

i



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS

THE
P L A Y S
O F
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IV.

8266 11

T H E

P L A Y S

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

VOLUME the FOURTH

CONTAINING

THE TALENTED MANKIND
THE WELLS THAT ENDS WELL
TWO NIGHTS
WINTERS TALE
MACBETH

L O N D O N

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Sturton, J. P. and C. Kingston,
J. Blount, J. B. W. Owen, T. Cadogan, R. Johnson, S. Crowder,
R. Water, J. Hoagman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett,
J. Cressel, H. E. Garsden, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Bessell,
W. Smith, J. Toward, J. Ranson, T. P. and E. Beckst,
J. Bland, G. Knapton, R. Hudson, J. Williams, J. Ridley,
T. Bland, W. Davis, W. Fox, and J. Mearns

MDCCLXXVII

T H E
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
WINTER'S TALE.
MACBETH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington,
J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder,
B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett,
T. Cadell, H. L. Gardener, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Beecroft,
W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, T. Becket,
F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Williams, J. Ridley,
T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray,

MDCCLXXVIII.

30321

THE

P L A Y S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE FOURTH

CONTAINING

THE WIND THAT ENDS WITH
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
THE TALENTED MR. REEVES
REAR-RIDER

LONDON

Printed by C. Bayly, at the Theatre-Royal, in Pall-mall.
1733

MDCCXXXIII

30331

822-33

Sk2J-1

V.4

PK

2752

J63
1778
V.4

Restricted
Use

A L L ' s W E L L

T H A T

E N D S . W E L L .

VOL. IV.

B

Persons

Persons Represented¹.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.

Lafeu, an old Lord.

Parolles², 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,

Clown,

} *Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.*

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.

Violenta³,

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

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

SCENE *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

¹ The persons were first enumerated by *Rowe*.

² *Parolles*.] I suppose we should write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. **STEEVENS**.

³ *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. **STEEVENS**.

ALL'S WELL that ENDS WELL⁴.

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

The Countess of Roussillon's house in France.

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

Count. ⁵ In 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

* 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*, 4to, 1566, p. 88. 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.

⁵ *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 *dissever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which *delivering* does not. WARBURTON.

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 *dissevers* her son from her, she only *delivers* him. JOHNSON.

command, to whom I am now ⁶ 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; ⁷ whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack 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. ⁸ This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was

⁶ —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.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakespeare with a reason why the king compelled Rouffillon to marry Helen.

TOLLET.

—in ward, —] The prerogative of *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁷ —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.

⁸ 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

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 mourn-

using the word *had*, 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 presage '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 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 passes*, so we now say, a *passage* of an author, 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* passes through her mind.

JOHNSON.

Thus Shakespeare himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, act III. sc. i:

“ 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 passes between you.

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ — never lov'd these prying listening men

“ That ask of other's states and *passages*.”

Again:

“ I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore.”

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ ————— have beheld

“ Your vile and most lascivious *passages*.”

Again, in the *English Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: “ —two philosophers that jeer and weep at the *passages* of the world.”

STEEVENS.

ingly: 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 dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for⁹ where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors

too;

⁹ — *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

THAT ENDS WELL.

too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves 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 '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. 'If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber.

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.

Virtue, and *virtuous*, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this sense perhaps an instance occurs in the eighth book of Chapman's *Version of the Iliad*:

“Then will I to Olympus' top our *vertuous* engine bind,

“And by it every thing shall hang, &c.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1. 1590:

“If these had made one poem's period,

“And all combin'd in beauties worthynesse,

“Yet should there hover in their restless heads

“One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,

“Which into words no *vertue* can digest.” STEEVENS.

¹ —all livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

² *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 Lafeu: Yes, replies the

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,
 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,
 ' 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 blefs him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*

Ber. [*To Helena.*] ⁴The best wishes, that can be forg'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 Lafeu.*

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 explanation. *Lafeu* 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.

³ *That thee may furnish,* —] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The best wishes, &c.*] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

Hel.

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
 5 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:
 6 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though 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 7 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,

5 — *these great tears* —] The tears which the king and countess shed for him. JOHNSON.

6 *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.

Milton, b. x;

“ — from his radiant seat he rose

“ Of high collateral glory.” STEEVENS.

7 — *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 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.

Trick, however, may mean *peculiarity*, STEEVENS.

Think

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
 Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
 * 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 ' stain of soldier in you ;
 let me ask you a question : Man is enemy to vir-
 ginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though va-
 liant, 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

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

° And you monarch.] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to
Monarcho, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shake-
 speare. Concerning this person, see the notes on *Love's Labour*
Lost, act IV. sc. i. STEEVENS.

' — stain of soldier —] Stain for colour. Parolles was in red,
 as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humblē-bee*.

WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that Parolles
 was entirely drest in red. Shakespeare writes only *some stain of sol-
 dier*, meaning in one sense, that he had *red breeches on*, (which is
 sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tailed humblē-
 bee*,) and in another, that he was *a disgrace to soldiery*. Stain is
 used in an adverse sense by Shakespeare, in *Troilus and Cressida* :
 “ — nor any man an attaint, but he carries *some stain* of it.”

STEEVENS.

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

blowers

blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicker 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. ² 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, 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. ³ He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and

² *Loss of virginity is rational increase;—*] I believe we should read, *rational*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increase may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

³ *He, that hangs himself, is a virgin:*] But why is he that hangs himself a virgin? Surely, not for the reason that follows; *Virginity murders itself*. For though 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, *virginity 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.

fo dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin⁴ in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuse but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself two⁵, 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: ⁶ 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. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unfuitable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which⁷ wear not now: Your date⁸ is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity,

⁴ — inhibited sin —] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*;

“ — — — a practiser

“ Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.”

So the first folio. Theobald reads *prohibited*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — within ten years it will make itself two, which is goodly increase; —] I think we should either read: — within ten years it will make itself ten; or, — within two years it will make itself two. Instead of two, Mr. Tollet would read twelve. STEEVENS.

⁶ — Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.] Parolles, in answer to the question, how one shall lose virginity to her own liking? plays upon the word liking, and says, she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity. JOHNSON.

⁷ — 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.” TYRWHITT.

⁸ — Your date is better —] Here is a quibble on the word date, which means both age, and a kind of candied fruit much used in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

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

The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: “ — and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.”

STEEVENS.

'tis 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, 'yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. ' Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

• For *yet*, as it stood before, sir Thomas Hanmer reads *yes*.

JOHNSON.

' *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 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. Were I to propose any change, I would read *should* instead of *shall*. It does not however appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. 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."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, act III. sc. i:

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

TYRWHITT.

² A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 A counsellor, a ³ 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 ⁴,
 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——

² *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 Helen'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 *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of *Bedlam*. WARBURTON.

³ ——*a traitress*,——] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Laseu introduces Helena to the king, he says, *You are like a traitor, but such traitors his majesty does not much fear*. JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitress* (spoken seriously) was in any age a *term of endearment*. From the present passage, we might as well suppose *enemy* (in the last line but one) to be a *term of endearment*. In the other passage quoted, Laseu is plainly speaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, a *traitress*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helen* is, that she shall prove *every thing* to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——*christendoms*,] This word, which signifies the collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on this occasion.

STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

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,
5 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, 6 is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par.

⁵ *And shew what we alone must think;—*] *And shew* by realities what we now *must only think.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *—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 taken

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

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. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's *Fawne*, 1606: "—I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk for the *goodness of his wing*, &c." Or it may be taken from dress: So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a *wing*, such a sleeve, &c." Mr. Tollet observes, that a *good wing* signifies a *strong wing* in lord Bacon's *Natural History*, experiment 886: "Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." There is, however, such a verb as *ming*. It is used by Tho. Drant, in his *Translation of one of the Epistles of Horace*:

"He beares the bell in all respects who good with sweete doth *minge*."

Again, *ibid*:

"She carves it fyne, and *mings* it thicke, &c."

And again, by sir A. Gorges, in his *Translation of Lucan*, 1614:

"——— which never *mings*

"With other stream, &c."

and often by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *K. Henry V.* in which we meet with a similar expression: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the *like wing*." MALONE.

thy

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.

⁷ What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

⁸ The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kifs like native things.

⁷ *What power is it, which 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.

⁸ *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 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
What 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.

Shakespeare uses one of these contested phrases in a different sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ And fell the mighty space of our large honours

“ For so much trash as might be grasped thus.”

I have offered this instance for the use of any succeeding commentator who can apply it to the passage before us. Part of the same thought is less ambiguously express'd in *Timon*:

“ That folder'it close impossibilities,

“ And mak't them kifs. — STEEVENS.

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.

The court of France.

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

King. The Florentines and ⁹ 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.

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

⁹ — *Senois* —] The *Sanesi*, as they are term'd by *Boccaccio*.
Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the
 people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The
 Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

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 Rouffillon¹, 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
Disciplin'd 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
² He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-

¹ — Rouffillon, —] The old copy reads *Rouffignoll*.

STEEVENS;

² *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 make it pass for desert. The Oxford editor, not understanding this, alters the line to

Ere they can wye 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.

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.

³ 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,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,

⁴ His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him

A passage in the second act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, may serve to shew, that Hanmer's change is needless:

“ ——— *hiding* mine honour in my necessity.” STEEVENS.

³ *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.

⁴ *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.

His is put for *its*; so, in *Othello*:

“ ——— her motion

“ Blush'd at *herself*,” — instead of *itself*. STEEVENS.

5 He us'd as creatures of another place ;
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
 6 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, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
 7 So in approval lives not his epitaph,
 As in your royal speech.

King.

5 *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.

6 *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.

7 *So in approval lives not his epitaph,
 As in your royal speech.*]

Epitaph for character. WARBURTON.

I should wish to read :

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

Approval 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 approval lives not in epitaph.

Approval certainly means *approbation*. So, in *Cinthia's Revenge*,
 1613 :

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
 * *Mere 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.

2 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,

“ A man so absolute in my *approval*,
 “ That nature hath reserv'd small dignity
 “ That he enjoys not.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Either of condemnation or *approval*.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this: *His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.* TOLLET.

—*whose judgments are*

Mere fathers of their garments; —]

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

I have a suspicion that Shakespeare wrote—*meer feathers of their garments*; i. e. whose judgments are meerly *parts* (and insignificant parts) of their dress, worn and laid aside, as *feathers* are, from the meer love of novelty and change. He goes on to say, that they are even less constant in their judgments than in their dress:

— — — — — *their constancies*

Expire before their fashions. TYRWHITT.

Since

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
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 Clown⁹.

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

⁹ — [*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.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, seems to have been particularly censured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

“ *Shakespeare* to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
“ I' th' *lady's* questions, and *fool's* replies;
“ Old fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
“ In trunk hose, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*.”

In the MS. register of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to king James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: “ Tom Derry, his majesty's *fool*, at 2 s. per diem, —1615. Paid John Mawe, for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty's *jester*, for 13 weeks, 10 l. 18 s. 6 d. —1616.

STEEVENS.

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to ¹ 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 ² lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

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; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may

¹ ——— to even your content, ———] To act up to your desires.

JOHNSON.

² ——— 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. Though you be fool enough 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 critic 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.

have

have your ladyship's good will to go to the world³,
 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 bless-
 ing 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?

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 friends⁴;
 for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a

³ — to go to the world, —] This phrase has already occurred
 in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies *to be married*: and thus,
 in *As you like It*, Audrey says: “—it is no dishonest desire, to
 desire to be a woman of the world.” STEEVENS.

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

You are shallow, madam; my great friends;—

TYRWHITT.

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

weary of. He, that ears my land ⁵, 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 cherishes 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, howsoe'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. ⁶ A prophet, I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;*

⁵ ——— *that ears my land,* ———] To ear is to plough. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

“ Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound

“ With keels of every kind.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *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 *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 *bēnet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, 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 sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservéz, &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.

Next way, is *nearest way*. So, in *K. Hen. IV. Part I*:

“ 'Tis the *next way* to turn taylor, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind⁷.*

Count. Get you gone, fir; 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.⁸ *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond⁹,
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood¹,
And gave this sentence then;*

⁷ ——— *sings by kind.*] I find something like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

“Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
“As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde.”
STEEVENS.

⁸ *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. WARBURTON.

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

⁹ ——— *fond done*, is foolishly done. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*———

“Jailor, why art thou so fond
“To let this man abroad.” STEEVENS.

¹ *With that she sighed as she stood,]*

At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italic characters the word *bis*, denoting, I suppose, the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was twice printed, as it is here inserted, from the ancient and only authentic copy. STEEVENS.

*Among nine bad if one be good,
 2 Among nine bad if one be good,
 There's yet one good in ten.*

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 star³, or at an earthquake, 'twould 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. ⁴ That man should be at a woman's command, and

*2 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.

³ ———but every blazing star, —] The old copy reads——but ore every blazing star. STEEVENS.

⁴ *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

and yet no hurt done!—Though 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.

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

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.

I cannot help thinking that we should read——Though honesty be a puritan. TYRWHITT.

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.

Again, 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.

son: ⁵ 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 surpris'd 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 my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

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 ⁶, these are ours; this thorn

⁵ — *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 slip't 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 surpris'd 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.

⁶ *If we are nature's, —*] The old copy reads: *If ever we are nature's.* STEEVENS.

Doth

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 impress'd in youth :

⁷ By our remembrances of days foregone,

⁸ 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 :

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 ;

⁷ *By our remembrances* —] That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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.

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

(Só that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
 Indeed, my mother !—⁹ or were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister : ' Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

⁹ — 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 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't be no other
 Way I your daughter, but he must be my brother ?* JOHNSON.

“ Were you both our mothers,
 “ *I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 “ So I were not his sister.*”

There is a designed ambiguity : *I care no more for, is, I care as much for.*—I wish it equally. FARMER.

¹ *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.

Count

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 : ² Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
³ Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
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 behaviours,
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 !

² ————— Now I see
The mystery of your loveliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. —————]

The mystery of her *loveliness* 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 *lowliness*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To chuse solitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

³ *Your salt tears' head.*] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON.

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 ⁴ captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still ⁵ : 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 chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian

⁴ — captious and intenable sieve,] The word *captious* I never found in this sense ; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *ca-rious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copyers than used by the author. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*intemible sieve*. STEEVENS.

⁵ And lack not to lose still:—]

Perhaps we should read :

And lack not to love still. TYRWHITT.

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 ⁶ 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.

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,

⁶ —notes, whose faculties inclusive—] Receipts in which
 greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

Embowell'd of their doctrine⁷, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. ⁸ 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 believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

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 attempt⁹:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt*,

⁷ *Embowell'd of their doctrine*,—] i. e. exhausted of their skill.
So, in the old spurious play of *K. John*:

“ Back warmen, back; *embowel* not the clime.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *There's something in't*

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.

⁹ —— into *thy attempt*:] So the old copy. We might better
read——unto *thy attempt*. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

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

Flourish cornets.

King. ¹ Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, ² farewel :—

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

¹ In all the latter copies these lines stood thus ;

*Farewel, young lords ; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, farewel ;
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, farewel ;
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.

² — and you, my lords, farewel :—]

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, farewel ;”

what follows, shews this correction to be necessary :

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

TYRWHITT.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, fir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, 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 does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: 3 let higher Italy

(Those

3 ————— let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) 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 donation 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 *inherit 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 volunteers were going. As if he had 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 Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Those bastards 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

(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.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your ma-
jesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: † 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 be-
hind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *bigger* 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 ancient 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 *deject*, 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 *Merchant 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.

† —— *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.

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. ⁶ I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd
 body.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
 Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—
⁵ 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 en-
 trench'd it : say to him, I live ; and observe his re-
 ports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

⁵ *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.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* act II. sc. iii :

“ ——— it is a sufferance, panging

“ As soul and body's severing.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *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
 surprising, 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.

Par.

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 they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though 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.

⁷ — 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 mistresses'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.

Perhaps we should read——*master* true gait. To *master* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in the *First Part of K. Hen. IV.*:

“As if he *master'd* there a double spirit

“Of teaching and of learning”——

Again, in *K. Hen. V.*:

“Between the promise of his greener days,

“And those he *masters* now.”

In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600, and 1608, read *musters*. STEEVENS.

Laf.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has bought his pardon^s. 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, ⁹ acrofs:—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? 'yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: ² I have seen a medecin,
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 araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

^s —that has bought his pardon.] The old copy reads—brought.
STEEVENS.

⁹ —acrofs:—] This word, as has been already observed, is
used when any pass of wit miscarries. JOHNSON.

¹ 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.

² ————— I have seen a medecin,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary]

Mr. Rich. Broom, in his comedy, intituled, *The City Wit, or the
Woman wears the Breeches*, act IV. sc. i. mentions this among other
dances: "As for corantoes, levoltos, jigs, measures, pavins,
brawls, galliards or canaries; I speak it not swellingly, but I sub-
scribe to no man." Dr. GRAY.

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, ³ her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness ⁴ : 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
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle ⁵,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does 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 praises toward him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

³ — her years, profession,] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

⁴ Than I dare blame my weakness :] This is one of Shakespeare's perplexed expressions. To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness ; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

⁵ — Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

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 ⁶,
 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 ⁷
 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 answer nature
 From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
 To prostitute our past-cure malady
 To empericks ; or to dissever so
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

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 ;

⁶ — a triple eye,] i. e. a third eye." STEEVENS,

⁷ — 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.

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^s.
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 :
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
° 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.

^s *When miracles have by the 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 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 the greatest been deny'd.

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

[°] *Myself against the level of mine aim ;]*

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

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.

King.

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

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace¹,
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 shame²,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Scar'd

¹ *The greatest grace lending grace,]*

I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

² *————— a divulged shame,*

*Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Scar'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. What dar'st thou venture?

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

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

King. ³ Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak ;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak :

And

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 worfe of worft 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.

The old copy reads not *sear'd*, but *scar'd*. The impression in my book is very faint, but that, I think, is the word. — In the same line it reads not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *the*. I would wish to read and point the passage thus :

————— *a divulged shame* —————

Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden's name ; ———

Scar'd otherwise ; the worst of worst, extended

With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

i. e. Let my maiden reputation become the subject of ballads — let it be otherwise *mangled* — and (what is *the worst of worst*, the consummation of misery) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption.

MALONE.

³ *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak*

His powerful sound, within an organ weak :]

To *speak 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 *speak a sound* therefore is improper, though to *utter a sound* is not ; because the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate

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 ⁴;
⁵ Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and ⁶ prime, can happy call:
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 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;

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:

Metinks, 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.

This, in my opinion, is a very just and happy explanation.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *in thee hath estimate*:] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by them. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all*]

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

⁶ — *prime*, —] Youth; the spring or morning of life.

JOHNSON.

Should not we read — *pride*? Dr. Johnson explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? “You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and *youth* can happy call.” — *Happiness and pride*, may signify, I think, *the pride of happiness*; the proudest state of happiness. So, in the *Second Part of Henry IV.* act III. sc. i: *the voice and echo*, is put for *the voice of echo*, or, *the echoing voice*. TYRWHITT.

And

And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. ⁷ 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 thy state ⁸ :
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 :
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 ;
Though, 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.*

⁷ *King.* *Make thy demand.*

Hel. *But will you make it even ?*

King. *Ay, by my 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.

⁸ *With any branch or image of thy state ;]* Shakespear unquestionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe* a grass, or slip, or sucker : by which she means one of the sons of France. 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.

S C E N E II.

*Rouffillon.**Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir; 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 buttocks⁹; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

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-finger¹, as a pancake for Shrove-

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

¹ *—Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,—]* Tom is the man, and by Tib we are to understand *Tabitha* the woman, and therefore, more properly we might read—*Tom's rush for, &c.* The allusion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Brevall, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage: but in England,

Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his holt, 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.

land, it was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his *Constitutions*, anni 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.

But notwithstanding this censure on it, the practice was not abolished; for it is alluded to in a song in a play written by sir William Davenant, called *The Rivals*:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,

"And I'll marry thee with a *rush ring*."

Which song, by the way, was first sung by Miss Davis; she acted the part of Celania in the play; and king Charles II. upon hearing it, was so pleased with her voice and action, that he took her from the stage, and made her his mistress.

Again, in the song called the *Winchester Wedding*, in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. page 276:

"Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,

"And blithe as a bird in the spring;

"And Tominy was so to Katy,

"And wedded her with a *rush ring*."

SIR J. HAWKINS.

—*Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger*, —] In humorous opposition to the regular form of matrimony, this may have been the exact ceremonial of an unlawful espousal. I conceive the *fore-finger* to mean the *thumb* in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. iv. as the *thumb* must be considered the *foremost*, where five fingers are said to appertain to a hand; which latter expression occurs in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, act II. sc. ii:

"—— a knot *five-finger* tied." TOLLET.

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. ² 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, fir, are you a courtier?

Clo. ³ O Lord, fir,—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, fir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

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

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

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

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, fir, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your O Lord, fir, is very frequent 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, fir: 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, fir,—Why, there't serves well again.

² *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.

³ *O Lord, fir,*—] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ You conceive me, fir?”—“ O Lord, fir.”

Cleaveland, in one of his songs, makes his *gentleman*,

“ Answer, O Lord, fir! and talk *play-book* oaths.”

FARMER.

Count.

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, Lafeu, 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 fear⁴.

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,——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus⁵.

Laf.

⁴ — unknown fear.] *Fear* is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

⁵ 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*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows⁶,—

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 shewing⁷, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?——

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor⁸.

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

Laf. ⁹ Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il est bon Galeniste, & tres bon Paracelsiste. 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 Lafew. I read this passage thus:

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

Par. So I say.

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

Par. Right, so I say. JOHNSON.

⁶ —— authentic fellows,——] The phrase of the diploma is, *authenticè licentiatus.* MUSGRAVE.

⁷ *Par.* It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, &c.] We should read, I think: "It is, indeed, if you will have it a shewing—you shall read it in what do you call there"—— TYRWHITT.

⁸ *A shewing of a heavenly effect, &c.]* The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:—]* By *dolphin*, is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit¹, 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 us² 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 say well: Here comes the king.

¹ — facinorous spirit, —] This word is used in Heywood's *Englisb Traveller*, 1633:

“ And magnified for high facinorous deeds.”

Facinorous is wicked. The old copy spells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not designed for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common spelling. STEEVENS.

² — 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 asteriks 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.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakespeare were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEVENS.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says³: 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 several 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 one⁴!

Laf. I'd give bay curtal⁵, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken⁶ than these boys', And writ as little beard.

³ Lustick, as the Dutchman says:—] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, chearful, pleasant. It is used in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisibile Comedy*, 1618:

———— can walk a mile or two

“As *lustique* as a boor”——

Again, in the *Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

“What all *lustick*, all frolicksome!” STEEVENS.

⁴ —marry, to each but one!] I cannot understand this passage in any other sense, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in consequence of Helena's wish of *one* fair and virtuous mistress to each of the lords. If that be so, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. TYRWHITT.

⁵ —bay curtal—] i. e. a bay, dock'd horse. STEEVENS.

⁶ My mouth no more were broken—]

A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

JOHNSON.

King. Peruse them well :

Not one of those, but had a noble father.

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 :

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd ;

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever⁷,

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 imperial⁸ love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

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

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace⁹ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies :

⁷ *Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,]*

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

⁸ The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *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.

* *— all the rest is mute.]* i. e. I have no more to say to you. So Hamlet: “ *—the rest is silence.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *— ames-ace —]* i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. So, in the *Ordinary*, by Cartwright: “ *—may I at my last stake, &c. throw ames-ace thrice together.*” STEEVENS.

Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 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? An they were sons
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 them.

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. ² There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father
drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an afs, 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 guiding power. This is the man.

[To Bertram.

¹/*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.

² *There's one grape yet,*—] This speech the three last editors
have perplexed themselves by dividing between Lafeu and Parol-
les, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense.
I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no ex-
planation necessary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently misunder-
stood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was re-
fused, 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 afs. JOHNSON.

King.

THAT ENDS WELL: 59

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?

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 dislike'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
³ 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: ⁴ good alone

Is

³ *From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,]*
This easy correction (*when*) was prescribed by Dr. Thirlby.
THEOBALD.

⁴ ————— *good alone*
Is good without a name. Vilence's is so:]
The text is here corrupted into nonsense. We should read:
————— *good alone*

Is good; and, with a name, vilence's is so.
⁴, e good is good, though there be no addition of title; and
vilence's

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;
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And

vileness is vileness, though there be. The Oxford editor, understanding nothing of this, strikes out *vileness*, and puts in its place, *in itself*. 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 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 it is so. *Vileness* does not always mean, *moral turpitude*, but *humility of situation*; and, in this sense it is used by Drayton.

Shakespeare, however, might have meant that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itself) *without a name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good*. *Vileness is so*, (i. e. is itself.) Either of them is what its name implies:

The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title.

“ Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 “ 'Tis not the devil's crest.” *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

5 ——— *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, though *wisdom* and *beauty* may breed
honour

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.

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 objected 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.

King.

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. ⁶ My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
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 travails 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 ⁷, and the careless lapse

Of

⁶ *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.

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent “Which danger to defeat.”—there had been no need of his wit or his alteration. FARMER.

Notwithstanding Mr. Theobald's pert censure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I should be glad to see it restored again, as I am persuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarass*, as well as *to destroy*. *Defaire un noeud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the stake, which to undo. I must produce my power.*

TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Into the staggers, —*] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horses' apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself

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 ennobled,
 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 to 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
 Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief^s,
 And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,

himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this
 the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Post-
 humus says:

“ Whence come these *flagers* on me?” STEEVENS.

— whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the new-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 new-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 de-
 layed. JOHNSON.

Expecting

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafeu* 9.]

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 Rouffillon?

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.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries¹, 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 up²; and that thou art scarce worth.

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

⁹ The old copy has this singular stage direction: *Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* STEEVENS.

¹ —— for two ordinaries, ——] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

² —— taking up; ——] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON.

Laf.

THAT ENDS WELL. 65

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, for 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 default³, he is a man I know.

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

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 leave⁴.

[*Exit.*

Par.

³ —in the default,—] That is, at a need. JOHNSON.

⁴ —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 chasm 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.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me^s; 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 marry'd, 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 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.

Doing is here used obscenely. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ *Bawd.* Well, what has he done?”

“ *Clown.* A woman.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's translation of a passage in an *Epigram of Petronius*:

“ ——— *Brevis est, &c. et fœda voluptas.*

“ *Doing*, a filthy pleasure is, and short.”

Again, in *The Fox*:

“ Do I not know if women have a will,

“ They'll do, 'gainst all the watches in the world?”

COLLINS.

^s *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 poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WARBURTON.

Par.

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 ⁶ 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. Although 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,
 7 That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
 Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

⁶ In former copies:

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

⁷ That hugs his kicksy-wicksy &c.]

Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes that *kicksy-wicksy* 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 *kicksy-winksy*, or a *Lerry come-twang*. DR. GRAY.

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^s, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio 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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Helena and Clown.

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

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health :

^s *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.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more solemnly express'd :

“ ——— he's as tedious

“ As is a tired horse, a railing wife,

“ Worse than a *snoaky house*.”

The old copy reads — *detected wife.* STEEVENS.

she's

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, fir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have 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, fir, before a knave, thou art a knave ; that is, before me thou art a knave : this had been truth, fir.

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, ⁹ 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 ¹,

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.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, firrah. [Exit Parolles.

[To the Clown.

[Exeunt.

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.

⁹ *Whose want, and whose delay, &c.]* The *sweets* with which
 this *want* are *strewed*, I suppose, are compliments and professions
 of kindness. JOHNSON.

¹ *—probable need.]* A specious appearance of necessity.

JOHNSON.

Laf.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting².

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, fir.

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

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, fir; he, fir, is 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. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

² —a bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "—but foresters think all birds to be buntings." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A gosshawk beats not at a bunting." STEEVENS.

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

Laf. ³ 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.—Farewell, 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

³ *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 introduc'd without a view to satire. It was a foolery practis'd 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*. I do not advance this without some authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

“ He may perhaps, in tail of a sheriff's dinner
 “ Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from New-nothing,
 “ And take his *Almaine leap* into a custard,
 “ Shall make my lady mayorefs, and her sisters,
 “ Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.”

Devil's an Ass, act I. sc. i. THEOBALD.

For

For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration 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 ⁴, than ask, why I entreat 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 ⁵;
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?

⁴ *And rather muse, &c.] To muse is to wonder. So, in Macbeth: "Do not muse at me my most noble friends."* STEEVENS.

⁵ *—the wealth I owe;] i. e. I own.* STEEVENS.

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. ⁶ 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.*]

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

The Duke's court in Florence.

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

Duke. So 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.

⁶ 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.

I Lord.

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

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 ⁷,
But like a common and an outward man ⁸,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion ⁹: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature ¹,
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.]

⁷ — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *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.

⁹ *By self-unable motion:—*] We should read *notion.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation had been recommended by Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *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 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.

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

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song².

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels 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?

Clo. 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 hear, 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,

² — *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

³ *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'st, all the griefs are 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,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,

³ *When thou can'st 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.

That

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 ⁴.

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. ⁵ 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!
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

⁴ — a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.]

That 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 fleshy bones
Look bleak in the cold wind —

But the Oxford editor reads:

Which 'hoves him not much to have. WARBURTON.

⁵ 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.

Those

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-piecing air⁶,
 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, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected: better 'twere,
 I met the ravin 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,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

⁶ — 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.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakespeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite sound. We should read, I believe:

— *rove* the still-piecing air.

i. e. *fly* at random through. The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim.

TYRWHITT.

That

THAT ENDS WELL. 81

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, &c.

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 extream edge of hazard⁷.

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.

⁷ *To the extream edge of hazard.*]

Milton has borrowed this expression Par. Reg. B, i:

“ You see our danger on the utmost edge

“ Of hazard.” STEEVENS.

Stew. I am ⁸ St. Jaques' pilgrim; thither gone;
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With fainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 My dearest master, your dear son may bye;
 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 ⁹ 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 ¹ 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

⁸ —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.

⁹ —Juno,—] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

¹ —lack advice so much,] 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,
 Though 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 our-
 selves 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. 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,² 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 lye at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

² —*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, though 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 palmers³ 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 Roussillon; 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.

³ — *palmers* —] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant." BLO.

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 not heard examined ⁴.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly ⁵: 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 ⁶ 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.

⁴ — examined.] That is, *question'd, doubted.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *A right good creature: wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: —————*
It has been already observed; that there is great reason to believe,
that when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber
trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and
another transcribing. Hence, when we wish to amend any cor-
rupted passage, we ought, I apprehend, to look for a word similar
in sound, rather than for one of a similar appearance to that
which we would correct.

The old copy exhibits this line thus:

I write *good creature wherefoe'er she is* —
I would correct:

A right *good creature* &c.

Mr. Rowe reads—*Ab!* right good creature! Others, *Ay* right;
—Good creature! MALONE.

Some change is necessary; and Mr. Malone's being the most
easy, I have inserted it in the text. STEEVENS.

⁶ — brokes —] Deals as a *broker.* JOHNSON.

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 gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond's that same knave⁷,

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 !

⁷ ——— *Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places ;—*

What *places*? Have they been talking of brothels ; or, indeed, 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.

The *places* are, apparently, where he

—*brokes with all, that can in such a suit*

Corrupt &c. STEEVENS.

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint 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.

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 infi-
nite 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.

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: ³ when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and
to

³ — *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 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 lozel, hath *Slug* infected 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

to what metal this 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.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand¹.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks forely 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.

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.

¹ —in any hand.] The usual phrase is — *at any hand*, but *in 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.

Par.

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 ² I will presently 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 ³ possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

² ——— *I will presently pen down my dilemma's* ———] By this word, Parolles 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.

Shakespeare might have found the word thus used in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

³ — *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.

Par.

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 ⁴ imbos'd him, you shall see

* —we have almost imbos'd him, —] To *imbos* a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

“ Like that self-begotten bird

“ In th' Arabian woods *embost*,

“ Which no second knows or third.” JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakespeare was unacquainted with this word in the sense which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboscare*, Ital. to enclose in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embos'd*. So, in the induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*: “ —the poor cur is *imbost*.” Again, in *Albumazar*:

“ —I am *embos'd*

“ With trotting all the streets.”

Again, in *Monfieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ A boar *embos'd* takes sanctuary in his shop,

“ And twenty dogs rush after.”

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

“ Hast thou been running for a wager, Swash?

“ Thou art horribly *embos'd*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. vii. c. 36:

“ For lo, afar my chafed heart *imbost* and almost spent.”

STEEVENS.

“ To

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^s 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 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,
* But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

“ To know when a stag is weary (as Markham's *Country Contentments* say) you shall see him *imboft*, that is, *foaming* and *slaver- ing* about the mouth with a thick white froth, &c.” TOLLET.

^s — ere we case him.] That is, before we strip him naked.

JOHNSON.

* But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.]

i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses;
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, ⁷ what to your sworn counsell 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 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,
⁸ 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.

⁷ ——— to your sworn counsell ———] To your private knowledge,
after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

⁸ Now his important blood will nought deny]
Important here, and elsewhere, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

So, Spenser in the *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. vi. st. 29:

“ And with *important* outrage him assailed.”

Important from the Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

Hel. You see it lawful then : It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
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 persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks 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,

° *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.

I believe the following is the true signification of the passage.—
Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act ; and neither of them sin : yet on his part it was a sinful fact, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

And

And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
 But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Part of the French camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner : When you sally 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, fir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us ¹ 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, in-

¹ ——— *some band of strangers in the adversaries entertainment.*]
 That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

terpreter,

terpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

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 smoke 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 the² instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of³ 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.*

² — the instance? —] The proof. JOHNSON.

³ — 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 as 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 the Divan.

STEEVENS.

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.*]

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. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, 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 Muskos' 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.——

Manka revania dulce.

Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;

And,

And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
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. *Acorda linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit with Parolles.*
[*A short alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the count Rouffillon, 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
lock'd. [*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. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. ⁴ 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.

⁴ *No more of 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 had 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 strive—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.

Against his vows, I believe, means *against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena* ; and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to her. STEEVENS.

Ber.

Ber. How have I sworn?

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 by,
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell
me,

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 ſimple 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. Then, pray you tell me,

If I ſhould ſwear, &c.

6 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*.

To

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.

I have replaced the old reading, being convinced that it is the true one, by the following passage in the REVISAL.

“The sense is, We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this; If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely, but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. By not comprehending the poet's scope and meaning, Dr. Warburton hath been reduced to the necessity of fathering upon him such strange English as this:

“*What is not holy, that we swear,*” to signify, *If we swear to an unholy purpose;* a sense those words will by no means bear.

“*Not 'bides,*” to signify, *The oath is dissolved in the making;* a meaning which can no more be deduced from the words than the former.

As to the remaining words, “*But take the High'st to witness,*” they so plainly and directly contradict Dr. Warburton's interpretation, that it was utterly impracticable for him to reconcile them to it, and therefore he hath very prudently passed them over without notice.” STEEVENS.

6 *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.

* ——— *this has no holding, &c.* 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

7 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.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs ⁸,
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.

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.

⁷ 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.

⁸ I see, that men make hopes in such affairs]

The four folio editions read :

— make rope's in such a scarre.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *scarre* in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631 :

“ I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye

“ Look'd never but ascance, through a small creeke,

“ Or little cranny of the fretted *scarre* :

“ There I have sometimes liv'd &c.”

Again : — “ Where is the villain's body ? —

“ Marry, even heaved over the *scarr*, and sent a swimming &c.”

Again : — “ Run up to the top of the dreadful *scarre*.”

Again : — “ I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*.”

Ray says, that a *scarre* is the cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of *Scarborough*. STEEVENS.

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, though 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,

When I am bury'd. ⁹ Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I 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.

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 Frenchmen 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*. So, in Greene's *Newer too Late*, 1616 :

“ Dian rose with all her maids,

“ Blushing thus at love his *braids*.”

Chaucer uses the word in the same sense ; but as the passage where it occurs in his *Troilus and Cressida*, is contested, it may be necessary to observe, that *Bred* is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying *fraus*, *astus*. Again, in Tho. Drant's *Translation of Horace's Epistles*, where its import is not very clear :

“ Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade*.”

In the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1336, *Braid* seems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to answer it in the Fr. except *tantost*. STEEVENS.

1 Lord.

1 *Lord*¹. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

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*. Merely 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 ends²; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, ³ in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be

¹ 1 *Lord*.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety *capt. 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 latter readers of Shakespeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

JOHNSON.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. MALONE.

² — till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; —] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

³ — 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.

trumpeters

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 anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment⁴, wherein so curiously he had 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 counsel.

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 Saint 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?

⁴ — *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.* 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.

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 conge'd 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 busines be of any difficulty, and this morning

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 between the fool and the soldier?—Come, ^sbring 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 setting iⁿ 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!—*Porto tartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

^s —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. WARBURTON.

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.

Par.

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint : if ye pinch me like a pafty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

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 ⁶.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this !

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord ; this is mon- sieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorique 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't⁷, in the nature he delivers it.

Par.

⁶ — *all's 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.

⁷ — *I con him no thanks for't,*——] i. e. I shall not thank him

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^s, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosino, 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 cassocks⁹, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber.

him in studied language. I meet with the same expression in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, &c.

——— "I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613:

"I *con* master Churms *thanks for this.*"

Again, in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*: "He would not trust you with it, I *con* him *thanks for it.*" To *con* *thanks* may, indeed, exactly answer the French *seavoir gré*. To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

⁹ —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.

Perhaps he meant to say —if I were to *die* this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries:

"Spare all I have, and take my *life.*" TOLLET.

⁹ —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*,

"Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's."

Nash,

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 *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 wars ; 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 botcher'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 ; though 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 lousy.

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." Again, 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 ?" In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again spoken of as part of a soldier's dress :

" Here sir, receive this military cassock, it has seen service."

" —— This military cassock has, I fear, some military hangbys." STEVENS.

1 *Lord.*

i 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 a 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. Our interpreter does it well.

i Lord. Excellently.

Inter. *i Dian.* *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; 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, sir, 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!

i 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.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.

The count's a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;
and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses.

STEEVENS.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;

After he scores, he never pays the score :

² *Half won, is match well made ; match, and well make it ;*

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before ;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

³ *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kifs :*

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.

² *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 ne'er 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 whole was probably uniform. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read :

Half won is match well made, match an' we'll make it.

i. e. if we mean to make a match of it at all. STEEVENS.

³ *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs :]*

All the editors have obruded a new maxim upon us here, that *boys are not to kifs.* — 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.

So,

Ber. He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, fir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, fir, 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, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see 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 his honesty?

So, in *Ane verie Excellent and Delectabill Treatise, intituled PHILOTUS, &c.* 1603:

“ But he na husband is to mee,
“ Then how could wee twa disagree
“ That never had na *melling*.”

“ Na *melling*, mistress? will you then
“ Deny the mariage of that man?”

Again, in the *Corpus Christi Play*, acted at Coventry. MSS. *Cott. Vesp.* VIII. p. 122:

“ A fayr yonge qwene herby doth dwelle,
“ Both frech and gay upon to loke,
“ And a tall man with her doth *melle*,
“ The way into hyr chawmer ryght evyn he toke.”

The argument of this piece is the *Woman taken in Adultery*.

STEEVENS.

The old copy reads:

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs.

I do not see any necessity for change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kifs*.—The advice of Parolles to Diana simply is, to grant her favours to *men* and not to *boys*.—He himself calls his letter, “ An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Roufillon, a foolish idle *boy*.” MALONE.

Par. He will steal, fir, ⁴ an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, 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, fir, 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, fir, 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 villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! ⁵ he's a cat still.

Inter.

* — 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 this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — he's a cat still.] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. JOHNSON.

Bertram has no such meaning. 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

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 Dumaïn?

2 *Lord.* '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 Rouillon.

which always lights on its legs, for Parolles 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.

I do not see any necessity for this explanation. The count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now, Parolles was as much the object of his aversion, as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes, that the singularity of his impudence and villany redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat still;"—he is as hateful as ever. In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

⁶ *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.

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 ⁷ 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 world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, 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. God 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 Roufillon? an 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 could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you

⁷ —to beguile the supposition—] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well.

might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, fir; 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 IV.

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^s my motive
 And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 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,—
 But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And

^s —my motive] *Motive* for assistant. WARBURTON.

⁹ *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night!*—]

i. e. makes the person guilty of intentional adultery. But trusting 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, though 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 *saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

¹ *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.

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
 † Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well, that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Roussillon.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Cloven.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

² *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.

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the word *revive*. 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.

To *vive* and *revive* were terms at several ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll *vive* and *revive* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12 d. upon this card, my card comes first." Again: "———so they *vive* and *revive* till some ten shillings be on the stake &c." Again: "This flesheth the Conic, and the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vive* and *revive* than he." Again: "So they *vive* and *revive*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conic gets five." Again, in the *Muses Elizium*, by Drayton:

"*Vive* and *revive*, like chapmen proffer'd,

"Would't be receiv'd what you have offer'd."

Perhaps however, *revives* is not the true reading. Shakespeare might have written —— *time reviles us*, i. e. reproaches us for wasting it. Yet, —— *time revives us* may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

"———I would *revive* the soldier's hearts,

"Because I found them ever as myself." STEEVENS,

snipt-taffata fellow there; ³ whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of

³ — *whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy 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 spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.* Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. 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?” —

And Jonson'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 doughy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *passe* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ I must have saffron to colour the warden pyes.”

WARBURTON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic 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 kind 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 colours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like.”

In

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 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.

In *The World tofs'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, 1620 the five starches are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority. Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610 :

“ What price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow ? ”

Again, in *Two Wise Men and all the rest Facts*, 1619 :

“ What's that about her neck ? a pancake, or a tansey ? ”

“ — 'Tis a band yellow starch'd : how cam't thou to think it to be a tansey ? — ”

“ — Because it looks so yellow. ”

Again ; “ — this saffroning was never used but in Ireland for body linen, to dissipate the company of creepers. ” Again, in the *Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636 :

“ — Garters, strings, and ruff :

“ Hast not a saffron shirt on too ? ”

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*, 1633 : “ — have taken an order to wear yellow garters, points, and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought yellow will grow a custom. ”

“ It has been long used at London. ”

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear shirts stained with saffron. 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.

Clo.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, fir, I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether doft thou profefs thyfelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, fir, at a woman's fervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diftinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his fervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his fervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her fervice^s.

Laf.

^s — *I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her fervice.* Part of the furniture of a fool, was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to fignify any thing of fmall value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in fhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint refemblance of it may be found in the frontifpiece of L. de Guernier to king Lear in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marfton's *Dutch Courtefan*, 1604:

“ — if a fool, we must bear his *bauble*.”

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1559: “ The fool will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London.” Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“ She is enamoured of the fool's *bauble*.”

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's *Law againft Lovers*:

“ And fence againft his dart with a fool's *bauble*.”

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's *The Man's the Master*, 1673:

“ Love! is that fool's *bauble* in fafhion ftill?”

In the *STULTIFERA NAVIS*, 1497, are feveral representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorclle's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: “ It had been better for you for to have found a fool's coat and a *bauble*.” Again, in Lyte's *Herbal*: “ In the hollownefs of the faid flower (the great blue wolf's bane) grow two fmall crooked hayres, fomewhat great at the end, fhioned like a fool's *bauble*.” In the fong, act I. fc. ii. of *Volpone*, we ought to read: “ Tongue and *bauble*.” inftead of “ Tongue and *babble*.” “ Free from flaughter,” in the next line but one, means that the fool was licenfed to fpeak truth without being hurt or flain for doing fo. An ancient proverb in Ray's collection,

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 name⁶; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee⁸ from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. ⁹I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always lov'd

collection, points out the materials of which these *banbles* were made: "If every fool should wear a *babble*, fewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

⁶ — an English name; —] The old copy reads *maine*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

This attempt at emendation is unnecessary. The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — to suggest thee from thy master —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read — *seduce*, but without authority. To *suggest* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*,

"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower." STEEVENS.

⁹ *I am a woodland fellow, sir, &c.*] Shakespeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world¹, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, 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 so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Glo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an² unhappy.

Count. So he is. ³My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: 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-

¹ — But, sure, he is the prince of the world, —] I think we should read — But since he is, &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer.

² — unhappy.] That is, mischievously waggish, unlucky.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.” STEEVENS.

³ So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. —]

Should not we read — no place, that is, no station, or office in the family? TYRWHITT.

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. JOHNSON.

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 remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does 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 privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-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 carbonado'd face.

Laf.

⁴ *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. Pope reads it *carbinado'd*, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which Henry IV. had made famous, by bringing into use amongst his horse.

WARBURTON.

Carbonado'd

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble foldier.

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.

Hel. But 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, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer^s.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,

Carbonado'd means scotched like a piece of meat for the grid-iron, and is, I believe, the true reading. STEEVENS.

^s *Enter a gentle Astringer.*] Perhaps *a gentle stranger*, i. e. a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. The error of this conjecture which I have learn'd (since our edition first made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) should teach diffidence to those who conceive the words which they do not understand, to be corruptions. An *ostringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ We'll e'en to it like French Falconers.”

A *gentle astringer* is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell in his *Law Dictionary*: “ We usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawks, an *astringer*.” Again, in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. b. l. no date: “ Now because I spoke of *ostregiers*, ye shall understand that the ben called *ostregiers* that keep goshaukes or terrels, &c. STEEVENS.

If he would spend his power.—God save you, fir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, fir, 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, fir?

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;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, fir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the 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
Our means will make us means.

⁶ *Our means will make us means.*]

Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes 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.

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.

Roussillon.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, fir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; ⁷ but I am now, fir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

⁷ In former editions:

——— *but I am now, fir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*] I believe the poet wrote, in fortune's moat; because the clown in the very next speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering*; and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, *that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal.* And again, *Pray you, fir, 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 therefore the Clown humourously says, when Parolles is pressing him to deliver his letter to lord Lafeu, *Fob! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's closetool, to give to a nobleman!*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be supported by a passage in the *Alchemist*:

“ *Subtle.* —— Come along, lit,

“ I now must shew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*

“ *Face.* Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

“ —— *Sub.* All.

“ Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.” FARMER.

Clow.

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^s.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, fir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's⁹ metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, fir, 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 Lafcu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, fir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is mud-

^s —allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the windward of me.

STEVENS.

⁹ *Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or 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 Tristitia:

Τῆς ἐκ θύων μύξαι ῥέου

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 turpitude earum rerum, ad quos eorum animos qui audiunt trahet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo stercus 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.

dy'd withal: Pray you, fir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. '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.

¹ —[*I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,*—] We should read, —*smiles* 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.

Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *smiles*, comfortable and profitable for all men to reade." STEEVENS.

² *You beg more than one word then.* —] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and signifies *words*. MALONE.

Par.

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. [*Sound trumpets.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat³; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Attendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our⁴ esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home⁵.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth⁶;

³ ———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 vices fit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — 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.

⁵ — home.] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* JOHNSON.

⁶ — 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.

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 :
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

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 eyes⁷ ; 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 kill⁸
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,

⁷ *Of richest eyes* ; —] Shakespeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like It* : “ — to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *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.

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 highness.

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 blames⁹,
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't 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;

⁹ *My high-repented blames,*]

High-repented blames, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakespeare has *high-fantastical* in the following play.

STEEVENS.

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
 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,

¹ Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;]

First, it is to be observ'd, 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 attached to one, commonly do, not allow 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 stol'n :

2. From the preceding verse :

Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;

3. From the following verses :

Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object : —————

Secondly, It is to be observ'd, 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 stol'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.

To

To the great sender turns a four offence,
 Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
 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:
² 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. ³ Which better than the first, O dear heaven blest!

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,

² *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 *slept* . *Love cries* to see what was done while hatred *slept* , 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.

³ *Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blest!*

Or, e'er they meet, in me, O nature, cease!]

I have ventur'd, 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 me⁴,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: ⁵ noble she was, and thought

⁴ *In Florence was it from a casement thrown,]*

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.

⁵ ——— 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.

The first folio reads——*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intend-
ed in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald,
i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakespeare in another place uses *gag'd* for
engaged. *Merchant of Venice*, act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

I stood

I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
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 medicine⁶,
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 know⁷
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,

⁶ *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.

⁷ ——— *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 though! 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.

Which

Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
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 fall⁸,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—
We'll sift 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, for four or five removes, come short⁹
'To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,

⁸ *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.

⁹ *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.

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.

— 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, tak-
ing no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice:
Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a se-
ducer 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 him¹.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

¹ *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toul for this.
I'll none of him.*

Thus the first folio. The second reads:

*I will buy me a son-in-law in a faire, and toul him for this. I'll
none of him.*

The reading of the first copy seems to mean this: I'll buy me a
new son-in-law, &c. and toll the bell for this; i. e. look upon him
as a dead man.—The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may
imply: I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair;
toul him, i. e. enter him on the toul or toll-book, to prove I came
honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. In a play called
The famous History of Tho. Stukely, 1605, is an allusion to this
custom:

“ Gov. I will be answerable to thee for thy horses.

“ Stuk. Dost thou keep a tol-booth? zounds, dost thou make
a horse-courser of me?”

If the reading of the second folio be the true one, we must alter
the punctuation thus:

*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll
none of him.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, fir, since wives are monsters to you²;
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
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, fir, whose age and honour,
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease³, 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?

² *I wonder, fir, —*] This passage is thus read in the first folio:
I wonder, fir, fir, wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them, as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. —

Which may be corrected thus:

I wonder, fir, since wives are monsters, &c.

The editors have made it — *wives are so monstrous to you,*
and in the next line — *swear to them,* instead of — *swear them lord-*
ship. Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not
have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose *lord-*
ship is put for that *protection*, which the husband in the marriage-

ceremony promises to the wife. TYRWHITT.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose emendation I have placed in
the text. STEEVENS.

³ — *shall cease, —*] i. e. decease, die. So, in *King Lear*:
“Fall and *cease*.” I think the word is used in the same sense in
a former scene in this comedy. STEEVENS.

Ber.

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 embody'd 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 ho-
nour,

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,
Whose high respect, and rich validity^s,

^s *Whose high respect, and rich validity,]*

Validity is a very bad word for *value*, which yet I think is its mean-
ing, 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.

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 it⁶:
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 quoted⁷ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd⁸;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth⁹:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

⁶ *Count.* *He blushes, and 'tis it:]*

The old copy has:

He blushes, and 'tis hit.

Perhaps we should read:

He blushes, and is hit. MALONE.

⁷ *He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,]*

Quoted has the same sense as *noted*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not *quoted* him.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *debosh'd:]* See a note on the *Tempest*, act III. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:]*

Here the modern editors read:

Which nature sickens with:—

A most licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the
punctuation only wants to be corrected. We should read, as here
printed:

Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:

i. e. *only to speak a truth.* TYRWHITT.

Ber.

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 ' all impediments in fancy's course,
 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 ². 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 ?

¹ — all impediments in fancy's course,
 Are motives of more fancy : —]

Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. 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 *modern* frequently, and always in this
 sense.

“ —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.

² *May justly diet me.*—] i. e. make me fast, by depriving me
 (as *Deidemonia* says) of “ the rites for which I love you.”

COLLINS.

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.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

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 com-
mand.

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.

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 marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence³; 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,

³ — But thou art too fine in thy evidence; —] *Too fine*, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*.

MALONE.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer⁴.

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. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal fir;

[*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,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
⁵ He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist⁶,
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

⁴ — *customer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Oibello*:
“ I marry her!—what?—a *customer!*” STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.

⁶ — *exorcist,*] This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*.
JOHNSON.

'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.

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 Countess.*]

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.

Advancing:

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:*

L. 3

Ours

*7 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [Exeunt.*

7 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.

L 4

Persons Represented.

Orfino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to 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. JOHNSON.

TWELFTH.

TWELFTH-NIGHT¹:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

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

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; ¹ that, surfeiting,

The

¹ 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*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakespeare. August 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you Will*, (which is the second title of this play) was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakespeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humor*, at the end of act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say; "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

² ——— that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.——]

There is an impropriety of expression in the present reading of this

The appetite may sicken, and so die. —
 3 That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south 4,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing,

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 *appetite sickens by a surfeit* is true, and therefore proper.

JOHNSON.

3 *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 musick, here described, though it takes away the natural, sweet tranquility 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 heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 “ Such strains as would have won the ear
 “ Of Pluto, to have quite set 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.

These *self-same* strains of Orpheus, as Mr. Edwards has likewise observed, are, in the first instance, what are performed by another person, when Orpheus is only a hearer; in the second, Orpheus sings

Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
’Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

Of what validity and pitch soever⁵,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute! ⁶ so full of shapes is 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,

sings himself. Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. has very successfully introduced the same image:

“ ——— now gentle gales,

“ Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

“ Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

“ Those balmy spoils.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ———*the sweet south*,] The old copy reads ———*sweet sound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Of what validity and pitch soever*,]

Validity is here used for *value*. So, in *All’s Well that ends Well*:

“ ——— O behold this ring,

“ Whose high respect and rich *validity*

“ Doth lack a parallel.” MALONE.

⁶ ———*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 high 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*.

So, in *All’s Well that ends Well*:

“ My *high-repented* blames

“ Dear sovereign, pardon me.” STEEVENS.

Methought

Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart⁷;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from
 her?

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 cloistress, 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 her⁸! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These

⁷ *That instant was I 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.

⁸ *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! —]*

° These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
 ' (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.]

SCENE II.

The street.

Enter Viola², 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,
 failors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Dr. Hurd observes, that *Simo*, in the *Andrian* of *Terence*, reasons on his son's concern for *Cbrysis* in the same manner:

“ Nonnunquam conlacrumabat: placuit tum id mihi.

“ Sic cogitabam: hic parvæ consuetudinis

“ Causâ hujus mortem tam fert familiariter:

“ Quid si ipse amâsset? quid mihi hic faciet patri?”

—the flock of all affections—

So, in *Sidney's Arcadia*: “ —has the flock of unspeakable virtues.” STEEVENS.

° These sovereign thrones, —]

We should read—three sovereign 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.

¹ (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.

² *Enter Viola,* —] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeffione Amantis*. STEEVENS.

Vio.

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 sav'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 name³.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! 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-month since; then leaving her

³ *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.

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the fight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world ⁴,
'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 though 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,
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 ⁵ ;
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 ⁶.

⁴ *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 bachelor, and resolves to supplant the
lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *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.

⁶ *That will allow me——]* To *allow* is to *approve*. So, in
King Lear :

“ ——— if your sweet sway

“ *Allow* obedience”—— STEEVENS.

What

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 ⁷.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o'nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted ⁸.

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.

Sir To. Who ? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

⁷ — *care's an enemy to life.*] Alluding to the old proverb,
Care will kill a cat. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Let her except, before excepted.*] This should probably be,
as before excepted : a ludicrous use of the formal *law-phrase*.

FARMER.

Sir To.

Sir To. He's as tall a man⁹ 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-gambo¹, 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 a 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,

⁹ — as tall a man—] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“Ay, and he is a *tall fellow*, and a man of his hands too.”

Again:

“If he do not prove himself *as tall* a man as he.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — *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.” COLLINS.

So, in the induction to the *Male-content*, 1606:

“— come sit *between my legs* here.

“No indeed, cousin, the audience will then take me for a *viol-de-gambo*, and think that you play upon me.”

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.

See Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 32. n. 338, wherein is a description of a *case*, more properly termed a *chest of viols*. STEEVENS.

and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril², that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top³. What, wench?⁴ Castiliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter

² — *a coystril*, —] i. e. a coward coek. It may however be a *kestrel*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone hawk. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“ ————— as dear

“ As ever *coystril* bought so little sport.” STEEVENS.

A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, vol. I. p. 162: “ *Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights.” Vol. III. p. 248: “ So that a knight with his esquire and *coystril* with his two horses.” P. 272, “ women, lackies and *coystril* are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army.” So again, in p. 127, and 217 of his *Hist. of Scotland*. For its etymology, see *coustille* and *Coustillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

³ — *like a parish-top*. —] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Castiliano volgo*; —] 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 *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, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. *The host*, in the *M. W. of Windsor*, calls Caius a *Castilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonston*, one of the characters says: “ Ha! my *Castilian* dialogues!” In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakespeare:

“ And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too.”

So again, in Heywood's *Few of Malta*, 1633:

“ Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man.”

Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“ Three Cavalieros *Castilianos* here &c.”

Cotgrave, however, informs us, that *Castille* not only signifies the noblest part of Spain, but *contention*, *debate*, *brabbling*, *altercation*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

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

Sir To. Sweet fir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, fir.

Sir To. Accost, fir 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, fir.

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?

Malone. *Il s'ent en Castille. There is a jarre betwixt them; and prendre la Castille pour autrui: To undertake another man's quarrel.*

Mr. Malone observes, that *Castilian* seems likewise to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

“———The absolute *Castilio*,

“He that can all the points of courtship shew.”

Again:

“Come, come, *Castilian*, skim thy posset curd,

“Shew thy queere substance, worthless, most absurd.”

Again:

“Take ceremonious compliment from thee,

“Alas, I see *Castilio's* beggary.”

Again:

“Or shall perfum'd *Castilio* censure thee.”

Again:

“*Castilios*, Cyprians, court-boyes, Spanish blocks

“Ribanded eares, Granada nether-stocks.”

Again:

“When some flie golden-slop'd *Castilio*,

“Can cut a manor's strings at *Primero*.”

These passages Mr. Malone supposes to confirm Dr. Warburton's emendation, and Sir T. Hanmer's comment. Marston, however, seems to allude to the famous Balthasar *Castiglioni*, whose most celebrated work was *Il Cortigiano*, or *The Courtier*. STEEVENS.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, fir 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?

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

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

Mar. Now, fir, 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, fir^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, fir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

^s *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.

“But to say you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew), a *dry hand*, which is the sign of a bad liver, as he said you were, being toward a husband too, this was intolerable.”

Monsieur D'Olive, 1606.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “Of all *dry-fisted* knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.” Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1606: “—Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shall not be much troubled by him. My husband has a *hand* as dry as his brains &c.” The Chief Justice likewise in the second part of *K. Hen. IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristicks of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says: “—if an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.” All these passages will serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's latter supposition. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, fir; 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, fir 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.

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

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

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

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

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, fir 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

^o In former copies; ——— *thou see'st, it will not cool my nature.*] read: ——— *it will not curl by nature.* The joke is evident.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is Theobald's, though adopted without acknowledgement by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

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 world; I delight in masques 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; ⁷ 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.

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 ⁸? why dost thou

⁷ ——— 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 being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff:—"I am old in nothing but my understanding." STEEVENS.

⁸ —mistress Mall's picture?—] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Fritb*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cut-purse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Pranks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." *Middleton* and *Decker* wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds them." The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Moll Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players,*

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 stock'. Shall we set about some revels?

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

Players, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. *Nath. Field*, in his *Amends for Ladies*, another comedy, 1639, gives the following character of her:

“ ——— Hence lewd impudent,
 “ I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
 “ For nature, flaming to acknowledge thee
 “ For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
 “ Without a sex: Some say that thou art woman,
 “ Others, a man; to many thou art both
 “ Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
 “ Or man, or horse, as Centaurs old was feign'd.”

A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo, in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristick. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— a *sink-a-pace*. —] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. SIR J. HAWKINS.

¹ ——— *flame-colour'd stock*. —] The old copy reads — a *dam'd colour'd stock*. Stockings were in Shakespeare's time, called *stocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“ ——— or would my silk *stock* should lose his glos else.”

The same solicitude concerning the furniture of the legs, makes part of master Stephen's character in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ I think my leg would show well in a silk hose.”

STEEVENS.

Sir And. Taurus? that's fides and heart².

Sir To. No, fir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

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.

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

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, 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.

² Taurus? *that's fides 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.

Duke.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

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

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize 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 belye 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 part³.
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 strife⁴!
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,

³ ——— a woman's part.]

That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— a barrful strife !]

i. e. a contest full of impediments. STEEVENS.

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 colours⁵.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten⁶ 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 marriage;⁷ and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar.

⁵ ——— *fear no colours.*] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. The persons conversing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the physician to the princess Livia:

“*Sej.* You minister to a royal lady then.

“*Eud.* She is, my lord, and fair.

“*Sej.* That's understood

“Of all their sex, who are or would be so;

“And those that would be, physick soon can make 'em:

“For those that are, their beauties *fear no colours.*”

Again, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“—— are you disposed, fir? ——

“Yes indeed: I *fear no colours*; change sides, Richard.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *lenten answer: ——*] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer. JOHNSON.

Sure a *lenten* answer, rather means a *short* and *spare* one, like the commons in *lent*. So, in *Hamlet*: “—— what *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *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,

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 fir 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 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 a witty fool, than a foolish wit^s. — God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

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

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

Clo. Two faults, Madonna⁹, that drink and good

Letherland, for the perusal of which, I 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 yet 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 sense of the 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.

^s — *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.* —] 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.

⁹ — *Madonna,* —] Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin.* STEEVENS.

counsel

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 Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

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

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

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

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! sir Toby will be sworn, that
that

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 to 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. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

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?

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*, though 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.

Mar.

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

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! 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, Madonna, 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. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

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

² '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-berring*? I would print it as an imperfect sentence. Mr. Edwards has the same observation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation may be right: yet Dr Warburton's reading is not so strange, as it has been represented. In Broome's *Jovial Crew*, Scentwell says to the gypsies: "We must find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you." FARMER.

Sir

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

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

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

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

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat³ makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

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

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit 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 stand at

³ —above heat—] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

⁴ —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, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“————— put off

“To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives posts*.”

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

at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

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

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: '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.

Re-enter Maria.

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

Enter Viola.

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

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."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"What brave carv'd *posts*? who knows but here

"In time, fir, you may keep your *sbriwalt*?"

STEEVENS.

Oli.

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; ^s I am very comptible, 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.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you

^s ——— *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.

have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so⁶ skipping a dialogue.

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

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer⁷.—Some mollification for your⁸ giant, sweet lady.

⁹ *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

⁶ — *skipping* —] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“ The *skipping* king, he ambled up and down &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *I am to hull here* —] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“ That all these mischiefs *hull* with flagging sail.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *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.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *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.

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.

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 Orfino'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. ' 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, fir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent², whose red and white Nature's

¹ — 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 *painted*. The other, vext 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.

² 'Tis beauty truly blent,——] i. e. blended, mix'd together.

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
 3 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be so hard hearted ; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty : It shall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utensil, 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 so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me + ?

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you ; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

Blent is the antient participle of the verb to *blend*. So, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617 :

“ ——— the beautiful encrease

“ Is wholly *blent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 6 :

“ ——— for having *blent*

“ My name with guile, and traiterous intent.” STEEVENS.

3 *If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy.*]

How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakespeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaster* ?

“ I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth

“ Without an heir.”

Shakespeare has copied himself in his 11th sonnet :

“ She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby

“ Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.”

Again, in the 3d sonnet :

“ Die single, and thine image dies with thee.”

STEEVENS.

4 — *Were you sent hither to praise me ?*] The foregoing words *schedule* and *inventoried*, shew, I think, that this ought to be printed:

“ *Were you sent hither to 'praise me ?*

i. e. to appreciate or appraise me. MALONE.

With

⁵ With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him :

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

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

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
⁶ Halloo 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.

⁵ *With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.*]

This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598 :

“ Jove thunder'd out a sigh ;”

or, on another in *Lodge's Rosalynde*, 1592 :

“ The winds of my deepe sighes

“ That *thunder* still for noughts, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Halloo 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 masques at court, says :

“ ——— which skill, Pythagoras

“ First taught to men by a *reverberate* glass.” STEEVENS.

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 !

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 subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same 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.

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
⁷ 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.*]

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

The street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

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

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly
 over me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
 distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your
 leave, that I may bear my evils alone : It were a bad
 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 excel-
 lent 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 ⁸ to express myself : You
 must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Se-
 bastian, which I call'd Rodorigo ; my father was that
 Sebastian of Messaline⁹, whom I know, you have
 heard

⁷ *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.

⁸ ——— to express myself: ———] That is, to reveal myself.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *Messaline*, ———] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously
 offers to read *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago ; but Shake-
 speare

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, with such estimable wonder, over-far 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.

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 count Orsino's court: farewel. [Exit.

Shakespeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play:

“Of *Messaline*; Sebastian was my father.” STEEVENS.

— *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,

Thus Milton uses *unexpressive notes* for *unexpressing*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

Ant.

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

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

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

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

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 made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure², methought³ her eyes had lost her tongue,
For

² ——— *that, sure, ———*] *Sure* has been added, to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *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

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,
 Wherein⁴ the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it, for the proper false⁵

In

only sense but beauty. We say a man *loses* 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.

⁴ —the pregnant enemy—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dextrous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*: "How pregnant sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

⁵ *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 the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello*,

The *proper false* may be yet explained another way. Shakespeare sometimes uses *proper* for *peculiar*. So, in *Othello*:

"In my desunct and a *proper* satisfaction."

The *proper false* will then mean those who are *peculiarly false*, through premeditation and art. To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt 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 women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty⁶ is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made, if such we be.
 How will this fadge⁷? 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 untye, [Exit,

S C E N E III.

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,——

So, in the *Tempest*:

“——we are such stuff

“As dreams are made of.” STEEVENS.

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

i. e. if, such as we are made for, such we be. MALONE.

⁶ ——our frailty——] The old copy reads ——O frailty.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *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's Lost*:

“We will have, if this *fadge* not, an antick.”

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

“I'll have thy advice, and if it *fadge*, thou shalt eat.”——

“But how will it *fadge* in the end?”——

“All this *fadges* well”——

“We are about a matter of legerdmain, how will this *fadge*?”——

“——in good time it *fadges*”—— STEEVENS.

Sir

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

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

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, ³ I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop ⁹ 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. ⁴ By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.

³ — *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.

⁹ — *a stoop* —] i. e. a cup. So, in *Othello*:

“Come lieutenant, I have a *stoop* of wine.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.* —] *Breast*, *voice*. *Breath* has been here proposed: but many instances may be brought to justify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke-college, founded by archbishop Parker, 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9: “Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed, &c.” that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes' *Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 128: “Singingmen well-*breasted*.” In Tuffer's *Husbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. Short:

“The better *breft*, the lesser rest,

“To serve the queer now there now heere.”

Tuffer in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford castle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs. 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. Heywood, 1569, is this passage:

“*Poticary*.”

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, 'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Had'st it? ?

Clo.

“ *Poticary*. I pray you, tell me can you sing ?

“ *Pedlar*. Sir, I have some sight in singing.

“ *Poticary*. But is your *breast* any thing sweet ?

“ *Pedlar*. 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*.”

Again, in Middleton's *Woman beware Women* :

“ Yea, the voice too, sir.

“ Ay, and a sweet *breast* too, my lord, I hope.”

Again :

“ Her father prais'd her *breast* ; she'd voice forsooth ;

“ I marvell'd she sung so small —”

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of B. and Fletcher :

“ Sweet-*breasted* as the nightingale or thrush.”

I suppose this cant term to have been current among the musicians of the age. All professions have in some degree their jargon ; and the remoter they are from liberal science, and the less consequential to the general interests of life, the more they strive to hide themselves behind affected terms and barbarous phraseology.

STEEVENS.

² — *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.

Leman is frequently used by the ancient writers, and Spenser in particular. So again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634 :

“ Fright him as he's embracing his new *leman*.”

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

Clo. ' I did impeticoat thy gratuity; 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 is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

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

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life⁴?

Sir

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 is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. So, in *Albuzar*, 1616:

“ —— out, Carter,

“ Hence dirty *whipstock*——”

Again in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ —— the coach-man lit!

“ His duty is before you to stand,

“ Having a lusty *whipstock* in his hand.”

The word occurs again in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ Bought you a whistle and a *whipstock* too.”

Again, in *Gascoigne*:

“ —— cast *whipstocks* to clout his shoon.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ I would knock my *whipstock* on your addle pate.”

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ —— Phœbus when

“ He broke his *whipstock*, and exclaim'd against

“ The horses of the sun ——” STEEVENS.

³ *I did impeticoat* &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.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *K. Hen. IV. P. II.* sufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of *ideots*, for a reason which I avoid to offer. STEEVENS.

⁴ —— of good life?] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the Clown means a song of a *moral turn*; though sir Andrew answers

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;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir

answers to it in that signification, *Good life*, I believe, is *harmless mirth or jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.

Delay is certainly right. No man will ever be worth much, who delays the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *K. Rich. III.* act IV. sc. iii:

"*Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*:

"*Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.*"

Again, in a Scots proverb: "After a *delay* comes a let." See Kelly's Collection, p. 52. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,*]

This line is obscure; we might right read:

Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some

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 we⁷ make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will⁸ draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNSON.

So, in *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

“*Sweet and twenty*: all sweet and sweet.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see Me you know Me*, 1632:

“God ye good night and *twenty*, sir.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“Good even and *twenty*.” MALONE.

⁷ —make the welkin dance—] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

Thus, *Mr. Pope*:

“Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

“The doubling lustres dance as fast as she.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —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 is his 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 Shakespeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of musick, which the ancients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who moved *stones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *savage beasts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleased, the *passions of his human auditors*. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. WAREURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594: there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, “*vegetative, sensitive, and reasonable*.” FARMER.

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* 9.

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

9 *They sing a catch.*] This catch is lost. JOHNSON.

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons ; and is so contrived that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canons in the unison* ; and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words : " What need we fear the Pope ? " another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes, with the words, " The devil."

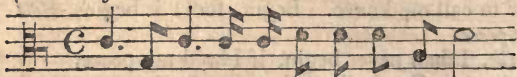
The *catch* above-mentioned to be sung by fir Toby, fir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn ; and for this the clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to call him *knave*. I have here subjoined the very catch, with the musical notes to which

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian ¹, we are politicians;
Malvolio's a ² Peg-a-Ramsfy, and *Three merry men*
be we.

Am

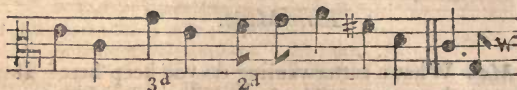
it was sung in the time of Shakespeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy.

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace and I pree thee hold thy peace

?



thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace thou knave.

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entitled, "PAMMELIA, *Musickes Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful catches of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one.*" Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1609, a second part of this book was published with the title of DEUTEROMELIA, and in this book is contained the catch above given.

SIR J. HAWKINS:

¹ — *a Cataian*, —] It is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. I have attempted already to explain it in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. I find it used again in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*." STEEVENS.

² — *Peg-a-Ramsfy*, —] I do not understand. *Tilly vally* 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-Ramsfy*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Tilly vally is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*; and is likewise a character in a comedy entitled *Lady Alimony*.

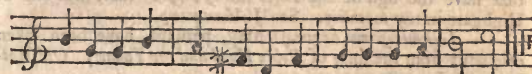
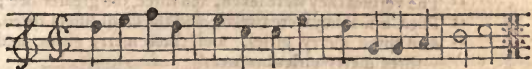
Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsfy* among several other ballads, viz,
Rogero,

Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tilly valley³, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon⁴, la-*
dy, lady! [Singing.
Clo.

Rogero, Baslino, Turkelony, All the flowers of the Broom, Pepper is black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramsie. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

[*Peg-a-Ramsay*] Or *Peggy Ramsay*, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it.

Peggy Ramsay.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men be we, is likewise 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 the same authors:

“ 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.”

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ And three merry men, and three merry men,
“ And *three merry men be we a’.*” STEEVENS.

—*three merry men we be.*] This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect is the following:

“ The wise men were but seven, nor more shall be for me;
“ The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
“ And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.

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 gab-

“ The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee ;

“ The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatall sisters three.

“ And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee.”

There are ale-houses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of the *Three Merry Boys*: there was one at Highgate in my memory. SIR J. HAWKINS.

— *three merry men be we.*] May, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Old Ballads*, vol. I. p. 89 :

“ Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,

“ *With a hey, &c.*

“ And danced about the oak-tree ;

“ For three merry men, and three merry men,

“ *And three merry men we be.*” TYRWHITT.

³ *Tilly valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*] Malvolio's use of the word *lady* brings the ballad to fir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. sc. iv. FARMER.

I found what I once supposed to be a part of this song, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy by William Rowley, 1633 :

“ *There was a nobleman of Spain, lady, lady,*

“ *That went abroad and came not again*

“ *To his poor lady.*

“ *Oh, cruel age, when one brother, lady, lady,*

“ *Shall scorn to look upon another*

“ *Of his poor lady.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *There dwelt a man in Babylon—Lady, lady.*] This song, or, at least, one with the same burthen, is alluded to in B. Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, vol. IV. p. 449 :

“ *Com. As true it is, lady, lady i'the song.*” TYRWHITT.

ble

ble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your '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, fir, in our catches. Sneek up⁶!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misde-

⁵ —coziers—] A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, French. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Hall in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2.

“Himself goes patch'd like some bare *Cottyer*,

“Lest he might ought his future stock impair.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —Sneek up!] The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *biccup*. It is however used in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion:

—“let thy father go *sneek 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 *sneek up*.”

Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“She shall not rise: go let your master *snick up*.”

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*: “And if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *snick up*.” Again, in the *Fleire*, 1615:

“——if not let them *snick up*.”

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“I have been believed of your betters, marry *snick up*.”

Again, in *The two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“——if they be not, let them go *snick-up*.”

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

“——being a magnifico, she shall go *snicke up*.”

Perhaps in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In *Hen. IV. P. I.* 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 *sneek the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*.

STEEVENS.

meanors, 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. ⁷ Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good fir 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'tune, fir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? ⁸ Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

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

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, fir, rub your chain with crums⁹:—A sloop of wine, Maria!—

Mal.

⁷ Farewel, dear heart, &c.] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

⁸ —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 sometimes a kind of Puritan*. See, Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

LEATHERLAND.

⁹ —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;

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule¹; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

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

Again:

“*Pia.* Is your chain right?

“*Bob.* It is both right and just, fir;

“For though 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.”

Again, 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.

¹ — rule; —] Rule is method of life, so *mifrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common *method of life*. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,

“And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such rule

“In any place but here, at bon-fire or at yeule.”

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“What guests we harbour, and what rule we keep.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“And set him in the stocks for his ill rule.”

In this last instance it signifies *behaviour*.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Mifrule*. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: “I have some cousins-german at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels, or else be lord of his *Mifrule* now at Christmas.” So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: “We are fully bent to be lords of *Mifrule* in the world's wild heath.” In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEEVENS.

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 fir Toby, be patient for to night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword², 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 us³, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, fir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

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

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

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

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; ⁴ an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: 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 that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

² ——— a nayword, —] A *nayword* is what has been since called a *byword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

³ *Possess us*, —] That is, *inform us*, *tell us*, make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— an affection'd ass, —] *Affection'd*, 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.

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^s.

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, Penthesilea⁶.

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 had'st need fend for more money.

⁵ *Sir And.* *And your horse now &c.*] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for *sir Andrew*. It should be given, I believe, to *sir Toby*; as well as the next short speech: *O, 'twill be admirable.* *Sir Andrew* does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. TYRWHITT.

⁶ ——— *Penthesilea.*] i. e. amazon. STEEVENS.

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 Cut⁷.

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.

S C E N E IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—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 recollected⁸ terms,

⁷ — call me Cut.] So, in a *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me *Cut*." This contemptuous distinction is likewise preserved in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"He will maintain you like a gentlewoman——"

"Ay, that I will, come *cut* and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire."

The allusion in both places is to a *cut* or *curtail* dog. By the laws of the forest, the dog of an unqualified person was dock'd, while that of a gentleman was allowed the benefit of his tail. Again, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"I'll meet you there; if I do not, call me *Cut*."

This expression likewise occurs several times in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, second part. STEEVENS.

⁸ — 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.

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?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

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

Vio. A little, by your favour?

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

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

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman
take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

⁹ —*favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn¹,
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 :—
Mark it, Cefario ; it is old, and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free² maids that weave their thread with
bones,

Do use to chaunt it ; it is filly sooth³,
And dallies with the innocence of love⁴,
Like the old age⁵.

Clo. Are you ready, fir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*]

¹ ——— 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 fir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

² — free —] is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind.*
JOHNSON.

³ — filly sooth,] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

⁴ 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 III. “ They that *dally* nicely with words.”

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620 :

“ ——— he void of fear

“ *Dallied* with danger. ——— ”

Again, in fir W. Davenant's *Albovine*, 1629 : “ Why dost thou *dally* thus with feeble motion ? ” STEEVENS.

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

SONG.

SONG.

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 it⁶.

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

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, 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 opal⁷!—I would have men of such constancy

⁶ *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.

⁷ *— 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 gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed
 in

constancy put to sea, ⁸ 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;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
⁹ But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio.

in different lights. So, in the *Muses' Elizium*, by Drayton:

“ With *opals* more than any one
“ We'll deck thine altar fuller,
“ For that of every precious stone
“ It doth retain some colour.”

“ In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxxvii. c. 6.) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —*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.

⁹ *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,*——

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, fir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd¹.

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

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter 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,

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.

¹ *I cannot be so answer'd.*]

The folio reads, — *It cannot be*, &c. STEEVENS.

But

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud²,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
³ She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We

² ——— like a worm i'the bud,]

So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakespeare:

“Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,

“Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.”

STEEVENS.

³ 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 paciencie ysittinge there I fonde

“With face pale, upon a hill of sonde.”

And adds: “If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening 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 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, funning herself upon a heap of sand. WARBURTON.

This

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 sifter of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house⁴,

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, Shakespeare's hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only :— two or three passages, which he was unwilling to lose, he has transplanted, with some alteration, into his own plays.

“ She sat like patience on a monument,

“ Smiling at grief.”——

In *Pericles* : “ Thou (*Mariana*) dost look like patience gazing on king's graves, and smiling extremity out of act.”

Thus a little before, *Mariana* asks the *barvd*, “ Are you a woman ?” *Barvd.* “ What would you have me to be, if not a woman ?”

Mar. “ An honest woman, or not a woman.”—— Somewhat similar to the dialogue between *Iago* and *Othello*, relative to *Cassio* :

“ I think, that he is honest.

“ Men should be what they seem,

“ Or those that be not, would they might seem none.”

Again, “ She starves the ears she feeds, (says *Pericles*,) and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech.”

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ As if increase of appetite had grown

“ By what it fed on.” FARMER.

⁴ *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 sifter 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.

Such another equivocation occurs in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592 :
“ —— my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sifter.” STEEVENS.

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 denay⁵. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

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

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, fir 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 India⁶?

Mar.

⁵ ——— bide no denay.]

Denay is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed: fo, p. 620: “—— the state of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him.” Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ii. ch. 10:

“—— thus did say

“The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I *denay*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— nettle of India?] The poet must here mean a zoophyte, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas.

“Quæ

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the fun, 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 idcot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*They hide themselves. Maria 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?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare tur-

“*Quæ tacta totius corporis prurimum quendam excitat, unde nomen urtica est fortita.*” *Wolfgang. Frangii Hist. Animal.*

“*Urticæ marinæ omnes prurimum quendam movent, et acrimonia suâ venerem extinctam et sopitam excitant.*”

Johnstoni Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56.

Perhaps the same plant is alluded to by Greene in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “—the flower of India pleasant to be seen, but whose smelleth to it, *feeletb present smart.*” Again, in his *Ma-mill'a*, 1593: “Consider, the herb of India is of pleasant smell, but whose cometh to it *feeletb present smart.*” Again, in P. Holland's translation of the 9th book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* “As for those nettles, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewise change their colour. Leaves they carry of a fleshy substance, and of flesh they feed. Their qualities is to raise an itching smart.” The old copy, however, reads—*mettle of India*, which may mean, my girl of gold, my precious girl; and this is probably the true reading. The change, which I have not disturbed, was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

key-cock of him; how he jets ⁷ 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; ⁸ the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir

⁷ — *how he jets*] To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592;

“Is now become the steward of the house,

“And bravely jets it in a silken gown.”

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1640:

“To jet in others' plumes so haughtily.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *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 Macedoine, 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 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.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read — *starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In *Harsnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with “a yeoman of the *sprucery*”; i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Household Book*, *nursery* is spelt, *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *starchy* may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The lady who had

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

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed², where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

had the care of the linen, may be significantly opposed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her usual price (says Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to starch, and twenty shillings how to seeth starch." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The World test'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley; where *starches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage. STEEVENS.

¹ — *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.

² — *stone-bow,* —] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

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." Again, in B. and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

" ——— children will shortly take him

" For a wall, and set their *stone-bows* in his forehead."

Again, in *Philaster*: "He shall shoot in a *stone-bow* for me."

STEEVENS.

³ — *come down from a day-bed,* —] Spenser, in the first canto of the third book of his *Fairy Queen*, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:

" So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,

" And round about it many *beds* were dight,

" As whilome was the antique worldes guize,

" Some for *untimely ease*, some for delight." STEEVENS.

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 watch³, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace⁴.

Mal.

³ ——— *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.

In the *Antipodes*, a comedy, 1638, are the following passages:

“ ——— your project against
“ The multiplicity of pocket watches.”

Again:

“ ——— when every puny clerk can carry
“ The time o' th' day in his breeches.”

Again, in the *Alchemist*:

“ And I had lent my watch last night to one
“ That dines to day at the sheriff's.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Though 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:

Though our silence be drawn from us by the ears.

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it often 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 pluck from me.” So, in this play: “ Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.” JOHNSON.

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning.” STEEVENS.

If I were to suggest a word in the place of *cares*, which I think
is

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar sinile 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 drunkennefs.

Sir To. Out, scab !

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

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

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

Mal. One Sir Andrew ;—

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

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

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's⁶. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir

is a corruption, it should be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. TYRWHITT.

⁵ *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.

⁶ — *her great P's*. —] In the direction of the letter which

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

Mal. *To the unknown below'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 numbers alter'd!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock⁷!

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,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the⁸ stannyl checks at it!

Mal.

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.

It would puzzle the learned commentator to discover a C in the words which he supposes to have been added. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*brock!*] i. e. badger. He calls Malvolio so, because he is likely to be hunted and persecuted like that animal. *To badger* a man, is a phrase still in use for making a fool of him. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*stannyl*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

To check, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is “when crows, rooks,

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 ⁹ formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—*M. O, A. I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab, Sowter ¹ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox ²,

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 ³,

Sir

rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawke, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *flannet* is the common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *flanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lamb's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —formal capacity.—] *Formal*, for common. WARBURTON.

Formal capacity.] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose capacity is not dis-arranged or out of form. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Make of him a formal man again."

In *Measure for Measure*:

"These informal women." STEEVENS.

¹ *Sowter* —] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in *Like will to Like*, &c. 1587:

"You *sowterly* knaves, show you all your manners at once?" *A sowter* was a cobbler. So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*, 1608: "——If *Apeiles* that cunning painter suffer the greasy *sowter* to take a view of his curious work, &c." STEEVENS.

² —as rank as a fox.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *not at rank*. The other editions, *though it be as rank*. JOHNSON.

³ *And O shall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I be-

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

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an 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 atchieve 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 arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings†; and wish'd to see thee*
ever

I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else:

“How can you fall into so deep an *Ob*?”

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, second part, 1630: “—the brick house of Castigation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but *O*!” Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, by Daniel, 1623:

“Like to an *O*, the character of woe.”

Again, in Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit*, 1621:

“—comparing every round circle to a *groaning O*.”

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

“With the like clamour and confused *O*,

“To the dread shock the desp'rate armies go.” STEEVENS.

* —*are born great*.—] The old copy reads—*are become great*.
STEEVENS.

† —*yellow stockings*;—] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. In Davenant's play, called *The Wits*, act IV. 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-coloured starches
are

ever cross-garter'd^s: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, *The fortunate-unhappy*. Day-light and

are introduced as striving for superiority. *Yellow starch* says to white:

“ ——— since she cannot
 “ Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet she shows
 “ 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 *yellow* will grow a custom.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ ——— because you wear
 “ A kind of *yellow stocking*.”

Again, in his *Honest Whore*, second part, 1630: “ What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them.” The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windfor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings*. The book from which I gather this information, was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

^s —cross-garter'd:—] So, in the *Lover's Melancholy*, 1639:

“ As rare an old youth as ever walked *cross-gartered*.”

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

“ Yet let me say and swear in a *cross garter*,
 “ Pauls never shew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter.”

Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee. So, in Warner's *Albions England*, b. ix. ch. 47:

“ *Garters* of listles; but now of *silk*, some edged deep with gold.”

It appears, however, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, speaking of the ill success of his TEXNO-TAMIA, says:

“ Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man
 “ Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *puritan*,
 “ Cas'd up in factions breeches, and small ruffe,
 “ That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe.
 “ Then, &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism.

STEEVENS.

champion

champion discovers not more⁶: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle fir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice*, the very man⁷. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, 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.

⁶ —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.

⁷ —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-devise*.”

i. e. with the utmost possible exactness.

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“That we may have our garments *point-devise*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, b. xiii. c. 76:

“And, understandingly, of all discourseth *point-devise*.”

Kastril, in the *Alchemist*, calls his sister *Punk devise*: and again, in the *Tale of a Tub*, act III. sc. vii:

“—and if the dapper priest

“Be but as cunning *point* in his *devise*

“As I was in my lie.” STEEVENS.

Fab.

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 neither.

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^s, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir

^s — *tray-trip*, —] The word *tray-trip* I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Tray-trip is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, 1616 :

“ Reproving him at *tray-trip*, fir, for swearing.”

Again, in *Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

— “ mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black puddings.”

Since our first impression of this work, I found, from an old MS. note to a copy of fir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1637, that *tray-trip* was a *game at cards*: the passage to which it referred was this :

“ My watch are above, at *trea-trip*, for a black pudding &c.”

Again :

“ With lanthorn on stall, at *trea-trip* we play,

“ For ale, cheefe, and pudding, till it be day &c.”

STEEVENS.

— *tray-trip*, —] A game much in vogue in our author's days : it is still retained among the lower class of young people in the West of England ; and was, I apprehend, the same as now goes under the name of *Scotch-hop*, which was play'd either upon level ground marked out with chalk in the form of squares or diamonds, or upon a chequered pavement. Jasper Maine in the *City Match* evidently alludes to the latter :

“ *Aur.* Marry a fool, in hope to be a lady-mayores ?

“ *Plot.* Why, sister, I

“ Could name good ladies that are fain to find

“ Wit for themselves, and knights too.

“ *Aur.*

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

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

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

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife?

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark 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 detests¹; 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.*]

“*Aur.* I have heard

“Of one whose husband was so meek, to be

“For need her gentleman-usher, and while she

“Made visits above stairs, would patiently

“Find himself business at *tre-trip* i'th' hall.”

See Doddsley's *Old Plays*, vol. X. p. 28.

It is not improbable, that, in the simplicity of Shakespeare's time, even a young nobleman might pique himself upon his activity at Scotch-hop, or *tray-trip*. And from the passage cited from Maine it is clear the game might be play'd by one only. HAWKINS.

The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. “There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly.” *Cecil's Correspondence*, lett. x. p. 126. Ben Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. *Alchemist*, p. 126. vol. III: “Nor play with costar-mongers at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*.”

TYRWHITT.

° — *aqua vitæ* —] Is the old name of *strong waters*.

JOHNSON.

¹ — cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; —] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, represents him as more upright than any *croffe-garter'd* gentleman-usher. FARMER.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Olivia's garden.**Enter Viola, and Clown.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live ² by thy tabor?

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

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

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

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, fir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove ³ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side 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 sister 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 sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

² —by thy tabor? *Clown.* No, fir, I live by the church.] The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the sign of the tabor, the ancient designation of a music shop. STEEVENS.

³ —a cheveril glove—] i. e. a glove made of kid leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “—a wit of cheveril—” Again, in a proverb in Ray's collection: “He hath a conscience like a cheverel's skin.” STEEVENS.

Vio.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

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

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

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

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: 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 count 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⁺ 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

⁺ — lord Pandarus —] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

is within, fir. I will confter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might fay, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wife enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must obferve their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard⁵, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wife man's art: For folly, that he wisely fhews, is fit; But wife men's folly fall'n⁶, quite taints their wit.

⁵ —the haggard,—] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without diftinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk ftrikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

Not like the haggard.

He must chufe persons and times, and obferve tempers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to feize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

⁶ *But wife men's folly fall'n,* —]

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly fhewn*. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads: *But wifemen's folly falne, quite taint their wit*. From whence I fhould conjecture, that Shakespeare poffibly wrote:

But wife men, folly-faln, quite taint their wit.

i. e. wife men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The fenfe is: *But wife men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their difcretion*. REVISAL.

I explain it thus: The folly which he fhews with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenfure; but the folly of wife men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, deftroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman⁷.

Vio. And you, fir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, fir, you are; and I am yours.— Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, fir: I mean, she is the list⁸ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, fir⁹, 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.

⁷ In former editions:

Sir To. *Save you, gentleman.*

Vio. *And you, fir.*

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. *I hope, fir, 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 probability, to make fir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the first act did not know the English of *Pourquoi*. THEOBALD.

⁸ ——— *the list* ———] Is the bound, limit, farthest point.

JOHNSON.

⁹ Taste your legs, fir, &c.] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastic use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

“ A climbing tow’r that did not taste the wind.”

Again, in Chapman’s version of the 21st *Odyssey*:

“ ——— he now began

“ To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg’d hard.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

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 ear¹.

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

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

Give me your hand, sir.

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

Oli. What is your name?

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

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

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

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, '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 musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

* —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.

It means *ready*, as in *Measure for Measure*, act I. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

* —all three ready.] The old copy reads—*all three already*.

STEEVENS.

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,
 After the last enchantment, (you did hear) ²
 A ring in chafe 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 ³

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus ⁴, not a bosom,
 Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice ⁵ ; 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.*]

² *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 affections.
 WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation.
 JOHNSON.

³ ———— *to one of your receiving]*

i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. She considers him as an arch
 page. WARBURTON.

⁴ ———— *a cyprus, ————]* Is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

So, in *No wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton : " I have thrown
 a cypress over my face for fear of sun-burning." STEEVENS.

⁵ ———— *a grice ;] ————]* Is a *step*, sometimes written *greefe* from
degres, French. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* :

" Which, as a *grise* step, may help these lovers."

STEEVENS.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
 There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe⁶ :

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.
 Cefario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that, maugre⁷ 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 sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

⁶ *Then westward-hoe :*] This is the name of a comedy by J. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by *the children of Pauls*, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —maugre—] i. e. in spite of. So, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599 :

“Maugre the sons of Ammon and of Syria.” STEEVENS.

⁸ And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone⁹,
 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.*]

SCENE II.

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 count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed
 upon 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,
 only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse va-

⁸ And that no woman has; —]

And that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — save I alone.]

These three words sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably
 enough. JOHNSON.

flour, 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 gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

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

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him²; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no

¹ ——— as lief be a Brownist, ———] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. [See *Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation and came into the communion of the church."

This *Browne* was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather Francis, had a charter granted him by king Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave to "put on his cap in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure."

Neal's *History of New England*, vol. I. p. 58. GRAY.

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."

Again, in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant:

"Go kiss her; by this hand, a *Brownist* is

"More amorous ———" STEEVENS.

² ——— Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; ———] This is nonsense. We should read, I believe: ——— Challenge me the count's youth; go, fight with him; hurt him, &c. TYRWHITT.

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, fir Andrew.

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

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand³; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; ⁴ 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; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

³ — 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.

⁴ — 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 hell.*” — “*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; though 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 supposed traitor! THEOBALD.

The same expression occurs in Shirley's *Opportunity*, 1640:

“ — Does he *thou* me?

“ How would he domineer an he were duke!”

STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin 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. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'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 murderer: He does obey every point of the letter

⁵ *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.]* The women's 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. The old copy, however, reads—*wren of mine.*

STEEVENS.

that I dropp'd 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 a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him⁶; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

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

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though 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, thanks⁷,

And

⁶ — *I know my lady will strike him; —*] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

⁷ 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

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

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 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.

I would read : ——— *And thanks again, and ever*. TOLLET.

“ ——— *the reliques of this town* ?] I suppose he means the *relicks of saints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. STEEVENS.

What

What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse ;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Olivia's house.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him : ⁹ He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?

⁹ 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.

For

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.

He is sure, 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, ho, ho. [*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 that? 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, though yellow in my
legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall
be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman
hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to
thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so,
and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar.

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What 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^a.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count 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 the half of my dowry. [Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than fir Toby to look to me? This con-

^a ——— midsummer madness.] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

^b 'Tis midsummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection, signifying you are mad. STEEVENS.

eurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she ;—*be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang² 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 her³ : but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to :* Fellow⁴ ! 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 Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

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 friend speaks within him !

² —*let thy tongue tang, &c.*] Here the old copy reads—*langer* ; but it should be—*tang*, as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former scene. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—*tang*. TYRWHITT.

³ ——— *I have lim'd her,* ———] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *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.

did not I tell you?—sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow thorning, 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, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly 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-pit⁵ with satan: Hang him, foul collier⁶!

Mar.

⁵ — *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.

⁶ — *Hang him, foul collier!*] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the conclusion

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

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 finder⁷ of madmen: But see, but see.

of his *Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has published what he calls, *A pleasant Discovery of the Cozenage of Colliers*.

STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like*, says the Devil to the Collier. JOHNSON.

⁷ — a finder of madmen: —] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy. JOHNSON.

— crown thee for a finder, rather seems to be an allusion to *coroners*. It is surely a satire on those officers, who so often bring in self-murder, lunacy, to which title many other offences have to the full as just pretensions. STEEVENS.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning⁸.

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.*

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-les.

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 mine⁹; but my hope

⁸ *More matter for a May morning.*] It was usual on the first of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —— *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 profaneness. JOHNSON.

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 see'st 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 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 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 headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this 'jewel for me,' 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, fav'd, may upon asking give?

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 interceptor¹, 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: there-

¹ —wear this jewel for me, —] *Jewel* does not properly
signify a single-gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity.

JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very
fine jewel, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also,
Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. I. p. 121. STEEVENS.

² —thy interceptor, —] Thus the old copy. The modern
editors read —*interpreter*. STEEVENS.

fore,

fore, 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'd³ rapier,

³ *He is knight, dubb'd with unback'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.

There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS of the CARPET, though 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, though *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.

pier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob⁴, is his word; give't, or take't.

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 must⁵, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

For this valuable note I am happy to confess my obligations to sir JAMES BURROW, 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:

—————“soldiers come away,

“This *Carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars.”

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606:—

“Desire took incestuous Delight captive, and little Cupid, like a valiant *Carpet-knight*, flew into Venus his mother's bosom.”

In Barrett's *Alvearie* 1580: “—those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abhominable and filthy idleness, are as we use to call them, *Carpet-knightes*.” B. ante O. Again, among sir John Harrington's Epigrams. b. iv. ep. 6. *Of Merit and Demerit*:

“That captaines in those days were not regarded,

“That only *Carpet-knightes* were well rewarded.”

The old copy reads—unhatch'd rapier. STEEVENS.

⁴ —hob, nob,—] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would*, *will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

⁵ —meddle you must,—] *Meddle* is here perhaps used in the same sense as the Fr. *meler*. To *mix in fight* is a phrase used by our best English poets. STEEVENS.

Vio.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit 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 him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: 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 devil⁶; I have not seen such a virago⁷. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard,

⁶ *Why, man, he's 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 Aguecheek. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

The old copy reads — *virago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. In Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611, *Jupiter* enters "like a nymph of *virago*;" and says: "I may pass for a bona-roba, a rounceval, a *virago*, or a good manly lass." If Shakespeare (who knew Vi-

scabbard, and all, and he gives me the *stuck*^s—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 he 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.*

Re-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 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.

oh to be a woman, though sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firngo* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakespeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

^s — *the stuck* —] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *foccata*, an Italian term in fencing. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Here's a fellow, *Judicio*, that carried the deadly *stuck* in his pen." Again, in Marston's *Mal-content*, 1604: "The close *stuck*, O mortal &c." Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"I would pass on him with a mortal *stuck*." STEEVENS.

Vio.

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 ⁹ 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 undertaker¹, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

⁹ — by the duello —] i. e. by the laws of the duello, which, in Shakespeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Nay, if you be an undertaker, —]* But why was an undertaker so offensive a character? I believe this is a touch upon the times, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of undertakers; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question) that there had been any such undertaking. *Parl. Hist.* vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; when the house (according to the title of the speech) was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers. Bacon's Works, vol. II. p. 236. 4to edit. TYRWHITT.

Enter

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good fir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, fir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, fir; 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.

2 Off. Antopio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, fir.

1 Off. No, fir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—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, fir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, fir?

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

As to upbraid you with those kindneffes
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, babling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go,

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;—
away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil².

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.]

² — 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. Shakespeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

“——your title to him

“Doth flourish the deceit——” STEEVENS.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.³
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 glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
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 leav-
ing 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 money, 'twill be nothing
yet. [Exeunt.]

³ —— *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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The street.**Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

Clo. Will 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 Cefario; 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. 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 lubber⁴ 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 Greek⁵, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These

⁴ ——— *I am afraid this great lubber* ———] That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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 *Hen. IV.* Yet the Oxford editor alters it to Geck. WARBURTON.

wisemen, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase⁶.

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 straight: 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 to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

⁶ — 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.

Perhaps *fourteen years' purchase* was in Shakespeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions *sixteen years purchase*. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen years purchase*, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven."

TOLLET.

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth Night* was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to *the undertakers*, it was the great subject of parliamentary debate, during the short session of that year. MALONE.

Seb.

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 Cefario:—

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 extent⁷

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up⁸, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go;

⁷ *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.

⁸ *This ruffian hath botch'd up, ———]*

i. e. swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess.

WARBURTON.

I fancy it is only a coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad taylor 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.”

Again, in *K. Hen. V*:

“Do *botch* and bungle up damnation.” STEEVENS.

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee?

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be
rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

S C E N E 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 Topas² 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-
come the function well³; nor lean enough to be thought

¹ *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 ancients expressed it,
half my heart. JOHNSON.

² *What relish is in this?*—]

How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?

JOHNSON.

² — *sir Topas*—] The name of *sir Topas* is taken from
Chaucer. STEEVENS.

³ — *I am not tall enough to become the function well*;—] This
cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the descrip-
tion of a careful man. I should have no objection to read—*pale*.

TYRWHITT.

*Tall enough, perhaps means not of sufficient height to overlook a
pulpit.* STEEVENS.

a good

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 scholar⁴. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, fir Toby : for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, ⁵ 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, fir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — Peace in this prison !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there ?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd ; good fir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by the

⁴ —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.

A careful man I believe means a man who has such a regard for his character as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

⁵ —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.

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, fir Topas.

Clo. Why, 't hath bay windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, fir 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

⁶ — it hath bay-windows — [A bay-window is the same as a bow-window; a window in a recess, or bay. See *A. Wood's Life*, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. The following instances may likewise support the supposition:

“ We are simply stock'd with cloth of tissue cushions

“ To furnish out bay-windows.”

Chaste Maid in Cheap-side, 1620.

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels* by B. Jonson, 1601:

“ retiring myself into a bay-window, &c.”

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle of Hen. IV*:

“ As Tho. Montague rested him at a bay-window, a gun was levell'd, &c.”

Again, 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.”

Again, in *Heywood the Epigrammatist*:

“ All Newgate windowes, bay-windows they be,

“ All lookers out there stand at bay we see.”

Again, in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:

“ 'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman

“ To stand in a bay-window and see gallants.”

Chaucer, in the *Assemblee of Ladies* mentions bay-windows. Again, in *K. Henry the Sixth's Directions for building the Hall at King's College, Cambridge*:—“ on every side thereof a baie window.”

STEEVENS.

than

than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question⁷.

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 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 waters⁸.

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 thy lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal.

⁷ ————constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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 mantillo da ogni acqua.* SMITH.

⁹ *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*]

This song should certainly begin:

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;——

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, fir, how fell you beside your five wits¹?

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 you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here² 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.³ Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—

Who,

“Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me

“How does thy lady do?—

“My lady is unkind, perdy.—

“Alas, why is she so?” FARMER.

¹——your five wits?]. Thus the *five senses* were anciently called. So, in *K. Lear*, Edgar says:

“Bless thy *five wits*! Tom's a cold.”

Again, in the old morality of *Every Man*: “And remember beaute, *fyve wyttes*, strength, and dyscrecyon.” STEEVENS.

²——property'd me;——] They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

³ Maintain no words with him,——] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue

Who, I, fir? not, I, fir. God b'w'you, good fir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, fir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, fir, be patient. What say you, fir? I am shent for speaking to you ⁴.

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.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, fir!

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?

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.

dialogue between himself and fir Topas.—*I will, fir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, fir Topas had whispered. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *I am shent, &c.*] To *shent* is to treat roughly. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode*, bl. l. no date:

“ With bowes beat and arrowes sharpe,

“ For to *shent* that companye.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

“ The emperor saw his men so *shent*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *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.

—*But tell me truly, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?*] This is the reading of the old copy. We should read I apprehend: — *are you mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?* or *else: — are you not mad indeed, and do you but counterfeit?*

MALONE.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree ;
I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo.

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice⁶,
Your need to sustain ;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil ;
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
⁷ Adieu, goodman devil.

[Singing,

[Exit,

⁶ 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.

⁷ 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.

We have here another old catch ; apparently, I think, not of Shakespeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line :

Adieu, goodman drivell.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *Hen. V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play ; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger."

FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, *Menæchmus* says to *Peniculus* : "Away filthie mad drivell, away ! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

SCENE

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 ³,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

³ *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.

⁹ ——— *all instance, all discourse,]*

Instance, for sense ; discourse, for reason. WARBURTON.

Instance is example. JOHNSON.

To any other trust¹, 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 a Priest.

Ol. 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,
² Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn³ truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father;—And
 heavens so shine⁴,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt,*

¹ *To any other trust, —*]

To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

JOHNSON.

² *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 spelling, made the change. STEEVENS.

³ *— truth, —*] *Truth is fidelity*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *— heavens so shine, &c.*] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corps upon which the rain falls.*" STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The street.**Enter Clown, and Fabian.**Fab.* 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.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.*Enter Duke, Viola, and attendants.**Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, fir; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly, fir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, fir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, fir, they praise me, and make an afs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an afs: so that by my foes, fir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses^s, if your four negatives make

^s — *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

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, fir, 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, fir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, fir, 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.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, fir,

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.

—conclusions to be as kisses—*If your four negatives make your two affirmatives,—*] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marloe's *Lust's Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor:

—“Come, let's kisse.”

Moor. “Away, away.”

Queen. “No, no, sayes, I; and twice away, sayes stay.”

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*. FARMER.

is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet⁶, fir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, 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 smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful⁷ grapple did he make

With

⁶ — 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. Paul'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 Chæabus 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*.

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset

Ante fugam soboles —

“ — yf yeet soom progenye from me

“ Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat hophumb.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *scathful* —] i. e. mischievous, destructive. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ He mickle *scath* has done me,”

Again,

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 ?

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,⁸
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,

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ That offereth scath unto the town of Wakefield.”

STEVENS.

⁸ ——— *desperate of shame, and state,*]
Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man.

JOHNSON.

(Not

(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
 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?
 Cefario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cefario?—Good my
 lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

° — 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 *obscure*; and *fat* is more congruent to *fulsome* than *flat*. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady;
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
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.—

*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 Ethiopics*, 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 despaired 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, 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.

Come

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:

If I do feign, you witnesses 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 thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To *Viola*.]

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

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, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

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 joindure of your hands,

Attested

Attested by the holy clove of lips,
 Strengthen'd 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 sow'd a grizzle on thy ² 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, though 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 across, 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.

² — *case?*] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies?——He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *cases* are far better than the bodies." MALONE.

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.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes fir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates 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, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, fir Toby, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. ³ Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin:

I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

³ Then he's a rogue, and a past-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. GRAY.

A *passy-measure pavin* may perhaps mean a *pavin* danced out of time. Sir Toby might call the surgeon 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. *Pavnyn* however is the reading of the old copy, though the *u* in it being reversed, the modern editors have been contented to read——

——and a *past-measure pavnim*.

This dance called the *pavnyn* is mentioned by B. and Fletcher in the *Mad Lover*:

“ I'll pipe him such a *pavan*.”

And in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579; it is enumerated, as follows, amongst other dances:

“ Dumps, *pavins*, galliardes, measures, fancyes, or newe streynes.” I do not, at last, see how the sense will completely quadrate on the present occasion. Sir W. Davenant, in one of his interludes, mentions “ a doleful *pavin*.” In the *Cardinal*, by Shirley, 1652: “ Who then shall dance the *pavan* with Osorio?” Again, in *'Tis pity she's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633: “ I have seen

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock
with them?

Sir

an afs and a mule trot the Spanish *pavin* with a better grace." Again, in Decker's *Fortunatus*, 1600: "La *pavyne* Hispaniola sea vestra musica, y gravidad y majestad." Lastly, in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, 1676: "A grave *pavin* or almain, at which the black Tarantula only moved; it danced to it with a kind of grave motion much like the benchers at the revels."

In 1604, John Dowland the celebrated lutanist published "Seven teares figured in seven passionate *pavans*, sett for the lute, &c."

In a comedy by Middleton, called *More Dissemblers besides Women*, is mentioned:

"A strain or two of *passa-measures* galliard."

Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "Prithee sit still; thou must dance nothing but the *passing-measures*." STEEVENS.

Bailey's Dictionary says, *pavan* is the lowest sort of instrumental music; and when this play was written, the *pavin* and the *passamezzo* might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet; and hence sir Toby may mean, — he is a rogue and a mean low fellow. TOLLET.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy measure pavin.

I hate a drunken rogue.]

B. Jonson also mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, *Alchemist*, p. 97. but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written *pavane*, as a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name (*saltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on *Rabelais*, b. v. c. 30.

Passy measures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified. TYRWHITT.

The *pavan* from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was antiently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orchesographia* of *Tboinet Arbeau*. Every pavan has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. Ligon in his history of Barbadoes, mentions a *passamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in Shakespeare's play of

Hen.

Sir And. I'll help you, fir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

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 kinfman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.

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.

Hen. IV. was originally played to fir John Falstaff and Doll Tear-sheet, by Sneak, the musician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition, but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramatic representation of the history of *Hen. IV.* it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious.—*Passy-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

With the help of fir John Hawkins's explanation of *passy-measure*, I think I now see the meaning of this passage. The second folio reads—*after a passy measures pavin*.—So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

Then he's a rogue. After a *passy-measure* or a *pavin*, *I hate a drunken rogue.* i. e. next to a *passy-measure* or a *pavin*, &c. It is in character, that fir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be.

TYRWHITT.

* *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

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:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his 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,

show, where shadows seem realities; where that which is not appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an afs."—"A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces—but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in *K. Hen. V.* act V. sc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." TOLLET.

I should

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 Viola.*

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.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy⁵ 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,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad!

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
*vox*⁶.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits,

⁵ *A most extracting frenzy* —] i. e. a frenzy that drew me
away from every thing but its own object, WARBURTON.

Till some example is produced of the word *extracting* being used
in the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it, I should wish to
read—*distracting*, which I conjecture, from the preceding line,
to have been the author's word. MALONE.

⁶ — *you must allow vox.*] I am by no means certain that I
understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of the Revival
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 mad-
man would read it, you must allow vox, i. e. you must furnish the
reader with a voice, or, in other words, read it yourself.*

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits⁷, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, 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 darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* The madly-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 you⁸,
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,

⁷ —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.

⁸ 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 is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious
wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, 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,²
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck², and gull,

* —cross-garter'd —yellow stockings,—] In an entertainment called *Cupid and Death*, by Shirley, 1653, a Host enters in *yellow stockings* and *cross-garter'd*. STEEVENS.

¹ —lighter—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

² —geck.—] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline*:

“ And to become the *geck* and scorn

“ Of th' other's villainy.”

Again, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitullit PHILLOTUS*, &c. 1603:

“ Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,

“ When he is gane give him ane *geck*,

“ And take another be the neck.”

Again:

“ The carle that hecht sa weill to treit you,

“ I think sall get ane *geck*.” STEEVENS.

That

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd³
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 parts⁴
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance⁵;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

³ ——— here were presuppos'd]

Presuppos'd, for imposed. WARBURTON,

Presuppos'd rather seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst read the letter. The *supposition* was previous to the act.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd against him: —]

Surely we should rather read: — *conceiv'd* in him. TYRWHITT.

⁵ ——— at sir Toby's great importance;]

Importance is importunacy, importunement. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“At your important letters.” STEEVENS.

So, in Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624: “Their importancy so far prevailed, that the first decree was quite abrogated.”

MALONE.

If

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee⁶?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one fir Topas, fir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember, madam⁷,—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously 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 convents⁸, 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, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

A foolish

⁶ — *how have they baffled thee?*] See Mr. Tollet's note on a passage in the first scene of the first act of *K. Rich. II.*

“ I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *but do you remember, madam,*—] As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—*but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁸ — *convents,*] Perhaps we should read—*consents.* To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour calls us again together. STEEVENS.

⁹ *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*]

Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, against *knave and thief.*—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded:

*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 tofs-pots still had drunken beads,
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.*

regarded: but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Tho. Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *beads*, to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedict* and *Beatrix*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, which formerly belonged to king Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick and Betrice*," — *Pyramus and Thisby*, — *Rosalinde*, — *Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his *Εικοστοκλάσις* censures king Charles for reading, "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakespeare*." FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from

from sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *K. Hen. VIII.* and *John Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakespeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakespeare, with his majesty's cypher on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection. STEEVENS.

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 fatirist. 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.

W I N T E R's

T A L E.

Persons

Persons Represented.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia.*
Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*
Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*
Camillo.
Antigonus. } *Sicilian Lords.*
Cleomenes. }
Dion. }
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 Shepberd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepberd.
Autolycus, *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.
Mopfa. } *Shepherdesses.*
Dorcas. }

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are
NOW

¹ *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.**

At Stationers' Hall, May 22. 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*" **STEEVENS.**

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. **JOHNSON.**

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakespeare names

Leontes, is called	_____	Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	_____	Pandosto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	_____	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	_____	Dorastus.
Camillo	_____	Franion.
Old Shepherd	_____	Porrus.
Hermione	_____	Bellaria.
Perdita	_____	Faunia.
Mopsa	_____	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. **STEEVENS.**

now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam.

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than the *Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakespeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, sir Philip Sydney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, has pointed out the very improprieties which our author has fallen into, in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduck*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia on the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

This play is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:—"If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries."

By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to. MALONE.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakespeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

"——— for honour,

'Tis

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us², 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 fo

“ 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

“ And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant prince's his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born prince's, and her likeness to her father, says: “*She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

“ —— 'Tis yours;

“ And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

“ So like you, 'tis the worse.”——

The *Winter Evening's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakespeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.——Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the prince's Micomicona land at Offuna.——Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia “delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;” and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “upon the sea?”——There is a similar mistake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

² —— our entertainment &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

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 attorney'd³, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast⁴: 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

³ —royally attorney'd,—] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ —as over a vast;—] Thus the folio 1623. The folio 1632:—over a vast sea. I have since found that Hanmer attempted the same correction, though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* is the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the furies.”

STEEVENS.

the subject^s, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches etc 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.

S C E N E II.

A room of state.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, 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 blow⁶

No

⁵ ——— *physicks the subject*, ———] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*: "The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain." STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— that may blow

No sneaping winds ———]

This is nonsense, we should read it thus:

————— may there blow, &c.

He had said he was apprehensive that his presence might be wanted

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, although

at home; but, lest this should prove an ominous speech, he en-
 deavours, 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 correction,
 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.

————— *That may blow*

No sneaping winds at home]

Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense*; and Dr. Johnson tells us it is
 a *Gallicism*. It happens however to be both *sense* and *English*.
That, for *Oh!* *That,* is not uncommon. In an old translation of
 the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: “St. Francis observing
 the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood
 offuch Junipers!” And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

————— “In thy rumination,

“*That* I poor man might chisfoones come between!”

And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage in
Romeo and Juliet:

“*That* runaway's eyes may wink!”

Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted:

FARMER.

‘Twere

'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, fir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, fir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction ⁷
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 ⁸,
To let him there a month, behind the gest ⁹

Prefix'd

⁷ ———— *this satisfaction*]

We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia.

JOHNSON.

⁸ ———— *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.

⁹ ———— *behind the gest*]

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 he-

Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good-deed, ' Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock ² behind
What lady she her lord.— You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

rald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *geste*, *diversorium*. 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 baiting places."

Again, in Decker's *Match we in London*, 1631 :

"It (i. e. the court) remov'd last to the shop of a millener ;

"The *gests* are so set down, because you ride."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599 :

"Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

"Have in their *gests* resolved for Oxford town."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

—"Do like the *gests* in the progress,

"You know where you shall find me." STEEVENS.

¹ —yet, good heed, Leontes.]

i. e. you 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. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right.

TYRWHITT.

² —a jar o'the clock—] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *K. Richard III* :

"My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they *jar*."

STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET,

Her.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
Though 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 lordings³ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
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 sun,

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

³ — lordings —] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the Host says to the company, v. 790, late edit.

“ *Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste.”

STEEVENS.

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd ⁴,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those un fledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. ⁵ Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
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 slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.

⁴ ——— *the 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.

⁵ *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.

The explanation is good ; but I have no great faith in the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when 'twas
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us
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 ⁶ ;—

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 spoke to the purpose : When ?

Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clap thyself my love ⁷ ; then didst thou utter,

I am yours for ever.

Her.

⁶ *With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;]*

Thus this passage has been always printed ; 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 to the 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.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And clepe thyself my love ; —————]*

The old edition reads — clap *thyself*. This reading may be explained ; She open'd her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people

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.

[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*

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 deer⁸ ; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks ?

Why, that's my bawcock⁹. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose ?—

They

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. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ ——— Speak, widow, is't a match ?

“ Shall we clap it up ?”

Again, in a *Trick to catch the old One*, 1616 :

“ Come, clap hands, a match.”

Again, in *K. Hen. V* :

“ ——— and so clap hands, and a bargain,” STEEVENS.

⁸ *The mort o'the deer* ; ———]

A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*, 1608 : “ —He that bloweth
the mort before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his
fees.” Again, in the oldest copy of *Cherry Chase* :

“ The bleweth a mort uppon the bent.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Why, that's my bawcock.*—] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It
is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock*
of

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat¹; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat,—Still virginalling²

[*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 pash, and the shoots
that I have³,

To

of the game. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *K. Henry the Fifth*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *We must be neat*: ———]

Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat*, then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:

“His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of neat.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— *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.

“When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of music out of one of us.”

Decker's Untrussing the Humorous Poet,

Again, in *Ram-alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“Where be these rascals that skip up and down

“Like *virginal jacks*?”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “This was her school-master, and taught her to play upon the *virginals*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*]

Pash is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish. i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with.* *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. *horns*. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

A rough

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
 4 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn⁵ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, fir page,
 Look on me with your welkin-eye⁶: Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop⁷!—Can thy dam? may't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the center⁸.

Thou

A rough *pass* seems to mean a rough hide or skin. Perhaps it comes from the plural of the French word *peau*, or from a corruption of the Teutonic, *peltz*, a pelt. TOLLET.

4 *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*.”

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in a *Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“ ——— in so many *blacks*

“ I'll have the church hung round ———”

Black however will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. “ *Lanarum nigra nullum colorem bibunt.*”

Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. viii. STEEVENS.

5 *No bourn*———] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— from whose *bourn*

“ No traveller returns———” STEEVENS.

6 ——— *welkin-eye*:———]

Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.

JOHNSON.

7 ——— *my collop*!———] So, in the *First Part of K. Henry VI*:

“ God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.” STEEVENS.

8 *Affection! thy intention stabs the center.*]

Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors

Thou dost make possible things not so held,
 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 co-join 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 you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tendernefs; and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines

editors have introduced another of no authority:

Imagination! thou dost stab to the center.

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not certain that I understand the reading which I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“—————affections,

‘Masters of passion, sway it, &c.’”

i. e. *imaginings* govern our *passions*. *Intention* is as Mr. Locke expresses it, “when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakespeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

‘*Thou dost make possible things not so held,*]

i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

‘————credent,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, act V. sc. v:

“For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.” STEEVENS.

‘*What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*]

This line seems rather to belong to the preceding short speech of *Polixenes*, than to *Leontes*. STEEVENS.

Of

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,
 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?³

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 would thicken my blood.

³ *Will you take eggs for 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 phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *happy man be his dole!* —]

May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"Had the women puddings to their *dole*?" STEEVENS.

Leo.

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 brother's welcome ;
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent⁵ to my heart.

Her. If you would 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,
 Though 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 Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.*

To her allowing husband ! Gone already ;

Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd
 one⁶.—

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 hath 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,

⁵ *Apparent*———]

That is, *beir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *a fork'd one*———]

That is, a *horned one* ; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

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;

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 sir 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 material³.

Leo. Didst perceive it?—

² They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing¹,

Sicilia

⁷ ———it still came home.]

This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take
bold.* STEEVENS.

³ ———made

His business more material.]

i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he re-
presented that business to be which summoned him away,

STEEVENS.

⁹ *They're here with me already; —*]

Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people ac-
cidentally present. THIRLBY.

¹ ———whispering, rounding,]

i. e. *rounding in the ear*, a phrase in use at that time. But the
Oxford

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last².—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking³, 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 messes⁴,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam.

Oxford editor not knowing that, alters the text to, *whisp'ring round.* WARBURTON.

To round in the ear, is to *whisper*, or to *tell secretly*. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word appears to have been sometimes written—*rowning*. So, in one of the articles against cardinal Wolfey: “—come daily to your grace, *rowning* in your ear and blowing upon your grace with his perillous and infective breath.” Again, in Speed's *Hist. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 906: “—not so much as *rowning* among themselves, by which they might seem to com-
mune what was best to do.” MALONE.

² — *gust it* —] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

“Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.” *Juv. Sat.* 10.

MALONE.

³ — *is soaking*, —] Dr. Gray would read—*in soaking*; but I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

⁴ ————— *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. See *Anstis. Ord. Gart.* i. App. p. 15: “The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the *first messe*.” At every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present,

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
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.

placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, *viz.* of sitting below the great saltfeller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is mentioned in the *Honest Whore* by Decker, 1635: "Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a subject of complaint in the time of B. and Fletcher, as 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 messes* from eating."

Woman Hater, act 1. sc. ii.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merry Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. 1. no date, that it was anciently the custom in public houses to keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table wyl you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my household servantes, geve me twelve pence." Inferiority of understanding, is, on this occasion, comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

—————*lower messes*

Perchance are purblind ———]

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see the *Household Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo, 1770. PERCY.

Cam.

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 behind⁵, 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 out⁶
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty

⁵ — hoxes honesty behind, —]

To *box* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles' *Hist. of the Turks*:

“ — alighted, and with his sword *boxed* his horse.”

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punish
“ *bochares*, or slayers of horse, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *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 *non-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.

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-pledge: 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?
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?⁷
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
Blind with the pin and web⁹, but theirs, theirs only,

⁷ ——— were sin
As deep as that, though true.]

i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her. *WARBURTON.*

⁸ ——— meeting noses?]

Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses.* *JOHNSON.*

⁹ — the pin and web, —] Disorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, act III. sc. iv. *STEEVENS.*

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 does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her 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,

* —a lasting wink;] So, in the *Tempest*:

“To the perpetual *wink*, for aye might put

“This ancient morsel.”—— STEEVENS.

But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work²
Maliciously, like poison : But I cannot³

Believe

² *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 *detect* 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.

³ *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 disrespectful 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, provoked 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 tendered 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.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by saying : *Make that thy question*, i. e. make the

love

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee ——⁴

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost 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 blench⁵?

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,

love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it. *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "But in the loss of *question*;" i. e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: "*questionable* shape" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As you like it*: "an *unquestionable* spirit," is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with. Again, in Shakespeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"And after supper, long he *questioned*

"With modest Lucrece, &c." STEEVENS.

* *I have lov'd thee ——*]

In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes, but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy question, and go rot! —— I have lov'd thee,
TYRWHITT,

⁵ *Could man so blench?*]

To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— if he but *blench*,

"I know my course." ——

Leontes means —— could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Eyen 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 beveridge,
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 villainy 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

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 me⁶? '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 fighted 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 gentle⁷,—I beseech you,

If

⁶ *How! dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not
 Be intelligent to me? ———]*

i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?*

TYRWHITT.

⁷ *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. So, in *The Infatiate Countess*, 1631:

“And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar.”

1a.

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 toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to 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
Cry, *loft*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you⁸.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't⁹,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol.

In whose *success* we are gentle, may mean in consequence of whose
success in life, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I am appointed Him to murder you.*]

i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To vice you to't, —*]

i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the
old plays, was the tempter to evil. WARBURTON.

The

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: "*If he come but within my vice, &c.*" A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinshed, p. 945: "—the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips, &c." It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to advise you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Then said the emperour Ernis,
"Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce*."

My first attempt at explanation is I believe the best. STEEVENS.

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven, &c.]

The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, 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.

Swear his thought over

may however perhaps mean, *over-swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copy.

Swear his thought over,

may mean: "Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts."—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To *swear* a person down." MALONE.

As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation^a
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 condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in his 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
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 :

^a —————whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, —————]

This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort³
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, 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.

³ *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 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.

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend, *comfort* likewise the queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. partly on whose account I go away; but may not the same *comfort* extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the king; i. e. may not my departure support him in them. *His* for *its* is common with Shakespeare; and Paulina says in a subsequent scene, that she does not chuse to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it.

STEEVENS.

Comfort is I apprehend here used as a verb. Good expedition, befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy—the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion. MALONE.

Cann.

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.*]

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

The palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
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 have 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

One of these days ; and then you'd 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.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter⁴ ;
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
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, Lords, and others.

Leo. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with
him ?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure⁵ ? in my true opinion ?—

Alack,

⁴ *A sad tale's best for winter :*]

Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

⁵ *In my just censure ? in my true opinion ?——]*
Censure, in the time of our author, was generally used, (as in this
instance)

Alack, for lesser knowledge⁶!—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 abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
 With violent hefts⁷:—I have drunk, and seen the
 spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;
 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 I⁸
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For

instance) for judgment, opinion. So, sir Walter Raleigh, in his
 verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glasse*, 1576:

“Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book.”

MALONE.

⁶ *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*—]

That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

⁷ —violent hefts:—] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved
 up. So, in sir Arthur Gorges' *Translation of Lucan*, 1614:

“But if a part of heav'n's huge sphere

“Thou chuse thy pondrous *heft* to bear.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *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. War-
 burton's supposed allusion to enchantments, is quite beside the pur-
 pose. REVIVAL,

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as
 well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliofilo Libidinoso*, a novel by
 one John Hinde, 1606: “Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*,
 and hast none to pity thy passions, dissemble thy affection, though
 it cost thee thy life.” Again, in Greene's *Newer too late*, 1616:

“Had

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 'tis 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

“ Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so many passions,
&c.” These instances may serve to shew that *pinched* had anciently
a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser,
in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 12. has equipped grief with a pair of
pincers:

“ A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,

“ With which he *pinched* people to the heart.”

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“ Thou'rt *pinched* for't now, Sebastian,—”

Again, *ibid.*

“ Whose inward *pinches* therefore are most strong.”

Again, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, by the countess of Pembroke,
1595:

“ And still I am with burning *pincers* nipt.”

The sense proposed by the author of the *Revisal* may, however,
be supported by the following passage in the *City Match*, by Jasper
Maine, 1639:

“ ——— *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

“ Like fishes, fowls, or faces.” STEEVENS.

To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 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 adu'tress.

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 mistake⁹.

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 adu'tress ; I have said, with whom :
 More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
 A federary with her¹ ; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,

⁹ ——— you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.]

Otway had this passage in his thoughts, 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 may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.

¹ A federary with her ; —] A federary is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

But

But with her most vile principal², 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 mistake³
In those 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 afar off guilty⁴,
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

² *But with her most vile principal, —*] One that knows what Hermione should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested alone in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *alone*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. MALONE.

³ *—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.

⁴ *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.

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown: 'Befeech you all, my lords,
 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? [To the guards.]

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 action⁵, 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, 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 where⁶

I lodge

⁵ ————*this action*; —] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation*. JOHNSON.

⁶ ————*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-damn⁷ him : Be she honour-flaw'd,——
 I have

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.

There is no need of Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient enterlude of the *Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567 :

“ Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a *stable*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —— *land-damn him* : ——]

Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop bis' 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 past on him in this world, on this earth*.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides it appears too ridiculous a punishment 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 Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't.”

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and ⁸ some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
⁹ 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: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel doing thus, and see withal

And in Shakespeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine*, appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many) may suffice: "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drank urine, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" *Antigonus*, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to *damn*, anciently signified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, act IV. sc. i:

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

⁸ ———— and some five;]

This is Mr Theobald's correction; the former editions read, *sans* five. JOHNSON.

⁹ And I had rather *glib* myself, &c. —]

For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*.

In the *Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, act IV. 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," 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. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." STEEVENS.

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
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,

¹ *Striking his brows.*] This stage direction is not in the old copy. I doubt its propriety. Leontes might feel a stroke upon his brows, but could not see the instruments that feel, i. e. his brows.

TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's former edition reads—*sinking his brows*, which I corrected into *striking*. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*. Some stage direction seems necessary, but what it should be, is not very easy to be decided.

STEEVENS.

That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation²,
 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 sufficiency³: 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. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 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 two⁴, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
 We are to speak in publick: for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

² ——— nought for approbation,

But only seeing, ———]

Approbation, in this place, is put for proof. JOHNSON.

³ ——— stuff'd sufficiency; ———]

'That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

⁴ 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.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A prison.**Enter Paulina, and Gentleman.**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 fir,

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have exprefs commandment.*Paul.* Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful

Pray you, to see her women? any of them?

Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now,

Call her: Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]*Keep.* And, madam, I must

Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,[*Exit Keeper.*]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil.

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^s ! beshrew
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 ;
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,

^s *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.

A similar expression occurs in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608 : “ I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him.” *Lunes*, however, were part of the accoutrements of a hawk. So, in Greene's *Mamillia* : “ — yea, in seeking to unloose the *lunes*, the more she was intangled.” STEEVENS.

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,

Keep. 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.

Keep. 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.

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 adulteress ;—for the harlot king

Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank⁶
 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 does 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.—Fye, fye ! no thought of him ;—
 The very thought of my revenges that way
 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,

⁶ ——— 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.

Than

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 fir;

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.

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 seem yours:—I say, I come

From

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 I⁷
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

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 witch⁸! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most

⁷ *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 needless 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.

⁸ *A mankind witch! — — — —]*

A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a wo-
man 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 mean-
ing Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman. —

“ Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her.”

It

A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leó. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? give her the bastard :—

[*To Antigonus.*

Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd⁹, unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy ' crone.

Paul.

It has been observed to me that *man-keen* is a word still used in the north of England, where it is applied to horses that bite at those who dress them, and to girls when they are indecently forward and shew themselves too fond of men. *Mankind* and *man-keen*, however, seem in general to have one common meaning. So, in Stephens's apology for Herodotus, p. 263 : " He cured a *man-keene* wolfe which had hurt many in the city." STEEVENS.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, observes : "*Saxonice man est a mein quod Cimbricè est nocumentum, Francicè est nefas, scelus.*" So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature.

TOLLET.

⁹ ———— *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."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

" ———— the vulture *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

" Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

¹ ———— *thy crone.*]

i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman. So, in the *Mal-content*, 1606 : " There

is

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness²
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:

is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle." Again, in
Love's Mistress, by T. Heywood, 1636:

"Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611: "All the gold in Crete
cannot get one of you old *crones* with child." Again, in the an-
cient enterlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

"I have knowne painters that have made old *crones*,

"To appeare as pleasant as little prety young Jones."

STEEVENS.

"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 for-
bids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced is*
false, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

Hence

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,
Although 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;³
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
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't⁴; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

⁵ 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.

³ —his smiles;] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frown*. STEEVENS.

⁴ No yellow in't; —————]
Yellow is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.

So, Nym says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I will possess him with *yellowness*." STEEVENS.

⁵ And, lozel, —————]
This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. I likewise meet with it in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To have the *lozel's* company."

A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Peace, prating *lozel*, &c." STEEVENS.

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 ?—
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 'tis 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

We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
 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 .

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 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 sword⁶,
 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 liegeman to us, that thou carry

⁶ — Swear by this sword,] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. vi. c. 1 :

“ ——— he made him *swear*

“ By his own *blade* and by the *cross* thereon.”

See a note on *Hamlet*, act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

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,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though 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,
 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

—commend it strangely to some place;]
 Commit to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

JOHNSTON

Our

Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
 Been publickly 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. [Exit.

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

A part of Sicily, near the sea side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
 Fertile the isle⁸; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report⁹,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits;
 (Methinks,

⁸ *Fertile the isle; ———]*

But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakespeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's 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.

In the *Hist. of Dorastus and Fannia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his nobles whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos, &c." STEEVENS.

⁹ *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, —

Z 3

Cleomenes

(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,
The time is worth the use on't!

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.

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.

¹ *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 it 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.

SCENE

SCENE 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 purgation².—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina and Ladies,

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 pretence³ 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.*

² 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.

³ — pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid, a design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Gent. of Verona*.

JOHNSON.

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 integrity⁴,
 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
 Than history can pattern, though 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 it⁵
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare⁶: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine⁷,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes.

⁴ ——— *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.

⁵ — *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.

⁶ *I would spare:—*] *To spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit*
 the possession of it. JOHNSON.

⁷ *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*]

This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*
 chap. iii. verse 11. cannot be too often impressed on the female
 mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father;
 and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children."

STEEVENS.

Came

Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I^s
 Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
 The bound 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, Fye upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,

————— Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus? —————]

These lines I do not understand; with the licence 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,*

An uncurrent encounter seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable
 congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in
 which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in
 Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex*:

“Yet these encounters thrust me not awry.”

The sense would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love
 have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is,
 at present, only apply'd to money.

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.”

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th song of
 Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course.”

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

That

That any of these bolder vices wanted⁹
 Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
 Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 Which 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,
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes ; though 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.

⁹ *I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gain-say 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.

Leo.

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 ¹,
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 ²,
(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 will 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,
But know not how it went : My second joy,

¹ *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.

² ——— *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 invective. JOHNSON.

Those of your fact are so.—I should guess *sect* to be the right word. See *K. Hen. IV. P. II. act II. sc. iv.*

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says : “ It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well.” FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff speaking to Dol Tearsheet : “ So is all her *sect* : if they be once in a calm they are sick.” *Those of your fact*, may, however, mean, — those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

And

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
³ 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 child-bed 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 limit⁴. 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.

³ *Starr'd most unluckily, —]*

i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I have got strength of limit. —]*

I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*.
And now, &c. JOHNSON.

I have got strength of limit. —]

From the following passage in the black letter history of *Titana and Theseus* (of which I have no earlier edition than that in 1636) it appears that *limit* was anciently used for *limb*.

“ — thought it very strange that nature should endow so fair a face with so hard a heart, such comely *limits* with such perverse conditions.” STEEVENS.

- *Her.*

Her. The emperor of Ruffia was my father :
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; 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 speed⁶, is gone.]

⁵ *The flatness of my misery ; —]*

That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ii :

“ ——— Thus repuls'd, our final hope

“ Is flat despair.” MALONE.

⁶ *Of the queen's speed, —]*

Of the event of the queen's trial : so we still say, he *speed* well or ill.

JOHNSON.

Leo.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
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 profaneness '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; though 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?⁷

⁷ *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.

Re-enter

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!

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?
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^s,
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,

^s *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

More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little ; * though 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 drop 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 ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault.

* ————— though 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.

I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't¹;
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.

¹ *I am sorry for't;*

This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon²

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, somé another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,

² *Thou art perfect then,——*]

Perfect is often used by Shakespeare for *certain, well assured, or well informed.* JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;
 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 character³ : there these ;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 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 accurs'd am I,

³ —*thy character :—*] i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita—“ the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his character.” STEEVENS.

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 heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour⁴?—
 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 barne⁵! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though 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 holloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

⁴ — *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.

⁵ — *a barne! a very pretty barne!* —] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

“Peace wayward *barne*; O cease thy moan,

“Thy far more wayward daddy's gone.”

It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

Enter

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'ft thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by 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 froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. 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. ⁶ Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clo.

⁶ *Shep.* *Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.]* Though 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

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 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth ⁷ 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 ⁸:—open't: What's within, boy?

⁹ *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.

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; or perhaps Shakespeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

⁸ — *some changeling*. —] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So Spenser, b. i. c. 10:

“ And her base Elfin brood there for thee left,

“ Such, men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *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 ventured 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.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: “The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever.” FARMER.

So,

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill 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 by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight 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.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error¹,—
Now

So, in *Love's Mistress*, a masque by T. Heywood, 1636: "I before was but a man *made*, but am now a *made man*." Again, in M. Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588: "I am a *made man* if this be true." Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I am safe for ever, I am a *made man* for this world."

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *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*

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 years², and leave the growth untry'd³
 Of

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.

² ———*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, 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 his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Pro-mos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakespeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on every common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell, &c." This quotation will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

³ ———*and*

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power,⁴
 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 received: 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,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself; Imagine me⁵,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In

² ——— 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.

⁴ ——— 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.

⁵ ——— imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia; ———]

Time

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned 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 time⁶: 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 may⁷. [Exit.

S C E N E 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 years⁸, since I saw my country:
though

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.

⁶*Is the argument of time:——]*

Argument is the same with *subject*. JOHNSON.

⁷*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 replaced it.

STEEVENS.

⁸*It is fifteen years,——]* We should read—*sixteen*. *Time* has just said:

———*that I slide*

O'er sixteen years——

Again,

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? Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'y-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

Again, act V. sc. iii: "Which lets go by some *sixteen* years." Again, *ibid.* "——Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away."

STEEVENS.

° — 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 author's, unusual, 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 reap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

prince

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, noted¹, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

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 extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence.
² But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.

¹ — *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 it is at all changed by Dr. Warburton's. JOHNSON.

Missingly noted, means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

² — *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. So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. I.*:

“ ————— he did win

“ The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And fell so roundly to a large confession,

“ To *angle* for your thoughts.” STEEVENS.

Thou

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.

The Country.

Enter Autolycus ³ 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's pale ⁴.*

The

³ — [*Autolycus* —] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father :

“ *Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.*” Martial.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*]

I think this nonsense should be read thus :

*Why then come in the sweet o' the 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 :

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.

This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has “ the winter's

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge⁵;
 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 aunts⁶,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have

"winter's pale," and the meaning is, the red, the spring blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The English pale, the Irish pale, were frequent expressions in Shakespeare's time; and the words red and pale were chosen for the sake of the antithesis. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson who rejected it. In *K. Hen. V.* our author says:

"——the English breach

"Pales in the flood, &c."

Again, in another of his plays:

"Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls sir Richard Aston, "Lieutenant of the English pale, for the earle of Summerfet." Again, in *K. Hen. VI. Part I*:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——pugging tooth——]

Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, —pugging tooth. It is certain that pugging is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word pugging is used by Greene in one of his pieces, and pugging by B. and Fletcher in the *Spanish Curate*. And a puggard was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Ofcheaters, listers, nips, foists, puggards, curbers."

See *Prigging in Minshew*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——my aunts,]

Aunt appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. 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 *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——I never knew

"What flecking, glazing, or what pressing meant,

"Till

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile⁷; 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.*

⁸ My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. ⁹ My father nam'd me, Autolycus; who, being

“ Till you prefer'd me to your *aunt* the lady :
“ I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
“ No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
“ To help a lady's breath, untill your *aunt*
“ Learn'd me the common trick.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “ I'll call you one of my *aunts*, sifter, that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — wore three-pile; —] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ ———— and line them
“ With black, crimson, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet*.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *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.

“ Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,
“ To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Three Ladies of London, 1584.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Beggars Bush*:

“ To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the *sheets*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *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;

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 caparison¹; and my revenue is the silly cheat²:³ Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beating, and hanging, are 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 'leven weather tods⁴; 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 counters.—Let me see;

ner; 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.

¹ — *With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison;—*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PERCY.

² — *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 contented 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 sly cheat*. WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* 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.

³ — *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, with-hold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *tods;—*] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

what

what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* — What will this sister 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 all⁵, and very good ones; but they are most of them means⁶, and bases: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies⁷; *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.*

Ant. Oh, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.]

Clo. I'the name of⁸ me, —

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

⁵ — *three-man song-men all, —*] i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. *A six-man song* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626: “—call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man song*.” Before the comedy of the *Gentle Craft, or the Shoemakers' Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *means, and bases: —*] *Means* are trebles. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *warden-pies; —*] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present; it however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

“A deputy tart, a church-warden pye.”

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

“I would have had him roasted like a warden,

“In brown paper.”

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I'the name of me —*] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So, sir Andrew Ague-cheek;—“Before me, she's a good wench.” STEEVENS.

Aut. Oh, fir, the loathsomenefs 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, fir, and beaten; my money 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 fir, 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 fir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*Picks his pocket*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames⁹: I knew him once a servant of the

⁹ ——— [*with trol-my-dames:—*] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone bathes*, he says: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable,

the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whip'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whip'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but '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 son², 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;

agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion, the pastyme troule in madame is termed."

FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-boles*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in the *Antipodes*, 1638:

" Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got

" Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-boles*."

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-boles*."

Drayton, however, in the 14th song of his *Polyolbion*, mentions it by its present title:

" At *nine-boles* on the heath while they together play."

STEEVENS.

¹ — *abide*.] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

² — *motion of the prodigal son*, —] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confes 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 fare thee well ; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. 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 virtue³ !

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a⁴ :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*

³ —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.

⁴ *And merrily hent the stile-a :*]

To *bent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to *bend*. It is to *bent*, and comes from the Saxon *pentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ Some by the armes *bent* good Guy.”

Again :

“ And some by the brydle him *bent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7 :

“ Great labour fondly hast thou *bent* in hand.”

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*A Shepherd's Cot.**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 me⁵;
Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
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 up⁷: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass⁸.

*Flo.*⁵ ——— your extremes, ———]

That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praises. JOHNSON.

⁶ The gracious mark o'the land, ———]

The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— prank'd up: ———]To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:“ For they do *prank* them in authority.”Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:“ I pray you go *prank* you.” STEEVENS.⁸ ——— sworn, I think,

To shew myself a glass.]

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 glass, 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:

————— swoon, I think,

To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
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,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should

What he means I don't know. But Perdita was not so much given to *fwooning*, as appears by her behaviour at the king's threats, when the intrigue was discovered. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to sr 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 mess 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 glass.

i. e.—But that our rustick 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 glass, 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.

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 *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,

“ To beautify him only lacks a *cover*.”

Again:

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.

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,

Again:

“ That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
“ That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story.”

STEEVENS.

— *The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities &c.*]

This is taken almost literally from the novel: “ And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love—thou a man, appointed to love.” Green's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1592.

MALONE.

Though 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. Fye, 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. Sir, welcome ! *[To Pol. and Cam.]*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship 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 :

Grace,

* Grace, and remembrance, be to 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 rustick 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 art³, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yer nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
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.

² *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 physick.

STEEVENS.

³ *There is an art, &c.]* This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification.

STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers⁴,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble⁵ 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, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, 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.

⁴ —in gilly-flowers,] There is some further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been discovered. In a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she) but no *gilly-flowers*." Meaning perhaps that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. a wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gill-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a wanton woman.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers:

"———the fond carnation loves to shoot

"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gilliflowers*, &c. And in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posses*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

"Some thinke that *gilliflowers* do yield a *gelous smell*."

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

⁵ —dibble—] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minsbew*. STEEVENS.

Per.

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 maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina⁶,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim⁷,

⁶ ——— O Proserpina,
For the 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.

⁷ ——— violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,]

I suspect that our author 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 extra-
ordinary 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*. So, in *Albumazar*, Trin-
calo says:

“ ——— O Armellina,
“ Come let me kiss thy brows like my own daughter.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1358:

“ This Troilus full oft her eyin two
“ Gan for to kisse, &c.”

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the pos-
session of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

“ O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
“ But let me kisse thine eyes, my sweete delight.” p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

——— *Ἰωνίς πορνῆς Ἡρῆς.* Homer. STEEVENS.

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1608:

“ ——— That eye was Juno's,
“ Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,
“ That virgin blush Diana's.” MALONE.

But

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids ; * bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies 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 arms⁹. Come, take your flowers :
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitfun' 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

* ————bold oxlips,———]

Gold is the reading of fir T. Hanmer ; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that the *old reading* is the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584 :

“ ————yellow *oxlips* bright as burnish'd gold.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ————not to be buried,

But quick, and in my arms.]

So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ *Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

“ *Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms.”

There is no earlier edition of the *Winter's Tale* than that in 1623.

MALONE.

A wave

A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: ' Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth²,
 And the true blood, which peeps 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 have¹

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 'em⁴.

Pol.

¹ ————— *Each your doing,*]

That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

² ————— *but that your youth,*

And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,]

So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

“ Through whose white skin, softer than foundest sleep,

“ With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep.”

This poem was certainly published before 1600, being frequently quoted in a collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in that year. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the two first Sestiads, and about 100 lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. Of the *Winter's Tale* there is no earlier edition than that of the folio 1623. MALONE

³ *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.

⁴ *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.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But sinacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something⁵,
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; ⁶ we stand upon our
manners.—
Come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts him-
self

To have a worthy feeding⁷; but I have it

Upon

Pol. I'll swear for 'em,
This is the prettiest, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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 expression to
describe the prince's sincerity:

— your youth
*And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd.* THEOBALD.

⁶ — *We stand, &c.*]

That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *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 daughter's
fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:
“ Finding

Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
 He looks like sooth⁸ : 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,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though 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 pedlar 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 money ; 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 down⁹, 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 :

“ Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
 “ To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd.”

Again, in the sixth song of the *Polyolbion* :

“ ———so much that do rely
 “ Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *He looks like sooth* : —] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. So, in
 Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :

“ Thou dost dissemble, but I mean good *sooth*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — doleful *matter merrily set down* ; —] This seems to be another
 stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambyses*, “ A lamenta-
 ble Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *Mirth*, &c.” STEEVENS.

he

he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dil-do's* and *fadings*¹: *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, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*².

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares³?

Ser.

¹ — *fadings*: —] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by B. and Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*, vol. V. p. 421, 2:

“ — and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, p. 416:

“ I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jigg.”

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

“ But under her coats the ball be found. —

“ With a *fading*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th epigram:

“ See you yond motion? not the old *fading*.” STEEVENS.

² — *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of, “ *Oh! do me no harme good man*.” FARMER.

³ — *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 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 *Autolykus* 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. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: “ — She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure.” Again, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616: “ A most fearful pestilence to happen among taylor's. There's a *statute lace* shall undo them.” STEEVENS.

Unbraided

Set. 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 gross; inkles, ⁴ caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddeffes: you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the ⁵ sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakespeare's *All's Well*, &c. act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*; or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribbands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

⁴ — *caddisses*, —] I do not exactly know what *caddisses* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters says; — "I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In the *First Part of K. Hen.* IV. I have supposed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadesse*; the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *sleeve-band*, —] Is put very properly by sir T. Hanmer; it was before *sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-bands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. IV. p. 323: "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-bands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*," is Englished the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "shurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-hand* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a surcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker; as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, b. xii. st. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,

"Her curious *square*, imboss'd with swelling gold."

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 bracelet, neck-lace amber ;
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel⁶,
What maids lack from head to heel :*

Come

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakespeare. TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-band*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says :

“ Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and hande.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *poking-sticks of steel,*]

These *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.” Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix* : “ ——— Love is a rebato indeed : a rebato must be *poak'd* ; now many women wear rebatoes, and many that wear rebatoes—must be *poak'd*.” Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ ——— came in as I was *poking* my ruff.”

Again,

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 money of me ; but being enthrall'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 bear 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 : ' Clamour your tongues, and not a word more :

Mop.

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639 :

“ I leave my state to pins and *poking-sticks* ;

“ To farthingales and frounces.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

“ Where's my ruff and *poker*, you blockhead ? —

“ Your ruff and *poker* are, &c.”

These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, second part ; and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakespeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered “ A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London.”

Stowe informs us that “ about the sixteenth yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone.”

STEEVENS.

7 — Clamour your tongues, —] The phrase is taken from
ringing.

Mop. I have done. Come, ^s you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo.

ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humourous.

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 V. sc. vii :

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 fir T. H. has altered it, as he uses the expression, *Third Part of Henry VI.* act V. sc. vi :

K. Ed. “ *Peace wilful boy, or I shall charm your tongue.* ”

And in *Othello*, act V. sc. viii :

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 I. sc. i :

Mercurio. “ *How now my dangerous braggart in decimo sexto; charm your skipping tongue, or I'll* ” ———

GRAY.

^s ——— *you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.*] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe : “ *Tawdrie lace, astrigmentā, 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 the Clown 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.* ”

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “ make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fiftenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

nourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took 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. 863. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First.

WARTON.

So, in the *Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdry lace.*"

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four Ps.* 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

"*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make

"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song:

"——— not the smallest beck,

"But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck."

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdes* of B. and Fletcher:

"The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring."

STEEVENS.

Aut. And, indeed, fir, 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, fir ; 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, 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 money-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 a 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.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : And lets first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

^o *I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; —]* Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, — or a life. The text, however, is right ; only it should be printed thus : — a'-life. So, it is in B, Jonson :

“ ———— thou lovest a'-life

“ Their perfum'd judgment.”

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of — at life ; as a'-work is, of at work. TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633 : “ Now in good deed I love them a'-life too.” Again, in *Monfieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher : “ ———— a clean instep, and that I love a'-life.” Again, in a *Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616 : “ I love that sport a'-life, i'faith. Again, in *Tom Tyler*, &c. 1598 : “ Yes, marry, I love this gear a'-life.” A-life is the reading of the only ancient copy of the *Winter's Tale*, fol. 1623. Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608 : “ He loves to follow his occupation a'-life.” STEEVENS.

Aut.

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?*

— a ballad, Of a fish —] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: —
“ Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.” STEEVENS.

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 ² 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 ?
Any silk, any 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 ³ utter all mens' ware-a.*

[*Exit Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. ⁴ *Master, there are three carters, three shep-
herds,*

² — sad —] For serious. JOHNSON.

³ *That doth utter all mens' ware-a.*]

To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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* ?

herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair^s; they call themselves, saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry 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 bowling⁶) 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 herdsinen.

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,

herdsinen? At least, they have not the final syllable, *berd*, 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 *herdsinen*, THEOBALD.

⁵ ——— *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 flagged 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.

⁶ — *bowling*) —] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

Shep.

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.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter⁷.——

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 snow⁸,

⁷ *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.

⁸ ——— or the fann'd snow,] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

“ Fann'd by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“ When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.

That's

That's bolted by the northern blasts 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 :—
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, the 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, employ 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

Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

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 ?
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,

• ————*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.

Shep.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young fir,

[*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,
Though 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,

* *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 *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The an-
cient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of
Glocester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer,
was softened into *ferre*.

“ But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.” *H. of Fa. B.* 2. v. 92.

“ Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

Knight's Tale, 2062. TYRWHITT.

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.

[Exits

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid²: 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.

Skep. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three³,
 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 shroud, and lay me

² *I was not much afraid, &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.

³ *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 dust⁴.—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 afeard; 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,
⁵ And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

⁴ Where no priest shovels-in dust.——]

This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakespeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward the VI.

FARMER.

⁵ And mar the seeds within!——]

So, in *Macbeth*:

“And nature's germins tumble all together.” STEEVENS.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy⁶: 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 sea hides
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 irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;

⁶ ——— and by my fancy: ———]

It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.” STEEVENS.

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the fight 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'll 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

⁷ Our selves 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.

Fl. 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 ⁸ ;
The

⁷ *Our selves 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.

⁸ *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 op-
portunity : 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, when he has alter'd it to *every sitting*. The truth is, the com-
mon reading is very expressive ; and means, at every audience
you

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 in⁹ 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

you shall have of the king and council. The council-days being,
 in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings*.

WARBURTON.

————— at every sitting,]

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to
 be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

⁹ *But not take in the mind.*]

To *take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in
Anthony and Cleopatra:

"He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,

"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin 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! I have
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a

¹ — *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.

GRAY.

In *Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, &c.* 1607, is the following receipt given, act IV. sc. iii:

“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.

ribbon,

ribbon, glafs, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, fhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fafting: they throng who fhould buy firft; as if my trinkets had been ² hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I faw whose purfe was beft in picture; and, what I faw, to my good ufe, I remember'd. My clown, (who wants but fomething to be a reasonable man) grew fo in love with the wenches' fong, that he would not ftir his pettitoes, 'till he had both tune and words; which fo drew the reft of the herd to me, that all their other fenfes ftuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket ³, it was fenfelefs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purfe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's fong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moft of their feftival purfes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againft his daughter and the king's fon, and fear'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purfe alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel and Perdita, come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there Sofoon as you arrive, fhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thofe that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall fatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you fpeak, fhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [Seeing *Autolycus.*]
We'll make an instrument of this; omit

² —as if my trinkets had been hallowed,—] This alludes to beads often fold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

³ —a placket,—] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively uſed. So perhaps, again, in *K. Lear*:

“Keep thy hand out of plackets,” STEEVENS.

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why hanging. [*Aside.*]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, fir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody wil steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some ⁴ boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, fir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, fir?—I smell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

⁴ —boot.] That is, *something over and above*, or as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

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.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Flo. Per. and Cam.*

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 : ^s 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.

^s — 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.

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 other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. 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.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his sons 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.*

Shep. 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 palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's ⁶ excrement.—How now, rusticks? whether are you bound?

Shep.

⁶ —pedler's excrement.—] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.
So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ Whose

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting 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 lye⁷.

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 toze⁸ from thee

“ Whose chin bears no impresson of manhood,

“ Not a hair, not an excrement.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ ———dally with my excrement, with my mustachio.”

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: “ Why is Time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?”

STEEVENS.

⁷ ———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.

⁸ ———insinuate, or toze——] The first folio reads—at toaze; the second—or toaze. To teaze, or toze, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*. without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

—— Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee &c.]
To

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, sir, 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 pheasant⁹; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'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 teeth¹.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,

“ Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,

“ His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.”

The word *toaze* is used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

“ —We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,

“ But we will know this purpose.” MALONE.

⁹ *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant*; —] This satire, on the bribery of courts, is not unpleasant. WARBURTON.

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.

¹ — *a great man*, — *by the picking on's 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.

Aut.

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.

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, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though 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.

Clo. 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 flay'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 day² prognostication proclaims, shall he be set

² — the hottest day, &c.] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. JOHNSON.

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: ³ 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 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: 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,

³ —being something gently considered,—] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“ —sure, sir, I'll consider it hereafter if I can.

“ What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a *bribe-taker*.”

Again, in the *Ile of Gulls*, 1633: “Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest.” STEEVENS.

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 shrow them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns 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.*

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

Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More

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 heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the ' 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.

Cle. 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,

† 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.

⁵ Or, from the all that are, took something good,]

This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and
Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

What

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 well⁶?
 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,

⁶ *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 consolation to the king's affliction. All hitherto is plain, and becoming 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 conclude 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 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 author had chosen, but which we cannot prove that he did chuse; the reasons for it are plausible, but not cogent. **JOHNSON.**

Did

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,—

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?
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,

⁷ ——— 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-vex'd,

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-vex'd)

Begin—And why to me? ———

The blunders of the folio are so numerous, that it should seem when a word dropt out of the press, they were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.

(Where

(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vezt,
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
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 blest'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
* Affront his eye.

Cle. Good madam, I 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

* *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is to meet. JOHNSON.

° *Good madam, I have done.*]

Surely this hemistich should be divided between *Cleomenes* and
Paulina:

Cle. *Good madam,*—

Paul. *I have done:*

Yet if, &c.

The modern editors have read:

Good madam, pray have done. STEEVENS.

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, (the
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,
'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 yourself¹
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'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)

¹ ———— *Sir, you yourself*
Have said, and writ so; ————]

The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows that, *she had not been*—*equal'd.* JOHNSON.

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.

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 come.—

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 !
And your fair princess, goddesses !—O, 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,

Though 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
daughter²
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence

² ——— 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, shewed 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.

(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, fir,
 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
 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 bless'd,
 (As 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 fir,
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great fir,
 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
 Whiles 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, fir ; 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, fir, 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 beauty³,

³*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 trea-
sure ; 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 *wor-*
thiness, and among others that of high descent. The king means
that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as *wor-*
thy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

That

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chafe 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
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-
trefs,

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.

The same.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

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; 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 a second Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, 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 a third 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

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 fight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, 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 her⁴: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten⁵ 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, though 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.

⁴ — *with clipping her.* —] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney*:

“ He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,
“ Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *weather-beaten* —] Thus the modern editors: The old copy — *weather-bitten*. *Hamlet* says: “ The air bites shrewdly;” and the Duke, in *As you like it*: — “ when it bites and blows.” *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

1 *Gent.*

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 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 there⁶, 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 by⁷ that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he
him-

⁶ —most marble there,—] i. e. most petrified with wonder.
STEEVENS.

⁷ —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

himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her^s custom, so perfectly he is her

praise here given him by our author. He was born in the year 1492, lived just that circle of years which our Shakespear did, and died eighteen years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this tribute of praise must be owned; 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 Shakespear. 1st, 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 work, he would beguile nature of her custom.* 2^{dly}, 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 on this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear Shakespear 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.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in the *Magnetic Lady*, act V. sc. viii. say:

“ — all city statues must he painted,

“ Else they be worth nought i^t their subtil judgments.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Sir

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.* ⁹ 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, 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 wea-

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —of her custom,—] That is, of her trade,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

⁹ 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.

ther

ther 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 posterous 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 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.

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 ' 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 ² tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst 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.

¹ —franklins say it,—] *Franklin* is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. JOHNSON.

² —tall fellow of thy hands,—] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for stout. JOHNSON.

The rest of the phrase occurs in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114:

“ A noble knight eke of *his bonde*.”

Again, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: “ Ay, and he's a tall fellow, a man of *his hands* too.” Again, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*:

“ I tell you he is a *man of his hands*.”

A *man of his hands* had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow skilful in thievery*. Phraseology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529:

“ Thou art a good man of *thyne habite*.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

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, apart³: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever

³ ———— *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.

Still

Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shews off

Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.

Comes it not something near ?

Leo. Her natural posture !—

Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,

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 ashamed : 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 thy 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, patience⁴ ;

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's

Not dry.

⁴ O patience ;]

That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager.* JOHNSON.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore 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,
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,^s
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.

⁶ Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,

^s *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 esteem-
ed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shake-
speare, as it has been used by Holinshed: *Descript. of Engl. c. ix.*
p. 235 : “ Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many
mines of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had
in England?”—And a little lower he uses the same word again
for a quarry of stone, or plaister : “ *And such is the mine of it, that
the stones thereof lie in flakes, &c.*” TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly
not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation: JOHNSON.

⁶ *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.

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.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't⁷,
As we are 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 stir'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 chizzel
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 mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

⁷ *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.

The word *fixure*, which Shakespeare has used both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise employ'd by Drayton in the first canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

“ Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky.” STEEVENS.

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
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't 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,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
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,
* You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,

Will

* *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.

9 *————— 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.]*

So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has
written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Euridice, says:

“*Sic gemit areni viduatus ab arbore turtur.*”

It is observable, that the two poets, in order to heighten the
image, have used the very same phrase, having both placed their
turtles on a dry and withered bough. I have since discovered the
same idea in Lodge's *Rosalind or Euphues' golden Legacie*, 1592, a
book which Shakespeare is known to have read:

“ A

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.—
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—both your par-
dons,

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.*

- “ A turtle sat upon a leaveless tree,
- “ Mourning her absent pbeer
- “ With sad and sorry cheere, —
- “ And whilst her plumes she rents,
- “ And for her love laments, &c.”

Chapman seems to have imitated this passage in his *Widow's Tears*, 1612 : “ Whether some wandering Eneas should enjoy your reversion, or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered bough till Atropos cut her throat.” MALONE.

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.

Persons Represented

MACBETH.

F f 4

Persons

Persons Represented.

Duncan, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army;*

Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Roffe, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }

Angus, }
Cathness, }

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 ancient 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.

JOHNSON.

* 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 oldest copy. Mr. Rowe had tricked 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.

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

*Thunder and Lightning. * Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *Witch.*

* *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 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. The 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 success 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

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
 ' When the battle's lost and won :

3 *Witch.*

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. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἐπιπαρά τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πιτομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγικῆς, καὶ ὀπλίτας δι' αἴθρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσων γοντίας δυνάμει καὶ ἰδέαν.* *Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed 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

' *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.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere th' fet of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.*

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 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, forcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, forcery, 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 uppolite, 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

² *Witch.* Upon the heath :

³ *Witch.* ² There to meet with Macbeth.

¹ *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin³!

All. Paddock calls :— Anon⁴.—

⁵ Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

S C E N E

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.

² *There to meet with Macbeth.*]

Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and after him other editors read :

There I go to meet Macbeth.

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To meet with *Macbeth* was the general design of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest ; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third witch, would most certainly imply.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *Gray-malkin!* ———]

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.

⁴ *Paddock calls:* ——— *Anon.* ———]

This, as well as the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Preceding editors have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a frog is called a *paddock* in the North ; as in the following instance in *Cæsar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1602 :

“ ——— *Paddockes, todes, and waterfnakes.*”

In Shakespeare, however, it certainly means a toad. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms ; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a cat and a toad, with several baboons. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Fair is foul, and foul is fair :*]

S C E N E II.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, 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 serjeant⁶,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,

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.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act :

Though you untye the winds, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the *Fairy Queen* :

“ Then *fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in fight.*”

FARMER.

⁶ *This is the serjeant,*]

Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakespeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them, but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him.* This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding Serjeant* introduced on this occasion. Shakespeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding Captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

As

As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood ⁷;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their art. The merciless Macdonel ⁸
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) ⁹ from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;
¹ And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'd

⁷ *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.

⁸ ————— Macdonel]

According to Holinshed we should read *Macdowald*. The folio reads *Macdonwald*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ————— from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is 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-glasses*, 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. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“Perform'd of pleasure by your son the prince.”

Again, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi: “SyPontus in the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondaliers, &c.” Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, bl. l. no date: “—he was well garnished of spear, sword, and armour, &c.” These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose. STEEVENS.

¹ *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 Holinshed'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

Shew'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
 'Till he fac'd the slave :
 And ne'er shook hands ², nor bade farewell to him,
 'Till ³ he unseam'd him from the nape to the chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King.

endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. This is followed by Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakespeare : "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Besides, Macdowald's *quarry*, (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

² And ne'er shook hands, &c.]

The old copy reads — *which never*. STEEVENS.

³ — *he unseam'd him from the nape 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 *navel* 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 *futura sagittalis*; and which, consequently, must be

be

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. * As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion

Ship-

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;

“ 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.

The learned commentator is certainly right in his alteration of *nave* into *nape*; but notwithstanding his sagacity in that point, he seems to be mistaken in his description of the stroke. To *unseam*, is to dissever, to cut in two. The word is thus used by B. and Fletcher in the first of their *Four Plays in One*:

“ ————— not a vein runs here,

“ But Sophocles would *unseam*.”

To *unseam* a man *from the nape to the chops*, is a plain exact description as can be given of cutting off the head at the neck by a blow from the hinder part quite through to the fore part where it joins the chops, according to our common idea of decollation. The words will scarcely bear the other interpretation of *cutting his skull in two* through the crown of the head and *sagittal future*. That would be unseaming him *down* to the nape and the chops; but Macbeth's blow is *from* the nape to the chops.

The blow in Milton was copied from the romances he was so fond of, which are full of such downward cleaving strokes; and could never be taken from the aukward, upward, almost impossible one in this corrupted passage of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

* *As when the sun 'gins his reflection*]

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*, so, &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. xiv. prop. 10. See also Dr. Halley's *Ac-*

coun,

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break⁵;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
⁶ 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 Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,

count 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 reflection 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.

The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this:—*As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norwegian invasion.* The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakespeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms generally come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. **STEEVENS.**

⁵ ————— thunders break;]

The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folios and Rowe read *breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. **STEEVENS.**

⁶ Discomfort swells. —————]

Discomfort the natural opposite to *comfort*. *Well'd*, for *flowed*, was an emendation. The common copies have, *discomfort swells*.

JOHNSON.

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
7 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
8 Or memorize another Golgotha,

I can-

7 *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.

I have followed the old reading. In *Rich. II.* act I. we find this passage in support of it :

“ And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled*,
“ Fall, &c.” STEEVENS.

8 *Or memorize another Golgotha,]*

Memorize, for make memorable. WARBURTON.

—————*memorize another Golgotha,]* That is, to transmit another Golgotha to posterity. The word, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakespeare, is used by Spenser in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst prefixed to his *Pastorals*. 1579 :

“ In

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.

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes ? So should he look¹,
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse.

“ In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,

“ By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name.” WARTON.

The word is likewise used by Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, 1598.

“ — which let thy thoughts be sure to *memorize*.”

Again, in *The Fawne*, by Marston, 1606 :

“ — oh, let this night

“ Be ever *memoriz'd* with prouder triumphs.”

Again, in Daniel's dedication to the tragedy of *Philotas* :

“ Design our happiness to *memorize*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 5 :

“ Which to succeeding times shall *memorize* your stories.”

Again, in the 21st song ;

“ Except poor widows' cries to *memorize* your theft.”

Again, in the *Miracles of Moses* :

“ That might for ever *memorize* this deed.”

And again, in a copy of verses prefixed to sir Arthur Gorges's translation of *Lucan*, 1614 :

“ Of them whose acts they mean to *memorize*.”

STEEVENS.

Enter Rosse and Angus.] As only the thane of Rosse is spoken to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene, Angus is a superfluous character, the king expressing himself in the singular number ;

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane ?

I have printed it, *Enter Rosse* only. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *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

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners² 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,
³ Confronted him⁴ with self-comparisons,

Point

conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

What haste looks through 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.

The following passage in *Cymbeline* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"——one but painted thus,

"Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd, &c."

Again, in the *Tempest*:

"——prithee, say on:

"The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

"A matter from thee.——"

Again, in *K. Richard II.*:

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.

"So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,

"My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say." STEEVENS.

² —— 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. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

"And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,

"And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness

"Struggles to kiss them." STEEVENS.

³ 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

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at ' 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 present
death,

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.

⁴ —————with self-comparisons,]
i. e. give him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

WARBURTON.

⁵ —————*Saint Colmes' inch,*]

The folio reads:

At Saint Colmes' ynch.

Colmes-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Isle of Columba*. The modern editors, without authority, read:

Saint Colmes'-kill Isle;

and very erroneously; for *Colmes' Inch*, and *Colm-kill* are two different islands; the former lying on the eastern coast, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the western seas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

Holinshed thus mentions the whole circumstance: "*The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Macbeth for a great sum of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes' Inch. In memory whereof many old sepulchres are yet in the said Inch, graven with the arms of the Danes.*" *Inch*, or *Inshe* in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lbnyd's Archæologia*. STEEVENS.

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.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give*
me, quoth I.

6 *Aroint thee, witch!* the 7 rump-fed 8 ronyon cries.

Her

6 *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 account 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 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 author; 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.

7 ——— *the rump-fed ronyon* ———]

The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state,

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail⁹,

¹ And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

² *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind².

1 Witch.

as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

COLEPEPER.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, old Penny-boy says to the Cook:

“ And then remember meat for my two dogs;

“ Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, *rumps*, &c.”

Again, in *Wit at several Weapons*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ A niggard to your commons, that you're fain

“ To fize your belly out with shoulder fees,

“ With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer.”

In the *Book of Haukynges*, &c. (commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in keepyng of haukes*, it is said: “ The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— ronyon cries.]

i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf.

Thus Chaucer, in 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.

⁹ ——— in a sieve I'll thither sail,]

Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches “ could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas.” Again, sir W. Davenant, in his *Albion*, 1629:

“ He sits like a witch sailing in a sieve.” STEEVENS.

¹ *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.

² *I'll give thee a wind.*]

This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

G g 4

“ —in

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

3 And the very points they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card⁴.

I will drain him dry as hay⁵ :

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

⁶ He shall live a man forbid ;

Weary

“ —in Ireland and in Denmark both,

“ *Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,*

“ Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,

“ Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will.”

Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, says the same. STEEVENS.

³ *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.

The *very points* are the true exact points. *Very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of *points*, however, the ancient copy reads *ports*. But this cannot be right; for though the witch, from her power over the winds, might justly enough say that she had all the *points* and *quarters* from whence they blow, she could not with any degree of propriety declare that she had the *ports* to which they were directed. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the shipman's card,*]

The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle. So, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ The card of goodness in your minds, that shews you

“ When you sail false.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ————— *dry as bay :*]

So, Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 9:

“ But he is old and withered as bay.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *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.

Wearv seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle⁷, peak, and pine:
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.⁸ The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

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 bið 7 bore, &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.

⁷ *Shall he 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

“ Than were't my picture fashion'd out of wax,

“ Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried

“ In some foul dunghill.”

So, Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king
Diuffe:

“ — found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, &c.”

“ — for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the incantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe, &c.*”

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:

Sleep shall neither night nor day,

Hang upon his penthouse lid. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The weyward sisters, hand in hand,*]

The *witches* are here speaking of themselves: and it is worth an enquiry

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

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 Shakespeare. To content ourselves with two or three instances :

“ Fy, fy, how *wayward* is this foolish love,

“ That, like a testy babe, &c.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

“ This wimpled, whining, purblind, *wayward* boy.”

Love's Labour Lost.

“ And which is worse, all you have 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 Crésseide*, 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 Scots call them, &c.”

I presently recollected, that this story must be recorded at more 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 be-

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban.

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 neighbours 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 Skullda: per aëra & maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; & cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare makes 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 *shocking* 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.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrð*, and is used as a substantive

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?⁹—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
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,

stantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies* by Chaucer and Holinshed. Of the *weirdis geyrn* to *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parcæ* the *weird sisters*; and in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitullit PHILOTUS, qubairin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betweene Age and Zouth*, Edinburgh, 1605, the word appears again:

“How dois the quheill of fortune go,

“Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo.”

Again:

“Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,

“Or zit his *wierd* to warie?”

The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriae*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely three in number. The learned critic might have found in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, et *Skullda*, but also *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. *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 *Valkyriae of the North* with the *Witches of Shakespeare*. STEEVENS.

⁹ How far is't call'd to Fores? —]

The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. “It fortun'd, (says *Holinshed*) as *Macbeth* and *Banquo* journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ That man may question? —]

Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions? JOHNSON.

And

And yet your beards² forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

¹ *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth³! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis⁴!

² *Witch.*

² ——— your beards ———]

Witches were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“ ——— Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*.” STEEVENS.

³ *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 porced only on Holinshed for *facts*.” — “ *Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum 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 unquencheable desire to beare the name of a queene.” Edit. 1577.

p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of John 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 are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pursew the third weird, that sche might 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, quhillk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit findry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeoparddis, quhen thay had not sic fickernes to succed in the end of thair labouris 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 Angustæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem.*” — Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakespeare: “ The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane

of

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor⁵!

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,
6 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which

of Cawdor; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *king of Scotland.*" 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 certaine 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.

4 ——— *thane of Glamis!*]

The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Castle*. STEEVENS.

5 ——— *thane of Cawdor!*]

Dr. Johnson observes in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

6 *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.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He affirmeth these transubstantiations to be but *fantastical*, not according to the veritie, but according to the appearance." The same expression occurs in *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633, by Rowley:

"———or

Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having⁷, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 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:

⁸ 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

“——— or is that thing,

“Which should supply the place of soul in thee,

“Merely *phantastical*?”

Shakespeare, however, took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says; “This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Of noble having*, —————]

Having is estate, possession, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“———My *having* is not much;

“I'll make division of my present store:

“Hold; there is half my coffer.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“And when he heareth this tydinge,

“He will go theder with great *having*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *By Sinel's death*, ———] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

You

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'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we⁹ eaten of the insane root,
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 Rosse, and Angus.

Rosse. 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 his¹: Silenc'd with that,
In

⁹ — 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 *Hector Boethius*, that this *root* was a *berry*. WARBURTON.

— eaten of the insane root,]

Shakespeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes mens' eyes conceit unseen objects." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

" — they lay that hold upon thy senses,

" As thou hadst snuff up hemlock." STEEVENS.

¹ His wonders and his praises do contend,

Which should be thine, or his:—]

i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—

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. ² 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,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 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

eminencē.—Or—There is a contest in his mind whether he should
 indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations
 due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admira-
 tion of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

STEEVENS.

² ———— *As thick as hail,*]

Was Mr. Pope's correction. The old copy has:

————— *As thick as tale*

Can 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.
 So, in *K. Hen. VI. P. III. act II. sc. i:*

“ Tidings, *as swiftly as the posts could run,*

“ Were brought, &c.” STEEVENS.

Combin'd ³ 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 ⁴,
⁵ 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.—Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the ⁶ swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
⁷ This supernatural soliciting
 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:

³ ——— *with Norway*; ———] The folio reads:
 ——— *with those of Norway.* STEEVENS.

⁴ — *trusted home*,] i. e. carried as far as it will go. STEEVENS:

⁵ *Might yet enkindle you* ———]
Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

⁶ ——— *swelling act*] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the
 prologue to *Hen. V*:

————— “princes to act,

“And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *This supernatural soliciting*]
Soliciting for information. WARBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement* than *information*.
 JOHNSON.

If good, ^s 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?
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my ¹ single state of man, that ² function

^s ———— *why do I yield* ————]

Yield, not for *consent*, but for *to be subdued by*. WARBURTON.

To yield is, simply, *to give way to*. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———— *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.

So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604, by lord Sterline :

“ For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,

“ Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,

“ So th’ apprehension of approaching ill

“ Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying.”

STEEVENS.

¹ ———— *single state of man*, ————]

The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakespeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunction body*.

JOHNSON.

² ———— *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.

Is smother'd in furmise; 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;

³ Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban.

³ Time and the hour *runs through 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 through 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! on! —————

He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end:

————— the hour runs through 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.

Time and the hour —————]

Time is painted with an hour-glass in his hand. This occasioned the expression. WARBURTON.

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 Shakespeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakespeare.

“ The

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—⁴ my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd 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 it⁵, 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?

“The very head and front of my offending,”
is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is time with his
hours. STEEVENS.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary
with Shakespeare: “Neither can there be any thing in the world
more acceptable to me than death, whose *howver and time* if they
were as certayne, &c.” Fenton’s *Tragical Discourses*, 1579.
Again, in Davison’s *Poems*, 1621:

“*Time’s* young *howres* attend her fill,

“And her eyes and cheeks do fill

“With fresh youth and beauty.”

Again, in *Hoffman’s Tragedy*, 1631:

“The *hour*, the place, the *time* of your arrive.”

MALONE.

⁴ ——— my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. ———]

My head was *worked, agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

⁵ The interim having weigh'd it, ———]

This *interweaving portion of time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason*.

STEEVENS.

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
⁶ 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 ⁷ studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
⁸ To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment

⁶ *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.

⁷ *—studied in his death,*]

Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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.

Might

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mach. 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.

King.

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward 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 Hammer has altered *safe* to *shap'd*. I am afraid none of us have hit the right word. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially; and says that it means here, *with safety, security, and suretyship*. Dr. Kenrick proposes to read:

King. Welcome hither ;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor 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 deserv'ers.—From hence to Inverness¹,
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

Safe to ward your love and honour.

To ward is to defend. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ —it was a hand that warded him
“ From thousand dangers.”

Again, more appositely in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ — for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding my de-
pendants.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.* act V :

“ Then, if you fight against God's enemies,
“ God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.”

Dr. Kenrick would certainly be right, if instead of *love* and *ho-
nour*, the words had been *crown* and *honour*, but there is some-
what of obscurity in the idea of defending a prince's *love* in safety.

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— to Inverness,]

Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*,
that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at *Inverness* are yet stand-
ing. STEEVENS.

The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland² ! — 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.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Macbeth's wife alone, with a letter.

Lady. — They met me in the day of success ; and I

² *The prince of Cumberland ! —]*

So, Holinshed, *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 171 : “ Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope fore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne.”

² The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

STEEVENS.

have

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear⁶;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
⁷ Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
 tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

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;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,

⁶ *That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;*]

I meet with the same expression in lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*,
 1607:

“Thou in my bosom us'd to pour thy spright.”

There is no earlier edition of *Macbeth* than that of 1623.

MALONE.

⁷ *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-*
vour to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*,

Which 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.
 The words, as they now stand, have exactly the same meaning.
 Such arrangement is sufficiently common among our ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

He

He brings great news. ⁸ The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Mes]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits ⁹
 That tend on ¹ mortal thoughts, unflex 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, ² nor keep peace between

The

⁸ ——— *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 hoariness 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.

⁹ ——— *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.

¹ ——— *mortal thoughts,* ———]

This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*. So, in act V;

“ Hold fast the mortal sword.”

And in another place:

“ With twenty mortal murders.” JOHNSON.

——— *Come you spirits*

That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.]

In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nashe, 1595, (a very popular pamphlet of that time) our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office.

“ The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern-Martii, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*.” MALONE.

² ——— *nor keep peace between*

The effect, and it! ———]

The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish

The effect, ³ and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And ⁴ take my milk for gall, you murd'ring mini-
sters,

Wherever in your fightless substances

⁵ You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night⁶,
And

manish 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 cannot be doubted that Shakespeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

*That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The 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.

³ ———— *and it!* ————] The folio reads, *and bit*. STEEVENS.

Her purpose was to be effected by action. To *keep pace between the effect and purpose*, I should therefore think meant, to delay the execution of her purpose. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some action should be performed, her purpose could not be carried into execution. There is no need of alteration. MALONE.

⁴ ———— *take my milk for gall,* ————]

Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNSON.

⁵ *You wait on nature's mischief!* ————]

Nature's mischief is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

⁶ ———— *Come, thick night, &c.*]

A similar invocation is found in *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth*:

“ Oh sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,

“ That it discern not this black deed of darkness!

“ My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,

“ Must wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:

“ Be

7 And pall thee in the dunnest fmoke of hell!
 That my keen knife⁸ see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark⁹,
 1 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy
 Cawdor²!

Enter

“ Be then my *coverture* thick ugly night!
 “ The light hates me, and I do hate the light.”

MALONE.

7 *And pall thee*——]

i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of state. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date;

“ The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*.”

Again, in Milton's *Penferoso*:

“ Sometime let gorgeous tragedy

“ In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by.”

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead. STEEVENS.

⁸ *That my keen knife*——]

The word *knife* which at present has a familiar meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword*. So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

“ Through Goddes myght, and his *knysfe*,

“ There the gyaunte lost his lyfe.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 6:

“ —— the red-cross knight was slain with paynim *knife*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —— the blanket of the dark,]

Drayton, in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression resembling this:

“ Thick vapours that, like *rugs*, still hang the troubled
 air.” STEEVENS.

¹ *To cry, Hold, hold!*——]

On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*.

JOHNSON.

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying

“ —— in the *dun* air sublime.” STEEVENS.

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 the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *bold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *bold*,
 but

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present time †, and I feel now]

but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech :

" And damn'd be him who first cries, *bold, enough!*"
 STEEVENS.

² *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 arrival 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.

³ *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.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" — — his shipping,

" Poor ignorant baubles, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *— — present time, —]*

The word *time* is wanting in the old copy. It was supply'd by Mr. Pope, and perhaps without necessity, as our author omits it in the first scene of the *Tempest*: "If you can command these elements to silence and work the peace of *the present*, we will not handle a rope more." The sense does not require the word *time*, and it is too much for the measure. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" And that you not delay the *present*; but &c." —

Again, in *Corinthians* I. ch. xv. v. 6: " — of whom the greater part remain unto this *present*." STEEVENS.

The

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
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book⁵, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time⁶; 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 will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read, &c.]*

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“*Her face the book of praises, where is read*

“*Nothing but curious pleasures.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *to beguile the time,*

Look like the time; ———]

The same expression occurs in the 8th book of *Daniel's Civil Wars*:

“*He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances;*

“*Looks like the time: his eye made not report*

“*Of what he felt within; nor was he less*

“*Than usually he was in every part;*

“*Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart.*”

It is almost needless to observe that the *Poem of Daniel* was published many years before *Macbeth* could have been written.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

⁷ Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting ⁸ martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage ⁹, but this bird

⁷ 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 guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, ———

General has been corrupted to *gentle* once again in this very play. See note, act III. scene v. 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.

⁸ —martlet, —] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*.
JOHNSON.

The correction is supported by the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— like the *martlet* . . .

“ Builds in the weather on the outward wall.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —coigne of vantage, —] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they ' most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. Sec, see ! our honour'd hostess ! —
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
² How you shall 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
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,
³ We rest your hermits.

King.

¹ — most breed, —] The folio, — must breed. STEEVENS.

² How you should bid God-yeld us —]
To bid any one *God-yeld 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 *Anthony and Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length :

“ And the gods yield you for't.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568 :

“ God yelde you Esau, with all my stomach — ”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. 1. no date :

“ Syr, quoth Guy, God yield it you,

“ Of this great gift you give me now.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Sompnoure's Tale*, v. 7759 ; late edit.

“ God yelde you adoun in your village.”

God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* :

“ God shilde that he died sodenly.” v. 3427 ; late edit.

STEEVENS.

³ We rest your hermits.]

Hermits, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.

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 spur⁴, hath holp him
 To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady. ⁵Your 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. [Exit.

That is, we as *bermits* shall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"I am your *beadsman* bound to pray for you."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"———worshipful sir,

"I shall be still your *beadsman*." STEEVENS.

⁴———*his great love, sharp as his spur*,——]

So, in *Twelfth Night*, act III. sc. iii:

"———my desire,

"More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Your servants ever, &c.*]

The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting-house or audit room. *In compt* means, *subject to account*. The sense of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

S C E N E VII.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a sewer⁶, and divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. ⁷ If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly : ⁸ If the affassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

⁶ *Enter a sewer, —*] I have restored this stage direction from the old copy. The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*; " — clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *sewer*." Again: " See, fir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *sewer*."] STEEVENS.

⁷ *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.

⁸ ——— *If the affassination]*

Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakespeare 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.

With

° With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and ' shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come².—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 justice³
 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 murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 † Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

[°] *With his surcease, success; —]*

I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success surcease.—— JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught.
 So, in the *Ile of Gulls*, 1633:

“ Each tree and shrub wears *trammels* of thy hair.”

Surcease is cessation, stop. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“ *Surcease* brave brother: Fortune hath crown'd our
 brows.”

His is used instead of *its*, in many places. STEEVENS.

¹ ———— *shoal of time,*]

This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old
 edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*. JOHNSON.

² *We'd jump the life to come.*——]

So, in *Cymbeline*, act V. sc. iv:

“ ——— or *jump the after-enquiry* on your own peril.”

STEEVENS.

³ ———— *This even-handed justice*]

Our poet, *ap's Matinae 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 mini-
 ster'd to his predecessor.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hath borne his faculties so meek,*——]

Faculties, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

Hath borne his faculties so meek,——]

“ Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature.” —
 And again: “ Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and
 overmuch slackness in punishing offenders.” STEEVENS.

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, ⁵ or heavens cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
⁶ That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur ⁷
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other ⁸—How now! what news?

⁵ ———— 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 mo-
 tion. *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:

“Wherever in your *sightless* substances, &c.”

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“The flames of hell and Pluto's *sightless* fires.”

Again:

“Hath any *sightless* and infernal fire

“Laid hold upon my flesh?”

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:

“The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do
 fly.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *That tears shall drown the wind.* ———]

Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

⁷ ———— no spur &c.]

The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by lord Bacon.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *And falls on the other*——]

Hanmer has on this occasion added a word which every reader can-
 not fail to add for himself. He would give:

And falls on the other side.

But the state of Macbeth's mind is more strongly marked by this
 break in the speech, than by any continuation of it which the most
 successful critic can supply. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lady.

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 : 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

⁹ *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 for ever 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.

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? ¹ 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,
² Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace ³:

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?
 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,

¹ ——— *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.

The reasoning is rendered imperfect by inserting the note of interrogation after the word *esteem*; the two ensuing lines belonging as necessarily to the sentence as any line that went before, and making an essential part of the Lady's argument. Put the note of interrogation where it ought to be, at the end of the speech, and then the argument becomes entire, and the reasoning conclusive. — *Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "I dare not," to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, "I would?"* STEEVENS.

² *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*]

The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." JOHNSON.

³ *Pr'ythee, peace, &c.*]

A passage similar to this, occurs in *Measure for Measure*, act II. scene ii:

"——— 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.

4 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does 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 should fail,——

Lady. We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking place^s,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
6 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

That

4 *Did then adhere,———*]

The old copy reads *adhere*. Dr. Warburton would read *cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together than, &c." STEEVENS.

5 *But screw your courage to the sticking place,*]

This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object ; as in driving piles, &c. So, in sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :

" ——— There is an engine made,

" Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels ;

" For they, once *screwed up*, in their return

" Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. viii :

" *Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

Perhaps indeed Shakespeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

6 *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.

So, in the old comedy of *Cambyfes* :

" If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*."

Again :

That memory, the warder of the brain⁷,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason⁸

A lim-

Again :

“ By this his grace, by conquest great the Egyptians did
convince.”

Again, in Holinshed : “ —thus mortally fought, intending to
vanquish and *convince* the other.”

————— *and wassel* —————]

What was anciently called *was-baile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year ; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengist used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-beil* ; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-beile* ; and then as Geoffery of Monmouth says :

“ Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire
beil,

“ And that was tho in this land the verst *was-bail,*

“ As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,

“ And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut
voryute.”

Afterwards it appears that *was-baile*, and *drinc-beil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of *Hauvil the monk*, who preceded him :

“ Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *wass-beil,*

“ Ingeminant *wass-beil* —————

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wisshing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wiss-beil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called *Lambs Wool*, *i. e.* roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See *Beggar's 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.”

Again, in a song introduced in *Laneham's Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, 1575 :

“ For wine and *wassell* he had at will.”

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*

' 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 ; ' 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 ²

*neat sempster and songster ; her page bearing a brown bowl dress with
ribbands and rosemary, before her.* STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *the warder of the brain,*]

A warder is a guard, a centinel. So, in another play of Shake-
speare :

“ Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *the receipt of reason*]

i. e. the receptacle. MALONE.

⁹ *A limbeck only : ———*]

That is, shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *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.

So, in Chaucer's *Tale of the Nonnes Priest*, v. 15396, late edit.

“ The dokes cryeden as men wold hem *quelle*.”

The word is used in this sense by Holinshed, p. 567 : “ ——— the
poor people ran about the streets, calling the captains and gover-
nors *murtherers* and *manquellers*.” Again, in *The Cobler's Pro-
phcy*, 1594 :

“ Pres'd through despair myself to *quell*.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *and bend up*]

A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K. Henry V.* act III. sc. i :

“ ——— *bend up every spirit*

“ To his full height,” STEEVENS.

Each

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,

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

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

³ *Ban.* How 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 : + Merciful powers !

Re-

³ *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.

+ ————*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 attempt 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 as-

fail

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath⁵ been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesse to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up⁶
In measureless content,

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought⁷.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

fail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

“From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

“Guard me!” STEEVENS.

⁵ *He bath to-night, &c.*]

To-night was unnecessarily inserted by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————— *shut up*]

To shut up, is to conclude. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 9:

“And for to *shut up* all in friendly love.”

Again, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, fourth edit. p. 157: “—— though the parents have already *shut up* the contract.” Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Essex's speech on the scaffold: “he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Being unprepar'd,*

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.]

This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our *willingness* to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. MALONE.

To

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. ⁸ If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

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 ⁹ clutch
thee :——

I have

⁸ *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 had 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.

Such another expression occurs in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid* :

“ And if thy will *stick* unto mine, I shall

“ In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own.”

When 'tis, means, *when 'tis my leisure to talk with you on this business* ; referring to what Banquo had just said, *at your kindest leisure.*

Macbeth could never mean to give Banquo at this time the most distant or obscure hint of his design upon the crown. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *clutch* —] The meaning of this word is well known,
nor

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-oppres'd 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 ;
 ' And on thy blade, and dudgeon, ' gouts of blood,
 Which

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. ii. 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 *Measure for Measure*, act III. sc. v. and *K. John*, act II. sc. 6. always in the same signification. WARNER.

This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, was not peculiar to Shakespeare. It is also used by Marston, in the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :

“ ——— all the earth is *clutch'd*

“ In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep.” MALONE.

It appears from the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, that Shakespeare and Ben 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 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 hilt* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *hilt*, 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.*

So,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—³ Now o'er the one half world
Nature

So, in Lyllie's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "—then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon dagger* that hangs by his tantony pouch." In *Soliman and Perseda* is the following passage:

"——Typhon me no Typhons,
" But swear upon my *dudgeon dagger*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "I am too well rank'd, Afinius, to be stabb'd with his *dudgeon wit*." STEEVENS.

Gascoigne confirms this: "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old English. FARMER.

² ——*gouts of blood*,] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the spots on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakespeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *guty of gules*, or *guty de sang*.

STEEVENS.

³ ——*Now o'er the one half world*
Nature seems dead, ——]

That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem 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.

Now o'er one half the world, &c.]

So, in Marston's second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, which probably preceded *Macbeth*:

" 'Tis

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep ⁴; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; ⁵ and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd

“ 'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clucht
 “ In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
 “ No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
 “ No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
 “ Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
 “ Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
 “ ——— I am great in blood,
 “ Unequal'd in revenge: — you horrid scouts
 “ That *sentinel* swart night, give loud applause
 “ From your large palms.” MALONE.

⁴ *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates]*

The word *now* has been 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.

⁵ ——— *wither'd murder,*
 ——— *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 hemistich 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

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 ' With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—' Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear

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.

⁶ *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. Pure 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*. Spenser uses the word in his *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

“ With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*.”

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance from Harrington's *Translation of Aristotle*, may be brought:

“ He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,
 “ And longest on the hinder foot he staid;
 “ So soft he treads, altho' his steps were wide,
 “ As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
 “ And as he goes, he gropes on either side
 “ To find the bed, &c.”

Orlando Furioso, 28th book, stanza 63.

This translation was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Dec. 7. 1593.

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 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.

⁷ ——— *Thou sound and firm-set earth,]*

Hear not my steps, ⁸ which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about ⁹,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which

is the reading of the modern editors: but though that of the folio is corrupt, it will direct us to the true one.

———— *Thou sowre and firm-set 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. So, in act IV. sc. iii:

“ Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *which way they walk,* ———]

The folio reads:

———— *which they may walk,* ——— STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thy very stones prate of my where-about,*]

The following beautiful passage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

“ Mountains will not suffice to cover it,

“ Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,

“ Nor any policy wit hath in store,

“ Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,

“ If nothing else, yet will *the very stones*

“ That lie within the streets, *cry out for vengeance,*

“ And point at us to be the murderers.” MALONE.

¹ *And take the present horror 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 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 horrour 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,*

K k 2

Hear

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*

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.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that “all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;” and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in *Virgil*, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

“Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,

“Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late.”

STEEVENS.

SCENE

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 possets²,

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 them.—³ Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband ?

² ————— *their possets,*]

It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatic performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. So, in the first part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood : “ — thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding ; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed.” Macbeth himself has already said :

“ Go bid thy mistress when my *drink* is ready,

“ She strike upon the bell.”

And in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night.” STEEVENS.

³ ————— *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 her 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.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a noise ?

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 fight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murder!*

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,
† Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,

* 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. *Ful. Cas.* act IV. sc. i :

“ ——— and now Octavius,

“ Listen great things.”

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in the *World toff'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620 :

“ Listen the plaints of thy poor votaries.”

Again, in *Lylly's Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600 :

“ There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,

“ The Graces sit, listening the melody

“ Of warbling birds.” STEEVENS.

When

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.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd s^eave of care,
'The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,*

Balm

' ——— *s^eave of care,*]

A skein of silk is called a *s^eave* of silk, as I learned from Mr. Se-
ward, the ingenious editor of Beaumont and Fletcher. JOHNSON.

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd s^eave of care,]

To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *s^eave* means *sleaved*,
silk ravel'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 unattad.” LANGTON.

Sleave is mentioned in Holinshed's *Hist. of England*, p. 835:
“ Eight wild men all apparelled in green moss made with *sleaved*
silk.” Perhaps the same word, though differently spelt, occurs
in the *Lover's Complaint*, by Shakespeare, p. 87, and 88, Lin-
tot's edition:

“ Found yet no letters sadly penn'd in blood,

“ With *sleided* silke, feate and affectedly

“ Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.”

Again, in the *Muses Elizium*, by Drayton:

“ ——— thrumb'd with grass

“ As soft as *sleave* or farcenet ever was.”

Again:

“ That in the handling feels as soft as any *sleave*.”

STEEVENS.

' *The death of each day's life, fore 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 a
means agrees with the rest, which is:

The death of each day's life, ———]

*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast*⁷;—

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
*Glamis bath murder'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,
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 devil⁸. If he do bleed,
I'll⁹ gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For

I make no question but Shakespeare wrote:

The birth of each day's life, —

The true characteristic 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.

I neither perceive the corruption, nor any necessity for alteration. *The death of each day's life, means the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *Chief nourisher in life's feast;*]

So, in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, v. 10661; late edit.

“The notice of digestion, the *stepe*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *'tis the eye of childhood,*

That fears a painted devil. —]

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

“*Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *gild the faces of the grooms withal,*

For it must seem their guilt.]

Could

For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking!
 How is't 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 ² incarnardine,
 Making the green—one red ³.

Re-

Could Shakespear 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 Shakespear himself:

“England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*.” *Hen.* IV. p. 2.

Again, in *Hen.* V:

“Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!” STEEVENS.

¹ *Will all great Neptune's ocean &c.]*

“*Suscipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tetbys,*

“*Non genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*”

Caullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἶμαί γὰρ ἔτ' ἐν Ἰστροῖσι ἔτι φῶσιν ἄν

Νίβηαι καθαρμῶν τινεὶ τῆς στίγνης.

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.* STEEVENS.

So, in the *Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1603:

“Although the waves of all the northern sea

“Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,

“Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be.”

MALONE.

² —[*incarnardine*,] To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*.

So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*:

“Grograms, sattins, velvet fine,

“The rosy-colour'd *carnardine*.” STEEVENS.

³ *Making the green—one red.]*

The

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,

Mach. * To know my deed,—’Twere best not know
myself. [*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou
couldst! [*Exeunt,*

The same thought occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“He made the green sea red with Turkish blood.”

Again:

“The multitudes of seas died red with blood.”

Another not unlike it is found in Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, b. ii, c. 10. st. 48:

“The whites with blood they all the shore did stain,

“And the grey ocean into purple dye.”

Again, in the 19th song of Drayton’s *Polyolbion*:

“And the vast greenish sea discolour’d like to blood.”

It had been common to read:

Making the green one, red.

The author of the *Gray’s Inn Journal*, No. 17, first made this elegant and necessary change, which has hitherto been adopted without acknowledgment. STEEVENS.

* *To know my deed,—’Twere 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,—’Twere best not know myself.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

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: comê in time; have napkins⁵ enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, ⁶here'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, ⁷here's an English taylor

⁵ —napkins enough—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello*:

“Your *napkin* is too little.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —*here's an equivocator, —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.

⁷ —*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 foure gardes apece laid down along either hose.*” Again, in the *Ladies Privilege*, 1640:

“——wear their *long*

“*Parisian* breeches, with five points at knees,

“Whose tags concurring with their harmonious spurs,

“Afford rare music; then have they doublets

“So short i'th' waist, they seem as 'twere begot

“Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which to save stuff,

“Are but a year's growth longer than their skirts;

“And

lor 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 everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

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.

“ And all this magazine of device is furnish'd

“ By your French taylor.”

Again, in the *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: “ Blest be the French sleeves and breech verdingales that grants them (the taylors) leave to coney-catch so mightily.” STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French fashions*. In the *Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses: “ *Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made close to their limbes, wherein they had no meanes for pockets.” And *Withers*, in his satyr against vanity, ridicules “ the spruze, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose*.” FARMER.

Macd.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, fir, 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 ⁸ 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 fir !

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 ⁹. [*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,

⁸ —— [*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 hufwife, he reels all that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he casts excellent well. STEEVENS.

⁹ For 'tis my limited service.]

Limited, for appointed. WARBURTON.

Lamentings heard i'the air; 'strange screams of death;
 And prophesying, with accents terrible,
 Of dire combustion, 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! ²Tongue, not
 heart,

Cannot

¹ ——— *strange screams of death;*
And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, 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.]

These lines I think should be rather regulated thus:

——— *prophesying with accents terrible,*
Of dire combustion 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 feverous 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 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.

² ——— *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. Cas.* act III. sc. i:

“ ——— the

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
fight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! 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 countenance³ this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a 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!

“ — there is no harm

“ Intended to your person, *not to no* Roman else.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *this horror!*]

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 how an editor is authorized to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

* What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

^s 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.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

* *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.

^s *Dear Duff,*—] In the folio, for *Macduff* is read *Dear Duff*.
JOHNSON.

If the original copy reads *Dear Duff*, on what authority can it be chang'd into *Macduff*? We are not writing out the parts for players. STEEVENS.

Mal.

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 blood⁶,
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
Out-ran the pauser reason.—⁷ Here lay Duncan,

⁶ ——— badg'd with blood,]

So, in the second part of *K. Hen. VI*:

“ With murder's crimson badge.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— 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.

To *gild* any thing with *blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays. So, Heywood, in the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ ——— we have *gilt* our Greekish arms

“ *With blood* of our own nation.”

Shakespeare repeats the image in *K. John*:

“ Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,

“ Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*.”

STEEVENS.

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
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : Who could re-
 frain,

That

^s *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.

⁹ *Unmannerly breech'd with gore : ———]*

An *unmannerly dagger*, and a *dagger breech'd*, or as in some editions *breach'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.

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 their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it ; and it is known that

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady.

that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

“The main spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,

“He lies to be new *breech'd*.”

“*Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets.”

A Cure for a Cuckold, by Webster and Rowley.

STEEVENS.

Whether the word which follows be *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *hatch'd*, or *drench'd*, I am at least of opinion that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading. Macbeth is describing a scene shocking to humanity: and, in the midst of his narrative, throws in a parenthetical reflection, consisting of one word not connected with the sentence, “(O most *unseemly* fight!)” For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly*: and the want of considering it in this *detached* sense has introduced much confusion into the passage. The Latins often used *nefas* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in the same sense, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the *Revisal* is equally frigid and unmeaning. “Their daggers *in a manner lay* drench'd with gore.” The manifest artifice and dissimulation of the speech seems to be heightened by the explanation which I have offered. WARTON.

This passage, says Mr. Heath, seems to have been the *cruce criticorum*!—Every one has tried his skill at it, and I may venture to say, no one has succeeded.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner—sbeatb'd with blood. A scabbard is called a pilche, a leather coat, in Romeo—but you will ask, whence the allusion to breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time) called *The French Garden, or a Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: “Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master's silver hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me.”—Shakespeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been

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 exposure¹, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
² In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

Against

been set right at once. “Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maîtres, vous n’avez pas espouffeté leur *bânt-de-chausses*” — their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress. FARMER.

¹ *And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, ———]*

i. e. when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air. It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

² *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous 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.

Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakespeare. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: “——conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king,

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
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 ³.

Mal. + This murderous shaft that's shot,

Hath

king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth* :

"What good could they *pretend*?"

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God ; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*. STEEVENS.

³ ———— *the near in blood,*

The nearer bloody.]

Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer ; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

+ *This murderous 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 murderous 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 neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore

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^s 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)

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.

^s ——— in her pride of place,]

Finely expressed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: “There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl.”

STEEVENS.

Beau

Beauteous, and swift, ° 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!

7 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 like⁸,
The

⁶ ———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. STEEVENS.

⁷ What good could they pretend?]

To pretend is here to propose to themselves, to set before themselves as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

⁸ Then 'tis most like,

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.]'

Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown, im-
mediately

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-kill⁹;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
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.

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;

mediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ —Colmes-kill;] *Colmes-hill*, or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his *Tour*. *Holinshed* scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colme-kill*. STEEVENS.

But

But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(¹ As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Ross, 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, fir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. ² 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't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'xt this and supper: go not my horse the better³,
I must

¹ (*As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine*)]

Shine, for prosper. WARBURTON.

Shine, for appear with all the *lustre* of conspicuous truth.

JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *K.*
Hen. VI. P. I. sc. ii:

“Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased

“To *shine* on my contemptible estate.” STEEVENS.

² *Lay your—*] The folio reads, *Let your—* STEEVENS.

³ *—Go not my horse the better,*] i. e. if he does not go well.
Shake-

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?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call up-
on 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: while 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 no-
thing;

[*Exit Servant.*]

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Shakespeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— her smiles and tears

“ Were like a *better* day.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man.”

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix. c. 46.

“ ——— Many are caught out of their fellows hands, if they be-
stirre not themselves the *better*.” It may mean, If my horse does
not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night.

STEEVENS.

Reigns

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 ; * as, it is said,
Mark Antony'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,

* ——— as, it is said,

Mark Antony'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 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 *Revisal* 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.

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 5 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to 6 the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, 7 come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-

5 *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.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

“He called his father villain, and me strumpet,

“A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with.”

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: “—— like smoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes.” Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1:

“She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed.” STEEVENS.

6 ————*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 Shakespeare 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 *fiend* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

7 ————*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 a l'outrance*. A challenge or a combat *a l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium interuicinum*, 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

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*

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

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. WARBURTON.

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 utterance.”

Again, in the *History of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555;

“That so many monsters put to utteraunce.”

Shakespeare uses it again in *Cymbeline*, act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁸ *How you were borne in hand;—]*

i. e. made to believe what was not true, what would never happen 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 honde that the cowe is wode.*”

and

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that
 might,
 To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *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 ? ⁹ Are you so gospell'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 ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men ;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 All by the name of dogs : the valued file ²

Distinguishes

and our author in many places, *Measure for Measure*, act I.
 sc. viii. WARNER.

So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ Yet I will bear some dozen more in band,

“ And make them all my gulls.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *Are you so gospell'd,*]

Are you of that degree of precise virtue ? *Gospeller* was a name of
 contempt given by the Papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early
 times, and the precursors of *protestantism*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Morality* called *Lusty Juventus*, 1561 :

“ What, is Juventus become so tame

“ To be a newe gospeller ?”

Again :

“ And yet ye are a great *gospeller* in the mouth.”

I believe, however, that *gospelled* means no more than kept in obe-
 dience to that precept of the gospel, “ to pray for those that despite-
 fully use us.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Shoughs*, —] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*,
 demi-wolves, *lycisæ* ; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

JOHNSON.

This species of dogs is mentioned in Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c.
 1599 : “ — a trundle-tail, tike, or *shough* or two.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— *the valued file*] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice,
 and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its pre-
 sent

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.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

sent 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.

—*the valued file*] Is the *file* or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it. — *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

File and *list* are synonymous, as in the last act of this play:

“ — I have a *file*

“ Of all the gentry.”

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: “ — to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well-wishers.” This expression occurs more than once in the *Beggar's Bush* of B. and Fletcher:

“ — all ways worthy,

“ As else in any *file* of mankind.”

Shakespeare likewise has it in *Measure for Measure*: “ The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise.” In short, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it.” STEEVENS.

Have

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,

³ So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
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 ⁴ 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 fight,
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 ;

³ *So weary with disasters, tugg'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 tug'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the compleat thought, we should read :

So weary with disastrous tugs with fortune.

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.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *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 nearest part where life resides*.

STEEVENS.

Masking

Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;

5 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°,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)

5 *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.

The perfect spy of the time seems to be, *the exact time, which shall be spied and watched for the purpose.* STEEVENS.

I rather believe we should read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the time,

The moment on't;——— TYRWHITT.

6 *———always thought,*

That I require a clearness:———]

i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed:
“ —— appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might *clear* himself.” STEEVENS.

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 apart ;
 I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
 It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

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 fancies⁷ 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 have⁸ scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
 She'll

⁷ — sorriest fancies —] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello*:

“ I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.”

Sorry, however, might signify *melancholy*, *dismal*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ The place of death and sorry execution.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — scotch'd —] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd*. JOHNSON.

Scotch'd

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

⁹ 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 peace¹;
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

² In restless ecstasy.—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

Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, act IV. sc. v:
“——he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado.”
STEEVENS.

⁹ *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.

¹ *Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,*]
The old copy reads:
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.
This change, which appears to be necessary, was made by Mr.
Rowe. STEEVENS.

² *In restless ecstasy* ——]
Ecstasy, for madness. WARBURTON.
Ecstasy, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion
of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in
Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1:

“Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
“And have no hope to end our *extasies*.” STEEVENS.

Apply to Banquo ; ³ 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 vizards 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 ⁴ nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecat's sum-
mons,

⁵ The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath

³ ——— present him eminence, ———]

i. e. do him the highest honours. WARBURTON.

⁴ ——— nature's copy's not eterne.]

The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature,
has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. v. 1305.

“ ——— O cruel goddess, that governe

“ This world with binding of your word *eterne*,

“ And written in the table of athamant

“ Your parlement and your *eterne* grant.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *The shard-borne beetle*, ———]

i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra* :

“ They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*.” WARBURTON.

The *shard-borne* beetle is not only the ancient but the true reading : i. e. the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings*. From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales* :

“ She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,

“ Whose *siberdes* shynen as the sonne :” l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepberd*, says :

“ The *scaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,

“ That make a humming murmur as they fly.”

In *Cymbeline*, Shakespeare applies this epithet again to the beetle :

“ ——— we

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady.

“—————we find

“The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold

“Than is the full-wing'd eagle.”

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose *sharded wings* can but just raise him above the ground, is often in a state of greater security than the *vast-winged eagle* that can soar to any height.

As Shakespeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies) it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind.

The quotation from *Anthony and Cleopatra*, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of *Ænobarbus* in that passage is evidently this: *Lepidus*, says he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for *shards* or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which *Lepidus* was hatch'd?

STEEVENS.

The *shard-born beetle* is the beetle born in dung. Aristotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural historians have made the same observation. See *Drayton's Ideas*, 31; “I scorn all earthly *dung-bred* scarabics.” So, Ben Jonson, Whalley's edit. vol. I. p. 59:

“But men of thy condition feed on sloth,

“As doth the beetle on the *dung* she breeds in.”

That *shard* signifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cow-dung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, p. 165:

“The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge in a cove's foule *shard*.” Again, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* exp. 775: “Turf and peat, and *cowshards*, are cheap fuels, and last long.” The first folio edit. of Shakespeare reads *shard-borne*, and this manner of spelling *borne* is in favour of the present construction. So Shakespeare, as I believe, always writes it, when it signifies *brought forth*, as in *Macbeth*: “none of woman *borne*”——“one of woman *borne*.” In short, *his Bible*, or the the old translation of the Bible, spelt it so. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, act III. sc. iv. he writes *underborn* without the final *e*.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck⁶,

'Till thou applaud the deed. . .⁷ Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—⁸ Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes

Sbarred beetle in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in "the cedar, whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes in the third part of *K. Hen.* VI. act V. sc. ii. TOLLET.

⁶ ——— *dearest chuck,*]

I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. v. c. 27:

" ——— immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife."

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *Come feeling night,*]

Thus the common editions had it; but the old one, *feeling*, i. e. blinding; which is right. It is a term in falconry.

WARBURTON.

So, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, &c.* bl. l. no date; "And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken, And in thys maner the must be *ensyled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the beeke that she se not, &c." STEEVENS.

——— *Come feeling night,*

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! ———]

This may be well explained by the following passage in *Rich.* III;

"Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act V. sc. iv:

" ——— take this life,

"And cancel these cold bonds." STEEVENS.

⁸ Light thickens; and the crow]

By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakespeare means, the *light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Ant. and Cleop.*

" ——— my lustre thickens

"When he shines by" ——— EDWARDS'S MSS.

It

' Makes wing to the rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouze.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* ' 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,

It may be added, that in the second part of *K. Hen. IV.* Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that " his desert is *too thick to shine.*"
 STEEVENS.

' Makes wing to the rooky wood :]

Rooky may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations.* It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky.* In *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare mentions

" — the *reek* of th' rotten fens."

And, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

" Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme."

Rooky wood may, however, signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks.* STEEVENS.

' 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.

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 ² 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!

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.* ³ 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.*

² — the note of expectation,]

i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to
supper. STEEVENS.

³ Was't not the way?]

i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. ⁴ You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state ⁵; 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 hearts'
thanks: —

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

⁴ *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:

————— *fit down at first,*

And last a hearty welcome.

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading 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.

⁵ *Our hostess keeps her state, &c.]*

This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The king (Hen. VIII.) caused the queene to keepe the estate, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer &c." STEEVENS.

The

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,
With twenty trenched gashes⁷ 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.

⁶ '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 pleased 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.

⁷ —trenched gashes—

Trancher to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Is deeply *trenched* on my blushing brow.”

So, in another play of Shakespeare:

“—like a figure

“*Trenched* in ice.” STEEVENS.

Lady. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold⁸;
 That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
 'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it.

[Enter the ghost of Banquo⁹, 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;
 Who 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.

⁸ ——— *the feast is sold, &c.*]

Mr. Pope reads: — *the feast is cold*, — and not without plausibility. Such another expression occurs in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ You must be welcome too: — *the feast is flat* else.”

And the same expression as Shakespeare's occurs in the *Romaunt of the Rose*:

“ Good dede done through praierc,

“ *Is sold*, and bought to dere.” 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.

⁹ Enter the ghost of Banquo, —] This circumstance of Banquo's ghost seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakespeare: “ We'll ha' the ghost i' th' white sheet sit at upper end o' th' table.” FARMER.

The circumstance of Banquo's ghost could not be alluded to in the *Puritan*, which was printed in 1600, some years before *Macbeth* was written. MALONE.

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 appall the devil.

Lady. ² O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. ³ Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Im-

¹ — extend his passion;]

Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

² 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.

³ — 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 by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the au-
thority of her grandam. JOHNSON.

Oh, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, —]

(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 kites⁴.

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,

⁵ 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.

Macb. I do forget:—

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.

⁴ *Shall be the maws of kites.*]

The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

“But be entomb'd in the raven or the kight.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.

Do not muse at me⁶, 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,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! 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,

⁶ *Do not muse at me, —*]

To *muse* anciently signified to be in *amaze*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“And rather *muse* than ask.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:

“Slid, doctor, how canst thou so soon know this?”

“I am *a-mus'd* at that.”

Again, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II. act IV*:

“I *muse* you make so slight a question.” STEEVENS.

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 I: “*All to you.*” STEEVENS.

The

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger⁸,
 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 ;
 9 If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
 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. 1 Can such things be,

And

⁸ — the Hyrcan tyger,]

Theobald chuses to read, in opposition to the old copy : —*Hyr-*
canian tyger ; but the alteration was unnecessary, as Dr. Philemon
 Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* p. 122, mentions
 the *Hyrcane* sea. TOLLET.

⁹ *If trembling I inhabit,* —]

This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*,
 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. *Ophelio*
 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.

¹ 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, be-
 sides 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 amaze-
 ment, be presented to the *disturbed* imagination in the manner
 that air visions, in summer clouds, are presented to a *swanton* one :
 which

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? ² 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 cheek,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear ³.

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.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which has caused all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7. st. 4:

“ ——— A little valley ———

“ All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*.”

FARMER.

A similar expression occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*: “ I pr’ithee *overname* them; and as thou namest them, &c.”

MALONE.

² ——— *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 has 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 perceive that the very object which 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.* A thought somewhat similar occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II. sc. i: “ I’ll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal.” Again, in *All’s Well that Ends Well*: act V:

“ ——— if you know

“ That you are well acquainted with yourself.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *are blanch’d with fear.*]

i. e. turn’d pale, as in Webster’s *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ Thou dost *blanch* mischief,

“ Dost make it white.” STEEVENS.

Rosse.

Rosse. What fights, 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 ! [Exit Lords.]

Macb. It will have blood, they say ; blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
+ Augurs, and understood relations, have

By

+ *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 ancient soothsayers of all denominations practised 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, *auguries*, 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.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird ; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbrevi-

By magot-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. '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:

'There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

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

viation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the
French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly restores *magot-pies*. In Minshew's *Guide
to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton
in his *More Dissemblers beside Women*, says: "He calls her *magot o'
pie*." FARMER.

⁵ *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 De-
borah and Barak: "*She asked her wife women counsel, yea, she
returned answer to herself.*"

This circumstance likewise takes its rise from history. Macbeth
sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunfinane. Mac-
duff sent workmen &c. but did not chuse to trust his person in
the tyrant's power. From this time he resolved on his death.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *There's not a one of them, ———]*

A one of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an indi-
vidual. In *Albumazar*, 1610, the same expression occurs: "—Not
a one shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." Theobald would
read *thane*; and might have found his proposed emendation in Bet-
terton's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant
is authorized by Holinshed: "He had in every nobleman's house
one flie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all &c."

STEEVENS.

Stept

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. ⁸ 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 :——

⁹ We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate¹.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecat' ? you look an-
 gerly.

Hec.

⁷ ——be scann'd.]

To scan is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——so he goes to heaven,

“ And so am I reveng'd : ——that must be scann'd.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ ——how these are scann'd,

“ Let none decide but such as understand.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *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.*”

JOHNSON.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.]

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's
 Well that Ends Well* : “ 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season
 her praise in.” Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ But I alone, alone must sit and pine,

“ Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine.”

MALONE.

⁹ *We are yet but young in deed.*]

The editions before Theobald read :

We're yet but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *K. Hen. VI.* third
 part : We are not, Macbeth would say,

“ Made impudent with use of evil deeds.”

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initia-
 tion into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by
 frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet says) by hard use.

STEEVENS.

¹ ——meeting Hecate.] Shakespear has been censured for intro-

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 Acheron²
 Meet me i'the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vassels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside:

ducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. *Delrio Disquis. Mag.* lib. ii. quæst. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo*: “de quadam Caupona, *regina Sagarum.*” And adds further:—“ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas.” In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, 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 superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shakespeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

² ——— *the pit of Acheron*]

Shakespeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Am- sanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

I am

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 ³ vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magic ⁴ slights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 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.

⁵ Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
 thoughts,
 Which

³ ——— vap'rous drop profound;]

That is, a drop that has profound, deep, or bidden 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 Erietho using it. l. 6:

“ ——— *et virus large lunare ministrat.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— slights,] Arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

⁵ 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

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-valiant 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 it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 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 'twere 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. ⁶ 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,

priety 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.

⁶ *The son of Duncan,*]

The common editions have *sons*. Theobald corrected it.

JOHNSON.

That

That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone,⁷
 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 knives⁸;
 Do faithful homage,⁹ and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now: And this report
 Hath so exasperate¹ 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 caution², to hold what distance

⁷ ——— *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.

⁸ *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;]*

The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody
 knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally
 stood:

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

⁹ ——— *and receive free honours,]*

Free for grateful. WARBURTON.

How can *free* be *grateful*? It may be either honours *freely be-
 stowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, with-
 out dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *their king, ———]* The sense requires that we should read
the king, i. e. Macbeth. *Their* is the reading of the old copy.

STEEVENS.

² *Advise him to a caution, ———]*

Thus the old copy. The modern editors, to add smoothness to
 the versification, read: ——— *to a care.* ——— STEEVENS.

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,

A C T IV. 3 S C E N E I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd⁴.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whin'd⁵.

3 *Witch.*

3 SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment

⁴ *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 Galinthia was changed into a cat by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. cap. 29.) by witches, (says Pausanias 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 soror Phœbi latuit.*” WARBURTON.

⁵ *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.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious.

So,

3 *Witch.* Harper cries ⁶ :—'tis time, 'tis time ⁷.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

judgment Shakespeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal 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-toft.”

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 he 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

So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616 : “ Sure 'tis not a lucky time ; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number.” *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II.* Silence says : “ I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now.” STEEVENS.

⁶ Harper cries :—]

This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἀπάραξω rapio. See Upton's *Critical Observations* &c. edit 1748, p. 155.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —'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.

Toad,

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one,

Swelter'd

cure 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. Harfnet 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 charg'd with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
"Days and nights hast thirty one,
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
"Boil thou first i'the charmed 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 profecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft.*

"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

Swelter'd venom^s sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'the charmed^l pot!

All. ⁹Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

“ Mingle, mingle, mingle,
“ You that mingle may,”

And in a former part:

“ ——— weird 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 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.

^s *Swelter'd venom* ———]

This word seems to be employ'd by Shakespeare to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
“ The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their gore.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Double, double toil and trouble;*]

As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double 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.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting¹,
 Lizard's leg, and howlet'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 gulf²,
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark³;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd⁴ in the moon's eclipse;
⁵ 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 chaudron⁶,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All.

¹ ——— blind-worm's *sting*;

The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So, Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:
 "The small-ey'd *slow-worm* held of many *blind*."

STEEVENS.

² ——— *maw, and gulf*]

The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *ravin'd salt-sea shark*;

Ravin'd is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey* obtained by violence. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 7:

"——— but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse*;

Sliver'd is a common word in the North, where it means to cut a piece or slice. Again, in *K. Lear*:

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch." STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.

⁶ *Add thereto a tyger's chaudron*.]

Chaudron

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
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.

Musick and a song ⁷.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs ⁸,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter

Chaudron, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaudron*. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other dishes, one was "a swan with *chaudron*," meaning, I suppose, roasted with entrails in it, or undrawn. See *Ives's Selected Papers*; N^o. 3, p. 140. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *a song*.] Of this song, only the two first words are found in the old copy of the play. The rest was supplied from Betterton's or Sir W. Davenant's alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,

"Be thou heard, or to be seen." STEEVENS.

⁸ *By the pricking of my thumbs &c.*]

It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were

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,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down ;
Though castles topple ' on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
² Of nature's germins tumble all together,

were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus : "Timeo quod reram gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit."

STEEVENS.

^o — yesty waves] That is, foaming or frothy waves. JOHNSON.

¹ Though castles topple——]

Topple, is used for *tumble*. So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, act IV. sc. iii :

"That I might pile up Charon's boat for full,

"Until it topple o'er."

Again, in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* :

"—— may be, his haste hath toppled him

"Into the river."

Again, in Pericles *Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

"The very principals did seem to rend, and all to topple."

STEEVENS.

² Of nature's germins——]

This was substituted by Theobald for *Nature's germaine*.

JOHNSON.

^o So, in *K. Lear*, act III. sc. ii :

"—— all germins spill at once

"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Ger-men*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors* : "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg &c." STEEVENS.

Even

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 them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greafe, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show³. [Thunder.

1st⁴ Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

³ —— deftly show.]

i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

“ —— my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly.”

Deft is a North Country word. So, in Richard Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

“ —— He said I were a *deft* las.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *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 soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunfinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS,

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, mentions “ a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place, &c.”

FARMER.

1 *Witch.*

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought⁵.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife⁶.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright⁷:—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 hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth⁸.

[*Descends.*
Macb.]

⁵ ————*say thou nought.*]

Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in *Dr. Faustus*:
1604:

“Your grace demand no questions——

“But in dumb *silence* let them come and go.”

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“——be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd.” STEEVENS

⁶ *Beware the thane of Fife.*———]

“——He had learned of certaine wizzards, in whose words he
put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Mac-*
duff, &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:*———]

To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So,
in *Coriolanus*, act II. sc. ult.

“*Harp* on that still.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Shall harm Macbeth.*]

So, Holinshed:——“And surely hereupon he had put Macduff
to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust,
had told him, that he should never be flaine with man borne of
anie

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,

[*Thunder.*

3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow⁹ the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

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 to¹ high Dunfinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:

² Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
³ Rebellious head; rise never, 'till the wood

Of

any woman, nor vanquish'd till the wood of Bernane came to the
castell of Dunfinane. This prophetic put all feare out of his heart."

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *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.

¹ ——— *Dunfinane's high hill*]

The folio reads;

——— *high Dunfinanc hill* ——

and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

² *Who can impress the forest; ——*]

i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier im-
press'd. JOHNSON.

³ *Rebellious dead, rise never, ——*]

We should read: —— *Rebellious head,* —— i. e. let rebellion ne-
ver get to a head and be successful till—and then——

WARBURTON.

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 finks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew! 2 *Witch.* Shew! 3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[⁴ *A shew of eight kings, and Banquo; the last with
 a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
 down!

5 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls:—⁶ And thy air,
 Thou

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.

Again, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ ——howling like a *head* of angry wolves.”

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

“ Is, like a *head* of people, mutinous.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *eight kings*.] “ It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at
 the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One
 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. by Mrs. Montague.

STEEVENS.

5 *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,

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,
 Which

eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abucinare*,
 to blind. JOHNSON.

⁶ 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 *bair* 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.

⁷ ——— to the crack of doom? ———]

i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification: It was anciently employ'd in a more exalted sense. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“And will as fearless entertain this fight

“As a good conscience doth the cracks of Jove.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,*]

This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. vii:

“——— and like a prophet,

“Looks in a glass and shews me future evils.”

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws against Witches*, it is said, that “they do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in glasses, chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the persons or things sought for.” Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemist*, this seems to be one:

“And taking in of shadows with a glass.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“Shew you the devil in a chrystal glass.”

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the glass which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the

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, sir, 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

third book of the *Faery Queen*. A mirror of the same kind was presented to *Cambuscan* in the *Squier's Tale* of Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

° *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, according to history, he was confederate with Maebeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakespeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

— *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.

The same idea occurs in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Then stab him, till his flesh be as a sieve.”

Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

“I'll have my body first bored like a sieve.” STEEVENS.

Stand

Stand aye accursed in the calendar²!—
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

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. ³ Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firflings⁴ of my heart shall be
The firflings of my hand. And even now

² *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*]

In the ancient almanacs the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“ ——— henceforth let it stand

“ Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,

“ *Mark'd with a marginal finger to be chosen*

“ By thieves, by villains, and black murderers.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:*]

To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The very firflings* ———]

Firflings in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613: “The *firflings* of their vowed sacrifice.” Here it means the thing first thought or done. Shakespeare uses the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Leaps o'er the vant and *firflings* of these broils.”

STEEVENS.

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it 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 ⁵. 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 :

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 ⁶ natural touch : for the poor wren ⁷,
The

⁵ *That trace him &c.]*

i. e. follow, succeed him. So, in sir A. Gorges' translation of the third book of *Lucan* :

“ The tribune's curses in like case,

“ Said he, did greedy Crassus trace.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —*natural touch* :—] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the poor wren, &c.]* The same thought occurs in the third part of *K. Henry VI* :

“ — doves will peck, in safety of their brood.

“ Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

“ Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)

“ Make

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 ⁸. I dare not speak much fur-
ther :

But cruel are the times, ⁹ when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; ' when we hold rumour
From

“ Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
“ Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The fits o' the season.*——]

The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following pas-
sage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *con-*
vulsions :

“ ——— but that

“ The *violent fit* o' th' times craves it as physic.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *when we are traitors,*

And do not know ourselves ;——]

i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us trai-
tors ; 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.

¹ ——— *when we hold rumour*

From what we fear,——]

To hold rumour signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour.
WARBURTON.

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*.
Thus, in *K. Hen. VIII* :

“ ——— Did you not of late days hear, &c.

“ 1 *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not.”

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 un-
der a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we*

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 ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. 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.

Son. 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 ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet
 i'faith,
 With wit enough for thee.

know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend. Or: When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we bear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears. A passage like this occurs in K. Jobn :

“ Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

“ Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.”

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

Son.

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. Now 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.²
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;

² — in your state of honour I am perfect.]

i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank of honour. So, in the old book that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil &c. bl. l. no date: " — which when Virgil saw, he looked in his booke of negromancy wherein he was *perfit*." Again, in *The Play of the Four Ps.* 1569:

" *Pot.* Then tell me this, are you *perfit* in drinking?

" *Ped.* *Perfit* in drinking as may be wish'd by thinking."

STEEVENS.

To

³ To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
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 Murderers.

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 villain⁴.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[*Exit L. Macduff, crying Murder.*

³ *To do worse to you were fell cruelty,*]

To do worse is, to let her and her children be destroyed without
warning. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— shag-ear'd villain.]

Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet
very often used in our ancient plays. So, in Decker's *Honest
Whore*, part second, 1630: "—— a shag-haired cur." Again,
in our author's *K. Hen. VI. P. II*: "—— like a shag-haired crafty
Kern." Again, in sir Arthur Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, 1614:

"That shag-hair'd Caicos tam'd with forts."

And Chapman in his translation of the 7th book of *Homer*, 1598,
applies the same epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the spurious
play of *K. Lear*, 1605:

"There she had set a shagbair'd murdering wretch."

STEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III,

*England.**Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

Enter—] The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene is almost literally taken:—"Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:

"I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountaine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to desfloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: This suerlie is a very euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same; nevertheless there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would flea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusation, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischief may ensue on you through mine insatiable covetousnes, I will rehearie unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked

Macd. ⁶ Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Be-

sucked out hir blood: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside hir, she answered no; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my blood farre more to my greivance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore, saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I attein to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might infue through my comming amongst you.

“ Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have beene slaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturalie rejoyse in nothing so much, as to betraye and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my words. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praise you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

“ Then said Makduffe: This is yet the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and fundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to enjoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onelie avaritious and given to unfatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or

7 *Beftride our down-faln birthdom* : Each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it refounds

consolation : and with those words the brackish tears trickled
downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

“ At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke
him by the sleeve, and said : Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I
have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with
thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind : for divers times
heretofore Makbeth fought by this manner of means to bring me
into his hands, &c.” *Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 175.

STEEVENS.

6 In former editions :

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,

Beftride 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,*

Beftride 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 *mas-
terdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother* ; let us stand over our
mother that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the second part of *K. Hen. IV.*
Morton says :

“ ——— he doth *bestride a bleeding land*.”

And the old reading in this play of *Macbeth* is not *birthdoom*, but
birthdom. STEEVENS.

7 *Beftride our down-faln birthdom : ———]*

To protect it from utter destruction. The allusion is to the Hype-
raspits of the ancients, who bestrode their fellows faln in battle,
and covered them with their shields. WARBURTON.

As if it felt with Scotland, ⁸ and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend ⁹, 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

¹ 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.

² 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:

³ Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet

⁸ ——— and yell'd out

Like syllable 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.

The ridicule, I believe, is only visible to the commentator.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— to friend, ———] i. e. to befriend. STEEVENS.

¹ You may discern of him through me, ———]

By Macduff's answer it appears we should read:

——— deserve of him ——— WARBURTON.

² 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.

³ 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*

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

⁴ Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(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!—⁵ wear thou thy wrongs,

⁶ His title is appear'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,

tor 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 counterfeited by villany. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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 *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Hen. V*:

“Some their wives rawly left.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *—wear thou thy wrongs,*]

That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *His title is appear'd!—*]

Appear'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 explanation of this passage. Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards points to Malcolm, saying, that his title was *appear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakespeare, the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *appear'd*. The old copy reads, *—The title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself.* STEEVENS.

If we read, *The title is appear'd*, the meaning may be:—*Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it. Appeareers had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements.* TOLLET.

And

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 uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
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. ⁷ 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,
² 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,

⁷ *It is myself I mean : in whom I know]*

This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the
chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

² Sudden, *malicious*,—] *Sudden*, for capricious.

WARBURTON:

Rather, violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

That

That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a 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
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 stanchless 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 ; ⁹ 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 ' foysons to fill up your will,

Of

⁹ — 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 *beat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus :

Than fumè, 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.

' — foysons —] Plenty. POPE.

Of your mere own : All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

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 sainted 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,

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589 :

“ As the good seeds sown in fruitful soil,

“ Bring forth *foyson* when barren doth them spoil.”

Again, in the *Ordinary* by Cartwright : “ New *foysons* byn ygraced with new titles.” The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. It occurs again in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529 : “ —or that shall have money Goddis *foyson*.” i. e. money of God in *plenty*. Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. Hen. VI.* p. 1613 : “ —fifteene hundred men, and great *foison* of vittels.” *Foison* is pure French. STEEVENS.

Thy

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 Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
² All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; ³ And the chance, of goodness,
Be

² *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.**

³ *— 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

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 convinces⁴
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit.*]

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 solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;

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.

⁴ ——— convinces] i. e. overpowers, subdues. So, act I. sc. ult. Again, in *The Trial of Treasurc*, an interlude, 1567:

“The Lord will convince him for you in the end.”

Again:

“Come you to convince the mightiest conqueror?”

STEEVENS.

Hanging

Hang a golden stamp⁵ about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: 'and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 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.*⁷ 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.*⁸ Sir, Amen.

⁵ ——— a golden stamp &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*.
 So, Shakespear, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*

“ *Stamped in gold, but that's inculp'd upon.*”

The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— and 'tis spoken,

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. ———]

It must be own'd, that Shakespear 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 the 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 ingenious editor of the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, very acutely observes on the subject of *cramp-rings*, “ that the miraculous gift of curing the *evil*, was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *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.

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 rent the air^s,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
° 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 is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
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,

^s ———rent *the air*,]

To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago disused. So,
in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 :

“ With *rented* hair and eyes besprent with tears.”

STEEVENS.

° *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.

Modern is generally used by Shakespeare to signify *trite*, *com-*
mon ; as “ *modern instances*,” in *As you like It*, &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

Which

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, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses¹.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, 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 hearing² should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a³ fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

¹ To doff their dire distresses.]

To doff is to do off, to put off. So, in *K. John* :

“ Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame.”

Again, in the *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

“ Come, you must doff this black.”

Spenser frequently uses it. STEEVENS.

² ——— should not catch them.]

The folio reads, *latch them*, I believe rightly. To *latch* any thing,
is to lay hold of it. So, in the prologue to Gower *De Confessione*
Amantis, 1554 :

“ Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*

“ With such duresse &c.”

Again, b. i. fol 27 :

“ When that he Galathe besought

“ Of love, which he maie not *lache*.”

To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to
catch. STEEVENS.

³ — *fee-grief*,] A peculiar sorrow ; a grief that hath a single
owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.

JOHNSON.

A similar expression is found in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Ex-*
change, 1637 :

“ But oh for shame that men should so arraign

“ Their own *fee-simple* wits for verbal theft.” MALONE.

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 murder'd deer ⁴
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ⁵;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak ⁶,
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!

⁴ *Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer]*

Quarry is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. So, in *Massinger's Guardian*:

“ — he strikes

“ The trembling bird, who ev'n in death appears

“ Proud to be made his quarry.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;]

The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas*:

“ He pulled his hatt over his browe,

“ And in his heart he was full woe, &c.”

Again:

“ Jamey his hatt pull'd over his brow, &c.” STEEVENS,

⁶ — the grief, that does not speak,].

So, in *Vittoria Coromhona*, 1612:

“ Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.”

“ *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*” STEEVENS.

My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. ⁷ 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 ⁸ ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man ?

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

⁷ *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. The same thought occurs again in *K. John* :

“ He talks to me that *never had a son.*”

Again, in *K. Hen. VI. P. III* :

“ You have *no children* ; butchers, if you had,

“ The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *At one fell swoop ?*]

Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in the *White Devil*, 1612 :

“ That she may take away all at one *swoop.*”

Again, in the *Beggar's Bush*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ — no star prosperous !

“ All at a *swoop.*”

It is frequently, however, used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, to express the swift descent of rivers. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Dispute it like a man.*]

j. c. contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, act IV. sc. iii :

“ For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense, &c.”

STEEVENS.

I can-

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 anger; 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 intermission¹; 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.*² This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
³ 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.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walk'd?

¹ *Cut short all intermission; —*]

i. e. all pause, all intervening time. So, in *K. Lear*:

“Delivered letters, spight of intermission.” STEEVENS.

² *This tune —*] The folio reads: *This time.* Tune is Rowe's emendation. STEEVENS.

³ *Put on their instruments. —*]

i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant. STEEVENS.

Gent.

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon 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 watching.—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 witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; 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 accustom'd 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 spot⁴.

⁴ *Yet here's a spot.*]

A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corrontona*, &c. 1612:

“ — Here's a white hand!

“ Can blood so soon be wash'd out?”

Webster's play was published in 1612. Shakespeare's in 1623.

STEEVENS.

Doct.

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:—'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?—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.

5 ———*Hell is murky!*——] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted 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.

Doct.

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 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. [Exit.

‘My mind she has mated,——] Conquer’d or subdued. *Pope.*
Rather astonished, confounded. *Johnson.*

The expression is taken from *chess-playing*:

“——— that so young a warrior

“ Should bide the shock of such approved knights,

“ As he this day hath *match’d* and *mated* too.”

Soliman and Perseda.

“——— woman,

“ Worse than Medusa, *mateth* all our minds.”

Orlando Furioso, 1599.

“ Not mad but *mated.*” *Com. of Errors. STEEVENS.*

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 Siward⁷, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
⁸ 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, fir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths⁹, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

⁷ *His uncle Siward, —]*

“Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, earl of Northumberland.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *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.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“He like a *mortified* hermit sits.”

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: “I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *— unrough youths, —]*

An odd expression. It means smooth-fac'd, unbearded. STEEVENS.

Some

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
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 peccer'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 medicin² 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.*]

¹ *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.

² —the medicin—]

i. e. physician. Shakespear uses this word in the feminine gender where Laseu speaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Florizel, in the *Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the medicin of our house." STEEVENS.

³ *To dew the sovereign flower, &c.]*

This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about You*, 1600:

"Dewing your princely hand with pity's tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8:

"Dew'd with her drops of bounty soveraine." STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. ⁴ 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? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus⁵:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the⁶ English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt⁷, nor shake with fear.

Enter

⁴ *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.*

⁵ *—have pronounc'd me thus:]*

So the old copy. The modern editors, for the sake of metre,
read:—*have pronounc'd it.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *—English epicures:]*

The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed
a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an in-
habitant of a barren country, against those who have more oppor-
tunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180, of his
History of Scotland: “For manie of the people abhorring the
riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among
them by the Englyshemen, were willing inough to receive this
Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up
in the Isles, with the old customes and manners of their antient na-
tion, without tast of *English likerous delicats*), &c.” The same
historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day,
and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's
Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the natives had nei-
ther *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the
one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet
K. James VI. in his 7th parliament thought it necessary to forin
an act “against superfluous banqueting.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Shall never sagg with doubt,—]*

To

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon¹!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, fir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy². What soldiers, patch¹?
Death of thy soul! ²those linnen checks 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,

To sag is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"This said, the aged Street *sag'd* sadly on alone."

Drayton is speaking of a river. STEEVENS.

To sag, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*."

TOLLET.

³ — *loon*!] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. So, in Marlowe's tragedy of *K. Edw.* II. 1622:

"For shame subscribe, and let the *lowne* depart."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, second part, 1630:

"The sturdy beggar, and the lazy *lowne*."

K. Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, *Loon*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *lilly-liver'd boy*.——]

Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

"—his sword that made a vent for his *white liver's blood*,

"*That caus'd such pitiful effects*——"

Again, Falstaff says, in the second part of *K. Hen.* IV: "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*." STEEVENS.

¹ — *patch*?] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

² — *those linnen checks of thine*

Are counsellors to fear.——]

The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice.

WARBURTON.

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or ³ diffeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: ⁴ my May of life

I 3

³ ——— or diffeat me now.]

The old copy reads *diffeat*, which is certainly right, though modern editors have substituted *disease* in its room. The word *diffeat* occurs in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* by Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakespeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse:

“ ——— seeks all soul means

“ Of boisterous and rough jadyry, to *diffeat*

“ His lord that kept it bravely.”

Dr. Percy would read:

“ *Will chair me ever, or diffeat me now.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— 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 author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

——— my way of life

Is fall'n into the fear, ———]

An *anonymous* 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-ado about Nothing*:

“ *May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.*”

And *Hen V.*

“ *My puissant liege is in the very May-morn of his youth.*”

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella*, stanza 21:

“ *If now the May of my years much decline.*”

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:

“ 1

Is fall'n into the fear^s, the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, 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

“ I am in the *May* of my abilities,

“ And you in your *December*.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ Had I, in this fair *May* of all my glory, &c.”

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ And in their *May* of youth, &c.”

Again, in *King John and Matilda*, by R. Davenport, 1655:

“ Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty seven sum-
 mers, &c.”

Again, in the *Renegado* of Massinger:

“ Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

“ In my excuse.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps the old reading may be justified by the following pas-
 sage in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*; in which
 the expression seems to have a meaning that would suit here,
 though it is not easy to ascertain with precision the true import
 of it:

“ My very selfe am gone: *my way* is fled;

“ My all is lost, if Mellida be dead.” MALONE.

^s —the fear,—] *Sear* is dry. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Mon-
 sieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ ————*sear* winter

“ Hath seal'd that sap up.”

Shakespeare has the same thought in his 73d sonnet:

VOL. IV.

Qq 2

“ That

Send out more horses, ⁶ 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,

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,
⁷ Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to 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 :—

“ That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
“ When *yellow leaves* &c.”

And Milton has—“ Ivy never *sear*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *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
“ Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.”

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Bonduca* :

“ ——— the light shadows,
“ That, in a thought, *seur* o'er the fields of corn,
“ Halted on crutches to them.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff.*]

Stuff'd 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
am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from
Shakespeare himself, *As you like it*, act II. sc. vi :

Cleanse the *foul* body of th' infected world.

STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, fir, difpatch :—If thou could’ft, doctor,² caft
The water of my land, find her difeafe,
And purge it to a found and priftine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That fhould applaud again.—Pull’t off, I fay.—
What rhubarb, fenna*, or what purgative drug,
Would fcour thefe Englifh hence?—Heareft thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear fomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
’Till Birnam foreft come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again fhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,
Siward’s Son, Menteth, Cathnefs, Angus, and Soldiers
marching.

Mal. Coufins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be fafe,

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
And bear’t before him; thereby fhall we fhadow
The numbers of our hoft, and make difcovery
Err in report of us.

² ————caft

The water of my land,——]

To caft the water was the phrafe in ufe for finding out diforders by the infpection of urine. So, in *Eliofto Libidinofo*, a novel by John Hinde, 1606: “Lucilla perceiving, without cafting her water, where ſhe was pained, &c.” Again, in *The Wife Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638: “Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well ſkilled in cafting waters.” STEEVENS.

* —fenna,—] The old copy reads—*cyme*. STEEVENS.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sizw. We learn no other, ⁹ but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :

' For where there is advantage to be given,
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

⁹ ——— *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.

¹ *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 *op-*
portunity. He shut up himself and his soldiers, (says Malcolm) in the
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.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary :

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's
explanation, which is most certainly right. ——— "For wherever an
opportunity of flight is *given* them &c."

More and less, for *greater and less*, is likewise found in
Chaucer :

" From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,

" Of which the same yspronge to *most* and *lesse*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the 12th :

" Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 8 :

" ——— all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,

" Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore." STEEVENS,

Industrious soldiership.

Sizv. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
² What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must ³ 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,*

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 ⁴ fell of hair
Would

² *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, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

³ *— arbitrate:] i. e. determine.* JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th *Odyssey* translated by Chapman:

“ ——— straight

“ Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *— fell of hair]*

My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell is skin.* JOHNSON.

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : ⁵ I have supt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. ⁶ She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—

To

So, in *Alphonfus Emperor of Germany* :

“ ——— Where the lyon's hide is thin and scant,

“ I'll firmly patch it with the fox's fell.”

So, again, in *K. Lear* :

“ The goujeres shall devour them flesh and fell.”

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell-monger*. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *I have supt 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 *supt full of*, were grown *familiar to him*, and he viewed them without emotion.

WARBURTON.

Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thebais* :

“ ——— attollit membra, toroque,

“ Erigitur plenus monstris, vanumque cruorem

“ Excutiens.”

The conclusion of this passage, may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

⁶ *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,*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
⁷ To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
⁸ The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

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 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.

⁷ 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.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“To the utmost syllable of your worthiness.”

Recorded is probably here used for recording or recordable; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakespeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile frigus* for *penetrans frigus*, and *penetrabile telum* for *telum penetrans*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ 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.

Dusky 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 22d Psalm. *Dusky death* alludes to the expression of *dust to dust* in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: “*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.*”—Shakespeare, however, in the first act of this play, speaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one “—who had been studied in his death.” STEEVENS.

That

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.

Mef. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, 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

° 'Till famine cling thee : ———]

Cling, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. In the *Roman Actor* by Massinger, the same word, though differently spelt, appears to be used :

“ ——— my entrails

“ Are clamm'd with keeping a continual fast.”

To *cling* likewise signifies, to *gripe*, to *compress*, to *embrace*. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607 :

“ ——— slide from the mother,

“ And *cling* the daughter.”

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602 :

“ And found even *cling'd* in sensuality.”

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607 :

“ I will never see a white flea before I will *cling* you.”

Ben Jonson uses the word *clem* in the *Postaster*, act I. sc. ii : “ 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 like-

I care not if thou dost for me as much. —

' I pull in resolution ; and begin
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,

likewise a Cheshire proverb : “ You been like Smithwick, either *clem'd* or bursten.” Again, in *Antonio and Mellida* :

“ Now lions' half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food.”

In the following instances, the exact meaning of this word is not very clear :

“ Andrea slain ! then weapon *cling* my breast.”

First part of *Jeronimo*, 1605.

“ Although my conscience hath my courage *cleng'd*,

“ And knows what valour was employ'd in vain.”

Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603.

Again, in the *Sadler's Play*, among the Chester Whitfun plays, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is spoken of :

“ That now is *clongen* under clay.”

I have given these varieties of the word for the sake of any future lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

STEEVENS.

' *I pull in resolution ; and begin*

To doubt the equivocation 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 into *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 fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*. STEEVENS.

There

There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
 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, Siward, 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.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our 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 course².—What's he,
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

² ——— *I must fight the course.* ———]

A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

“Also you shall see two ten-dog courses at the great bear.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight; and young Siward is 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 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 undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided³: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [Exit. *Alarum.*

Enter.

³ *Seems bruided: ————]*

From *'bruit*. Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II*:

“ ————his death

“ Being *bruided* once &c.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. 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.

Siw. Enter, fir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-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 lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the⁴ intrenchant air

“ ———— I am not

“ One that rejoices in the common wreck,

“ As common *bruit* doth put it.”

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy 1529: “Lais was one of the most
bruited common women that clerkes do write of.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *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, *Paradise Lost*, b. vi:

“Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

“Receive, no more than can the fluid air.” STEEVENS.

With

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
⁵ 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. Accursed 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 ⁶ 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.

⁵ *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 *charm'd*

“ Could not find death.” UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin :

“ Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,

“ And by the right you challenge in true fame,

“ That here you stand, not arm'd with any guile,

“ Of philters, *charms*, of night-spells, characters,

“ Or other black infernal vantages &c.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4 :

“ ——— *he bears a charmed shield,*

“ And eke enchanted arms that none may pierce.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *——— palter with us in a double sense ;]*

That *shuffe* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ Now fortune, frown and *palter* if thou please.”

Again, in *Julius Caesar* :

“ ——— Romans that have spoke the word,

“ And will not *palter*.” STEEVENS.

We'll

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Mach. 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.*]

⁸ *Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.*

*Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross, Thanos, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd:

Siw. 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.

Rosse. 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

⁷ ————*Hold, enough.*]

See Mr. Tollet's note on the words, "To cry, *bold! bold!*" act I. sc. v. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold. STEEVENS.

"To cry *bold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so.

TOLLET.

⁸ *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. Of the propriety of ancient stage directions, the following is no bad specimen: "*Enter Sybilla lying in childbed, with her child lying by her, and her nurse, &c.*" Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611. STEEVENS.

In

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Roffe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Roffe. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

° 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.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer com-
fort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compass'd with ' thy kingdom's pearl,

That

° *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 author probably copied it.

When Siward, 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.

¹ ———— *thy kingdom's pearl,*]

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*

That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*]

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.*]

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.”

Again, in *Shirley's Gentleman of Venice* ;

“ ——— he is the very pearl

“ Of courtesy.” — STEEVENS.

Thy kingdom's pearl is a phrase of the same import with *thy kingdom's wealth*. So, C. Fitz-Jeffrey, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, calls Homer :

“ Chief grace of Greece, best pearl of poetry.”

So, again, J. Sylvester, quoted in the same book :

“ ——— peace,

“ Honour of cities, pearl of kingdoms all.”

Again, in *Endymion's Song and Tragedy*, 1606 :

“ ——— an earl,

“ And worthily then termed Albion's pearl.” MALONE.

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

the

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 within 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 anfan 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 Reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è stirpe Potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakespeare learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*: but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof, the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakespeare, was on this occasion. 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 Shakespeare'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 VOLUME THE FOURTH.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D ED-URL

SEP 06 1989

Due 4/13/92

OCT 05 1992

REC'D ED-URL

JAN 22 1993



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 017 795 6



