Witch quoth Bessie Locket to her mother*, is a north country proverb. The word is used again in *K. Lear*:

“ And *aroint* thee witch, *aroint* thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *ronyon cries.*]

i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux, rogne, scurf*.

Thus Chaucer, the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551.

—————“ her necke

“ Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or *roine*.”

Shakespeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And like a rat without a tail,*]

It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

And

\* And the very points they blow ;  
 All the quarters that they know,  
 I' the shipman's card.—  
 I will drain him dry as hay :  
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;  
 † He shall live a man forbid :  
 Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle †, peak and pine :

Though

<sup>8</sup> *And the very points they blow ;]*

As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakespeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. JOHNSON.

So Bassanio in the *Merchant of Venice*,

“ I bid my *very* friends and countrymen.”

The old copy reads *ports* instead of *points*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He shall live a man forbid :]*

*i. e.* as one under a curse, an *interdiction*. So afterwards in this play,

*By his own interdiction stands accurs'd.*

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *Aque & Ignis interdicio*; *i. e.* he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply'd the necessity of banishment. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment,

He is þu þæt biſc 7 bote, &c.

*He is wise that prays and makes amends.*

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>†</sup> *Shall be dwindle, &c.]*

This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So in *Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623,

—————“ it wastes me more

D d 3

“ Than



Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.  
Look, what I have.

*2 Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

*1 Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

*3 Witch.* A drum, a drum!—  
Macbeth doth come.

*All.* <sup>2</sup> The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

“ Than were't my picture fashion'd out of wax.  
“ Stuck with a magic needle, and then buried  
“ In some foul dunghill.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The weyward sisters, hand in hand,]*

The *Witches* are here speaking of themselves: and it is worth an enquiry why they should stile themselves *the weyward, or wayward sisters*. This word, in its general acceptation, signifies, *perverse, froward, moody, obstinate, untractable, &c.* and is every where so used by our Shakepeare. To content ourselves with two or three instances:

“ *Fy, fy, how wayward is this foolish love,  
“ That, like a teasy babe, &c.*”

Two Gent. of Verona.

“ *This wimpled, wobbling, purblind, wayward boy.*”

Love's Labour Lost.

“ *And which is worse, all you've done is but for a wayward son.*”

It is improbable the *Witches* would adopt this epithet to themselves, in any of these senses, and therefore we are to look a little farther for the poet's word and meaning. When I had the first suspicion of our author being corrupt in this place, it brought to my mind the following passage in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseide*, lib. iii. v. 618.

“ *But O Fortune, executrice of Wierdes.*”

Which word the *Glossaries* expound to us by *Fates, or Destinies*. I was soon confirmed in my suspicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin's Cosmography*, where he makes a short recital of the story of Macbeth and Banquo.

*These two, says he, travelling together through a forest, were met by three Fairies, Witches, Wierds. The Sects call th. m, &c.*

I presently recollected, that this story must be recorded at more length

Thus do go about, about ;  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine :  
 Peace ! — the charm's wound up.

*Enter*

length by Holinshed, with whom, I thought, it was very probable, that our author had traded for the materials of his tragedy, and therefore confirmation was to be fetched from this fountain. Accordingly looking into the *History of Scotland*, I found the writer very prolix and express, from Hector Boethius, in his remarkable story ; and, p. 170, speaking of these *Witches*, he uses this expression,

*But afterwards the common opinion was, That these women were either the weird sisters ; that is, as ye would say, the Goddesses of Destiny, &c.*

Again, a little lower ;

*The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto.*

And in several other paragraphs there this word is repeated. I believe, by this time, it is plain, beyond a doubt, that the word *wayward* has obtained in *Macbeth*, where the witches are spoken of, from the ignorance of the copyists, who are not acquainted with the Scotch term ; and that in every passage, where there is any relation to these *Witches* or *Wizards*, my emendation must be embraced, and we must read *weird*. THEOBALD.

*The weyward sisters, hand in hand,]*

Mr. Theobald had found out who these *weyward sisters* were ; but observed they were called, in his authentic Holinshed, *weird sisters* ; and so would needs have *weyward* a corruption of the text, because it signifies *perverse, froward, &c.* and it is improbable (he says) that the *witches* should adopt this epithet to themselves. It was hard that, when he knew so much, he should not know a little more ; that *weyward* had anciently the very same sense, as *weird* ; and was, indeed, the very same word differently spelt ; having acquired its later signification from the quality and temper of these imaginary witches. But this is being a critic like him who had discovered that there were two Hercules's ; and yet did not know that he had two next-door neighbour's of one and the same name. As to these *weyward sisters*, they were the *Fates* of the northern nations ; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & parcarum minima Skulda: per aëra & maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos ; & cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis con-

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

*Mac.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Foris?—What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,

temptæ à Denis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare make them *three*; and calls them,

*Posters of the sea and land;*

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *stocking* in the *natural* world; as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this. WARBURTON.

Must we for ever controvert the truth, only because it has been brought to light by another?—Or can it be worth while to equivocate, or misrepresent, on an occasion so little interesting as the elucidation of a passage merely poetical?

*Weird* comes from the Anglo Saxon *wyrð* and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies* by Chaucer and Ho-linshed. *Of the weirdis gevyv to Makbeth and Banquo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. And Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, calls the *Parce* the *weird sisteris*. The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found in Bartholinus, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, et *Skulda*, but also *Sevgula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geirofco-gula*. Bartholinus adds that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cup-bearers* of Odin, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms*, and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakespeare*. STEEVENS.

And

And yet are on't?—Live you, or are you aught  
 3 That man may question? You seem to understand  
 me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,  
 That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can:—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth 4! Hail to thee, Thane  
 of Glamis!

2 *Witch.*

3 *That man may question?*]——]

Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse,  
 or of which it is lawful to ask questions? JOHNSON.

4 *All hail, Macbeth!*——]

It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakespeare: and it had signified nothing to have ported only on Holingshed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium confiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole, that Buchanan says of the *Lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan], but specially his wife lay fore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577. p. 244.

This part of Holingshed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's translation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (*as all wemen ar*) specially quhare they ar desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pursew the thrid weird, that sche micht be ane queene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortun. Howbeit findry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakespeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird-sisters salute Macbeth,  
 "Una



2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,  
 ' Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*  
 Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner  
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.  
 If you can look into the seeds of time,

“ *Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem.*”——  
 Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holingshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakespeare,  
 “ The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane  
 “ of Glamis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth  
 “ Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth,  
 “ that hereafter shall be *king of Scot'land.*” p. 243.

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended, “ He had learned of certain wyfards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe;—and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunfinane.” p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle.* FARMER.

3 *Are ye fantastical,———]*

By *fantastical* is not meant, according to the common signification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be so extravagant to ask such a question: but it is used for *supernatural, spiritual.* WARBURTON.

By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination; the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

And

And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;  
 Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be  
 none :

So, all-hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all-hail!

*Mac.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

6 By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;  
 But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,  
 A prosperous gentleman: and, to be King,  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,

With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge  
 you. *[Witches vanish.]*

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;  
 And these are of them?—Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem corporal, melted  
 As breath, into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about?  
 Or have we <sup>7</sup> eaten of the insane root,

That

6 *By Sinel's death,——*] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

7 *—— eaten of the insane root,]*

Mr. Theobald has a long and learned note on these words; and, after much puzzling, he at length proves from *Heſtor Boethius*, that this *root* was a *berry*. WARBURTON.

*—— eaten of the insane root,]*

Holinshed informs us that Duncan, under pretence of furnishing the Danes with provision, during a former truce, sent them  
 among

That takes the reason prisoner ?

*Macb.* Your children shall be Kings.

*Ban.* You shall be King.

*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success : and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. <sup>8</sup> As thick as tale,  
Came post with post ; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence ;  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,

among other things a quantity of wine mingled with berries of a soporific quality, and murdered them in the night while they remained in the state of intoxication, brought on by drinking it. Banquo alludes to this with propriety, as it was a recent fact. The poet found the circumstance in Holinshed, and in the very next page to that which afforded him the argument of his play.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *As thick as hail,*]

Was Mr. Pope's correction. The old copy has,

————— *As thick as tale*

*Came post with post ;* ———

which perhaps is not amiss, meaning that the news came as *thick as a tale can travel with the post*. Or we may read, perhaps yet better,

————— *As thick as tale*

*Came post with post ;* ———

That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

To

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;  
 Only to herald thee into his fight,  
 Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor :  
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane !  
 For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true ?

*Macb.* The Thane of Cawdor lives ; Why do you  
 dress me  
 In borrow'd robes ?

*Ang.* Who was the Thane, lives yet ;  
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
 Combin'd<sup>9</sup> with Norway ; or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both  
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;  
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
 Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor :  
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.  
 Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings ?  
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
 Promis'd no less to them ?

*Ban.* That, trusted home<sup>1</sup>,  
<sup>2</sup> Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :  
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest consequence.

<sup>9</sup> — with Norway ; — ] The folio reads,

— with those of Norway. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — trusted home,] i. e. carried as far as it will go. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Might yet enkindle you — ]

*Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.



Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the <sup>3</sup> swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
<sup>4</sup> This supernatural solliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, <sup>5</sup> why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears <sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *swelling act*] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the Prologue to *Hen. V.*

————— “princes to act

“And monarchs behold the *swelling* scene.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This supernatural solliciting*]

*Solliciting*, for information. WARBURTON.

*Solliciting* is rather, in my opinion, *incitement* than *information*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————— *why do I yield*——]

*Yield*, not for *consent*, but for *to be subdued by*. WARBURTON.

*To yield* is, simply, *to give way to*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *Present fears*

*Are less than horrible imaginings*:]

Macbeth, while he is projecting the murder, is thrown into the most agonizing affright at the prospect of it: which soon recovering from, thus he reasons on the nature of his disorder. But *imaginings* are so far from being more or less than *present fears*, that they are the same things under different words. Shakespeare certainly wrote,

————— *present fears*

*Are less than horrible imaginings* :

i. e. when I come to execute this murder, I shall find it much less dreadful than my frightened imagination now presents it to me. A consideration drawn from the nature of the *imagination*.

WARBURTON.

*Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. *Fears* is right. JOHNSON.

Are

Are less than horrible imaginings :  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my <sup>7</sup> single state of man, that <sup>8</sup> function  
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,  
 But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt !

*Macb.* If chance will have me King, why, chance  
 may crown me,

Without my stir,

*Ban.* New honours, come upon him,  
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
 But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
<sup>9</sup> Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— *single state of man* ——— ]

The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakespeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *function*

*Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,  
 But what is not.* ]

All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Time and the hour *runs thro' the roughest day.* ]

I suppose every reader is disgusted at the tautology in this passage, *Time and the hour*, and will therefore willingly believe that Shakespeare wrote it thus,

*Come what come may,*

*Time ! on !—the hour runs thro' the roughest day.*

Macbeth is deliberating upon the events which are to befall him, but finding no satisfaction from his own thoughts, he grows impatient of reflection, and resolves to wait the close without harassing himself with conjectures.

*Come what come may.*

But to shorten the pain of suspense, he calls upon Time in the usual stile of ardent desire, to quicken his motion,

*Time !*

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour:—<sup>1</sup> My dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registred where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—  
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,  
and Attendants.

*King.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Time! on!—*

He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end,

— *the hour runs thro' the roughest day.*

This conjecture is supported by the passage in the letter to his lady, in which he says, *they referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, King that shalt be.* JOHNSON.

By this, I confess I do not with his two last commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus & hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.

This note is taken from an Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespear, &c. STEEVENS.

*Time and the hour—*

Time is painted with an hour-glass in his hand. This occasioned the expression. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — *My dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten.—*]

My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion. JOHNSON.  
*Mal's*

*Mal.* My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

<sup>2</sup> With one that saw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;

Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth

A deep repentance: nothing in his life

Became him, like the leaving it: He dy'd;

As one, that had been <sup>3</sup> studied in his death;

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a careless trifle.

*King.* There's no art;

<sup>4</sup> To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman, on whom I built

An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,

That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,

<sup>2</sup> *With one that saw him die:—*]

The behaviour of the *Thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *— studied in his death,*]

Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *To find the mind's construction in the face:*]

The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakespeare; it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNSON.



To overtake thee. 'Would, thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine ! Only I have left to say,  
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties : and our duties  
Are to your throne, and state, children and servants ;  
' Which do but what they should, by doing every thing,  
Safe toward your love and honour.

<sup>5</sup> *Which do but what they should, in doing every thing,  
Safe towards your love and honour.]*

Of the last line of this speech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emendation has been attempted, which Dr. Warburton and Mr. Theobald once admitted as the true reading :

————— *our duties*  
*Are to your throne and state, children and servants,*  
*Which do but what they should, in doing every thing*  
*Fiefs to your love and honour.*

My esteem for these critics inclines me to believe that they cannot be much pleased with these expressions *fiefs to love*, or *fiefs to honour*, and that they have proposed this alteration rather because no other occurred to them, than because they approved of it. I shall therefore propose a bolder change, perhaps with no better success, but *sua cuique placent*. I read thus,

————— *our duties*  
*Are to your throne and state, children and servants,*  
*Which do but what they should, in doing nothing,*  
*Save toward your love and honour.*

We do but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service, when we act with *no other* principle than regard to *your love and honour*.

It is probable that this passage was first corrupted by writing *safe* for *save*, and the lines then stood thus :

————— *doing nothing*  
*Safe toward your love and honour.*

which the next transcriber observing to be wrong, and yet not being able to discover the real fault, altered to the present reading.

Dr. Warburton has since changed *fiefs* to *fief'd*, and Hanmer has altered *safe* to *shap'd*. I am afraid none of us have hit the right word. JOHNSON.

*King.* Welcome hither :  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so :—Let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*King.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must,  
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for  
you :  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*King.* My worthy Cawdor !

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !  
Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*King.* True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;  
And in his commendations I am fed ;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*



That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*  
 7 *And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*  
*Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 8 *Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem*  
 To have thee crown'd withal.—

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mes.* The King comes here to-night.

*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;

—— *thoud'st have, great Glamis,*  
*That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have me.*

JOHNSON.

7 *And that which rather, &c.]*

Perhaps the poet wrote,

*And that's what rather, &c.* STEEVENS.

8 *Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem*  
*To have thee crown'd withal.—]*

For *seem*, the sense evidently directs us to read *seek*. The crown  
 to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endea-*  
*avour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*.

*With fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem*  
*To have thee crown'd withal.*

*Metaphysical* for *supernatural*. But *doth seem to have thee crown'd*  
*withal*, is not sense. To make it so, it should be supplied thus,  
*doth seem desirous to have*. But no poetic licence would excuse this.  
 An easy alteration will restore the poet's true meaning,

—— *doth seem*  
*To have crown'd thee withal.*

i. e. they seem already to have crown'd thee, and yet thy dispo-  
 sition at present hinders it from taking effect. WARBURTON.



Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady.* Give him tending,  
He brings great news. <sup>9</sup> The raven himself is hoarse,  
[*Exit Mes.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits<sup>1</sup>  
That tend on <sup>2</sup> mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, <sup>3</sup> nor keep peace between

The

<sup>9</sup> — *The raven himself is hoarse,]*

Dr. Warburton reads,

—— *The raven himself's not hoarse,*

Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath *to make up his message*; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of Duncan* but in a note of unwonted harshness.

JOHNSON,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *come all you spirits]*

The word *all* was added by some of the editors to supply the deficiency of the metre, and is not found in the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *mortal thoughts,——]*

This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*. So in act 5,

*Hold fast the mortal sword.*

And in another place,

*With twenty mortal murders.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *nor keep pace between*

*Th' effect, and it!——]*

The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it

can-

The effect, <sup>4</sup> and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And <sup>5</sup> take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,  
 Where-ever in your sightless substances  
<sup>6</sup> You wait on nature's mischief!—Come, thick night,  
<sup>7</sup> And pall thee in the dunnett smoke of hell!  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
<sup>8</sup> To cry, *hold, hold!*

*Enter*

cannot be doubted that Shakespeare wrote differently, perhaps thus,

*That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between  
 Th' effect and it.*——

To *keep pace between* may signify to *pass between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occasions a favourite of Shakespeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense, but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? JOHNSON.

The sense is, *that no compunctious visitings of nature* may prevail upon her, to give place in her mind to *peaceful* thoughts, or to rest one moment in quiet, from the hour of her purpose to its full completion in the effect. REVISAL.

This writer thought himself perhaps very sagacious that he found a meaning which nobody missed, the difficulty still remains how such a meaning is made by the words. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *and it* ——] The folio reads, *and hit*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *take my milk for gall*, ——]

*Take away my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *You wait on nature's mischief!* ——]

*Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And pall thee* ——]

i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *To cry, hold! hold!* ——]

On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*. JOHNS.

*To cry, hold! hold!* ——]

The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon “ whosoever shall strike stroke at his  
 “ adversary, either in heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*,  
 “ to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a com-

*Enter Macbeth.*

° Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the *all-hail hereafter!*  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 † This ignorant present time<sup>2</sup>,—and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady.* Oh, never

“bat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as  
 to bid bold, but the general.” P. 264 of Mr. Bellay’s *Instruc-  
 tions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

° *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!* ]

Shakespeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his return from an expedition of danger with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself in the midst of the horrors of his guilt still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

† *This ignorant present time,——* ]

*Ignorant*, for base, poor, ignoble. WARBURTON.

*Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*.

JOHNSON.

° —— *present time,——* ] The word *time* is wanting in the old copy. STEEVENS.

Shall

Shall sun that morrow see!—

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He, that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom,

*Macb.* We shall speak further,

*Lady.* Only look up clear;

To alter favour, ever, is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.*

<sup>3</sup> *Unto our GENTLE SENSES.*]

How odd a character is this of the air that it could *recommend itself* to all the senses, not excepting the sight and hearing? Without doubt, we should read,

*Unto our GENERAL SENSE,*

meaning the *touch* or *feeling*: which not being confined to one part, like the rest of the senses, but extended over the whole body, the poet, by a fine periphrasis, calls the *general sense*. Therefore by the *air's recommending itself nimbly and sweetly* must be understood that it was clear and soft, which properties recreated the fibres, and assisted their vibration. And surely it was a good circumstance in the air of Scotland that it was soft and warm: and this circumstance he would recommend, as appears from the following words,

*This*



*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting <sup>4</sup> martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd mansionry that heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of 'vantage <sup>5</sup>, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they <sup>6</sup> most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*King.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
<sup>7</sup> How you should bid god-yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady.* All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business, to contend

*This guest of summer  
The temple-haunting martlet—*

*General* has been corrupted to *gentle* once again in this very play. See note, act iii. scene 5. WARBURTON

*Senses* are nothing more than each man's sense. *Gentle senses* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *martlet*,—] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *coigne of 'vantage*,—] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *most breed*—] The folio, *must breed*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *How you should bid god-yield us*—]

To bid any one *God-yield him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward* but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. *reward*. In *Ant. and Cleop.* we meet with it at length:

“ And the Gods yield you for't.” STEEVENS.

Against

Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*King.* Give me your hand:  
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
—By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *We rest your hermits ]*

*Hermits*, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as hermits shall always pray for you. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Your servants ever ]*

This speech is a little obscure; I would therefore point the first line of it thus,

*Have theirs, themselves, and what in theirs, is compt,*

The meaning seems to be, that they hold their families, their persons, and their possessions in readiness to be accountable to him for them, as they only look on themselves as his stewards, or are indebted to him for the free enjoyment of them all. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*Hautboys, torches. Enter a sewer, and divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* <sup>1</sup> If it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: <sup>2</sup> If the affassination  
 Could tramel up the consequence, and catch  
<sup>3</sup> With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
 Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,

<sup>1</sup> *If it were done, &c.]*

A man of learning recommends another punctuation:

*If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.  
 It were done quickly, if, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *If the affassination]*

Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakespear agreeing about it. I understand it thus,

“ If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly*; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here in this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, I *would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *these cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example.” JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *With its surcease, success; ———]*

I think the reasoning requires that we should read,

*With its success surcease.* ——— JOHNSON.

But

But *here* :—upon this bank and <sup>4</sup> shoal of time :  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,  
 We still have judgment *here* ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice <sup>5</sup>  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
<sup>6</sup> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off :  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, <sup>7</sup> or heavens cherubin, hors'd  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye ;

<sup>4</sup> ————— *shoal of time* :]

This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *This even-handed justice*]

Our poet, *apis matinxæ more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.

“ The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever  
 “ to feare, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had  
 “ minister'd to his predecessor.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hath borne his faculties so meek*, —————]

*Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *or heaven's cherubin, hors'd*

*Upon the sightless couriers of the air*,]

But the cherubin is the *courier* ; so that he can't be said to be *hors'd* upon another *courier*. We must read, therefore, *courfers*.

WARBURTON.

*Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

That



\* That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other——

*Enter Lady?*

How now! what news?

*Lady.* He has almost supp'd: Why have you left  
the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business:

‡ *That tears shall drown the wind.——]*

Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

‡ *Enter Lady.*] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

*I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more, is none.*

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument Shakespeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter: that obligations laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

He

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest glos,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest yourself ? hath it slept since ?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? from this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire ? <sup>1</sup> Wouldst thou have that,  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ?  
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,

<sup>2</sup> Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace <sup>3</sup> :

I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was it then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me ?

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Wouldst thou have that,  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ?*

In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read,

*Or live a coward in thine own esteem ?*

Unless we choose rather,

————— *Wouldst thou leave that.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Like the poor cat i' the adage.*]

The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her foot,*

*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Pr'ythee, peace, &c.*]

A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure for Measure*. Act ii. scene 2.

————— *be that you are*

*That is a woman : if you're more, you're none.*

The folio, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*, but the present reading is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

When

When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
 † Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Do's unmake you. I have given suck ; and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn  
 As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we shall fail,——

*Lady.* We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
 † Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

† *Did then adhere,———]*

The old copy reads, *adhere*. Dr. Warburton would read *cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In *The Merry Wives, &c.* Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his word and actions “ no more “ *adhere* and keep place together than, &c.” STEEVENS.

‡ *Will I with wine and wassel so convince,]*

To *convince* is in Shakespeare to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play,

——— *Their malady convinces*

*The great assay of art.* JOHNSON.

——— *and wassel* ——

*Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies what is sometimes called *Lamb's Wool*, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See *Beggars' Bush*, act iv. sc. 4.

“ What think you of a *wassel* ?

“ ——— thou and Ferret

“ And Ginks to sing the song : I for the structure

“ Which is the bowl, &c.”

*Wassel* is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion I believe it means *intemperance*.

Ben. Jonson personifies *wassel* thus,——*Enter Wassel like a neat sempster and songster ; her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her.* STEEVENS.

That

That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume ; and the receipt of reason  
<sup>6</sup> A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers ; <sup>7</sup> who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell ?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only !  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
 That they have don't ?

*Lady.* Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,  
 Upon his death ?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
 [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> *A limbeck only.*———]

That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. JOHNS.  
<sup>7</sup> ——— *who shall bear the guilt*  
*Of our great quell.*]

*Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term  
 for which *murderers* is now used. JOHNSON.

The word is used in Wicliff's translation of the New Testa-  
 ment, " and Herod sent forth *manquellers*, &c." STEVENS.



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.*

<sup>8</sup> B A N Q U O.

**H**O W goes the night, boy ?

*Fle.* The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. <sup>9</sup> Merciful powers !

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword ;—

<sup>8</sup> *Banquo.*] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky ; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shews : it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Merciful powers*

*Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature*

*Gives way to in repose.]*

It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to do something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at ; and Shakespeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep ; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.*

Who's there ?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, fir, not yet at rest ? The King's a-bed.  
He hath <sup>1</sup> been in unusual pleasure;  
Sent forth great largesse to your officers :  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect ;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :  
To you they have shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them :

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* <sup>2</sup> If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

<sup>1</sup> *He hath to-night, &c.]*

*To-night* was inserted by some of the editors to make out the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,]*

*Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

*If you shall cleave, &c.]*

Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity ; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently has it in his mind, *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you*.

JOHNSON.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit Banquo.*]

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.—

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *clutch* ———] The meaning of this word is well known, nor is the note introduced for any other reason than just to mention, that our author's use of it seems to be sneered at by Ben. Jonson in his *Poetaster*, act v. sc. 2. where Crispinus, after having taken some pills from Horace, by way of a light vomit, to purge his brain and stomach, among many other uncouth words and phrases he brings up, this is one. Shakespeare uses it in *Meas. for Meas.* act iii. sc. 5. and *K. John*, act ii. sc. 6. always in the same signification. WARNER.

It appears from the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, that Shakespeare and Jonson had been at variance: "O that Ben. Jonson's a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Burbage and Kemp are the speakers in this scene.

STEEVENS.

And

<sup>4</sup> And on thy blade, and dudgeon, <sup>5</sup> gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :—  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—<sup>6</sup> Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

<sup>4</sup> And on THY blade, AND dudgeon, gouts of blood,]

Certainly, if *on* the blade, then *on* the dudgeon; for *dudgeon* signifies a small dagger. We should read therefore,

And on THE blade of TH' dudgeon,——— WARBURTON.

Though *dudgeon* does sometimes signify a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft or handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of a handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were strown over it*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— gouts of blood,] Or drops, French. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> —— Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead,———]

That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seems to have ceased*. This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico*:

*All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;  
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.  
Even lust and envy sleep!*

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakespeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakespeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakespeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.



The curtain'd sleep <sup>7</sup>; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; <sup>8</sup> and wither'd Murther,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

<sup>7</sup> *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates]*

The word *now* has been hitherto added by the editors for the sake of metre. Probably Shakespeare wrote, *The curtain'd sleeper*. The folio spells the word, *sleep*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emendation. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— wither'd murther,  
——— thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing sides tow'rd his design,  
Moves like a ghost.——]

This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of Mr. Pope, who for *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*, which Mr. Theobald has tacitly copied from him, though a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be, as Milton expresses it,

*Smooth sliding without step.*

This hemistic will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

——— and wither'd Murder,  
——— thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin ravishing, slides tow'rd his design,  
Moves like a ghost.——

*Tarquin* is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is, Now is the time in which every one is a-sleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *bear his steps*. JOHNSON.

With

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd's his design  
 Moves like a ghost.—<sup>1</sup> Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, <sup>2</sup> which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
<sup>3</sup> And take the present horrour from the time,  
 Which

<sup>9</sup> *With Tarquin's ravishing strides,——* ]

The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it,

Now stole upon the time, the dead of night;  
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls and wolves dead-boding cries;  
 Now serves the season that they may surprize  
 The silly lambs. Fure thoughts are dead and still,  
 While LUST and MURDER wake to stain and kill.

WARBURTON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult. Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and the murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —— *Thou sound and firm-set earth,* ]

is the reading of the modern editors; and though that of the folio be corrupt, it will direct us to the true one.

—— *Thou sowre and firmset earth,*

is evidently wrong, but brings us very near the right word, which was evidently meant to be,

—— *Thou sure and firm-set earth.*

as I have inserted it in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *which way they walk,——* ]

The folio reads,

—— *which they may walk,——* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And take the present horrour from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.——* ]

i. e. Left the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives—  
 [A bell rings.  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature.

WARBURTON.

Of this passage an alteration was once proposed by me, of which I have now a less favourable opinion, yet will insert it, as it may perhaps give some hint to other critics:

*And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.—*

I believe every one that has attentively read this dreadful soliloquy is disappointed at the conclusion, which, if not wholly unintelligible, is, at least, obscure, nor can be explained into any sense worthy of the authour. I shall therefore propose a slight alteration:

*———Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
 And talk—the present horror of the time!  
 That now suits with it.—*

Macbeth has, in the foregoing lines, disturbed his imagination by enumerating all the terrors of the night; at length he is wrought up to a degree of frenzy, that makes him afraid of some supernatural discovery of his design, and calls out to the stones not to betray him, not to declare where he walks, nor to talk.—As he is going to say of what, he discovers the absurdity of his suspicion, and pauses, but is again overwhelmed by his guilt, and concludes, that such are the horrors of the present night, that the stones may be expected to cry out against him:

*That now suits with it.—*

He observes in a subsequent passage, that on such occasions *stones have been known to move*. It is now a very just and strong picture of a man about to commit a deliberate murder under the strongest conviction of the wickedness of his design. Of this alteration, however, I do not now see much use, and certainly see no necessity.

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch* it as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horror*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk, hath  
made me bold ;  
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :—  
Hark ! peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about  
it :—

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [within] Who's there ?—what, ho !

*Lady.* Alack ! I am afraid, they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed,  
Confounds us :—hark !—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss 'em.—<sup>4</sup> Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband !

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear  
a noise ?

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had don't—*]

This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just ; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

*Lady.*



*Lady.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

*Macb.* When ?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended ?

*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark !———Who lies i'the second chamber ?

*Lady.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*]

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murther !*

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd, *God bless us !* and, *Amen !* the other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands

<sup>5</sup> Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen

Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought,  
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

<sup>5</sup> Listening *their fear.* I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

i. e. *Listening to their fear,* the particle omitted. This is common in our author. *Jul Cæs.* act iv. sc. 1.

———“ and now Octavius  
“ *Listen great things.*” STEEVENS.

*Macb.*

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth doth murthber sleep; the innocent sleep; Sleep that knits up the ravell'd<sup>6</sup> sleave of care, <sup>7</sup> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, *sleep no more!* to all the house: *Glamis bath murthber'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

*Lady.* Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brain-sickly of things.—Go, get some water,

<sup>6</sup> ————— *sleave of care,*]

A skein of silk is called a *sleave* of silk, as I learned from Mr. Seward, the ingenious editor of Beaumont and Fletcher. JOHNSON.

*Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care.*]

To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *sleeve* means *sleaved*, *silk ravell'd*, it is observable, that a poet of Shakespeare's age, Drayton, has alluded to it likewise in his *Quest of Cynthia*:

“ At length I on a fountain light,

“ Whose brim with pinks was platted,

“ The banks with daffadillies dight,

“ With grass, like *sleave*, was matted.” LANGTON.

<sup>7</sup> *The DEATH of each day's life, sore labour's bath, &c.*]

In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is,

*The death of each day's life,* ———

I make no question but Shakespeare wrote,

*The birth of each day's life,* ———

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. The player-editors seem to have corrupted it for the sake of a silly gingle between *life* and *death*. WARBURTON.

And

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:—

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll<sup>s</sup> gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*

*Knocks within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking!

How is it with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas<sup>9</sup> incarnardine,

<sup>s</sup> ——— gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.]

Could Shakespeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of  
*gild* and *guilt*. JOHNSON.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few  
instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

“*Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife's?”

“*Flu.* You say not true, 'tis *gilt*.”

“*Cand.* Then you say true:———

“And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you.”

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608.

“Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* must make us glad.”

And lastly from Shakespeare himself,

“England shall double *gilt* his treble *guilt*.” Hen. IV. p. 2.

Again, in Hen. V.

“Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*incarnardine*,] To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a  
flesh colour. STEEVENS.

Making

Making the green, One red'——

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

[*Knock.*

At the south entry:—Retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—Hark, more knocking!

[*Knock.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* <sup>2</sup>To know my deed,—'T were best not know  
myself.

[*Knock.*

<sup>1</sup> *Making the green, one red——*]

*Suscipit, ó Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys  
Non genitor Nympharum abluít Oceanus.*

Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἷμαί γὰρ ἔτ' ἀν' ἱστέρων ἔτε φάσιν ἀν  
Νίψαι καθαριῶ τινδε τὴν στείγην.

*Sophoc. Oedip.*

*Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris  
Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari  
Non ipse toto magnus Oceanus pater  
Tantum expiarit sceleris!* Senec. Hippol.

The same thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert E. of Huntingdon*, 1601.

“ He made the green sea red with Turkish blood.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To know my deed,—'T were best not know myself.*]

i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed it were best not know,  
or *be lost* to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof;

——— *be not lost*

*So poorly in your thoughts.*

But the Oxford editor, perceiving neither the sense, nor the pertinency of the answer, alters it to,

*To unknow my deed.—'T were best not know myself.*

WARBURTON.

Wake,



Wake, Duncan, with thy knocking! I would, thou  
couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed! if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins\* enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there i'the other devil's name? Faith,<sup>3</sup> here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith,<sup>4</sup> here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the

\* — napkins enough — ] i. e. handkerchiefs. So in *Othello*,  
“Your *napkin* is too little.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — here's an equi-vocater, — who committed treason enough for God's sake,] Meaning a jesuit; an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: —] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion. — “The *Gallic hosen* are made very large  
“and wide, reaching down to their knees only, with three or four  
“gardes apeece laid down along either hose.” STEEVENS.

ever-

everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lennox.*

*Mac.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things doth drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? —

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir!

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I made a shift to cast him.*] To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*. JOHNSON.

I find the same play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

———“to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he casts excellent well.” STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both !

*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane ?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him ;  
I have almost slipt the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;  
But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour, we delight in, physicks pain ;  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service <sup>6</sup>. [*Exit Macduff.*]

*Len.* Goes the King hence to-day ?

*Macb.* He does : he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly : Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'the air ; <sup>7</sup> strange screams of death ;  
And

<sup>6</sup> — for 'tis my limited service.]

*Limited*, for appointed. WARBURTON,

<sup>7</sup> ———— *strange screams of death ;  
And prophecying, with accents terrible  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time.  
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.  
Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.]*

These lines I think should be rather regulated thus :

—— *prophecying with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustions and confus'd events.  
New-hatch'd to th' woeful time, the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth  
Was fev'rous and did shake.*

A prophecy of an event *new hatch'd*, seems to be a prophecy of an event past. And a prophecy *new hatch'd* is a wry expression. The term *new hatch'd* is properly applicable to a bird, and that birds of ill omen should be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time*, that is, should appear in uncommon numbers, is very consistent with the rest of  
the

And prophesying, with accents terrible  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! <sup>s</sup> Tongue,  
nor heart

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!—

*Macb. and Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master piece:  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o'the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?—

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?—

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown, by the perpetration of this horrid murder. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's regulation of these lines is improper. *Prophecy* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching.

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ———— [*Tongue nor heart*]

The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So *Jul. Cæs.* act iii. sc. 1.

———“there is *no* harm

“Intended to your person *nor* to *no* Roman else.” STEEVENS.



Ring the alarum-bell :—Murther ! and treason !  
 Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself !—Up, up, and see  
 The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !  
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
 To countenance <sup>9</sup> this horrour :——Ring the bell.

*Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* What's the business,  
 That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 The sleepers of the house ? Speak, speak,——

*Macd.* O, gentle lady,  
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :  
 The repetition in a woman's ear  
 Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo ! Banquo !

*Enter Banquo.*

Our royal master's murder'd !

*Lady.* Woe, alas !  
 ' What, in our house ?——

<sup>9</sup> —— *this horrour :——* ]

Here the old edition adds, *ring the bell*, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Shakespeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell necessary, and I know not what can authorize an editor to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What, in our house ?——* ]

This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARBURTON.

*Ban*

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.—

<sup>2</sup>Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter Macbeth, and Lenox.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: Renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know it:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

*Macb.* Your royal father's murther'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O!—Yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and  
furious,  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love

<sup>2</sup> *Dear Duff,*—] In the folio, for *Macduff* is read *Dear Duff*.

JOHNSON.

If the only authentic copy reads *Dear Duff*, on what authority  
can it be changed into *Macduff*? STEEVENS.

Out-ran the pauser reason.—<sup>3</sup> Here, lay Duncan,  
<sup>4</sup> His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
 For Ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers  
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
<sup>5</sup> Unmannerly breech'd with gore :——Who could  
 refrain,

That

<sup>3</sup> —— Here, lay Duncan ;  
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
 For Ruin's wasteful entrance : —— ]

Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood* ; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it with golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> His silver skin laced with his golden blood, ]

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that shews him to be acting a part.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> Unmannerly breech'd with gore : —— ]

An *unmannerly dagger*, and a *dagger breech'd*, or as in some editions *breech'd with gore*, are expressions not easily to be understood. There are undoubtedly two faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take away by reading,

——— daggers  
 Unmanly drench'd with gore : ——

*I saw drench'd with the King's blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder but evidences of cowardice.*

Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it, by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection. JOHNSON.

UN-

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady.* Help me hence, ho!—

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady;  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

UNMANNERLY BREECH'D *with gore.* —]

This nonsensical account of the state in which the daggers were found, must surely be read thus,

UNMANLY REECH'D *with gore* —

*Reech'd*, soiled with a dark yellow, which is the colour of any reechy substance, and must be so of steel stain'd with blood. He uses the word very often, as *reechy hangings*, *reechy neck*, &c. So that the sense is, that they were *unmanly* stain'd with blood, and that circumstance added, because often such stains are most honourable. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has, perhaps, rightly put *reech'd* for *breech'd*.

JOHNSON.

I apprehend it to be the duty of an editor to represent his author such as he is, and explain the meaning of the words he finds, to the best advantage, instead of attempting to make them better by any violent alteration.

The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to the *breeches*, i. e. their *bilts* or *bandes*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it. STEEVENS.



<sup>6</sup> In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* So do I.

*All.* So, all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readinefs,  
And meet i'the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with  
them:

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* <sup>7</sup> This murtherous shaft that's shot,

Hath

<sup>6</sup> *In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treas'nous malice.]*

*Pretence*, for act. The sense of the whole is, My innocence places me under the protection of God, and under that shadow, or, from thence, I declare myself an enemy to this, as yet hidden, deed of mischief. This was a very natural speech for him who must needs suspect the true author. WARBURTON.

*Pretence* is not act, but *simulation*, a *pretence* of the traitor, whoever he might be, to suspect some other of the murder. I here fly to the protector of innocence from any charge which, yet *undivulg'd*, the traitor may pretend to fix upon me. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *This murtherous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; — ]*

The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person, has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

*This murtherous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; — ]*

*The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground.* The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the King only, could

Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
 But shift away: There's warrant in that theft,  
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Ross, with an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well:  
 Within the volume of which time I have seen  
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore  
 night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
 Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day;  
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
 When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
 A falcon, tawring<sup>s</sup> in her pride of place,  
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange  
 and certain)

could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

Such another thought occurs in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1606,

“ The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,  
 “ And it must murder, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ————— *in her pride of place,*]

Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality.* WARBURTON.

Beauteous and swift, <sup>9</sup> the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine  
eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-  
duff:—

*Enter Macduff.*

—How goes the world, fir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known, who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd.* Those, that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the King's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:—

Thriftless ambition! that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like,

<sup>9</sup> ———— *minions of their race,*]

Theobald reads,

——— *minions of the race,*

very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned, are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh.* Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What good could they pretend?*]

To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves, to set before themselves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

The

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth ?

*Macd.* He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body ?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill ;  
The sacred storehouse of his predeceffors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone ?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there ;  
—adieu !

Left our old robes fit easier than our new !

*Rosse.* Farewel, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter BANQUO.*

**T**HOU hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all  
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,  
Thou play'd'st most foully for't. Yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity ;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,  
(<sup>2</sup> As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,

<sup>2</sup> *As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,]*

*Shine, for prosper.* WARBURTON.

*Shine, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.* JOHNS.

And



And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* <sup>3</sup> Lay your highness'  
Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tye  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good  
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is it far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twi'xt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

<sup>3</sup> Lay your—] The folio reads, *Let your.* STEEVENS.

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: Our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot; And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.— [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time  
'Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

*Sirrah*, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Ser.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—To be thus, is nothing, [Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he  
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; <sup>4</sup>as, it is said,

Mark

<sup>4</sup> ————— as, it is said,

Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar. ———]

Though I would not often assume the critic's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that having so much learning as to discover to what Shakespeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the authour's sense by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possess'd with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the  
lines

Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of King upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
 ' For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;  
 For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to <sup>6</sup> the common enemy of man,

To

lines of Shakespeare close together without any traces of a breach.

*My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters.*

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakespeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight; for though the words, which I was once willing to eject, seem interpolated, I believe they may still be genuine, and added by the authour in his revision. The authour of the *Revision* cannot admit the measure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he says, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perspicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapæst, and sets it right at once by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comic writers, it will not be easy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once, is sufficient. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *For Banquo's issue have I FIL'D my mind;]*

We should read,

————— 'FILED my mind;

i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the bishop's *Bible*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *the common enemy of man,]*

It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shake-  
 speare

To make them kings, the feed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, <sup>7</sup> come, Fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

*Enter Servant, and two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*

Spenser probably borrowed it from the first lines of the Destruction of Troy, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *send* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— come Fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!]

This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat *à l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is, *Let Fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

*Rather than so, come Fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!—]*

This is expressed with great nobleness and sublimity. The metaphor is taken from the ancient combat *en champ clos*: in which there was a marshal, who presided over, and directed all the punctilios of the ceremonial. *Fate* is called upon to discharge this office, and champion him to the utterance; that is, to fight it out to the extremity, which they called *combatre à oultrance*. But he uses the Scotch word *utterance* from *oultrance*, extremity. WARBURT.

After the former explication, Dr. Warburton was desirous to seem to do something; and he has therefore made *Fate* the marshal, whom I had made the *champion*, and has left Macbeth to enter the lists without an opponent. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil. P. 331, 349.

“ That war not put by Greikis to *uterance*.”

Shakespeare uses it again in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 1. STEEVENS.

Was



Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self : this I made good to you  
In our last conference past in probation with you,  
\* How you were borne in hand ; how cross ; the in-  
struments ;

Who wrought with them ; and all things else that  
might

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

*Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so ; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go ? <sup>9</sup> Are you so gossell'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

*Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue you go for men ;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,

<sup>8</sup> *How you were borne in hand ; — ]*

*i. e.* made to believe what was not true, what would never hap-  
pen or be made good to you. In this sense Chaucer uses it,  
*Wife of Bath's Prolog.* p. 78. l. 2. 32,

“ A wife wife shall, &c.

“ *Berin them in bonde that the cove is wode.*”

and our author in many places, *Meas. for Meas.* act 1. sc. 8.

WARNER.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Are you so gossell'd, ]*

Are you of that degree of precise virtue ? *Gosseller* was a name of  
contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of  
early times, and the precursors of *protestantism.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Showghes, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleped  
 All by the name of dogs : the valued file\*  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
 The house-keeper, the hunter; every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nature  
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill  
 That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
 Now, if you have a station in the file,  
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
 Which in his death were perfect.

<sup>2</sup> *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
 I do, to spite the world.

<sup>1</sup> *Mur.* And I another,  
<sup>2</sup> So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,

<sup>1</sup> *Showghes*,—] *Showghes* are probably what we now call *sheeps*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

JOHNSON.

\* —the valued file] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *So weary with DISASTERS, TUG'D with fortune,*]

We see the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adverse fortune. But this reading expresses but half the idea; *viz.* of a man tugg'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the compleat thought, we should read,

*So weary with DISASTROUS TUGS with fortune.*

That

That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

*Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and <sup>3</sup> in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Mur.* We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

*I Mur.* Though our lives——

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

This is well expressed, and gives the reason of his being weary, because fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakespeare knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in *The Winter's Tale*:

*Let myself and fortune tug for the time to come.*

Besides, *to be tug'd with fortune*, is scarce English. WARBURTON.

*Tug'd with fortune* may be, *tug'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *in such bloody distance,*]

*Distance*, for enmity. WARBURTON.

By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the near'st part where life resides.*

STEEVENS.

\* Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,  
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
 And something from the palace: always thought<sup>5</sup>,  
 That I require a clearness: And with him,  
 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,  
 I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* You are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight:—Abide within.  
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy foul's flight,  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,]*

What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says,

*I will* —————

*Acquaint you with a perfect spy o'the time.*

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

*Perfect* is well instructed, or well informed, as in this play,

*Though in your state of honour I am perfect.*

though I am well acquainted with your quality and rank.

JOHNSON.

————— *the perfect spy o'the time,]*

i. e. the critical juncture. WARBURTON.

How the *critical juncture* is the *spy o'the time* I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————— *always thought,*

*That I require a clearness: —————]*

i. e. you must manage matters so that, throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of all suspicion. So Holinshed.

“ ——— appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne without  
 “ the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to  
 “ flea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but  
 “ that in time to come he might *cleare* himself.” STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

*Lady.* Is Banquo gone from court ?

*Serv.* Ay, Madam ; but returns again to-night.

*Lady.* Say to the King, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone ?  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd  
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard : What's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have <sup>6</sup> scotch'd the snake, not kill'd  
it——

She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

<sup>7</sup> But let the frame of things disjoint,

Both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

<sup>6</sup> —— *scot. b'd* —— ] Mr. Theobald.——Fol. *scorb'd*. JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> *But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,*]

The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern innovation, which was,

*But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer.* . STEEVENS.

In

<sup>8</sup> In restless exstasy. — Duncan is in his grave ;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further !

*Lady.* Come on ; gentle my lord,  
Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial  
Among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you ;  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo.

<sup>9</sup> Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue.  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these flattering streams, and make our faces  
Vizors to our hearts, disguising what they are. —

*Lady.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !  
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

*Lady.* But in them ' nature's copy's not eternal.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;  
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight ; ere, to black Hecat's sum-  
mons

<sup>2</sup> The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady.* What's to be done ?

<sup>8</sup> *In restless exstasy.* — ]

*Exstasy*, for madness. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Present him eminence,* — ]

i. e. do him the highest honours. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *nature's copy's not eternal.* ]

The *copy*, the *case*, by which they hold their lives from nature,  
has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The shard-born beetle* — ]

i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So in *Anthony and Cleopatra* :  
*They are his shards, and he their beetle.* WARBUR.



## S C E N E III.

*Enter three Murderers.*

**1 Mur.** <sup>6</sup> But who did bid thee join with us?

**3 Mur.** Macbeth.

**2 Mur.** He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

**1 Mur.** Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

**3 Mur.** Hark! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

**2 Mur.** Then it is he; the rest

That are within <sup>7</sup> the note of expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

**1 Mur.** His horses go about.

**3 Mur.** Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch.*

**2 Mur.** A light, a light.

<sup>6</sup> *But who did bid thee join with us?*]

The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned suspects him of intending to betray them; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the note of expectation,*]

i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEVENS.



3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]

*Ban.* Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly,  
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* <sup>2</sup> Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. [*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,  
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* <sup>9</sup> You know your own degrees, sit down:  
at first,

And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,

<sup>8</sup> *Was't not the way?*]

i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *You know your own degrees, sit down:  
At first and last the hearty welcome.*]

As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect,  
but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The  
numbers will be improved by reading,

—— sit down at first,  
And last a hearty welcome.

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true read-  
ing is,

*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first  
And last the hearty welcome.*

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be  
assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

And

And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter first murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their heart's  
thanks:

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the midst.  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o'the cut throats: Yet  
he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou did'st it,  
Thou art the non-pareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:  
As broad, and general, as the casing air:  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To faucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?—

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: Safe in a ditch he bides,

*'Tis better thee without, than he within.]*

The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

*'Tis better thee without, than him within.*

That is, *I am better pleas'd that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.*

The authour might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that :—

There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone, to-morrow  
We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

*Lady.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold<sup>2</sup>,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home ;  
From thence, the fauce to meat is ceremony ;  
Meeting were bare without it.

[Enter the ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's  
place.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !  
—Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Len.* May it please your highness sit ?

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;  
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance !

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-  
ness  
To grace us with your royal company ?

*Macb.* The table's full.

<sup>2</sup> ———*the feast is sold, &c.*]

Mr. Pope reads, ———*the feast is cold,*——and not without plausi-  
bility. Such another expression occurs in *The Elder Brother* of  
Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ You must be welcome too ;—*the feast is flat else.*” STEEVENS.

———*the feast is sold,*—— ]

The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be  
called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

*Len.*

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, fir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou can'st not say, I did it: Never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady.* Sit worthy friends:—My lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: Pray you, keep seat.  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady.* <sup>4</sup> O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. <sup>5</sup> Oh, these flaws, and starts,  
(Im-

<sup>3</sup> ——— extend his passion.]

Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> O proper stuff!]

This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is  
spoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itself!* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— Oh, these flaws and starts.

Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam.——]

*Flaws, are sudden gusts.* The authour perhaps wrote,

——— *Those flaws and starts,*  
Impostures true to fear would well become;  
*A woman's story,*———

These symptoms of terrour and amazement might better become  
*impostures true only to fear, might become a coward at the recital of*  
*such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose understanding was not*  
*weaken'd*



(Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? if thou can'st nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those, that we bury, back; our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*Lady.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden  
time,

<sup>6</sup>Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end: but now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*weaken'd by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam.* JOHNSON.

*Ob, these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear,———]*

i. e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;]*

The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes*.

*Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.* JOHNSON.

*Macb.*

*Macb.* I do forget :——

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health  
to all !

Then I'll sit down : Give me some wine, fill full :—  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

*Re-enter Ghost.*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;  
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,  
7 And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt ! and quit my fight ! Let the earth  
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with !

*Lady.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,  
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
8 If trembling I inhabit, then protest me

The

7 *And all to all.*]

i. e. all good wishes to all : such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* WARBURTON.

I once thought it should be *bail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, act 1.—*All to you.* STEEVENS.

8 *If trembling I inhabit,———]*

This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* ° Can such things be,  
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,

which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. Suppose we read,

*If trembling I evade it.* JOHNSON.

*Inhibit* seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. *Othello*, act i. sc. 7.

“ ————— a practiser

“ Of arts *inhibited*” —————

*Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 6.

“ I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation.”

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. The poet probably might have written,

*If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me, &c.* STEEVENS.

° CAN such things be,  
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? ——— ]

Why not? if they be only like a summer's cloud? The speech is given wrong; it is part of the lady's foregoing speech; and, besides that, is a little corrupt. We should read it thus,

————— CAN'T such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? —————

i. e. cannot these visions, without so much wonder and amazement, be presented to the *disturbed* imagination in the manner that air visions, in summer clouds, are presented to a *wanton* one: which sometimes shew a lion, a castle, or a promontory? The thought is fine, and in character. *Overcome* is used for *deceive*.

WARBURTON.

The alteration is introduced by a misinterpretation. The meaning is not that *these things are like a summer-cloud*, but can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us. JOHNSON.

Without

Without our special wonder? <sup>1</sup> You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think, you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good-night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good-night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady.* A kind good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood.—They say, blood will  
have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
<sup>2</sup> Augurs, and understood relations, have

By

<sup>1</sup> ——— *You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,*]

Which in plain English is only, *You make me just mad.*

WARBURTON.

You produce in me an *alienation of mind*, which is probably the  
expression which our author intended to paraphrase, JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors have very successfully  
explained this passage, which seems to mean,—*You prove to me  
that I am a stranger, even to my own disposition, when I recollect,  
the very object that steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to  
remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how false an  
opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on  
the trial is found to exceed it.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Augurs, and understood relations,—*]

By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with  
causes; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how these  
things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or  
dependence. JOHNSON.

*Augurs, and understood relations,—*]

By *relations* is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to  
another. The antient soothsayers of all denominations practised  
their



By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning, which is  
which.

*Macb.* <sup>3</sup> How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send.

<sup>4</sup> There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow,  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters;

their art upon the principle of analogy. Which analogies were founded in a superstitious philosophy arising out of the nature of ancient idolatry; which would require a volume to explain. If Shakespeare meant what I suppose he did by relations, this shews a very profound knowledge of antiquity. But, after all, in his licentious way, by *relations*, he might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the passage thus,

*Augures, and understood relations, have  
By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.*

The modern editors read,

*Augurs that understand relations, have  
By magpies and by choughs, &c.*

Perhaps we should read *augurics*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens or prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

*Maggot-pie* is, I believe, the *pie* that feeds on maggots; and not as some have supposed, a contraction from *Margaret*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *How say'st thou, &c.*]

Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak,—“*She asked her wise women counsel, yea she returned answer to herself.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *There's not a one of them,———*]

however uncouth the expression, means an individual. The circumstance is taken from Holinshed. Theobald would read *Thane*.

STEEVENS.

More

More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,  
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good  
 All causes shall give way ; I am in blood  
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
 Returning were as tedious, as go o'er.  
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;  
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* <sup>5</sup> You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep : My strange and self-  
 abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.—

<sup>6</sup> We are yet but young in deed. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate. <sup>7</sup>

*I Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat' ? you look an-  
 gerly.

<sup>5</sup> You lack the season of all natures, sleep.]

I take the meaning to be, you want sleep, which seasons, or gives  
 the relish to all nature. *Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.* JOHNS.

<sup>6</sup> We are yet but young in deed.]

The editions before Theobald read,

*We're yet but young indeed.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — meeting Hecate.] Shakespeare has been censured for intro-  
 ducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently,  
 for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. He is not  
 however entirely indefensible as to this conduct. *Delrio Disquis.*  
*Mag.* lib. 2 quæst. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius Lib. de Asino au-*  
*reo,* “ de quadam Caupona, regina Sagarum.” And adds fur-  
 ther,—“ ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas.”  
 In consequence of this information Ben. Jonson has introduced a  
 character which he calls a *Dame*, who presides at the meeting of  
 the Witches,

“ Sisters, stay ; we want our *dame.*”

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of pre-eminence,  
 and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shake-  
 speare is therefore to blame only for calling his presiding cha-  
 racter Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety  
 under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,  
 Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare  
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
 In riddles, and affairs of death?  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never call'd to bear my part,  
 Or shew the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
 But make amends now: get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron  
 Meet me i'the morning; thither he  
 Will come, to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
 Your charms, and every thing beside.  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end;  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a <sup>8</sup> vaporous drop, profound;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
 And that distill'd by magic <sup>9</sup> flights,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *vap'rous drop, profound;*]

That is, a drop that has *profound, deep, or hidden* qualities.

JOHNSON.

*There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;*]

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erichtho using it.  
 L. 6. — — *et virus large lunare ministrat.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *flights,*] Arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

As,

As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;  
And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [*Music and a song.*]

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be  
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E VI.

1 *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,

Which can interpret further.—Only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne.—The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—  
And the right-vaillant Banquo walk'd too late ;

Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !

How did it grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight

1 *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakespeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction Lenox and An. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and *another Lord.* The authour had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.



In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
 Was not that nobly done? ay, and wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find  
 What 'were to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
 Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* <sup>2</sup> The son of Duncan,  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff is gone\*  
 To pray the holy king, upon his aid  
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:  
 That by the help of these, (with Him above  
 To ratify the work) we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
 Free from our feasts and banquets, bloody knives;  
 Do faithful homage, <sup>3</sup> and receive free honours,

<sup>2</sup> *The son of Duncan,]*

The common editors have *sons*. Theobald corrected it. JOHNS.

\* ——— *Thither Macduff is gone  
 To pray the holy king, &c.]*

The modern editors, for the sake of the metre, omit the word *holy*, and read,

———— *thither Macduff  
 Is gone to pray the king, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and receive free honours,]*

*Free* for grateful. WARBURTON.

How can *free* be grateful? It may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

All which we pine for now : And this report  
Hath so exasperated <sup>+</sup> the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time,*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution \*, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country,  
Under a hand accurs'd !

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>+</sup> — *their king,*] The sense requires that we should read *the*  
king, *i. e.* Macbeth. *Their* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

\* *Advise him to a caution,* — ]

Thus the old copy. The modern editors, to add smoothness to  
the versification, read — *to a care.* — STEEVENS.

A C T IV. <sup>5</sup> S C E N E I.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

I W I T C H.

**T**H R I C E the brinded cat hath mew'd.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig  
whin'd<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* Harper cries—'tis time, 'tis time<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> S C E N E I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakespear has selected all the circumstances of his infernal

<sup>6</sup> *Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.]*

A cat, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: *When Galintha was changed into a cat by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. cap. 29.) by witches, (says Pausanius in his Bœotics) Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So Ovid,*

*Fele sercr Phæbi latuit.* WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.]*

Mr. Theobald reads, *twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———'tis time, 'tis time,]

This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

*Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.* STEEVENS.

I *Witch.*

I *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad,

fernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions :

*Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakespeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin ; and when any mischief was to be done she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*, but once when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakespeare has taken care to inculcate :

*Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.*

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakespeare's witches :

*Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,  
Shall be dwindle, peak, and pine.*

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft ; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakespeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*, and Dr. Harfenet observes, that about that time, *a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*

*Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights has, thirty-one,  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got ;  
Boil thou first i' the charm'd pot.*

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason Shakespeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Padocke or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft.*



Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights haft thirty-one,

Swelter'd

*Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake :  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog ; —  
For a charm, &c.*

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

*Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch deliver'd by a drab ; —*

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth ; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer ; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

*And now about the cauldron sing —  
Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

And in a former part,

*—— weyward sisters, hand in hand, ——  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine !*

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country : “ When  
“ any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up,  
“ and, turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth ;  
“ for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he  
“ falls

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

*All.* 9 Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf<sup>1</sup>  
Of the ravin'd salt sea-shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew:  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

“ falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women  
“ that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call  
“ thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the  
“ woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies red, black,*  
“ *white.*” There was likewise a book written before the time of  
Shakespeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of  
spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which  
Shakespeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

9 *Double, double toil and trouble;*]

As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to dou-  
ble their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed  
as I have pointed it,

*Double, double toil and trouble;*

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence  
of the rhyme. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *maw, and gulf]*

The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
<sup>2</sup> Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
 Ditch deliver'd by a drab ;  
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.  
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron <sup>3</sup>,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
 Fire burn ; and cauldron bubble.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood <sup>4</sup>,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains ;  
 And every one shall share i'the gains.  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Inchanting all that you put in.

<sup>2</sup> *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;]*

These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the *holy wars*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,]*

*Chawdron*, i. e. *entrails* ; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I met with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Cool it with a baboon's blood,]*

The blood of a *baboon* (as of all other salacious animals) is reckoned to be of an extraordinary warmth. Shakespeare therefore employs it with great art, to raise our idea of the fiery contents of the cauldron, into which the blood of an animal remarkable for its constitutional heat, might with propriety be thrown, as a *cooler*. This, however, is merely chimerical. STEEVENS.

*Musick and a song*<sup>5</sup>.

*Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes:—  
Open locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags?  
What is't you do?  
*All.* A deed without a name.  
*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(How'er you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the<sup>6</sup> yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
down;  
Though castles topple<sup>7</sup> on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

<sup>5</sup> — *a song.*] Of this song, only the two first words are found in the old copy of this play. The rest was supplied from Mr. Betterton's alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was however in all probability a traditional one. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *yeasty waves*] That is, *foaming* or *frothy waves*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Though castles topple*——]

*Topple*, is used for *tumble*. So in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, act iv. sc. 3.

“ That I might pile up Charon's boat so full

“ Until it *topple* o'er.” STEEVENS.



³ Of Nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters ?

*Macb.* Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow ; greafe, that's sweaten  
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low ;  
Thyself, and office, deftly show. [*Thunder.*

*1st* ⁹ *Apparition, an armed head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought :  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
Macduff ;  
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

*Macb.* What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks : [*Descends.*

³ *Of Nature's germins*———]

This was substituted by Theobald for *Nature's germaine.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Apparition of an armed head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm ; who ordered his foldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunfinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :——But one word  
more——

*1 Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here's  
another

More potent than the first. [*Thunder.*

*2d Apparition, a bloody child.*

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !——

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd heard thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn  
The power of man ; for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff ; what need I fear of  
thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of Fate : thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies ;  
And sleep in spite of thunder.——What is this  
[*Thunders.*

*3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his  
hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;  
And wears upon his baby-brow, <sup>1</sup> the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care,  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam-wood to <sup>2</sup> high Dunfinane hill

<sup>1</sup> —— the round  
And top of sovereignty ?]

This *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The  
*top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— Dunfinane's high hill

The folio reads,  
—— high Dunfinane hill  
and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

Shall

Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be :

<sup>3</sup> Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bodements ! good !

<sup>4</sup> Rebellious head, rise never, 'till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing ; Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom ?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfy'd :—Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :—  
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Shew !

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Shew !

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* Shew !

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.  
Come like shadows, so depart.

[<sup>5</sup> *A shew of eight kings, and Banquo the last, with  
a glass in his hand.*

*Macb.*

<sup>3</sup> *Who can impress the forest ;——]*

i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a foldier impress'd. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Rebellious DEAD, rise never,——]*

We should read,——*Rebellious HEAD*—— i. e. let rebellion never get to a head and be successful till—and then— WARBURT.

Mr. Theobald, who first proposed this change, rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power.

—— *Douglas and the rebels met,*

*A mighty and a fearful head they are.*

And again,

*His divisions——are in three heads.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *eight kings.*] It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;  
Down !

<sup>6</sup> Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls :—<sup>7</sup> And thy air,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—  
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags !  
Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !  
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom ?—

Another yet ?—A seventh ? I'll see no more :—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass <sup>8</sup>,

should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin ; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the *Æneid* ; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play. *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, &c.*

I wish, the very accomplished authoress, by setting her name to her performance, had given me leave to claim the honour of inserting it on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.*—]

The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* fears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> In former editions,

————— and thy hair,  
*Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—*  
*A third is like the former :—*

As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surpris'd that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first ; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said,

————— and thy air,  
*Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.*

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,]*

The method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Meas. for Meas.* act ii. sc. 7.

“ ——— and like a prophet

“ Looks in a *glass* and shews me *future evils.*” STEEVENS.

Which



Which shews me many more ; and some I see,  
 ° That twofold balls and treble scepters carry :  
 Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;  
 For ' the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, fir, all this is so :—But why  
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?——  
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
 And shew the best of our delights ;  
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
 While you perform your antique round :  
 That this great King may kindly say,  
 Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Musick.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they ? gone ?—Let this pernicious  
 hour  
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar !——  
 Come in, without there !

*Enter Lenox.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will ?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters ?

° *That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.*]

This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head ; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

WARBURTON.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character, whereas he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.

STEEVENS.

1 ——— *the blood-bolter'd Banquo* ——— ]

Gildon has ridiculously interpreted *blood bolter'd*, in a thing he calls a *Glossary*, to signify *smear'd with dry blood* ; he might as well have said with *extreme unction*. *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakespeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. WARBURTON.

*Len.*

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse:—Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* <sup>2</sup> Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-  
ploits;

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and  
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprize,  
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o'the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.  
But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the  
land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:

<sup>2</sup> Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;]

To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity.

JOHNSON.

His

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;  
He wants the <sup>3</sup> natural touch : for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'the season<sup>4</sup>. I dare not speak much fur-  
ther :

But cruel are the times, <sup>5</sup> when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves ; <sup>6</sup> when we hold rumour  
From

<sup>3</sup> — *natural touch* :—] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The fits o'the season*——]

i. e. what befits the time. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *when we are traitors,*

*And do not know ourselves* :——]

i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors ; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

*And do not know't ourselves* :——

But sure they did know what they said, the state esteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *when we hold rumour*

*From what we fear*——]

*To hold rumour* signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;  
 But float upon a wild and violent sea  
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :  
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again :  
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
 Blessing upon you !

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead ;  
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

*Sen.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies ?

*Sen.* With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird ! Thou'dst never fear the net,  
 nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Sen.* Why should I, mother ? poor birds they are  
 not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a  
 father ?

*Sen.* Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Sen.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

I rather think to *hold* means in this place, to *believe*, as we say, *I hold such a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be so*. The sense of the whole passage will then be, *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad ; and yet at the same time as we live under a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend*. This is the best I can make of the passage. I am not however satisfied with my own explanation. So in *Hen. VIII.*

“ ——— Did you not of late days hear, &c.

“ *I Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not.” STEEVENS.



*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet  
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so, is a traitor, and  
must be hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and  
lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there  
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,  
and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* God help thee, poor monkey! But how  
wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly  
have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

*To do worse to you were fell cruelty,]*

To do worse is, to let her and her children be destroyed without  
warning. JOHNSON.

Which

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now,  
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm  
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these  
faces?

*Enter Murthurers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so un sanctified,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg?  
Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He's kill'd me, mother.  
Run away, I pray you.

*[Exit L. Macduff, crying Murthurers.]*

### S C E N E III.

#### E N G L A N D.

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*\* Enter —*] This scene is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle*. The part of Holinshed, that relates to this play, is an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, in folio, 1541. Mr. Farmer has incontrovertibly proved that Shakespeare had not the story from Buchanan, as has been asserted. STEEVENS.

*Macd.* <sup>9</sup> Let us rather  
 Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
<sup>1</sup> Bestride our down-faln birthdom. Each new morn;  
 New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows  
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
 As if it felt with Scotland, <sup>2</sup> and yell'd out  
 Like syllables of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;

<sup>9</sup> In former editions,

*Let us rather*

*Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
 Bestride our downfal birthdoom. — ]*

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride his downfal birth-doom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but it is probable that Shakespeare wrote,

————— *like good men,*

*Bestride our downfal birthdom* —————

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground, let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So Falstaff says to Hal.

*When I am down, if thou wilt bestride me, so.*

*Birthdom* for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dams* for *mother*; let us stand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Bestride our downfaln birth-dom: — ]*

To protect it from utter destruction. The allusion is to the Hyperaspists of the ancients, who bestrode their fellows faln in battle, and covered them with their shields. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *and yell'd out  
 Like syllables of dolour.]*

This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, shewed that heaven sympathised with Scotland, WARBURTON,

What

What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something

<sup>3</sup> You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry God.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

<sup>4</sup> A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

<sup>5</sup> Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,  
Yet grace must look still so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
doubts.

<sup>3</sup> You my DISCERN of him through me, —— ]

By Macduff's answer it appears we should read,

—— DESERVE of him —— WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. —— ]

A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal  
commission. JOHNSON

<sup>5</sup> Though all things foul, &c.]

This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be often counterfeited by villany.* JOHNSON.



<sup>6</sup> Why in that rawness left you wife and children,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee!—<sup>7</sup> Wear thou thy  
wrongs—

<sup>8</sup> His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,  
There would be hands up-lifted in my right;  
And here from gracious England have I offer

<sup>6</sup> *Why in that rawness*———]

Without previous provision, without due preparation, without  
maturity of counsel. JOHNSON.

—*in that rawness*——] I meet with this expression in Lilly's *En-  
phues*, 1580, and in the 4<sup>o</sup> 1608, of *K. Hen. V.*

“Some their wives *rawly* left.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *Wear thou thy wrongs*———]

That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *His title is affear'd*!———]

*Affear'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

What Mr. Pope says of the law-term is undoubtedly true, but  
there is no reason why we should have recourse to it, for the ex-  
planation of this passage. Macduff first apostrophizes his country,  
and afterwards points to Malcolm, saying, that his title was  
*afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the old  
copies of Shakespeare, the word *afraid* is written as it was for-  
merly pronounced, *afear'd*. STEEVENS.

Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
 Shall have more vices than it had before;  
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
 By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* ° It is myself I mean; in whom I know  
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
 Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
 With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not, in the legions  
 Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,  
 In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
 † Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
 That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,  
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
 The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
 All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
 Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
 To take upon you what is yours: you may

° *It is myself I mean: in whom I know]*

This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the  
 chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

† Sudden, *malicious*.—] *Sudden*, for capricious. WAREBUR.

Rather violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.  
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
 That vulture in you to devour so many,  
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
 Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
 A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,  
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
 And my more-having would be as a sauce  
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
 Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
 Sticks deeper; <sup>2</sup> grows with more pernicious root  
 Than summer seeming lust: and it hath been  
 The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;  
 Scotland hath <sup>3</sup> foysons to fill up your will,  
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
 With other graces weigh'd.

<sup>2</sup> ——— grows with more pernicious root  
 Than summer-seeming lust; ———]

*Summer-seeming* has no manner of sense: correct,

*Than summer-teeming lust; ———*

i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder I corrected it thus,

*Than fume, or seething lust.*

that is, Than angry passion, or boiling lust. JOHNSON.

*Summer-seeming lust*, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *foysons*, —] Plenty. POPE.

So Puttenham in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589,

“As the good seeds sown in fruitful soil

“Bring forth *foyson* when barren doth them spoil.”

STEEVENS.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* But I have none : The king-becoming graces,  
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude ;  
 I have no relish of them ; but abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh Scotland ! Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
 I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father  
 Was a most fainted king ; the queen, that bore thee,  
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Dy'd every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
 Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples ; reconcil'd my thoughts  
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
 Into his power : and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over credulous haste : But God above  
 Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure



The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow; and delight  
 No less in truth than life. My first false speaking  
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old Seyward with ten thousand war-like men,  
<sup>4</sup> All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
 Now we'll together; <sup>5</sup> and the chance of goodness

<sup>4</sup> *All ready at a point*,———]

*At a point*, may mean all ready at a time; but Shakespeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote,

*All ready at appoint*,———

*i. e.* at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *and the chance of goodness*

*Be like our warranted quarrel!*———]

The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

——— *and the chance, of goodness,*

*Be like our warranted quarrel!*———

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina*] answerable to the cause.

The author of the *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote,

——— *and the chance, O goodness,*

*Be like our warranted quarrel!*———

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be, *and O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.* JOHNSON.

Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and unwelcome things at  
once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the King forth,  
I pray you ?

*Doct.* Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure : their malady convinces <sup>6</sup>  
The great assay of art. But, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend. [*Exit.*

*Mal.* I thank you, Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil ;  
A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often since my here-remain in England  
I have seen him do. How he sollicit Heaven,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers. <sup>7</sup> And 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves

<sup>6</sup> ——— *convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues. So act i. sc.  
ult. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *and 'tis spoken,*  
*To the succeeding royalty he leaves*  
*The healing benediction.———]*

It must be own'd, that Shakespeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line in compliment to James the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to this gift : How then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary ? this he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it.

WARBURTON.

The

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here !

*Mal.* <sup>8</sup> My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers !

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country ;  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
<sup>9</sup> A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What's the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;

<sup>8</sup> *My countryman ; but yet I know him not.* ]

Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A modern ecstasy ; ———* ]

That is, no more regarded than the contorsions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. WARBURTON.

I believe *modern* is only *foolish* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.

Each

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well.—

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too.—

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We're coming thither. Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Seyward and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing<sup>1</sup> should not catch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a<sup>2</sup> fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

<sup>1</sup> ——— *should not catch them* ]

The folio reads, *latch them*, I believe rightly. To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as *to catch*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *fee-grief*, —] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.

JOHNSON.

*Rosse.*



*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and  
babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer<sup>3</sup>  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven! ———

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too? ———

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be  
found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd  
too!

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer]*

*Quarry* is a term used both in *bunting* and *falconry*. In the first of these diversions it means the *death of the deer*, in the second, *the game of the hawk after she has seized it, and is tiring on it*.

So in Massinger's *Guardian*,

———“ he strikes

“ The trembling bird, who ev'n in death appears

“ Proud to be made his *quarry*.” STEEVENS.

*Macd.*

*Mal.* <sup>4</sup> He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?  
Did you say, all ? Oh, hell-kite !—All ?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop ?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man \*.

*Macd.* I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,  
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief  
Convert to wrath ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle Heaven !  
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven, forgive him too !

*Mal.* <sup>5</sup> This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King ; our power is ready ;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth

<sup>4</sup> *He has no children.*—— ]

It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

*He has no children.*—— ]

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself ; or that if he had had any, a father's feelings for a father, would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. The Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. STEEVENS.

\* *Dispute it like a man.* ]

i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This tune*—— ] The folio reads, *This time.* STEEVENS.

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
 ° Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
 may ;  
 The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter a Doctor of physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

D O C T O R.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can  
 perceive no truth in your report. When was it  
 she last walk'd ?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have  
 seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown up-  
 on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,  
 write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again  
 return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at  
 once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-  
 ing.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,  
 and other actual performances, what, at any time,  
 have you heard her say ?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you  
 should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no wit-  
 ness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.*

Lo, you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ;

° Put on their instruments.—]

i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments, against the  
 tyrant. STEEVENS.

and

and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out! damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why then, 'tis time to do't:—<sup>7</sup> Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady.* The Thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Hell is murky!* ——— ] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She therefore, would never have said any thing of the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

*Hell is murky!* ——— *Fie, fie my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid?*

This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which, has hitherto appeared languid, being, perhaps, misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.



No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that : you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows, what she has known.

*Lady.* Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

*Doct.* What a sigh is there ? The heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,——

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice : Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :——I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so ?

*Lady.* To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand ; what's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed ?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad : Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physician.——  
God, God, forgive us all !—Look after her ;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And

And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good-night:  
 \* My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:  
 I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E II.

*Drum and Colours.* Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus,  
 Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by  
 Malcolm,

His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff,  
 Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes  
 Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm

† Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming,

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is Seyward's son  
 And many unrough youths, that even now,  
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:

Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

\* *My mind she has mated,—*] Conquer'd or subdued. POPE,  
 Rather astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

† *Excite the mortified man.*]

Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression. *It means* (says he) *the man who has abandoned himself to despair, who has no spirit or resolution left.* And to support this sense of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified spirit* in another place. But if this was the meaning, Shakespeare had not wrote *the mortified man*, but a *mortified man*. In a word, by *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. WARBURTON,

Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those, he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His peester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.  
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports:—Let them fly all:  
'Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus\*:

<sup>1</sup> *When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?*]

That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Bring me no more reports, &c.]*

*Tell me not any more of desertions—Let all my subjects leave me—  
I am safe till, &c.* JOHNSON.

\* — *have pronounc'd me thus:]*

So the old copy. The modern editors, for the sake of metre,  
read, — *have pronounc'd it.* STEEVENS.

*Fear*

*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false Thanes,  
And mingle with the <sup>3</sup> English Epicures.  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou creamfac'd loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

*Ser.* There is ten thousand——

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch\*?  
Death of thy soul! \* those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Ser.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick  
at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

<sup>3</sup> ———— *English Epicures.*]

The reproach of Epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 185, of his *History of Scotland*: “For manie of the people abhorring the riotous maners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the Englyshemen, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had bene brought up in the Isles with the old customes and maners of their antient nation, without tast of English likerous delicats), &c.” The same historian informs us, that in those days the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. STEEVENS.

\* —patch?] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to the people of distinction. STEEVENS.

+ ———— *those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear.*———]

The meaning is, they infect others who see them with cowardice.

WARBURTON.



Will cheer me ever, or <sup>5</sup> dis-feat me now.  
 I have liv'd long enough : <sup>6</sup> my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf ;

And

<sup>5</sup> ——— or dis-feat me now.]

Thus the old copy, and, I think, rightly. The modern editors however read,—disease *me now* ; yet surely it is rather the nature of a *push*, to thrust us from the situation we occupy, than to affect us with any disease. I ground this opinion on the supposition, that by the *push* is here meant the violent assault preparing on the side of the enemy ; but should it only mean the forcible struggle he is about to make himself, it would not much alter the question ; for then the meaning of the passage might be, the *push* I am going to make will either give me perpetual confidence, or thrust me from the seat I have filled. I must confess I never met with the word in any other author. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the fear, ———]

As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the fear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written,

———— my *May of life*.

*I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days, but I am without those comforts that should succeed the spriteliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.*

The authour has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

———— my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the fear, ———]

An *anonymus* would have it,

———— my *May of life* :

But he did not consider that Macbeth is not here speaking of his *rule* or government, or of any sudden change ; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from this line,

*And that, which should accompany old age.*

And *way* is used for course, progress. WARBURTON.

To confirm the justness of *May of life* for *way of life*, Mr. Colman quotes from *Much-a-do*, &c.

“ *May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.*”

And *Hen. V.* p. 292.

“ My puissant leige is in the very *May-morn* of his youth.”

LANGTON.

So in Sidney's *Asprophil and Stella*, Stanza 21.

“ *If now the May of my years much decline.*”

So

And that, which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,  
Curfes, not loud, but deep, mouth honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton !——

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure ?

*Macb.* What news more ?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be  
hack'd.——

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, ⁊ skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear.——Give me mine ar-  
mour.——

How does your patient, doctor ?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

——“ you met me

“ With equal ardour in your *May of blood.*”

Again, in *The Guardian* of Massinger,

“ I am in the *May* of my abilities,

“ And you in your *December.*” STEEVENS.

⁊ —— skirr *the country round* ; ]

To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. The word  
is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Martial Maid*,

“ Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted, *skirr'd*

“ A horse troop, through and through, &c.”

Again in *Henry V.*

“ And make them *skir* away, as swift as stones

“ Enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings.” STEEVENS.

*Macb.* Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleans<sup>e</sup> the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—  
—Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—  
Come, sir, dispatch :—If thou could'st, doctor,  
<sup>9</sup> cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of  
them ?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
<sup>9</sup>Till Birnam-forest come to Dunsinane.

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,]*

Is the reading of the old copy ; but for the sake of the ear, which  
must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I would be  
willing to read, *foul*, were there any authority for the change.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— cast

*The water of my land,——]*

*To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders  
by the inspection of urine. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son, Menieth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Sey.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Sey.* We learn no other, <sup>1</sup> but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:

<sup>2</sup> For where there is advantage to be given,

Both

<sup>1</sup> ——— *but the CONFIDENT tyrant]*

We must surely read,

———— *the CONFIN'D tyrant.* WARBURTON.

He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly,  
but endure their *setting down* before his castle. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt;]

The impropriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead  
of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word  
*given* in the next line, incline me to read,

———— *where there is a 'vantage to be gone,*  
*Both more and less have given him the revolt.*

*Advantage* or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakespeare, signified *opportunity*. He shut up himself and his soldiers, (says Malcolm) in the  
castle.



Both more and less have given him the revolt ;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious foldierſhip.

*Sey.* The time approaches,  
That will with due deciſion make us know  
<sup>3</sup> What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate ;  
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt <sup>4</sup> arbitrate :  
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums  
and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls ;  
The cry is ſtill, *They come* :—Our caſtle's ſtrength  
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn.—Here let them lie,  
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :  
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe ?  
[*A cry within, of women.*]

*caſtle, becauſe when there is an opportunity to be gone they all deſert  
him.*

*More and leſs* is the ſame with *greater and leſs*. So in the inter-  
polated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India  
the More and the Leſs*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.*]

i. e. *property and allegiance.* WARBURTON.

*What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.*]

When we are governed by legal kings we ſhall know the limits of  
their claim, and ſhall know what we have of our own, and what  
they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup>—*arbitrate* is *determine*. JOHNSON.

*Sey.*

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears :  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night shriek ; and my <sup>5</sup> fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,  
As life were in't. <sup>6</sup> I have sapt full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* <sup>7</sup> She should have dy'd hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-

<sup>5</sup> ————— fell of hair]

My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *skin*. JOHNSON:

<sup>6</sup> ——— I have sapt full with horrors ;]

The Oxford editor alters this to,

————— *surfeited with horrors ;*

and so, for the sake of a politer phrase, has made the speaker talk absurdly. For the thing we surfeit of, we behold with uneasiness and abhorrence. But the speaker says, the things he *sapt full of*, were grown familiar to him, and he viewed them without emotion. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *She should have dy'd hereafter ;*

*There would have been a time for such a word.—]*

This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what word there would have been a time, and that there would or would not be a time for any word seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore,

*She should have dy'd hereafter.*

*There would have been a time for—such a word !—*

*To-morrow, &c.*

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus : *The queen is dead. Macbeth. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour ; had she liv'd longer, there would at length have been a time for the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the world—such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: It is a tale,  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing:

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue;—Thy story quickly.  
*Mes.* My gracious lord,

*our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*, and so fall into the following reflection. We say we send *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To the last syllable of recorded time;]*

*Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of futurity is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience, in which future events may be supposed to be written. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The way to DUSTY death.——]*

We should read *DUSKY*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. The Oxford editor has condescended to approve of it.

WARBURTON.

*Dusty* is a very natural epithet. The second folio has,

*The way to study death.——*

which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an error by an accidental transposition of the types. JOHNSON.

*The dust of death* is an expression used in the Psalms.

STEEVENS.

I should

I should report that which, I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say it, sir.

*Mef.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

*Mef.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
'Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not, if thou dost for me as much.—  
—<sup>2</sup> I pull in resolution, and begin

To

'Till famine cling thee :———— ]

To *cling*, is to *consume*, to waste away. Ben. Jonson uses the word *clem* in the same sense: *Poetaster*, act i. sc. 2. "I cannot eat stones and turfs; say, what will he *clem* me and my followers? ask him an he will *clem* me?" To be *clem'd* is a Staffordshire expression, which means, *to be starved*: and there is likewise a Cheshire proverb, "You been like Smithwick, either *clem'd* or bursten." In Moreton's *Antonio and Mellida*,

"Now lion's half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food."

In *Every Man out of his Humour*, Shift says, "Hard is the choice, when the valliant must eat their arms, or *clem*."

To *cling*, may, however, mean to *gripe*, to *compress*.

So in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607,

———— "slide from the mother

"And *cling* the daughter." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equi-vocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth :———— ]

Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance or propriety, it is surely better to read,

I pall in resolution,————

*I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me.* It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pall* might be changed in-



To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood*  
*Do come to Dunfinane*;—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun;  
And wish, the estate o'the world were now un-  
done.—

Ring the alarum bell.—Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least, we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,*  
*and their Army with Boughs.*

*Mal.* Now, near enough:—Your leavy screens  
throw down,  
And shew like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Sey.* Fare you well:—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

to *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful  
printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath  
concur. JOHNSON.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakespeare, who made  
*Trinculo*, in the *Tempest*, say,

*I will let loose my opinion.*

might have written,

*I pull in my resolution.*

He had permitted his courage (like a horse) to carry him to the  
brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to check  
the confidence to which he had given the rein before. STEEVENS.

*Macd.*

*Macd.* Make all your trumpets speak; give them  
all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Seyward.*

*Yo. Sey.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Sey.* No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name,  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Sey.* The devil himself could not pronounce a  
title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Sey.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my  
sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Seyward's slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman,—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy  
face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I can-

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth;  
 Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
 I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be:—  
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and  
 More I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

*Enter Malcolm and Seyward.*

*Sey.* This way, my lord:—The castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
 The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;  
 The day almost itself professes yours,  
 And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes,  
 That strike beside us.

*Sey.* Enter, sir, the castle. [Exit. Alarum:

*Re-enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
 Do better upon them.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
 But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd  
 With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words;  
 My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain,  
 Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

*Macb.* Thou losest labour:

As

As easy may'st thou the <sup>3</sup> intrenchant air  
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
<sup>4</sup> I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,  
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
 That <sup>5</sup> palter with us in a double sense ;  
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
 And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
 And live to be the shew, and gaze o'the time.  
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
 Painted upon a pole ; and under-writ,

<sup>3</sup> *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air]*

That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

*As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air*

*With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :]*

So Milton, P. L. B. 6.

“ Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

“ Receive, no more than can the fluid air.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I bear a charmed life,——]*

In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath, that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, act v.

“ —— I in my own woe *charmed*

“ Could not find death.” UPTON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *palter with us in a double sense ;]*

That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.



*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam-wood be come to Dunfinane,  
And thou, oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him, that first cries, *Hold, enough.*  
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

<sup>6</sup> *Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.*

*Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,  
Malcolm, Old Seyward, Ross, Thanos, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

*Sey.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Ross* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

*Sey.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause  
of sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Sey.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

<sup>6</sup> *Re-enter*] This stage-direction is taken from the folio, and proves, that the players were not even skilful enough to prevent impropriety in those circumstances, which fell immediately under their own care. Macbeth is here killed on the stage, and a moment after Macduff enters, as from another place, with his head on a spear. STEEVENS.

*Sey.*

Sey. Why then, God's soldier be he!

<sup>7</sup> Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.  
And, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where  
stands

The usurper's curf'd head. The time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with <sup>8</sup> thy kingdom's pearls,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

<sup>7</sup> *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.*

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our authour probably copied it.

When Seyward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *thy kingdom's pearls,*]

Whether this is a metaphorical expression, or only a blunder of the press, I cannot determine. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration, which has been continued by succeeding editors who read *peers*. The following passage from Ben. Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Alborpe*, may countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke and earls,  
"Countesses, ye courtly pearls, &c." STEEVENS.

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
 Before we reckon with your several loves,  
 And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinf-  
 men,

Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
 Which would be planted newly with the time,  
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
 Producing forth the cruel ministers  
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
 Took off her life : This, and what needful else  
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

IT may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length in the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakespeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

*MACBETH* was certainly one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus* : "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regiâ profapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum ; hunc Regem non futurum, sed Regis geniturum multos. Vaticinii varitatem rerum eventus comprobavit Banchonis enim è stirpe Potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29. FARMER.

THIS play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action ; but it has no nice discriminations of character, the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described ; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakespear's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested ; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

















Not treated 13 July 1988





