









THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

WINTER'S TALE  
COMEDY OF ERRORS.  
MACBETH.

L O N D O N :

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W I N T E R ' S   T A L E . \*

Vol. VII.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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\* 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 Shakspeare, 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 judgement 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.*" **STEVENS.**

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 Shakspeare 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.
Ferdita	_____	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. **STEVENS.**

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgement on the play before us. "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *THE WINTER'S TALE*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare 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 Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of 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 concealed.——Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverfes 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."

*The Winter's Tale* is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Baribolomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a sèrvant-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.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend; "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sence; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles," Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bobemia* was an error of the press for *Bytbinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bytbinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus* and *Faynia* 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 princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—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.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, 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 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 princess 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 princess, 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's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

## PERSONS represented.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia :*

Mamillius, *his son.*

Camillo,

Antigonus, } *Sicilian Lords.*

Cleomenes, }

Dion,

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia :*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

*A Mariner.*

*Gaoler.*

*An old Shepberd, reputed Father of Perdita :*

*Clown, his Son.*

*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,* } *attending the Queen.*

*Two other Ladies,* }

Mopsa, } *Shepberdesses.*

Dorcas, }

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a dance ;  
Shepberds, Shepberdesses, Guards, &c.*

*SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

# W I N T E R ' S T A L E,

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

Sicilia. *An Antechamber 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 on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

*CAM.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*ARCH.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us,<sup>a</sup> we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

*CAM.* 'Befeech you,—

*ARCH.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*CAM.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

<sup>a</sup> — our entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

*ARCH.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*CAM.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose 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'd,<sup>3</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.<sup>4</sup> 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;

<sup>3</sup> ——— royally attorney'd,] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.] Thus the folio 1623. The folio, 1632:—over a vast sea. I have since found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the same correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* was 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, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the furies.”

STEVENS.

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.



## WINTER'S TALE. 9

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 the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*ARCH.* Would they else be content to die?

*CAM.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*ARCH.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E II.

*The same. A Room of state in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*POL.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have 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.

<sup>s</sup> — 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."

STEVENS.

LEON. Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow  
No sneaping winds<sup>6</sup> at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too truly!*<sup>7</sup> Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then: and  
in that

<sup>6</sup> ——— that may blow

*No sneaping winds*—] Dr. Warburton calls this *non-sense*: 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 of such Junipers!*” And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“ ——— In thy rumination,

“ *That I poor man might estfoons 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.

— *sneaping winds*—] *Nipping winds*. So, in *Garwin Douglas's translation of Virgil's Eneid. Prologue of the seuynth Booke*.

“ Scharp foppis of sleit, and of the *snyppand snaw*.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

I'll no gain-faying.

*POE.* 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  
'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.

*LEON.* Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

*HER.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,  
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction<sup>s</sup>  
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*LEON.* 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 [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll  
adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> — *this satisfaction* —] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday  
of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> — *I'll give him my commission,*] We should read:

— *I'll give you my commission,*

The verb *let*, or *hinder*, which follows, shows the necessity of  
it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission

To let him there a month, behind the gest<sup>a</sup>  
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed,<sup>3</sup> Leontes,

to let or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

"I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself*: then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity,—I'll give *you* my commission, &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— 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 herald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*. WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, p. 283.—The archbishop entreats 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."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594:

"Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

"Have in their *gests* resolv'd for Oxford town."

Again, in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— Do, like the *gests* in the progress,

"You know where you shall find me." STEVENS.

*Gests*, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— yet, good-deed,] signifies *indeed*, in *very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *beed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEVENS.

The second folio reads—good *beed*, which, I believe, is right.

TYRWHITT.

I love thee not a jar o'the clock<sup>4</sup> behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

POL. No, madam,

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,  
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;

<sup>4</sup> — 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 II*:

“ My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar.”

STEVENS.

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.

To jar certainly means to tick; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. IV, st. 107; edit. 1609. “ He bears no waking-cloke, nor watch to jarre.” HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1601:—“ the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the minutes jerring, and the clocke striking twelve.”

MALONE.

Which is for me lefs easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*HER.* Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hoftefs. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
boys;  
You were pretty lordings<sup>5</sup> then.

*POL.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But fuch 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 fun,  
And beat 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<sup>6</sup>  
That any did: Had we purfued that life,  
And our weak fpirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we fhould have answer'd  
heaven  
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impofition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *lordings* ———] This diminutive of *lord* is often ufed by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the hoftefs fays to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“ *Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beffe.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd* —] *Doctrine* is here ufed as a trifyllable. So *children*, *tickling*; and many others. The editor of the fecond folio inferted the word *no*, to fupply a fuppofed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the fubfequent editions. MALONE.

I cannot fuppofe myfelf to be reading a verfe, unlefs I adopt the emendation of the fecond folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the impofition clear'd*,

*Hereditary ours.*] i. e. fetting afide *original fin*; bating the im-

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 unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

HER. 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;

position from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly  
protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

\* *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 oc-  
casions. 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.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in  
the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own  
character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to  
be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have  
led their husbands into temptation.

*Grace or Heaven help me!*—Do not argue in that manner; do  
not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's,  
having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become ac-  
quainted with your queen and me; for, as you have said that in  
the period between childhood and the present time temptations have  
been born to you, and as in that interval you have become ac-  
quainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong  
against us, as your corrupters, and, “by that kind of chase,”  
your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

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.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request, he would not  
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
 To better purpose.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What? have I twice said well? when was't  
 before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make 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;  
 My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;  
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

<sup>3</sup> *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 the 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. STEVENS,



But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love;<sup>9</sup> then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

HER. It is Grace, indeed.<sup>a</sup>—  
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.]

<sup>9</sup> *And clap thyself my love;*] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—to *clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. 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*, 1618:

“ Come, *clap* hands, a match.”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ — and so *clap* hands, and a bargain.” STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-pledging, to which Shakspeare often alludes. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ This is the *band*, which with a *wow'd contract*  
“ Was fast belock'd in thine.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ *Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *close your hands.*

“ *Auf.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,

“ That I did so, when I was first assur'd.”

So also, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

“ There these young *lovers* shall *clap hands* together.”

I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—“ And *clepe* thyself my love,” has many favourers. The old copy has—*A clap, &c.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *It is Grace, indeed!*] Referring to what she had just said—“ O, would her name were *Grace!*” MALONE.

LEON. 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,<sup>9</sup>  
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o'the deer;<sup>2</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. I'fecks?<sup>3</sup>  
Why, that's my bawcock,<sup>4</sup> What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose?—

<sup>9</sup> — from bounty, fertile bosom,] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile bosom.

MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. In the same strain is the address of *Timon of Athens*:

“Thou common mother, thou,

“Whose — infinite breast

“Teems and feeds all!” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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 *Cherly Chase*:

“The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'fecks?*] A supposed corruption of—in *faith*. Our present vulgar pronounce it—*segs*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *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 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.

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat;<sup>5</sup> not neat, but cleanly, captain;  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling<sup>6</sup>

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.  
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?  
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots  
that I have,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> — *Still virginalling* —] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

So, in Decker's *Satiro-mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602:

“ 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 musick out of one of us.”

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ Where be these rascals that skip and down

“ Like *virginal jacks*?” STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*] *Pash* (says Sir T. Hanmer) 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.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies—to make thee a calf thou must

To be full like me :<sup>8</sup>—yet, they say, we are  
 Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
 That will say any thing : But were they false  
 As o'er-died blacks,<sup>9</sup> as wind, as waters ; false

*have the tuft on thy forehead and the young horns that shoot up in it, as I have.* Leontes asks the Prince :

— How now, you wanton calf !

Art thou my calf ?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough *pasb*, and the *shoots* that I have,  
 To be full like me.

To *pasb* signifies to *push* or *dash* against, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus Drayton :

“ They either poles their heads together *pasbt*.”

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. 4to :

“ — learn *pasb* and knock, and beat and mall,

“ Cleave pates and caputs.”

When in Cheshire a *pasb* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, the verb *pasb* also occurs :

“ — waving his beam

“ Upon the *pasbed* corfes of the kings

“ Epistrophus and Cedius.”

And again (as Mr. Henley on another occasion observes) in the *Virgin Martyr* :

“ — when the battering ram

“ Were fetching his career backward, to *pasb*

“ Me with *his horns* to pieces.” STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *pasb* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me ; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull : thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.*

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To be full like me :*] *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially ;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hammer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

As dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes  
 No bourn<sup>2</sup> 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, fir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin-eye:<sup>3</sup> Sweet villain!  
 Most dear't! my collop!<sup>4</sup>—Can thy dam?—may't  
 be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:<sup>5</sup>

It is common with tradesmen to die their faded or damaged  
 stuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean those which have receiv-  
 ed a die 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 it-  
 self through it. “ *Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt.*”

Plin. *Nat. Hist.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following passage in a book which our author had certainly  
 read, inclines me to believe that the last is the true interpretation.

“ Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore it could  
 take no other colour.” Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> No bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — from whose *bourn*

“ No traveller returns——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *welkin-eye*:] Blue-eye; an eye of the same colour with  
 the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *my collop*!] So, in *The First Part of K. Henry VI*:

“ God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Affection! thy intention stabs the center*:] Instead of this line,  
 which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced ano-  
 ther of no authority:

*Imagination! thou dost stab to the center.*

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not sure that I un-

Thou dost make possible, things not so held,<sup>6</sup>  
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this  
 be?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,<sup>7</sup>  
 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 hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

derstand the reading I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ *affection*,

“ Mistress of passion, sways it,” &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs 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 sollicitation of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

*Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says—“ She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*,” &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, “ the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea.” And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou dost make possible, things not so held,*] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible.

JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *credent,*] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. v:

“ For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.” STEEVENS.

POL. How, my lord?  
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?<sup>8</sup>

HER. You look,  
As if you held a brow of much distraction:  
Are you mov'd, my lord?<sup>9</sup>

LEON. No, in good earnest.—  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tendernefs; and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*]—Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite<sup>2</sup> its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.<sup>3</sup>  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash,<sup>4</sup> this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Are you mov'd, my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in *Othello*:

“*Iago.* I see my Lord, you are mov'd.

“*Othel.* No, not much mov'd, not much.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *my dagger muzzled,*

*Lest it should bite —*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I

“ Have not the power to muzzle him.”

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*: “ I am trusted with a muzzle.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

“ To a most dangerous sea.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This squash,*] A squash is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

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 Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense. "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely as farre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money." *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealthis thorowout the world*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here.

REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will take eggs for money seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The following passage in Campion's History of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?*—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad to take eggs for his money, and to bring him in at leisure."



LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole!<sup>3</sup>  
 My brother,  
 Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
 Do seem to be of ours?

POL. If at home, fir,  
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
 He makes a July's day short as December;  
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. 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, show in our brother's welcome;  
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:  
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent<sup>4</sup> to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,

These words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, *to be trusted with, or to be imposed upon.*

“For money” means, *in the place of money.* “Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *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*, 1614:

“Had the women puddings to their *dole*?”

See Vol. VI. p. 418, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See the History of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

<sup>4</sup> *Apparent* —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.  
 JOHNSON.

We are yours i' the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

LEON. 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.  
Go to, go to !

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

How she holds up the neb,<sup>5</sup> the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband !<sup>6</sup> Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one.<sup>7</sup>——

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and attendants.*

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,<sup>8</sup>  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

<sup>5</sup> —— *the neb,*] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566.—“ the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and scare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *To her allowing husband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horned* one ; a *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* :

“ Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,

“ When we do quicken.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *even at this present,*] i. e. present time. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Thy letters have transported me beyond

“ *This ignorant present;*”——

See note on this passage ; Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,  
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,<sup>9</sup> by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,  
 Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates open'd,  
 As mine, against their will : Should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is  
 none ;

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.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—  
 What ! Camillo there ?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest  
 man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS,  
 Camillo, this great fir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold ;  
 When you cast out, it still came home.<sup>3</sup>

LEON. Didst note it ?

<sup>9</sup> *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. Thus in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 15 : " My mother bade me send you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fish'd ber water* all this year." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — they say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. Didst perceive it?—  
They're here with me already;<sup>3</sup> whispering, round-  
ing,<sup>4</sup>  
*Sicilia is a so-forth*:<sup>5</sup> 'Tis far gone,

<sup>2</sup> ——— made

*His business more material.*] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *whispering, rounding,*] *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 is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history; and rounded Rabelais in the ear, when he historified Pantagruel."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"Forthwith revenge *she rounded me i' th' ear.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Sicilia is a so-forth*:] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleck-market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say—"every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a—so-forth.* STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold," to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and *so following*."

When I shall gust it last.<sup>6</sup>—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. 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 soaking,<sup>7</sup> will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,<sup>8</sup>  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,

"(*Videlicet*, a brothel) or so forth."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"—with a dish of carraways, AND so forth."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Is not birth, beauty, good  
shape, discourse, manhood, learning, AND so forth, the spice and  
salt that season a man?" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — gust it — ] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus." *Juv. Sat. 10.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — is soaking,] Dr. Grey 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.

<sup>8</sup> — lower messes,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an  
expression to signify the lowest degree 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*." Formerly not only at every great man's table the  
visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity,  
but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the  
great saltceller placed in the center of the table, and of having  
coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is men-  
tioned in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604: "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 com-  
plaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal,  
as the following instance may prove:

CAM. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand  
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

LEON. Ha?

CAM. Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties  
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

LEON. 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.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,  
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;  
Which hoxes honeſty behind,<sup>9</sup> reſtraining

“ Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moſs and  
ſtones,

“ Partly to make a ſhew with,

“ And partly to keep the *lower meſs* from eating.”

*Woman Hater*, Act I. ſc. ii.

This paſſage may be yet ſomewhat differently explained. It ap-  
pears from a paſſage in *The merry Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*,  
bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuſtom in publick houſes  
to keep ordinaries of different prices: “ What table will 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 houſhold ſer-  
vantes geve me twelve pence.”—Leontes comprehends inferiority  
of underſtanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEVENS.

Concerning the different *meſſes* in the great families of our an-  
cient nobility, ſee the *Household Book of the 5th Earl of Northumber-  
land*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> — hoxes *honeſty behind*,] To *bow* is to ham-ſtring. So, in  
Knolles' *History of the Turks*:

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 seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
 And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly ; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out  
 Against the non-performance,<sup>a</sup> 'twas a fear

“ — 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. STEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or hamstring. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry out*

*Against the non-performance,*] This is one of the expressions by  
 which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This found-  
 ing 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.* HEATH.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce  
 a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [Mr. Heath's] because I think it a  
 good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no  
 doubt, that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often  
 entangled himself in the same manner ; but it is clear that he *should*

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

LEON. 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,)<sup>3</sup>

have written, either—"against the performance," or—"for the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himself in the same manner: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend estimation;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to let him *lack*, should be, to *prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear*:

" ——— I have hope  
 " You *less* know how to value her desert,  
 " Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

" ——— I ne'er heard yet,  
 " That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
 " *Less* impudence to gain-fay what they did,  
 " Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Fortune *forbid* my outside have *not* charm'd her!"

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— (*for cogitation*

*Resides not in that man, that does not think it,]* The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is supplied from the folio 1632.

STEVENS.

Mr. Theobald in a Letter subjoined to one edition of *The Double Falshood* has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel." "Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "— that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an-abstract proposition.



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 hobbyhorse;<sup>3</sup> deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?<sup>5</sup>  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The present emendation (in my opinion at least) deserves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, because we know not from what hand they were derived. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a hobby horse;] Old Copy—*holy-horse*. Corrected by Mr. Pope: MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — 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.

<sup>5</sup> — meeting noses?] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

Of laughter with a figh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
 blind

With the pin and web,<sup>5</sup> but theirs, theirs<sup>6</sup> only,  
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
 For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON. Say, it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie:  
 I fay, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
 Pronounce thee a grofs lout, 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 glafs.<sup>7</sup>

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why he, that wears her like her medal,<sup>8</sup>  
 hanging

<sup>5</sup> — *the pin and web,*] Disorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *theirs, theirs* —] These words were meant to be pronounced as disyllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *of one glafs.*] i. e. of one *hour*-glafs. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *like her medal,*] Mr. Malone reads—*his* medal. STEEVENS.

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 :<sup>9</sup> Ay, and thou,  
 His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form  
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may't see  
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
 How I am galled,—might't bespice a cup,  
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM.

Sir, my lord,

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the Ms. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought :

“ — a los of her,  
 “ That like a *jewel* has hung twenty years  
 “ About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c.* by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18.—“ he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*.”—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

I suppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes *wore her*, as *he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck*. Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *more* doing :] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. See Vol. IV. p. 193, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a *lasting* wink :] So, in *The Tempest* :  
 “ To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put  
 “ This ancient morsel.” — STEEVENS.

I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
 Maliciously, like poison:<sup>3</sup> But I cannot  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.  
 I have lov'd thee,<sup>4</sup>——

<sup>3</sup> —— *with no rash potion,* ——

Maliciously, like poison:] *Rash* is *hasty*, as in *K. Henry IV.*  
 P. II: “—— *rash gunpowder.*” *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with  
 effects *openly hurtful.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *But I cannot*

*Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.*

I have lov'd thee, &c.] The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The king, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoked that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries:

*I've lov'd thee—Make's 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 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.

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 of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go

LEON.           Make't thy question, and go rot!<sup>4</sup>  
 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,

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. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct; and says—"Make that thy question and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the biggest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Make't thy question, and go rot! &c.*] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity:

————— I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress—

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds? MALONE.

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?<sup>6</sup>  
 Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,  
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;  
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench?<sup>7</sup>

*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 allied to yours.

*LEON.* Thou dost advise me,  
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*CAM.* My lord,  
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
 And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;  
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
 Account me not your servant.

*LEON.* 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Is goads, &c.*] Somewhat necessary to the measure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we should read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

“ *Is goads and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *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.

LEON. 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<sup>a</sup>  
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  
Forfake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i'the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,

<sup>a</sup> ——— *If I could find example, &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time, BLACKSTONE.

Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;<sup>8</sup> and  
So leaves me, to confider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and  
dare not

Be intelligent to me?<sup>9</sup> '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 shows 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 fought 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  
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns

<sup>8</sup> ——— when he,

*Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling*

*A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;]* This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *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.



Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle,<sup>2</sup>—I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my know-  
 ledge  
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
 In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
 I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
 Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the  
 least  
 Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
 Is creeping 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, *loß*, and so good-night.

<sup>2</sup> *In whose success we are gentle,*] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*. JOHNSON.

*Gentle* in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“ And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar.”

In whose *success* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

*Success* seems clearly to have been used for *succession* by Shakspeare, in this, as in other instances. HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the true one.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ Plead my *successive* title with your swords.” MALONE.

42 WINTER'S TALE.

POL. On, good Camillo,

CAM. I am appointed Him to murder you.\*

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't,<sup>3</sup>—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

POL. O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!<sup>4</sup>

\* *I am appointed Him to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

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

"Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,  
"Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."

MALONE,

<sup>3</sup> *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 *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 Shakespeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinshed, p. 245: "—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. 1. no date:

"Then said the emperour Ernis,

"Methinketh thou sayest a good *wyce,*"

But my first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *did betray the best!*] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

HENDERSON,

Turn then my freshest reputation to  
 A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'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,<sup>5</sup> and  
 By all their influences, you may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,<sup>6</sup>  
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,

<sup>5</sup> 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 perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It 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.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is—"Over-swear his thought"—i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-swear*, for *swear-over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — you may as well

[Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,] We meet with the same sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 "And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height."

DOUCE,

The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith,<sup>6</sup> 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 enclosed 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.<sup>7</sup> Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine:<sup>8</sup> My ships are ready, and

<sup>6</sup> ——— whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> I saw his heart in his face.] So, in *Macbeth*:  
"To find the mind's construction in the face." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—"And thy places shall," &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path.—The old reading however may mean—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee. MALONE.

By places, our author means—preferments, or honours.  
STEEVENS.

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:  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but no-  
 thing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!<sup>9</sup> Come, Camillo;  
 I will respect thee as a father, if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

<sup>9</sup> *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*

*The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing*

*Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!*] But how could this expedition com-  
 fort 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.

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, per-  
 haps, 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 it-  
 self to the groundless suspicions of the king; i. e. may not my de-

CAM. It is in mine authority, to command  
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

I. LADY. Come, my gracious lord.  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

I. 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.

parture support him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakespeare: and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not choose to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it.

STEVENS.

*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!—We meet with a similar phraseology in *Twelfth-Night*: “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.*” MALONE.

2. *LADY.* And why so, my good lord?<sup>3</sup>

*MAM.* Not for becaufe  
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 half-moon made with a pen.

2. *LADY.* Who taught you this?<sup>4</sup>

*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 of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

1. *LADY.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

*HER.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
fir, now  
I am for you again : Pray you, fit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

*MAM.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*HER.* As merry as you will.

*MAM.* A sad tale's best for winter :<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *my good lord?*] The epithet—*good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (for the sake of metre) from a redundant speech in the following page. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Who taught you this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *A sad tale's best for winter :*] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

I have one of sprites and goblins.

*HER.* Let's have that, fir.<sup>9</sup>  
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; 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:*

*LEON.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
with him?

*I. 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.

*LEON.* How blefs'd am I<sup>2</sup>  
In my just censure? in my true opinion?<sup>3</sup>—

This supposition may seem to be countenanced by our author's  
98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which  
spoil the measure) as a playhouse interpolation. All children de-  
light in telling dismal stories; but why should a dismal story be  
*best for winter?* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Let's have that, fir.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*good*  
*fir.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *How blefs'd am I*—] For the sake of metre, I suppose, our  
author wrote—How blessed *then* am I— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *In my just censure? in my true opinion?*] *Censure*, in the time  
of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judge-



Alack, for lesser knowledge! <sup>4</sup>—How accurs'd,  
 In being so blest!—There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, <sup>5</sup> and one may drink; depart,  
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
 Is not infected: but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts: <sup>6</sup>—I have drank, 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 has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; <sup>7</sup> yea, a very trick

ment, opinion. So, fir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory  
 verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glasse*, 1576:

“ Wherefore to write my *cenfure* of this book —.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*] That is, O that my knowledge  
 were less. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A spider steep'd,*] That spiders were esteemed venomous, ap-  
 pears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T.  
 Overbury's affair. “ The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest*  
*poysen* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven* — *great spiders*,  
 and cantharides.” HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So,  
 in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: “ — like the  
*spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *violent hefts* :—] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up.  
 So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' *Translation of Lucan*, 1614:

“ But if a part of heavens huge sphere

“ Thou chuse thy pond'rous *heft* to beare.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *He has discover'd my design, and I*

*Remain a pinch'd thing* ;] 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. HEATH.

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns  
So easily open?

I. LORD. By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy; 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?

LEON. 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.

\*This sense is possible; but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto 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 *Never too late*, 1616: "Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so many passions," &c. These instances may serve to show that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. xii. 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."

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."

Again, by a passage in *All's well that ends well*:—"If you *pinch* me like a pasty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantastick shapes,] I can say no more." STEVENS.

*HER.* But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*LEON.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
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:—O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will fear  
Virtue itself:<sup>8</sup>—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she's honest: But it be known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

*HER.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.<sup>9</sup>

The subsequent words—"a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — for calumny will fear

*Virtue itself*:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" — my maiden's name

" *Sear'd* otherwise." HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — 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." STEVENS.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,  
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,  
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Left barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all degrees,  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,  
 She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:  
 More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
 A federary with her;<sup>9</sup> and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know herself,  
 But with her most vile principal,<sup>2</sup> that she's  
 A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold titles;<sup>3</sup> 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 thoroughly then, to say  
 You did mistake.

<sup>9</sup> *A federary with her;*] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read—a *fedary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But *with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:

“ He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,

“ *But* that he speaks.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *give bold titles;*] The old copy reads—bold'st titles; but if the contracted superlative be retained, the roughness of the line will be intolerable. STEEVENS.

LEON. No, no; if I mistake  
 In those foundations which I build upon,  
 The center<sup>4</sup> is not big enough to bear  
 A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:  
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
 But that he speaks.<sup>5</sup>

HER. There's some ill planet reigns:  
 I must be patient, till the heavens look  
 With an aspect more favourable.<sup>6</sup>—Good my lords,  
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have  
 That honourable grief lodg'd here,<sup>7</sup> which burns

<sup>4</sup> — if I mistake—

*The center, &c.*] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, has expressed the same thought in more exalted language:

“ — if this fail,

“ The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

“ And earth's base built on stubble.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,*

*But that he speaks.*] *Far off guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V*:

“ Or shall we sparingly show you *far off*

“ The dauphin's meaning?”

But that he speaks—means, *in merely speaking.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — till the heavens look

*With an aspect more favourable.*] An astrological phrase. The *aspect* of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us

“ — the swart star sparely looks.” *Lycidas*, v. 138.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — but I have

*That honourable grief lodg'd here,*] Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ But I have that within which passeth show.” DOUGR.

Worse than tears drown :<sup>8</sup> '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 !

LEON. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*]

HER. Who is't, that goes with me?—'befeech your highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out ; this action, I now go on,<sup>9</sup>  
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.

LEON. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and LADIES.

I. LORD. 'Befeech your highness, call the queen again.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *which* burns

*Worse than tears drown :*] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine says—

“ ——— *my drops of tears*

“ I'll turn to *sparks of fire.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *this action, I now go on,*] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation.*

JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, “ What I am now about to do.” M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's supposition may be countenanced by the following passage in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. sc. i :

“ When I went forward *on this* ended *action.*” STEEVENS.

*ANT.* Be certain what you do, fir; left your justice  
 Prove violence; in the which three great ones  
 suffer,  
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

*I. LORD.* For her, my lord,—  
 I dare my life lay down, and will do't, fir,  
 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 stables where  
 I lodge my wife; <sup>9</sup> I'll go in couples with her;

<sup>9</sup> — *I'll keep my stables where*

*I lodge my wife;* } *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of 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 *stable*; 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 Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

“ Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a *stable*.”

STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kenel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John*:

Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust  
 her ;<sup>9</sup>  
 For every inch of woman in the world,  
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
 If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

I. LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,<sup>2</sup>  
 That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,  
 I would land-damn him :<sup>3</sup> Be she honour-flaw'd,—

“ To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

“ To crouch in litter of your stable planks.”

In the Teutonic language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged ; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Than, *when I feel, and see her, &c.*] The old copies read—Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then* ; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *putter-on,*] i. e. one who instigates. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the powers divine

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *land-damn him :*] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

*Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

*Land-damn* him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure sentence to be pass'd 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. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T.



I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;<sup>4</sup>

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."

And, in Shakspeare'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*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protected 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."

STEVENS.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.

I believe, we should read—*land-dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

"His ears are stopp'd with *dust*; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid*:

"And stop this gap of breath with fulsome *dust*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotted *claye*,

"That here engrav'd doth lie—"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

"Speak to the knave?

"I'll ha' my *mouth* first stopp'd *with earth*." MALONE.

After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely, read—

"I'd *laudanum* him,"——

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakspeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The second and the third, nine, and some five;*] The second folio reads—*sonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third*." But it is sufficiently clear, re-

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 ;  
 And I had rather glib myself, than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.<sup>4</sup>

LEON.

Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose : I see't, and feel't,<sup>5</sup>

*ferendo singula singulis.* The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old. The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear* :

“ For that I am, some twelve or fourteen moonshines,  
 “ Lag of a brother.”

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons* five ; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *same* ; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*sons* five, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age ; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides ; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *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.” GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, by Ford, 1638 :

“ What a terrible fight to a *lib'd* broech, is a *low-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, so *glib* a horse. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640 :

“ If I come back, let me be *glib'd*.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I see't, and feel't,*] The old copy—but I do see't, and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits these exple-

As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.<sup>6</sup>

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.<sup>7</sup>

LEON. What ! lack I credit ?

tives, which serve only to derange the metre, without improving the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — I see't and feel't,

*As you feel doing thus ; and see withal*

*The instruments that feel.*] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place ; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying bold of his arm* ; Dr. Johnson—*striking his brows*. STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS* ; for *these*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the instruments that feel*, to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted :—“ he so takes on,—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*”—The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, now feel me, on my doing thus to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ — all the body's members

“ Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—

“ That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

“ ——— where, the other *instruments*

“ Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, *feel*,” &c.

*Leontes* must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of *Antigonus*. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this act. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *dungy earth.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— our *dungy earth* alike

“ Feeds beast as man.” STEEVENS.

I. *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.

*LEON*. 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,<sup>7</sup> like us; inform yourselves,  
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
 Properly ours.

*ANT*. And I wish, my liege,  
 You had only in your silent judgement tried it,  
 Without more overture.

*LEON*. 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,

<sup>7</sup> — *which,—if you —*  
*Relish as truth,*] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe  
 made the necessary correction—*as*. STEEVENS.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusion of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

“ — *who,—if I*  
 “ Had servants true about me,—  
 “ ————— they would do that,” &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much error in the regulation of his text. MALONE.

That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation,  
 But only seeing,<sup>8</sup> all other circumstances  
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceed-  
 ing:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,  
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency:<sup>9</sup> Now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

I. LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied, 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 two,<sup>2</sup> 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.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *nought for approbation,*  
*But only seeing,*] *Approbation,* in this place, is put for *proof.*  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *stuff'd sufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than enough.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.*] He has before declared,  
 that there is a *plot against his life and crown,* and that Hermione is  
*federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*PAUL.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, 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 express 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 Attend.*]

*KEEP.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

WINTER'S TALE. 63

PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As pass'es colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king!<sup>3</sup> beshrew  
them!  
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take'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,

<sup>3</sup> *These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune:* (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete. Richelet.*" THEOBALD.

A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: "I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him." Again, in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii: "At which time would I, being but a moonish youth," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*i' the king.* This slight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know  
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;  
 The silence often of pure innocence  
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

*EMIL.* Most worthy madam,  
 Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
 That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,  
 So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Left she should be denied.

*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.



WINTER'S TALE. 65

PAUL. Do not you fear: upon  
 Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other  
 Attendants.

LEON. 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 blank  
 And level of my brain,<sup>4</sup> 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?

I. ATTEN. My lord? [*advancing.*]

LEON. How does the boy?

I. ATTEN. He took good rest to-night;  
 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

<sup>4</sup> ——— out of the blank  
 And level of my brain,] Beyond the aim of any attempt that  
 I can make against him. Blank and level are terms of archery.

JOHNSON.

Blank and level, mean mark and aim; but they are terms of  
 gunnery, not of archery. Douce.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ——— I stood i'th' level

“ Of a full-charge'd conspiracy.” RITSON.

LEON. To see,  
 His noblenefs !  
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
 He ftraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;  
 Faften'd and fix'd the fhame on't in himfelf ;  
 Threw off his fpirit, his appetite, his fleep,  
 And down-right languifh'd.—Leave me folely :<sup>5</sup> go,  
 See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie ! no  
 thought of him ;—  
 The very thought of my revenges that way  
 Recoil upon me : in himfelf too mighty ;  
 And in his parties, his alliance,<sup>6</sup>—Let him be,  
 Until a time may ferve : for prefent vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me ; make their pafstime at my forrow :  
 They fhould not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
 Shall ſhe, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

I. LORD. You muft not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be fecond to  
 me :

Fear you his tyrannous paffion more, alas,  
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent foul ;  
 More free, than he is jealous.

<sup>5</sup> — Leave me folely :] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> The very thought of my revenges that way

Recoil upon me : in himfelf too mighty ;

And in his parties, his alliance,] So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia* :  
 “ Pandoſto, although he felt that *revnge* was a ſpur to warre, and  
 that envy alwayes proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egifthus was not only  
 of great puiſſance and prowefſe to withftand him, but alſo had many  
 kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ferve ; for he mar-  
 ried the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter.” Our author, it is obſerv-  
 able, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign, has made this lady the  
 wife (not of Egifthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes.

MALONE.

*ANT.* That's enough.

*I. ATTEN.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded  
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.

*LEON.* What noise there, ho?

*PAUL.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

*LEON.* 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.

*LEON.* What, canst 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<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *who profess* —] Old copy—*professes*. STEVENS.

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare  
Lefs appear so, in comforting your evils,<sup>8</sup>  
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,  
good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.<sup>9</sup>

LEON. 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.

LEON. Out!  
A mankind witch!<sup>a</sup> Hence with her, out o' door:

<sup>8</sup> — in comforting your evils,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action.

M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And would by combat make her good, so were I*

*A man, the worst about you.*] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

The *worst*, (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Henley observe,) rather means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The *worst about you*" may mean the *weakest*, or *least warlike*. So, "a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not so moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind woman* is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not so:  
I am as ignorant in that, as you

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard." Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

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."

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in *A. Fraunce's Iwickchurch*: He is speaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax;

"Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeisant;

"Stoordy Lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankind*."

So, in *M. Frobisher's first voyage for the discoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: p. 48. "He saw mightie decree, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c. 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: "*Saxonicè 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.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*. So, in Massinger's *Guardian*;

"I keep no *mankind* servant in my house,

"For fear my chastity may be suspected."

And Jonson, in one of his Sonnets, says

"Pallas now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!"

The same phrase frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus in *Monsieur Thomas*, when Sebastian sees him in womens' clothes, and supposes him to be a girl, he says,

"A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!"

And Gondarino in *The Woman-Hater*:

"Are women grown so *mankind*?"

In all which places *mankind* means *masculine*. M. MASON.

In so entitling me : and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON. Traitors !  
Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—  
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>3</sup> unrooted  
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;  
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.<sup>4</sup>

PAUL. For ever  
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness<sup>5</sup>  
Which he has put upon't !

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou art woman-tir'd,*] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman ; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thy crone.*] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *crone* is an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606 : “ There 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 ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567 :

“ I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones*,

“ To appear as pleasant as little pretty young Jones.”

STEEVENS,

<sup>5</sup> *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

*Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness*—] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced is false*, uttered with violence to truth, JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE. 71

LEON. He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past  
all doubt,  
You'd call your children yours.

LEON. 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,<sup>6</sup> betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;<sup>7</sup> 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.

LEON. A callat,  
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-  
band,

And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes:  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

PAUL. It is yours;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— Why brand they us  
“ With *base*? with *baseness*? bastardy?” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *his* babe's,] The female infant then on the stage.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *slander*,  
*Whose sting is sharper than the sword's*;] Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— slander  
“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile.” DOUCE.

So like you, 'tis the worfe.—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;<sup>7</sup>

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't;<sup>8</sup> lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *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 frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of using words of two syllables, as monosyllables. So *eldest, biggest, lover, either*, &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed so here; and *of his*, when contracted, or sounded quickly, make but one syllable likewise. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

How is the word—*dimples*, to be monosyllabically pronounced?  
 STEEVENS,

<sup>8</sup> *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.

<sup>9</sup> — *lest she suspect, as he does*,

*Her children not her husband's*!] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a “bed-swarver,” (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and chastised declamation. STEEVENS.



LEON. A grofs hag!—  
And, lozel,<sup>a</sup> 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.

LEON. Once more, take her hence.

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

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.

LEON. 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 fend  
her

<sup>a</sup> *And, lozel,*] "A *Lozel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." *Verstegan's Requitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. I like a wife 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. STEVENS.

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:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

*LEON.* 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.

*I. LORD.* We can; my royal liege,  
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*LEON.* You are liars all.

*I. LORD.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better  
 credit:

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.

*LEON.* 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,<sup>3</sup>—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.

*LEON.* It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*ANT.* I will, my lord.

*LEON.* 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-tongued wife;  
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

<sup>3</sup> *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, (see p. 59, n. 6.) it was intended, he should lay hold of. *Leontes* has himself told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEVENS.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, Sig. S. 2: "And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gaheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath upon the crosse of the sword," &c.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pummel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea.  
 Douce.

To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,<sup>5</sup>  
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,<sup>6</sup>  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!<sup>7</sup>

[*Exit, with the child.*

*LEON.*

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

1. *ATTEND.*

Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come

<sup>5</sup> ——— commend it strangely to some place,] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

“ And so I do commend you to their backs.”

To commend is to commit. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and blessing,] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— condemn'd to loss!] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost. I once thought that *lost* was here licentiously used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage, Act III. sc. iii:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To loss, and what may follow!” MALONE.

WINTER'S TALE

71

An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

I. LORD.                    So please you, fir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEON.                            Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ;<sup>a</sup> foretels,  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath  
Been 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.                    [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> 'Tis good speed ; &c.] Surely we should read the passage thus :  
This good speed foretels, &c. M. MASON.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Street in some town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.<sup>8</sup>*

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
Fertile the isle;<sup>9</sup> the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,  
For most it caught me,<sup>a</sup> the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,

<sup>8</sup> — *Cleomenes and Dion.*] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's *Plutarch*.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fertile the isle;*] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakspeare wrote: *Fertile the soil*,—which is more elegant too, than the present reading. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare 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 *History of Dorastus and Faunia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the *isle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *For most it caught me,*] *It may relate to the whole spectacle.*

JOHNSON.

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.<sup>3</sup>

CLEO. Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses,—  
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly  
seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

<sup>3</sup> *The time is worth the use on't.*] *The time is worth the use on't,* means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.* In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essais*, 1603: "The common saying is, the time we live, is worth the money we pay for it." MALONE.

Even pushes 'gainst our heart :<sup>3</sup> The party tried,<sup>5</sup>  
 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,<sup>4</sup>  
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—  
 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, attending.

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
 king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of  
 high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,  
 king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take  
 away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal  
 husband: the pretence<sup>5</sup> whereof being by circumstances  
 partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith  
 and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid  
 them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

HER. Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation; and  
 The testimony on my part, no other  
 But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me

<sup>3</sup> — pushes 'gainst our heart:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — every minute of his being thrusts

“ Against my near'st of life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Even to the guilt, or the purgation.] Mr. Roderick observes,  
 that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but  
 as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems  
 to unite both senses. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — pretence —] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a  
*design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of*  
*Verona*. JOHNSON.



To say, *Not guilty* : mine integrity,<sup>6</sup>  
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, (as they do,)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience.<sup>7</sup>—You, my lord, best know,  
 (Who least<sup>8</sup> will seem to do so,) my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which<sup>9</sup> 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 it<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falseness* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V :

“ He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*.”

Again :

“ —Thou art rash as fire,

“ To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *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.*] Our author has here closely followed the

novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1588: “ If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions*, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Who least —] Old Copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *which* —] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> — *For life, I prize it, &c.*] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

As I weigh grief, which I would spare :<sup>9</sup> for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,<sup>2</sup>  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience,<sup>3</sup> fir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd, to appear thus :<sup>4</sup> if one jot beyond

<sup>9</sup> — *I would spare :*] To spare any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *I appeal*

*To your own conscience, &c.*] So, in *Dorastus and Fannia*, “ How I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I appeal, Pandofto, to the Gods, and to thy conscience.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *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 :* So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — a noble nature

“ May catch a wrench.”

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 bound of honour; or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

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 applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character*, and in Beaumont 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.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words and read, “ With what encounter so uncurrent have I *strained* to appear thus?” But he could not have proposed that alteration, had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus: “ I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter,” &c. That is, “ I appeal to your own conscience *to declare* with what encounter so uncurrent I have *strained* to appear thus.” He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there.

M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

“ Who hath—

“ Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had

“ A thousand times in secret.” *Much ado about Nothing*.

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: “ We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— found no opposition

“ But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

“ Should from *encounter* guard.”

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.<sup>5</sup>

HER. That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

LEON. 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;<sup>6</sup>

"Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,  
"Revolts—"

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart go wide*."  
A *bed-fuerverver* has already occurred in this play.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this;  
to be put on my trial. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *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 Shakspeare 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.

Examples of the same phraseology (as Mr. Malone observes,) occur in this play, p. 31; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv; and (as Mr. Ritson adds) in *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. vi. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — For Polixenes,

*(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess*

*I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd; &c.*] So, in *Dorastus*

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 toward 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.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not:  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,

*and Fannia*: "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egisthus, I cannot denie; that I borrow'd him, I shame not to confesse.— But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My life stands in the level of your dreams,*] To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach. JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritson have already observed,) is from *gunnery*. See p. 65, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — I stood i'th level

“ Of a full charg'd confederacy.” STEEVENS.

And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth :<sup>7</sup>  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails :<sup>8</sup>

For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats ;  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity :  
The crown and comfort of my life,<sup>9</sup> your favour,

<sup>7</sup> — *As you were past all shame,*  
(*Those of your fact are so,*) *so past all truth :*] I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read :

*Those of your pack are so.*

*Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *fact* to be the right word. See *King Henry 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 *fact* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well.” FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff, speaking of Dol Tearheet : “ So is all her *fact* : 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.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage [“ I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder wices,” &c.] : “ And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Which to deny, concerns more than avails :*] It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless ; will prove nothing. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The crown and comfort of my life,*] *The supreme blessing of my life.* So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ O that husband !

“ My supreme crown of grief.” MALONE.

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went: My second joy,  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily,<sup>2</sup> is from my breast  
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,  
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit.<sup>3</sup> Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,  
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law.<sup>4</sup>—Your honours all,

<sup>2</sup> *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And shake the yoke of *inauspicious stars*

“ From this world-wearied flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the 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.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————— *I tell you,*

'Tis rigour, and not law.] This also is from the novel: “Bel-laria, no whit dismaid with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto, that he spake upon choller, and not conscience; for her virtuous life had been such as no spot of suspicion could ever stayne. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egisthus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection: therefore if she were condemned without any farther prooffe, it was rigour and not law.” MALONE.

I do refer me to the oracle ;  
Apollo be my judge.

I. *LORD.* This your request  
Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*HER.* The emperor of Ruffia was my father :  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery ;<sup>5</sup> yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*OFFI.* You here shall swear upon this 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.

*LEON.* Break up the seals, and read.

*OFFI.* [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste,*<sup>6</sup> *Polixenes*

<sup>5</sup> *The flatness of my misery ;*] That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. II :

“ — Thus repuls'd, our final hope

“ Is flat despair.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is almost literally from Lodge's Novel :

“ *The Oracle.*

“ Suspicion is no prooffe ; jealousie is an unequal judge ; Bellaria is chaste ; Egisthus blameless ; Franion a true subject ; Pandosto treacherous ; his babe innocent ; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found.” MALONE.



WINTER'S TALE. 89

*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!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all in the oracle:  
The fissions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

SER. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

SER. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>7</sup> is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

SER. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE faints.] How  
now there?

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look  
down,  
And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

<sup>7</sup> *Of the queen's speed,*] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. . JOHNSON.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
 Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon  
 [*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*]  
 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 tardied  
 My swift command,<sup>8</sup> 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,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *But that the good mind of Camillo tardied*

*My swift command,*] Here likewise our author has closely followed Greene: “—promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himselfe to Egisthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *and to the certain hazard*

*Of all incertainties himself commended,*] In the original copy some word probably of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—the *certain hazard*; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shown in my preface. *Commended is committed.* See p. 76. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the second folio.

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*PAUL.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

*I. LORD.* What fit is this, good lady?

*PAUL.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What faying? 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 show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful:<sup>3</sup> nor was't much,

*Certain hazard, &c.* is quite in our author's manner. So, in  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii:

“ Until I know this *sure uncertainty*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of  
Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he  
was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissi-  
tudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with  
guilt. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*

*That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,*

*And damnable ungrateful:*] I have ventured at a slight altera-  
tion 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 par-

Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,<sup>4</sup>  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
 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:<sup>5</sup>  
 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

donable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind,  
 than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

—— *show thee of a fool,*] So all the copies. We should read:

—— *show 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 de-  
 serve 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 show'd thee*  
*first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

*Damnably* is here used adverbially. See Vol. VI. p. 318.

MALONE.

The same construction occurs in *The second Book of Phæar's Version*  
*of the Æneid*:

“When this the yong men heard me speak, of wild they  
*waxed wood.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should  
 Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime  
 except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione.  
 The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *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 com-  
 mitted such an action. STEEVENS.

Not dropp'd down yet.

I. 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.

LEON. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

I. LORD. Say no more;  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for't;<sup>6</sup>  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: Alas, I have show'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:<sup>7</sup> Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

<sup>6</sup> *I am sorry for't;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *what's past help,*  
*Should be past grief:*] So, in *King Richard II*:  
“ Things past redress, are now with me past care.”

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.

LEON. 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.

## 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,<sup>1</sup> our ship hath touch'd  
 upon  
 The deserts of Bohemia ?

MAR. Ay, my lord ; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain*, *well assured*, or *well informed*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry;  
And frown upon us.

*ANT.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get  
aboard;  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

*MAR.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*ANT.* Go thou away;  
I'll follow instantly.

*MAR.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*]

*ANT.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the  
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,*

*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more:—*and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the child.*

There lie; and there thy character:<sup>8</sup> 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,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
A lullaby too rough:<sup>9</sup> I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?<sup>2</sup>—  
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;  
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

<sup>8</sup> — *thy character:*] thy description; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A lullaby too rough:*] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: “Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the *whiffling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the salt sea-fome, instead of sweet milke?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *A savage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.



*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 scared 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 sea-side, browsing on ivy.<sup>3</sup> Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barme; a very pretty barme!<sup>4</sup> A boy, or a child,<sup>5</sup> 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 hol-la'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

<sup>3</sup> — *if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.*] This also is from the novel: “[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'réd downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *a barme; a very pretty barme!*] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

“Peace wayward barme! 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.

<sup>5</sup> — *A boy, or a child.*] I am told, that in some of our inland counties; a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry,—*a child*. STEEVENS.

*Enter Clown.*

*CLOWN.* Hilloa, Joa!

*SHEP.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*CLOWN.* 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?

*CLOWN.* 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: O, 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;<sup>3</sup> and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried 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:<sup>4</sup>—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?

*CLOWN.* Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under

<sup>3</sup> — *now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;*] So, in *Pericles*: “But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *flap-dragon'd it:*] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “Thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon*.” See note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ;  
he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have help'd the  
old man !<sup>5</sup>

CLOWN. 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 blefs thyself ; thou met'st  
with things dying, I with things new born. Here's  
a fight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>6</sup> for a  
squire's child ! Look thee here ; take up, take up,  
boy ; open't. So, let's see ; — It was told me, I  
should be rich by the fairies : this is some change-  
ling :<sup>7</sup> — open't : What's within, boy ?

<sup>5</sup> 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 hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman* ; and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself ; or perhaps Shakspeare, 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.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech : “ — nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman ; ” Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a bearing-cloth — ] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> — some changeling : ] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;

“ She never had so sweet a changeling.” STEEVENS.

CLOWN. You're a made old man;<sup>7</sup> if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.<sup>8</sup> We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN. 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:<sup>9</sup> 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 fight of him.

CLOWN. 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.*

<sup>7</sup> *You're a made old man;*] In former copies:—*You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have 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.

<sup>8</sup> — *the next way.*] i. e. the nearest way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They are never curst, but when they are hungry:*] Curst, signifies *mischivous*. Thus the adage: *Curst cows have short horns.*

HENLEY.

WINTER'S TALE. 101

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 error,<sup>2</sup>—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings, Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years,<sup>3</sup> and leave the growth untried

<sup>2</sup> — *that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover them*, at different conjunctures; but the poet means; that Time often for a season *covers* errors, which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read:

— *that mask and unfold error,*— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

“ These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason) prove that time can both make and unfold error.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *that I slide*

*O'er sixteen years,*] This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous *Lyly'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. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare 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 *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences

Of that wide gap;<sup>4</sup> since it is in my power  
To overthrow law,<sup>5</sup> and in one self-born hour

against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare 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 everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this qualittie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres runnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, mea to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will serve to show 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.

In *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Griffel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griffel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — and leave the growth untried

*Of that wide gap;*] Our author 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 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.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glafs; and give my scene such *growing*,  
"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Whom our fast-*growing* scene must find  
"At Tharsus."

*Gap*, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says,

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 glistening 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 me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia;<sup>6</sup> and remember well,  
 I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel

"—learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you  
 "The stages of our story." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *since it is in my power, &c.*] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *imagine me,*  
*Gentle spectators, that I now may be*  
*In fair Bohemia;*] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate:

——— *imagine we,*  
*Gentle spectators, that you now may be, &c.*

Let us imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me*; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say "do *me* such a thing," "spell *me* such a word." In *Henry IV.* Falstaff says, speaking of sack,

"It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.

Again, in *King Lear*, Gloster says to Edmund, speaking of Edgar:

"Wind *me* into him," &c. M. MASON.

I now name to you; and with speed fo pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophecy; but let Time's news  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's  
 daughter,  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is the argument of time:<sup>6</sup> Of this allow,<sup>7</sup>  
 If ever you have spent time worfe ere now;  
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit,

## S C E N E I.

*The same, A Room in the Palace of Polixenes,*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years,<sup>8</sup> since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the

<sup>6</sup> *Is the argument of time:] Argument is the same with subject.*  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Of this allow,]* To allow in our author's time signified to approve. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *It is fifteen years,]* We should read—*sixteen*, Time has just said:

— *that I slide*  
*O'er sixteen years—*

Again, Act V. sc. iii: “Which lets go by some *sixteen* years.”—  
 Again, *ibid.* “—— Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away.”

STEEVENS.



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 lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.<sup>9</sup> Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*CAM.* Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince;

<sup>9</sup> — and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] The sense of *heaping friendships*, 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 reap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

*Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.

What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted,<sup>2</sup> 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. But, I fear the angle<sup>3</sup> that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we

<sup>2</sup> ——— *but I have, missingly, noted,*] *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *But, I fear the angle*—] Mr. Theobald reads,—*and I fear the engle.* JOHNSON.

*Angle* in this place means a *fybing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *K. Henry 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.”

STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly's *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

“ Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market.” MALONE.

WINTER'S TALE. 107

will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>4</sup> 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.]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS,<sup>5</sup> singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,<sup>6</sup>—  
With, beigh! the doxy over the dale,—  
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>6</sup>*

<sup>4</sup> — some question —] i. e. some talk. See Vol. IV. p. 263, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — 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 piccata manus.” Martial.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *When daffodils begin to peer,*—  
and

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*] “ Two nonsensical songs, by the rogue Autolycus,” says Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shak[peare] to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that “ This Autolycus is the true ancient Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux.”

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,<sup>1</sup>—  
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—  
 Dost set my pugging tooth<sup>2</sup> on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

I believe that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.] 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 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 Shakspeare'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. Henry V.* our author says:

"—— the English beach

"Pales in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"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 *King Henry V.* P. I:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The white sheet bleaching, &c.] So, in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, SPRING mentions as descriptive of that season, that then "—— maidens bleach their summer smocks."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— pugging tooth ——] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*propping* 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 a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, listers, nips, foists, puggards, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Misheu*. STEEVENS.

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.*<sup>9</sup>—

*With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>2</sup>  
While we lie tumbling in the bay.*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time,  
wore three-pile;<sup>3</sup> but now I am out of service:

<sup>9</sup> *The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.*]

La gentille allouette avec son *tire-lire*

*Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant tire*

Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu

Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

*Du Bartas. Liv. 5. de sa premiere semaine.*

Ecce suum *tirile tirile*: suum *tirile tractat*.

*Linnæi Fauna Suecica.*

HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*,  
1599:

“ Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,

“ Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—”

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its fynonyme,  
*Larks*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *my aunts*,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant  
word for a *barwd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to  
catch the Old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being  
used in that sense:—“ It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than  
one of his *aunts*, I need not say *barwd*, for every one knows what  
*aunt* stands for in the last translation.” Again, in *Ram-alley*, or  
*Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ I never knew

“ What fleeking, glazing, or what preffing meant,

“ Till you preferr'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, until 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *wore three-pile*;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or  
*Merry Tricks*, 1611:

*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 most go 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.*

My traffick is sheets ;<sup>3</sup> when the kite builds, look

“ — and line them

“ With black, crimson, and tawny three-pil'd velvet.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Master Three-pile, the mercer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> My traffick is sheets ; &c.] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,

“ To catch sheets from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolk*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* says

“ If any heere three ydle people needes,

“ Call us in time, for we are fine for sheetes :

“ Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,

“ And lay both sheetes and linnen all to gage.

“ We are best be gone, least some do heare alledge

“ We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Bush* :

“ To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheet.”

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

*When the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*] *Lesser linen* is an ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted—*small clothes*. STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest ; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.

to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus ;<sup>4</sup> who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles : With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison ;<sup>5</sup> and my revenue is the silly cheat :<sup>6</sup> Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway :<sup>7</sup> beating, and hanging, are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

<sup>4</sup> — *My father nam'd me, Autolycus ; &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian ; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner ; and 'tis 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 Shakspeare, I have seen it, but it had no date. **STEVENS.**

<sup>5</sup> — *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison ;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

**PERCY.**

<sup>6</sup> — *my revenue is the silly cheat :*] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean ; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows : I am 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 Shakspeare's humour, alters it to,—*the silly 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*. **STEVENS.**

<sup>7</sup> *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. **JOHNSON.**

*Enter Clown.*

*CLOWN.* Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods;<sup>7</sup> every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*AUT.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

*CLOWN.* I cannot do't without counters.<sup>8</sup>—Let

<sup>7</sup> — *tods*;] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. will produce a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every *tod* yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a *tod* is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a *tod* of wool sold for nine shillings and six pence.

MALONE.

*Every 'leven wether tods*;] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28 lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 lb. 8 oz. 11½ dr. and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn* 136 *tods*. 9 lb. 6 ox. 2 dr. which at *pound and odd shilling per tod* would yield £. 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy.

RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *without counters*.] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him—*counter-caster*. See my note on *Osbello*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.



me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?" *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sifter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,<sup>2</sup> and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bafes:<sup>3</sup> but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies;<sup>4</sup> *mace*,—*dates*,

<sup>1</sup> — *sheep-shearing feast?*] The expence attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings, &c.* 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard's wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *three-man song-men all,*] i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenbam*. See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man song*." Before the comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — means and bafes:] *Means* are tenors.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" ————— he can sing

" A *mean* most meanly." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — 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 *Gyppies Metamorphosed*:

" A deputy tart, a church-warden pyc."

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont 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.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volcumum*] says, *Volema* autem *pyra* sunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam.

REED.

—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 of raisins o'the sun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

CLOWN. I'the name of me,<sup>s</sup>—

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, fir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

CLOWN. 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.

CLOWN. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

CLOWN. 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. O! good fir, tenderly, oh!

CLOWN. Alas, poor soul.

<sup>s</sup> *I'the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard used. So, fir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before me, she's a good wench." STEEVENS.

AUT. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLOWN. How now? canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear fir; [*picks his pocket.*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

CLOWN. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinfman 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.<sup>6</sup>

CLOWN. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

AUT. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:<sup>7</sup> I knew him once a

<sup>6</sup> — [*that kills my heart.*] So, in *K. Henry V.* Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says—"the king hath kill'd his heart."

STEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 92, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — [*with trol-my-dames.*] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathe*, he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not 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 wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632: "What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-boles*." STEVENS.

fervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

*CLOWN.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.\*

*AUT.* Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-ferver, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son,<sup>9</sup> and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*CLOWN.* Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:<sup>2</sup> he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his description of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:

- o o o being so many holes made in the ground, into which
- o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have seen both played
- o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th song of his *Polyolbion*:

“ At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play.”

STEEVENS.

\* — *abide*.] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again used in *Macbeth*, in the sense of *tarrying for a while*:

“ I'll call upon you straight; *abide* within.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — motion of the *prodigal son*,] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — Prig, for my life, prig:] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

*AUT.* Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*CLOWN.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*AUT.* I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*CLOWN.* 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.

*CLOWN.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*AUT.* No, good-faced fir; no, sweet fir.

*CLOWN.* Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*AUT.* Prosper you, sweet fir!—*[Exit Clown.]*  
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 in the book of virtue!<sup>3</sup>

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,<sup>4</sup>  
And merrily bent the stile-a:<sup>5</sup>  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

*[Exit.]*

<sup>3</sup> — *let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!*]  
Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Jog on, jog on, &c.]* These lines are part of a catch printed in "*an Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches, 1661,*" 4to. p. 69.  
REED.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of  
you  
Do give a life : no shepherdefs ; but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shear-  
ing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>5</sup> it not becomes me ;  
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,  
The gracious mark o'the land,<sup>7</sup> you have obscur'd

<sup>5</sup> *And merrily hent the stile-a :*] To *bent* the file, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, A& IV. fc. 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. vii :

“ Great labour fondly haft thou *bent* in hand.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *your extremes,*] This is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself “ in a swain's wearing,” while he “ prank'd her up most goddess-like.” The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *The gracious mark o' the land,*] The *object* of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
 Most goddeslike prank'd up:<sup>8</sup> But that our feasts  
 In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
 Digest it<sup>9</sup> with a custom, I should blush  
 To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
 To show myself a glafs.<sup>2</sup>

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“ He was the *mark* and glafs, copy and book,  
 “ That fashion'd others.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *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*, 1661 :

“ I pray you go *prank* you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Digest* it ———] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *sworn, I think,*

*To show myself a glafs.*] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glafs, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus :

——— *But that our feasts*

*In every mess have folly, and the feeders*

*Digest it with a custom, (sworn I think,)*

*To see you so attired, I should blush*

*To show myself a glafs.*

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 glafs, which would show 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.

FLO. I blefs the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight acrofs  
Thy father's ground.<sup>2</sup>

PER. Now Jove afford you caufe!  
To me, the difference forges dread;<sup>3</sup> your greatnefs  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pafs this way, as you did: O, the fates!

I think she means only to fay, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glafs, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddefs-like prank'd up." The passage quoted in p. 119, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 244, a forester having given the princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him,—“Here, good my glafs.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“— I, your glafs,

“ Will modestly discover to yourself,

“ That of yourself,” &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet*:

“— he was indeed the glafs,

“ Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.”

Florizel is here Perdita's glafs. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words “to *shew* myself” appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *When my good falcon made her flight acrofs*

*Thy father's ground.*] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel: “— And as they returned, it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that day had been *barwking*, and killed store of game,) incountered by the way these two maides.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To me, the difference forges dread;*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ The course of true love never did run smooth,

“ But either it was *different* in blood—.” M. MASON.



How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up? <sup>4</sup> What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*FLO.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, <sup>5</sup> 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 <sup>6</sup> so chaste: since my desires

<sup>4</sup> — *his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up?*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind  
of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare 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. Think-  
ing of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I  
am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

The 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:

“ That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

“ That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *The gods themselves,*

*Humbling their deities to love,*] This is taken almost literally  
from the novel: “ The Gods above disdain not to love women  
beneath. Phæbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then  
Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior  
to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdess, but worthy to be a  
goddess.” Again: “ And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's  
weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Nep-  
tune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods,  
and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor in a way* —] Read:—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

*Nor in a way so chaste*:] It must be remembered that the trans-  
formations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conse-

Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*PER.* O but, dear fir,<sup>7</sup>  
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,<sup>8</sup> I pry'thee, 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,  
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!

quently were not "in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

<sup>7</sup> *O but, dear fir,*] In the oldest copy the word—*dear*, is wanting. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio reads—O but, *dear* fir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a disyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here: "*Sir*, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take the word *your* from the subsequent line; but no change is necessary. MALONE.

I follow the second folio, confessing my inability to read—*burn*, as a word of more than one syllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *With these forc'd thoughts,*] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

*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:<sup>9</sup> Come  
on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*PER.* Welcome, fir! [*To POL.*  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostesship o'the day:—You're welcome, fir!  
[*To CAMILLO.*  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
firs,  
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep

<sup>9</sup> *That which you are, mistress o'the feast:]* From the novel:  
“It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all  
the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden  
as *mistress of the feast.*” MALONE.

Seeming, and favour, all the winter long :  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,<sup>9</sup>  
And welcome to our shearing !

*POL.* Shepherdess,  
(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 gillyflowers,  
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,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep  
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long :

Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,] Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents. " There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. There's rue for you : we may call it herb of grace." The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *favour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

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.

<sup>2</sup> For I have heard it said,] For, in this place, signifies—because that. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092 :

" She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plesse,

" She knew wel labour, but non idel ese." STEEVENS.

There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.<sup>3</sup>

POL. Say, there be ;  
Yet 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 scion 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.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,<sup>4</sup>  
And do not call them bastards.

<sup>3</sup> *There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares*

*With great creating nature.*] That is, as Mr. T. Warton observes, “ There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herself.”

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.

<sup>4</sup> — *in gillyflowers,*] There is some further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gillyvors*, a term still used by low people in Suffex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or 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, fir, (says she,) but no *gillyflowers*.” Meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-firt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *firt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-firt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-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 licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers :

*PER.* I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>s</sup> 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.

*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 Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall

“ — 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 gilofers*, &c. And in *A. W.'s. Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

“ Some thinke that *gilliflowers* do yield a *gelous* smell.”

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note:

“ Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy.”

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *dibble* — ] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

From Dis's waggon! <sup>6</sup> daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— O *Proserpina*,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! ] So, in *Ovid's Metam.* B. V :

“ ——— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,  
“ *Colleſi flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis.*” STEEVENS.

The whole passage is thus translated by Golding, 1587 :

“ While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking her pastime,  
“ In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as lime,—  
“ *Dis* spide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well  
neere.—

“ The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call  
“ Hir mother—  
“ And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,  
“ By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her *flowers* went.”

RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *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 extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her sayre eyes*. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*, 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 possession 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.

————— *βούτις πότνια Ἰηρα.* *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) “ we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue eye-lids; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the comparison, the breath of *Cytherea* with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets.” STEEVENS.

Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried; ere they can behold<sup>8</sup>  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips,<sup>9</sup> and  
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

“ — That eye was Juno's,  
“ Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,  
“ That virgin blush, Diana's.”

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid* :

“ Upon her eye-lids many graces fate,  
“ Under the shadow of her even brows.”

*Faery Queen*, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet* :

“ When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear  
“ An hundred graces, as in shade they sit.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — pale primroses,

[*That die unmarried, ere they can behold &c.*] So, in *Pimlyco*,  
or *Runne Red-Cap*, 1609 :

“ The pretty Dazie (eye of day)  
“ The *Prime-Rose* which doth first display  
“ Her youthful colours, and first dies :  
“ Beauty and Death are enemies.”

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas* :

“ — the rather *primrose* that forsaken dies.”

Mr. Warton, in a note on my last quotation, asks “ But why does the Primrose die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers ; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — bold *oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer ; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly 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 Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ — yellow *oxlips* bright as burnish'd gold.”

See Vol. V. p. 61, n. 2. STEEVENS.



The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLO. What? like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms.<sup>2</sup> Come, take your  
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own  
No other function: Each your doing,<sup>3</sup>  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

PER. O Doricles,

<sup>2</sup> ——— not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Injurious Countess*,  
1613:

“ *Jab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

“ *Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; 1609:

“ ——— O come, be buried

“ A second time within these arms.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Each your doing, &c.*] That is, your manner in each  
act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,<sup>4</sup>  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.

*FLO.* I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear,<sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>4</sup> — but that your youth,  
 And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,] So, Marlowe,  
 in his *Hero and Leander*:

“ Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,  
 “ With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep.”

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I think, you have

*As little skill to fear,*] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have a 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.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this passage, or believe that *to have a skill to do a thing*, ever meant, *to have reason to do it*; of which, when he asserted it, he ought to have produced one example at least.

The fears of women, on such occasions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they blush, because they understand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he says, that Perdita had *little skill to fear*.—So Juliet says to Romeo:

“ But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

“ Than those who have more *cunning* to be strange.”

M. MASON.

You as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as, &c.

MALONE

PER. I'll swear for 'em.<sup>6</sup>

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself ;  
Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out : <sup>7</sup> Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN. Come on, strike up.

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,  
garlick,  
To mend her kissing with.—

MOP. Now, in good time !

CLOWN. Not a word, a word ; we stand <sup>8</sup> upon our  
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Musick.

<sup>6</sup> Per. *I'll swear for 'em.*] I fancy this half line is placed to a  
wrong person. And that the king begins his speech aside :

POL. *I'll swear for 'em,*  
*This is the prettiest &c.* JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus :

I'll swear for *one*.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is abso-  
lutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will then  
be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *He tells her something,*

*That makes her blood look out :*] 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 fairly peeps through it,*  
*Do plainly give you out an unshain'd shepherd.* THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*look on't.* STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *we stand, &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Master Stephen says—

“ Nay, we do not *stand* much on our gentility, friend.”

STEVENS.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesseſs.*

POL. Pray, good ſhepherd, what  
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

SHEP. They call him Doricles; and he boaiſts  
himſelf<sup>9</sup>

To have a worthy feeding: <sup>1</sup> but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like ſooth: <sup>2</sup> He ſays, he loves my daugh-  
ter;

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 chooſe,  
Who loves another beſt.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— and *he boaiſts himſelf*—] The old copy reads—*and boaiſts himſelf*; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*a boaiſts himſelf*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— a *worthy feeding*:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſtorage not inconfiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calfs*

“ 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*, ſlocks, and their fertility.”

“ A *worthy feeding* (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) is a *valuable*, a *ſub-  
ſtantial* one. Thus Antonio, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ But were my *worth*, as is my conſcience, firm,

“ You ſhould find better dealing.”

*Worth* here means *fortune* or *ſubſtance*. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Who loves another beſt*.] Surely we ſhould read—Who loves  
*the other beſt*. M. MASON.

*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 pedler at  
the door, you would never dance again after a ta-  
bor and pipe; no, the bagpipe 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.

*CLOWN.* He could never come better: he shall  
come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it  
be doleful matter, merrily set down,<sup>5</sup> 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:<sup>6</sup> he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;  
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such  
delicate burdens of *dildo's*<sup>7</sup> and *fadings*:<sup>8</sup> *jump her*

<sup>5</sup> — doleful matter, merrily set down,] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambyses*, "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — of dildo's—] "With a hie dildo di!" is the burden of the *Batchelors Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

See also *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

"A story strange I will you tell,

"But not so strange as true,

"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,

"And so did her husband too;

and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*<sup>9</sup>

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLOWN. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?<sup>2</sup>

“ With a dildo, dildo, dildo.”

“ With a dildo, dildo, dec.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *fadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*.

“ — and daunth a *fading* at te wedding.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jig.”

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.

<sup>9</sup> — *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, “ *Ob! do me no harm, good man*.” FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled “ *Ayres, to sing and play to the Lute and Bass Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl*. By William Corbine:” 1610. fol. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *unbraided wares*?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands, &c.* which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some

*SER.* He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,<sup>2</sup> though they come to him by the grofs; inkles, caddiffes,<sup>3</sup> 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 sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.<sup>4</sup>

allusion which I cannot explain: "—She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure." STEEVENS.

*Unbraided wares* may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakspeare'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 ribands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought."

TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided wares* means, "wares not ornamented with braid." M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle*,] The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *caddiffes*,] I do not exactly know what *caddiffes* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters says:—"I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In *The First Part of K. Henry 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.

*Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.

**CLOWN.** Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach finging.

**PER.** Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

**CLOWN.** You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

**PER.** Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

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 furcoat [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-band* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a furcoat, 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. ft. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,

"Her curious *square*, embos'd with swelling gold."

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakpeare. 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 *bande*." STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-band* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "— in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his fenatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jadge or frindge at the *sleeve-band*." MALONE.



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, necklace-amber,<sup>4</sup>  
 Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
 Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
 For my lads to give their dears;  
 Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,<sup>6</sup>  
 What maids lack from head to beel:  
 Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
 Come, buy, &c.

<sup>4</sup> — necklace-amber,] Place only a comma after *amber*. "Autolyucus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruccio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber*. See *Sam. Agon*. v. 720:

"An *amber* scent of odorous perfume,

"Her harbinger." T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> — 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 *Malcontent*, 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. Again, 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."

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 Shakspeare. 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."

*CLOWN.* 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 ribands and gloves.

*MOP.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*DOR.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*MOP.* He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

*CLOWN.* 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 kiln-hole,<sup>7</sup> to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,<sup>8</sup> and not a word more.

Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare 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." See Vol. IV. p. 486. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — kiln-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

*Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England, is not a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Clamour your tongues,] The phrase is taken from 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 humorous. WARBURTON.

MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.<sup>9</sup>

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. ii :

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 bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. “ And how long is that, think you ?

Ben. “ Question ? why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in *reum*.” GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done*. “ A good *Clam*” (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that “ to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound.” If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — you promised me a tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe : “ *Tawdrie lace, atrigmenta, timbræ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis : Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.*” Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, April :

“ And gird in your waist,

“ For more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*.” T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593 :

“ Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*.”

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

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 P's*. 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.”

**CLOWN.** Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

**AUT.** And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

**CLOWN.** Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

**AUT.** I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

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.”

STEEVENS.

9 ——— a pair of sweet gloves.] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Antolycus, 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 fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payne of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of culled filke. 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. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the burfars 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. T. WARTON.

CLOWN. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;<sup>2</sup> for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of 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?<sup>3</sup>

MOP. 'Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

<sup>2</sup> *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 Ben Jonson:

“——thou lovst *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*, 1606: “Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too.” Again, in a *Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619: “I love that sport *a'-life*, i'faith.” *A-life* is the reading of the eldest copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——*Why should I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

“These things did ancient men report of credits very good,

“*For why, there was no cause that they should lie.* As I there read,” &c. MALONE.

*AUT.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish,<sup>3</sup> 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<sup>4</sup> 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.

*CLOWN.* 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.

<sup>3</sup> — a ballad, Of a fish, &c.] 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.

— Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought, she was a woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, scene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspere alludes. MALONE.

See *The Tempest*, Vol. III. p. 77, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — for she would not exchange flesh—] i. e. because. REED. So, in *Othello*: "Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

*MOP.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part,  
thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*DOR.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*AUT.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis  
my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go;  
*Where, it fits not you to know.*

*D.* *Whither?* *M.* O, *whither?* *D.* *Whither?*

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
*Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

*D.* *Me too, let me go thither.*

*M.* Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill.

*A.* *Neither.* *D.* *What, neither?* *A.* *Neither.*

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be;

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*CLOWN.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>s</sup> 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.

<sup>s</sup> —*sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about nothing*:—"hand in hand, in *sad* conference." STEEVENS.

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 utter all men's ware-a.<sup>6</sup>*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and  
MOPSA.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

SER. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds,<sup>7</sup> that have

<sup>6</sup> *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same."

REED.

See Minshew's DICT. 1617: "An utterance, or sale." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds.*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four* threes of *herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *berd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended all the *four threes* should have. I therefore guess he wrote:—*Master, there are three goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the *four* species of cattle usually tended by *herdsmen*, THEOBALD.



made themselves all men of hair; <sup>8</sup> they call them-

<sup>8</sup> — all men of hair;] *Men of hair*, are *bairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

*Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery :

“ During their abode [that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen : For a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like *satyrs*, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the *satyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort, as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them; weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph : but so soon as they perceived the *satyrs* wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who he alledged had done it out of despight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen.” REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Ms. of Froissart's Chronicle preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *bairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.



felves saltiers:<sup>8</sup> and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>9</sup> of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,<sup>10</sup>) it will please plentifully.

*SHEP.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, fir, we weary you.

*POL.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*SER.* One three of them, by their own report, fir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>11</sup>

*SHEP.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*SER.* Why, they stay at door, fir. [Exit.

<sup>8</sup> — *they call themselves saltiers:*] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *gallimaufry* —] Cockeram, in his *Dictionary of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a *gallimaufry* is "a confused heape of things together." STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> — *bowling,*] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility.

JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. M. MASON.

<sup>11</sup> — *by the squire.*] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre*, Fr. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 344, n. 9. MALONE.

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

**POL.** O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.<sup>2</sup>—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—  
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now,  
fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does 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 silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him: If your las  
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,  
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited<sup>3</sup>  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

**FLO.** Old fir, 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 fir, who, it should seem,<sup>4</sup>  
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

<sup>2</sup> *Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the king in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleas'd.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervenc'd would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the king seems to be in reply to some unexpress'd question from the old shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *straited*—] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *who, it should seem,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,<sup>s</sup>  
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 shows 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.

<sup>s</sup> ——— or the fann'd snow,] So, in *A 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.” STEVENS.

*SHEP.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*FLO.* O, that must be  
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*SHEP.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*POL.* Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*FLO.* I have: But what of him?

*POL.* Knows he of this?

*FLO.* 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?<sup>6</sup> Can he speak?  
hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *altering rheums?*] Rowe has transplanted this phrase into his *Jane Shore*, Act II. sc. i.

“ ——— when *altering rheums*

“ Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,” ———

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*,” STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, &c? CHAMBER.

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*FLO.* No, good fir;  
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 choose 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 fir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*POL.* Let him know't.

*FLO.* He shall not.

*POL.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*FLO.* No, he must not.

*SHEP.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to  
grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*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 traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

It probably means—"Can he assert and vindicate his right to his own property?" M. MASON.

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force,<sup>5</sup> must know  
The royal fool thou cop'ft 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 see this knack, (as never<sup>6</sup>  
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
Far than<sup>7</sup> 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, enchant-  
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body<sup>8</sup> more with thy embraces,

<sup>5</sup> — who, of force,] Old Copy—*wbom*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never—] The old copy reads, with absurd redundancy:

“That thou no more shalt never see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Far than —] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*,

“But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.” *H. of Fa.* B. II. v. 92.

“Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

*Knighi's Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> Or hoop his body —] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

PERR.

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard:<sup>9</sup> for once, or twice,  
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.<sup>2</sup>—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

<sup>9</sup> *I was not much afeard: &c.*] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.*] So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem by Sir John

Davies, 1599:

“Thou, like *the sunne*, do'st with indifferent ray,  
“Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine.”

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

“The sunne on rich and poor alike doth shine.”

*Looks on alike* is sense, and is supported by a passage in *King Henry VIII*:

“—No, my lord,  
“You know no more than others, but you blame  
“Things that are known *alike*.”

i. e. that are known alike by all.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creffida*:

“He is my prize; I will not *look upon*.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“Why stand we here—  
“And *look upon*, as if the tragedy  
“Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors.” MALONE.

To *look upon*, in more modern phrase, is to *look on*, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances. STEEVENS.

—*the selfsame sun, &c.*] “For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good.” St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUGES.

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 further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*CAM.* Why, how now, father?  
Speak, ere thou die'st.

*SHEP.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, fir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three,<sup>2</sup>  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones : but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust.<sup>3</sup>—O cursed wretch !

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit.*

*FLO.*

Why look you so upon me ?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.* ] These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker ; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita ; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Where no priest shovels-in dust.* ] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time : it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c.

HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd*

*To die when I desire.* ] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Had I but died an hour before this chance,

“ I had liv'd a blessed time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Why look you so upon me ?* ] Perhaps the two last words should be omitted. STEEVENS.

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:<sup>6</sup> 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 fight 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,  
And mar the seeds within!<sup>7</sup>—Lift up thy looks:<sup>8</sup>—  
From my succession wipe me, father! I  
Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advis'd.

FLO. I am; and by my fancy:<sup>9</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

<sup>6</sup> *You know your father's temper:*] The old copy reads—*my father's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And mar the seeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“And nature's *germins* tumble all together.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Lift up *thy looks*:] “Lift up the light of thy countenance.” Psalm, iv. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *and by my fancy*:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

See Vol. V. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is desperate, fir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd 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<sup>7</sup> I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need,<sup>8</sup> 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.— [Takes her aside.  
I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremovable,  
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

<sup>7</sup> — whom *here* —] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And, most opportune to our need,*] The old copy has—*her need*. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

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. [*Going.*]

*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 music,  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'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 strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.<sup>9</sup>

*FLO.* How, Camillo,

<sup>9</sup> *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.]* And where you may, by letters,  
intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and re-  
concile him to the match; to effect which, my best services shall  
not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either  
authority or necessity, reads—*I'll strive to qualify;*—which has  
been followed by all the subsequent editors.

*Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented*.  
MALONE.

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;<sup>9</sup> so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>3</sup> forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him

<sup>9</sup> *But as the unthought on accident is guilty*

*To what we wildly do;*] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare: and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. ii:

“ But left myself be *guilty to self-wrong*,

“ I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.”

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,*] *As chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—*thee there son*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—(as Mr. Ritson observes)

“ *Asks there the son forgiveness,*”— STEVENS.

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought, or time.

*FLO.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*CAM.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,  
What you must say; <sup>4</sup> 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.<sup>5</sup>

*CAM.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
Tounpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,  
What you must say;*] Every sitting, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks,*  
*gives 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 common reading is very expressive; and means, at  
every audience you shall have of the king and council. The coun-  
cil-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech,  
*the fittings.* WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes  
to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> *There is some sap in this.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:  
"There's *sap* in't yet." STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ *miseris* \_\_\_\_\_  
*But, as you shake off one, to take another:*] So, in *Cymbeline*:  
"\_\_\_\_\_ to shift his being,  
"Is to exchange one misery with another." STEVENS.

Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*PER.* One of these is true:  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.<sup>5</sup>

*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  
I'the rear of birth.<sup>6</sup>

*CAM.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*PER.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
I'll blush you thanks.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *But not take in the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,  
“ And *take in* Toryne.”

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to *take in*, in the present instance, is simply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *i'the rear of birth.*] Old copy—*i'th'rear our birth*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line.

MALONE.

These unnecessary words are here omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Your pardon, sir, for this;*

*I'll blush you thanks.*] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus:

Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.



FLO. My prettiest Perdita.—  
 But, O, 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 riband, glafs, pomander,<sup>s</sup> brooch, table-book,  
 ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-

<sup>s</sup> ——— 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, intituled, *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. GREY.

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.

ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,<sup>9</sup> and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: <sup>2</sup> you might have pinch'd a placket,<sup>3</sup> it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in "Plat's Delights for ladies to adorn their persons, &c. 1611," and in "The accomplished Lady's Delight, 1675." They all differ.

DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> — as if my trinkets had been hallowed,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — all their other senses stuck in ears:] Read—"stuck in their ears." M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — a placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This subject, however, may receive further illustration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note

"Whose burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate* :

"Not that she feares close nips, for by the rood,

"A privy pleasing nip will cheare her blood :

"But she which longs to tast of pleasure's cup,

"In nipping would her petticoate weare up." STEEVENS.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.]

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!  
All, that you speak, shows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?——  
[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard 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 will 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 boot.<sup>4</sup>

AUT. I am a poor fellow, fir:—I know ye well enough.  
[Aside.]

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— *boot.*] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *is half flay'd already.*] I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half *stripped* already. MALONE.

*AUT.* Are you in earnest, fir?—I smell the trick of it.— [Aside.

*FLO.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*AUT.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*CAM.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart'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,<sup>4</sup>) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*PER.* I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

*CAM.* No remedy.—  
Have you done there?

*FLO.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*CAM.* Nay, you shall have  
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

*AUT.* Adieu, fir.

*FLO.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.

*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

<sup>4</sup> ——— over you,] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I have a woman's longing.

*FLO.* Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we fet on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*CAM.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*

*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: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:<sup>5</sup> I hold it the more knavery to

<sup>5</sup> — *If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:*] The old copy reads—If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't. See the following note. STEEVENS.

The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. The prince, says he, is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the prince, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, though a piece of honesty to him:* however, I hold it a greater knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, &c. I would do it: but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, because, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the stage, must have

conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*CLOWN.* 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.

*CLOWN.* Nay, but hear me.

*SHEP.* Go to then.

*CLOWN.* 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. Show 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 son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*CLOWN.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.<sup>6</sup>

designed to render himself intelligible without the aid of so long an explanatory clause as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands.

STEEVENS,

<sup>6</sup> — and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation.

MALONE.

AUT. Very wifely; puppies! [Aside.

SHEP. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN. '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 excrement.<sup>7</sup> — [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,<sup>8</sup> breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLOWN. 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 lie.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *pedler's excrement.*] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ 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.

<sup>8</sup> — *of what having,*] i. e. estate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ The gentleman is of no *having.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *therefore they do not give us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us. JOHNSON.

**CLOWN.** Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>9</sup>

**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?<sup>2</sup> receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>3</sup> from

<sup>9</sup> — *with the manner.*] In the fact. See Vol. V. p. 193, n. 7.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?*] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. IV. p. 425: “— the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure*, full of *state* and *ancientry*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *insinuate, or toze* —] The first folio reads—*at toaze*; the second—*or toaze*; Mr. Malone—*and toze*.

To *toaze*, 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.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ With death the 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.”

To *touse*, says Minshieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposites. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

“ — close the serpent fly

“ *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine

“ His braided train, and of his fatal guile

“ Gave proof unheeded.”— *Par. Lost*, B. IV. l. 347.



thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, fir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLOWN. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;<sup>4</sup> say, you have none.

SHEP. None, fir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

AUT. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLOWN. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handfomely.

CLOWN. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.<sup>5</sup>

AUT. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

“ ——— coarse complexions,  
 “ And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 “ The sampler, and to *tease* the housewife's wool.”

*Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> Advocate's *the court-word for a pheasant*;) As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— 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.

*SHEP.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, 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.

*CLOWN.* 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 stoned; 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.

*CLOWN.* 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,<sup>3</sup> set on the head

<sup>3</sup> — *then, 'nointed over with honey, &c.*] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen:—  
“ he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the iunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him

of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>6</sup> shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,<sup>7</sup> 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.

CLOWN. 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

naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." *The Stage of popish Toyes*, 1581, p. 33.  
REED.

<sup>6</sup> — *the hottest day prognostication proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title. "An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's *Typograph.* Antiq. II. 1029.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *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, fir, I'll *consider* it hereafter if I can.

"What, *consider* me? dost thou think that I am a *bribe-taker*?"

Again, in *The Isle of Gull*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well *considered*, there's twenty crowns in earnest." STEEVENS.

with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, 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?

*CLOWN.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*AUT.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*CLOWN.* Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and show 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.

*CLOWN.* We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

*SHEP.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*AUT.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good;

which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him 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.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.*

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

LEON. 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 :<sup>8</sup>  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,<sup>9</sup>  
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*LEON.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strikest me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good  
now,  
Say so but seldom.

*CLEO.* Not at all, good lady :  
You might have spoken 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.

*DION.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

<sup>8</sup> True, too true, my lord : } In former editions :  
Destroy'd the sweetest 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.

<sup>9</sup> Or, from the all that are, took something good, ] This is a favourite  
thought ; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before.

JOHNSON.

Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?<sup>2</sup>  
 What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort, and for future good,—  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to't?

*PAUL.* There is none worthy,  
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
 Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;  
[To LEONTES.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*LEON.* Good Paulina,—  
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,

<sup>2</sup> — the former queen is well?] i. e. at rest; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

“ *Mess.* First, madam, he is *well*.”

“ *Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but firrah, mark;

“ We use to say, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,

“ The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“ Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be dead, says:

“ Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill.” MALONE.

This phrase seems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

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.

LEON. 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,  
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, *And why to me?*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> (*Where we offenders now appear,*) *soul-vex'd,*  
*Begin, And why to me?*] The old copy reads—*And begin,*  
why to me? The transposition now adopted was proposed by Mr.  
Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

— and on this stage

(Where we *offend* her now) appear soul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were we offenders now*) appear, &c.  
“— that is, if we should now at last so far offend her.” Mr.  
M. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me.

“ that is, begin to call me to account.”

There is so much harsh and involved construction in this play,  
that I am not sure but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may  
appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again possess her corps, (and on this stage  
Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)  
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates would  
be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think, something  
awkward in the phrase—Where we offenders now *appear*. By  
removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after  
*appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd*  
to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss of Hermione, that  
difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

To countenance my transposition, be it observed, that the blun-  
ders occasioned by the printers of the first folio are so numerous,  
that it should seem, when a word dropp'd out of their press, they  
were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.



PAUL. Had she such power,  
She had just cause.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. She had; and would incense me<sup>5</sup>  
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<sup>6</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine*.

LEON. Stars, very stars,<sup>7</sup>

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read—*she had just such cause*. REED.

We should certainly read, “she had just cause.” The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre.

M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — incense me —] i. e. instigate, set me on. So, in *K. Richard III*:

“Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
“Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Should rift* —] i. e. split. So, in *The Tempest*:

“—*rifted* Jove's stout oak.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Stars, very stars,*] The word—*very*, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to assist the metre. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“'Twas *very* Cloten.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Especially against his *very* friend.” STEEVENS.

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?

*LEON.* Never, Paulina; so be blest'd my spirit!

*PAUL.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to  
his oath.

*CLEO.* You tempt him over-much.

*PAUL.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.<sup>5</sup>

*CLEO.* Good madam,—

*PAUL.* I have done.<sup>6</sup>  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*LEON.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*PAUL.* That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

<sup>5</sup> *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is to meet. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Your preparation can *affront* no less

“Than what you hear of.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Paul. I have done.*] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*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.

*LEON.* 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.

*LEON.* 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.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now.<sup>7</sup> Sir, you yourself  
Have said, and writ so,<sup>8</sup> (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme,<sup>9</sup>) *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equall'd;*—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

<sup>7</sup> —so must thy grave

*Give way to what's seen now.*] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

<sup>8</sup> —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*—*equall'd.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Is colder than that theme,*] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

To say, you have seen a better.

*GENT.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea-  
ture,<sup>9</sup>

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.

*LEON.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.  
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.

*LEON.* Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,<sup>2</sup>  
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.—

<sup>9</sup> *This is such a creature,*] The word *such*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciously supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

“ Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,”—

*Cease*, I believe, was a mere marginal gloss or explanation of—  
*no more*, and, injuriously to metre, had crept into the text.

STEEVENS.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
and Attendants.*

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, goddess!—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 upon.<sup>3</sup>

*FLO.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— whom,  
*Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look upon.*] The old copy reads—  
Once more to look on him. STEEVENS.

For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. See p. 60, n. 7. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—" *Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

As I suppose this incorrect phraseology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the sake of metre) instead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the present scene:

" I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes—."

Again, p. 202:

" Strike all that look upon with marvel." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— that a king, at friend,] Thus the old copy; but having

Can fend his brother : and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something  
feiz'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.

LEON. O, 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.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him,  
whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : <sup>4</sup> thence

met with no example of such phraseology, I suspect our author wrote—and friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

*At friend*, perhaps, means *at friendship*. So, in *Hamlet*, we have—  
“the wind *at* help.” We might, however, read, omitting only a  
single letter—a friend. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *whose daughter*

*His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her :*] This is very un-  
grammatical and obscure. We may better read :

——— *whose daughter*

*His tears proclaim'd her parting with her.*

(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness: My best train  
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods<sup>5</sup>  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman;<sup>6</sup> against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issueless; 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?

The prince first tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the king, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus? from him, says the prince, whose tears, at parting, shew'd her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The blessed gods*—] Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—*The ever-blessed gods*—; but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

I must confess that in this present dissyllabic pronunciation I have not the smallest degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre should at least be countenanced by the shadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

Here, where we *happily* are. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A graceful gentleman*;] i. e. full of grace and virtue.

M. MASON.

*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.

*LEON.* 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 hast'ning, (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.

*LEON.* Who ? Camillo ?

*LORD.* Camillo, fir ; I spake with him ; who now  
Has these poor men in question.<sup>7</sup> 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.

<sup>7</sup> — *in question.*] i. e. in conversation. So, in *As you like it* :  
" I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him."



PER. O, my poor father!—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married?

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.<sup>7</sup>

LEON. My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

LEON. 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 tied in duty: and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,<sup>8</sup>  
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.—'Befeech you, fir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The odds for high and low's alike.*] A quibble upon the false dice so called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Vol. III. p. 339, n. 4. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty.*] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm,” &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.*] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes  
Than what you look on now.

LEON. 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.

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.*

AUT. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this  
relation?

1. GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel,  
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he  
found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we  
were all commanded 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;<sup>a</sup> but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another 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?

<sup>a</sup> — if the importance were joy, or sorrow;] Importance here means, the thing imported. M. MASON.

3. *GENY.* 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,<sup>9</sup> which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *GENY.* No.

3. *GENY.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner,<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup> Our king,

<sup>9</sup> — *the affection of nobleness,*] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title: "The first set of Italian Madrigalls englished, not to the sense of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate," &c. By Thomas Watson, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is used for *propensity*:

" — in speech, in gait,  
 " In diet, in *affections* of delight,  
 " In military exercises, humours of blood,  
 " He was the mark and glass," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *so, and in such manner,*] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *favour.*] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello*:  
 " Defeat thy *favour* with an usurped beard." STEEVENS.

being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her:<sup>4</sup> now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten<sup>5</sup> conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *weather-bitten, &c.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather-beaten*. *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.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—" winter-bitten epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddefdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" How now? a *conduit*, girl? what still in tears?  
 " Evermore showering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VI. p. 130, n. 7.

*Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *The Tempest*:

" For thou wilt find, she will *oustrip* all praise,  
 " And make it *bals* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— a face  
 " That *overgoes* my *blunt invention* quite,  
 " Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

2. *GENT.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *GENT.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter 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.

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, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined 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 there,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *most marble there,*] i. e. most petrified with wonder.

changed colour; some swooned, all forrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *GENY.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *GENY.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;\* who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath

So, in Milton's Epitaph on our author:

“ There thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
“ Dost make us *marble by too much conceiving.*”

STEVENS.

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It would not be extraordinary that those persons should change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts should be moved by a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ — Hearts of most hard temper  
“ Melt, and lament for him.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right.

So, ♣ *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — now from head to foot  
“ I am *marble constant.*” STEVENS.

\* — *that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; &c.*] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, 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. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare 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:

into his work, would beguile nature of her custom,<sup>9</sup> so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. *GENY*. 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?

“ — all city statues must be *painted*,

“ Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgements.”

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.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

“ The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

“ You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

“ With *oily painting*.” MALONE.

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.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — of *her custom*,] That is, of *her trade*,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.



I. GENT. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? <sup>a</sup> every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

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 fardel, 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 seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd, and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN. You are well met, fir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no

<sup>a</sup> *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?* It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

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, fir, a gentleman born.

*CLOWN.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*SHEP.* And so have I, boy.

*CLOWN.* 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 gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

*SHEP.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*CLOWN.* Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*AUT.* I humbly beseech you, fir, 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.

*CLOWN.* Thou wilt amend thy life ?

*AUT.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*CLOWN.* 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.

*CLOWN.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ?

Let boors and franklins say it,<sup>3</sup> I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLOWN. 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 tall fellow of thy hands,<sup>4</sup> and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUT. I will prove so, fir, to my power.

CLOWN. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—

<sup>3</sup> — franklins say it,] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — tall fellow of thy hands,] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

Part of this phrase occurs in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114:

“ A noble knight eke of his bonde.”

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*. In the first of these senses it is used by the Clown. Phrasology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

“ Thou art a good man of thyne habite.” STEEVENS.

A *tall fellow of thy hands* means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

The following quotation from *Questions concerning Conie-hood*, &c. 1595, will at least ascertain the sense in which Autolycus would have wished this phrase to be received: “ Conie-hood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongst mirth having but one crosse worde given him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpose, that the standers by may say that he is a *tall fellow of his hands*, and such a one as will not swallow a cantell of chere.” STEEVENS.

I think, in old books it generally means a *strong stout fellow*. MALONE.

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.<sup>5</sup> [Exeunt.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

LEON. 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.

LEON. 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,

<sup>5</sup> — Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

The statue of her mother.

*PAUL.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likenefs, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart: <sup>6</sup> But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.  
[*PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*LEON.* 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.* O, not by much.

*PAUL.* So much the more our carver's excellence;

<sup>6</sup> ——— therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart:] The old copy—*lovely*. STEVENS.

*Lovery*, 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.

The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

“ Advantaging their *lowe* with interest

“ Often times double.”

Here we have *lowe* instead of *lowe*, the old spelling of *lean*.

MALONE.

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

*LEON.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, 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?—O, 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.* O, patience;<sup>6</sup>  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*CAM.* My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*POL.* Dear my brother,  
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,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image

<sup>6</sup> O, patience;] That is, Stay a while, be not so eager.

Would thus have wrought<sup>7</sup> you, (for the stone is mine,)  
I'd not have show'd it.<sup>8</sup>

LEON. Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't; left your fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

LEON. Let be, let be.  
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>9</sup>—  
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

7. — wrought —] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macbeth*:  
“ — my dull brain was wrought  
“ With things forgotten.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought, the fight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)  
I'd not have show'd it.] I do not know whether we should not  
read, without a parenthesis:  
— for the stone i'th' mine  
I'd not have shew'd it.

A *mine* of stone, or marble, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakspeare, 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.

— (for the stone is mine,) ] So afterwards Paulina says, “ — be stone no more.” So also Leontes: “ Chide me, dear stone.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—] The sentence completed is.

— but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.  
But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

*POL.* Masterly done :  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*LEON.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,<sup>2</sup>  
As we are mock'd with art.<sup>3</sup>

*PAUL.* I'll draw the curtain ;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

*LEON.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together ;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*PAUL.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :  
but

<sup>2</sup> *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet :

“ — Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand,*  
“ Hath *motion,* and mine eye may be deceived.”

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it : that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise employed by Drayton in the first canto of *The Baron's Wars* :

“ Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for “ as *if.*” Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He spake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,  
“ And she alone were cold.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ *As* they had seen me with these hangman's hands  
“ Lift'ning their fear.” MALONE.

As *we are mock'd with art.*] Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone, very properly observe that *as*, in this instance is used, as in some other places, for *as if.* The former of these gentlemen would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnecessarily, I think, considering the loose grammar of Shakspeare's age.—*With*, however, has the force of *by.* A passage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*—“ And *mock* our eyes *with air.*” STEEVENS.



I could afflict you further.

*LEON.* 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 kifs her.

*PAUL.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You'll mar it, if you kifs it ; stain your own  
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

*LEON.* No, not these twenty years.

*PER.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*PAUL.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you  
For more amazement : If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*LEON.* 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,<sup>4</sup> that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*LEON.* Proceed ;  
No foot shall stir.

<sup>4</sup> Or *those*,] The old copy reads—*On*: those, &c. Corrected by Sir T. HAMMER. MALONE.

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 from the pedestal.]

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.

LEON. O, 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,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> You gods, look down, &c.] A similar invocation has already occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ Look down, ye gods,

“ And on this couple drop a blessed crown!” STEEVENS.

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 my-  
     self,  
 To see the issue.

PAUL.                   There's time enough for that;  
 Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
 You precious winners all;<sup>6</sup> your exultation  
 Partake to every one.<sup>7</sup> 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.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And from your sacred vials pour your graces*—] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: “And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.” Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You precious winners all;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your exultation*  
*Partake to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser:

“My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*  
 “Of all my love, and all my privity.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *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 Eurydice, says:

LEON. 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 ho-  
 nesty,<sup>9</sup>  
 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 suspition.—This your son-in-law,  
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.<sup>2</sup>—Good Paulina,

“ Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

“ A turtle sat upon a *leaveless* tree,

“ Mourning her absent *pbeere*,

“ With sad and sorry cheere:

“ And whilst her plumes she rents,

“ And for her *love laments*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — whose *worth*, and *honesty*,] The word *whose*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — *This your son-in-law*,

*And son unto the king*, (whom *heavens* directing,)

*Is troth-plight to your daughter*.] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written—“ *him* heavens directing.” So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

“ A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

“ Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed

“ Master of the design,) did give us.”

Lead us from hence; where we may leifurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
 We were diffever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>3</sup>

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Or as the snail (*whose* tender horns *being* hurt,)

“ Shrinks backward to his shelly cave with pain.”

Here we should now write—“ *his* tender horns.”

See also a passage in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii. “ *Who* having no external thing to lose,” &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. ii. which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.



COMEDY OF ERRORS.\*

\* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows :

- “ Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
- “ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other ;
- “ The first his father lost, a little lad ;
- “ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother :
- “ This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
- “ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- “ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- “ That citizens there take him for the same :
- “ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- “ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker’s *Satiromaftix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

“ In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.” STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner’s translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotas* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects “ this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions.” But I much doubt whether any of these “ long hobbling verses” have the honour of proceeding from his pen ; and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is if any inference



can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of stile; a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menechini* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O si se omnia!*) has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays (except the *second* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a situation among the "*six plays or which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure, &c.*" of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholus of Ephesus,<sup>a</sup> } *Twin Brothers, and Sons*  
 Antipholus of Syracuse, } *to Ægeon and Æmilia,*  
   } *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*  
 Dromio of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholus's,*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjuror.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *her Sister.*

Luce, *her Servant.*

*A Courtezan.*

*Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

### S C E N E, Ephesus.

<sup>a</sup> In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotus*, or *Erratis*; and Antipholus *Surreptus*; meaning, perhaps —erraticus, and surreptus. One of these twins wandered in search of his brother, who had been forced from Æmilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Mænæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

*Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,  
 Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.  
 Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est  
 Avus paternus, facit Mænæchmum Soscitem.  
 Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat  
 Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnium devenit:  
 Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.  
 Mænæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:  
 Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.  
 Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.*

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, *Mænæchmus Soscitem*, and *Mænæchmus* the traveller. Whencesoever *Shakspeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropped, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STREYENS.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*ÆGE.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*DUKE.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more,  
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, If any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*ÆGE.* Yet this my comfort ; when your words  
are done,  
My woes end likewise with the evening fun.

*DUKE.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*ÆGE.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,<sup>3</sup>  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too,<sup>4</sup> had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,

<sup>3</sup> *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged : but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*.—Ægeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to shew that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *And by me too,*] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre.

By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;  
 And he, great care of goods at random left,<sup>4</sup>  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There she had not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
 A poor mean woman<sup>5</sup> was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return;  
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.  
 We came aboard:  
 A league from Epidamnum had we fail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:  
 But longer did we not retain much hope;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant

<sup>4</sup> *And he, great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we should read:

And *the* great care of goods at random left  
 Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *A poor mean woman*—] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inserted for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
 And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
 The sailors fought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*DUKE.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break  
 off so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*ÆGE.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them mercilefs to us !  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;

Which being violently borne upon,<sup>6</sup>  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our fight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful welcome<sup>7</sup> to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their  
 course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest  
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.<sup>8</sup>

ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — borne upon,] The original copy reads—borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Gave helpful welcome—] Old copy—beathful welcome. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ And gave the tongue a *helpful* welcome.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and thee, till now.] The first copy erroneously reads—and *they*. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,*] Shakspeare has here

At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,<sup>3</sup>  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unfought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,

been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 214, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of:—

“ My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,  
 “ Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.”

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — for *his case was like*,] The original copy has—*so* his. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia*,] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— This is *clean kam*.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.”

The reader will likewise find it in the 77th Psalm. STEEVENS.



Which princes, would they, may not difannul,  
 My foul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honour's great diſparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To ſeek thy help<sup>4</sup> by beneficial help:  
 Try all the friends thou haſt in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,  
 And live; if not,<sup>5</sup> then thou art doom'd to die:—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,<sup>6</sup>  
 But to procrastinate his lifeleſs end. [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> — *help* —] Mr. Pope and ſome other modern editors read—To ſeek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakſpeare's manner. MALONE.

To ſeek thy *life*, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it ſignifies a *baſe endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio ſays of Shylock,—

“ He ſeeks my *life*.”

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compoſitor, and that our author wrote,—

To ſeek thy help by beneficial *means*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *if not*,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *wend*,] i. e. go. An obſolete word. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

“ And back to Athens ſhall the lovers *wend*.” STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*MER.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun fet in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*ANT. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinnertime:  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*DRO. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*

*ANT. S.* A trusty villain,<sup>7</sup> fir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*MER.* I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,

<sup>7</sup> *A trusty villain,*] i. e. servant. DOUCE.

Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;<sup>8</sup>  
My present business calls me from you now.

*ANT. S.* Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*MER.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.  
[Exit Merchant.]

*ANT. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—  
What now ? How chance, thou art return'd so soon ?

*DRO. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd  
too late :

<sup>8</sup> *And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;*] We should read, I believe,

And afterwards consort *with* you till bed-time.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Mercutio, thou *consort'st with* Romeo.” MALONE.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is supported by the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. sc. i.

“ Sweet health and fair desires *consort your grace.*”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Thou wretched boy, that didst *consort him here*—.”

STEEVENS.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

*ANT. S.* Scap in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray ;  
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*DRO. E. O.*—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,  
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—  
 The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*ANT. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*DRO. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :  
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed ;  
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.\*

\* — I shall be post indeed ;

*For she will score your fault upon my pate.*] Perhaps before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers :—

“ — if I saw any body to be kifs'd, unless they would have kifs'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 : “ *Hof*. Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors ; I have no *cbalk* in my house ; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song.”

MALONE.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your  
clock,<sup>2</sup>

And strike you home without a messenger.

*ANT. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out  
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hout than this:  
Where is the gold I gavè in charge to thee?

*DRO. E.* To me, fir? why you gave no gold to  
me.

*ANT. S.* Come on, fir knave, have done your  
foolishness,  
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*DRO. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from  
the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, fir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*ANT. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,<sup>3</sup>  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*DRO. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my  
pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.—  
If I should pay your worship those again,

<sup>2</sup> *Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,*] The old  
copy reads "your cook." Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that merry sconce of yours,*] *Sconce* is head. So, in *Hamlet*,  
Act V: "—— why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock  
him about the *sconce*?"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—— I say no more,

"But 'tis within this *sconce* to go beyond them."

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*ANT. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress,  
slave, hast thou?

*DRO. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phœnix;  
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*ANT. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my  
face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, fir knave.

*DRO. E.* What mean you, fir? for God's sake,  
hold your hands;  
Nay, an you will not, fir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO. E.*]

*ANT. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>4</sup> of all my money.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage;<sup>5</sup>  
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — o'er-raught —] That is *over-reached*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— certain players

“ We o'er-raught on the way.”

Again, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:

“ Having by chance a close advantage view'd,

“ He *over-raught* him,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *They say, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑφεσια ἀλλοφροσύνη was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑφεσια ὑπερφροσύνη, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*

*Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,*

*Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;*] Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would there-

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

fore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing witches*, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working forcerers*, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristic. We should read:

Drug-working *forcerers, that change the mind*,  
and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

Soul-killing *forcerers, that change the mind*,  
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body*;

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

*Dark-working forcerers*, may only mean *forcerers who carry on their operations in the dark*. Thus says Bolingbroke, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

“ ——— wizards know their times:

“ Deep night, *dark night*, the silent of the night,” &c.

Witches themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. The same compound epithet occurs in Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600:

“ They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede

“ *Soul-killing witches*, and convers'd with devils.”

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: “ For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnus* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and fycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans,” &c.

STEEVENS.

And many such like liberties of sin :<sup>7</sup>  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;  
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master !  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*LUC.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :  
 A man is master of his liberty :  
 Time is their master ; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

*ADR.* Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

*LUC.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*ADR.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.<sup>8</sup>

*LUC.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

<sup>7</sup> — *liberties of sin :*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of sin*, I believe Shakspeare means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *ill.*] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*thus*. MALONE.



*ADR.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*LUC.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>9</sup>  
 There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,  
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
 Are their males' subject, and at their controls :  
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,<sup>2</sup>  
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,  
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

<sup>9</sup> *Adr.* *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

*Luc.* *Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.*] Should it not rather be *lash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *lash*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *lasbe* at length this Cressid leaves." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"To thee Cassandra which dost hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the 2nd. Part of *Decker's Honest Whore*, 1630:

"—— the lazy lowne

"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach: I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Men—the masters &c.] The old copy has *Man*—the *master* &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer.

MALONE.

Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*ADR.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*LUC.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

*ADR.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
fway.

*LUC.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*ADR.* How if your husband start some other  
where? <sup>3</sup>

*LUC.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*ADR.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause; <sup>4</sup>

They can be meek, that have no other cause. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *start some other where?*] I cannot but think, that our  
author wrote:

——— *start some other hare?*

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be a good bare-  
finder. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So, in *King  
Lear*:

“ Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

“ ——— they ranged in catche *where*,

“ No spousailes knowne,” &c.

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other  
woman?* The expression is used again, scene iii:

“ ——— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I:

“ This is not Romeo, he's some *otherwhere*.”

*Otherwhere* signifies—in other places. So, in *King Henry VIII*,  
Act II. sc. ii:

“ The king hath sent me *otherwhere*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *though she pause;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *They can be meek, that have no other cause.*] That is, who  
have no cause to be *otherwise*. M. MASON.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with aduersity,  
 We bid be quiet,<sup>6</sup> when we hear it cry;  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselues complain:  
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
 With urging helples patience<sup>7</sup> would'st relieve me:  
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—  
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DRO. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and  
 that my two ears can witness.

ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st  
 thou his mind?

DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:  
 Befrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

<sup>6</sup> *A wretched soul, bruis'd with aduersity,  
 We bid be quiet, &c.*] Shakspeare has the same sentiment in  
*Much ado about Nothing*, where Leonato says—

“ ————— men

“ Can counsel, & speak comfort to that grief

“ Which they themselves not feel.”

And again,

“ ——— 'tis all men's office to speak patience

“ To those that wring under the load of sorrow.”

DOUGL.

<sup>7</sup> *With urging helples patience* —] By exhorting me to patience,  
 which affords no help. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ As those poor birds that helples berries saw.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *fool-begg'd* —] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd*  
*patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that  
 your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you  
 as a *fool*, and beg the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

*LUC.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*DRO. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.<sup>8</sup>

*ADR.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*DRO. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*ADR.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*DRO. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:<sup>9</sup>  
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Will you come home?* quoth I;<sup>2</sup> *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?*  
*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*My mistress, sir*, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;  
*I know not thy mistress*; *out on thy mistress!*<sup>3</sup>

*LUC.* Quoth who?

*DRO. E.* Quoth my master:

<sup>8</sup> — *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ — my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a thousand marks in gold.*] The old copy reads—a hundred marks. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *will you come home? quoth I.*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*] I suppose this dissonant line originally stood thus:

I know no mistress; out upon thy mistress! STEEVENS.

*I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—*  
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*ADR.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*DRO. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?  
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*ADR.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*DRO. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

*ADR.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

*DRO. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,<sup>4</sup>  
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?  
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:  
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exit.*]

*LUC.* Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*ADR.* His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.<sup>6</sup>  
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

<sup>4</sup> *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.*] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

“When that mine eye is famish'd for a look.” MALONE.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures:<sup>7</sup> My decayed fair<sup>8</sup>  
 A funny look of his would soon repair:  
 But, too unruly deer,<sup>9</sup> he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Of my defeatures:*] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *My decayed fair* —] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Το μὴ καλόν, is a similar expression. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

“Demetrius loves your *fair*.”

Again, in *Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet*:

“Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born.”

Again, in his *83d Sonnet*:

“And therefore to your *fair* no painting set.”

*Pure* is likewise used as a substantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a song in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land.”

STEEVENS.

*Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston in one of his satires:

“As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*

“Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.”

FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> — *too unruly deer*,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The Ladies Girdle*:

“This was my heaven's extremest sphere,

“The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Fondling, faith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,

“Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,

“I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*,

“Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *poor I am but his stale*.] The word *stale*, in our author,

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 231

*LUC.* Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

*ADR.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—  
Would that alone alone he would detain,<sup>3</sup>

used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiating* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. "*Stale* to catch these thieves," in *The Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

" — I am made your *stale*,  
" The king, the king your strumpet," &c.

Again,

" — I knew I was made  
" A *stale* for her obtaining."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

" Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,  
" To looke and gape for his retireless sayles  
" Pufft back and flittering spread to every winde?"

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakspeare borrowed the expression:

" He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock." STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *stale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, "wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*," &c. A *stale* in this last instance means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *For I am but the cover for his infidelity*,

COLLINS,

<sup>3</sup> *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads:  
Would that alone a *love*, &c.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.\*  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!  
 [Exeunt.]

\* *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.*

[The sense is this,  
 "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often  
*touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though  
 as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated  
 attacks of falshood and corruption." WARBURTON.]

Mr. Heath reads thus:

— yet the gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, though often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so a man that hath a name,  
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame. STEEVENS.

This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

— yet the gold 'bides still  
 That others touch; and often touching will  
 Where gold; and no man, that hath a name  
 By falshood &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a dissyllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and so no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors.

The observation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“ — gold in time does wear away,

“ And other precious things do fade: friendship does ne'er decay.” MALONE.



S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*DRO. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a  
word?

*ANT. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour  
since.

*DRO. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*ANT. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*DRO. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*ANT. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the  
teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*beating him.*]

*DRO. S.* Hold, fir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*ANT. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes Do use you for my fool, and chat with you, Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>4</sup> When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport, But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspect,<sup>5</sup> And fashion your demeanour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*DRO. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too;<sup>6</sup> or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

*ANT. S.* Dost thou not know?

*DRO. S.* Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

*ANT. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*DRO. S.* Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

<sup>4</sup> *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *know my aspect,*] i. e. study my countenance. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *and insconce it too;*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. So, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

“ Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico.”

Again:

“ Ay, sirs, *ensconce* you how you can.”

Again:

“ And here *ensconce* myself, despite of thee.” STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 235

*ANT. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,  
wherefore,—  
For urging it the second time to me.

*DRO. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out  
of season?  
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither  
rhyme nor reason?—

Well, fir, I thank you.

*ANT. S.* Thank me, fir? for what?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, for this something that you  
gave me for nothing.

*ANT. S.* I'll make you amends next,<sup>7</sup> to give you  
nothing for something. But say, fir, is it dinner-  
time?

*DRO. S.* No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I  
have.

*ANT. S.* In good time, fir, what's that?

*DRO. S.* Basting.

*ANT. S.* Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

*DRO. S.* If it be, fir, I pray you eat none of it.

*ANT. S.* Your reason?

*DRO. S.* Left it make you choleric,<sup>8</sup> and purchase  
me another dry basting.

*ANT. S.* Well, fir, learn to jest in good time;  
There's a time for all things.

*DRO. S.* I durst have denied that, before you  
were so choleric.

<sup>7</sup> — next,] Our author probably wrote—next time.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Left it make you choleric, &c.] So, in *The Taming the Shrew*:

“ I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

“ And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

“ For it engenders choler, planteth anger,” &c.

STEEVENS.

ANT. S. By what rule, fir?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>1</sup>

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?<sup>2</sup>

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair,<sup>3</sup> he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— by fine and recovery?<sup>1</sup> This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Ant. S. *Why is Time, &c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? *Men and Them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken, vice versa, for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

The same error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

“Stuffing the ears of *them* with false reports.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose

*ANT. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*DRO. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*ANT. S.* For what reason?

*DRO. S.* For two; and found ones too.

*ANT. S.* Nay, not found, I pray you.

*DRO. S.* Sure ones then.

*ANT. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>4</sup>

*DRO. S.* Certain ones then.

*ANT. S.* Name them.

*DRO. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;<sup>5</sup> the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*ANT. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time<sup>6</sup> for all things.

*DRO. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time<sup>7</sup> to recover hair lost by nature.

women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ ——— Your women are so hot, I must lose my hair in their company, I see.”

“ His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *falfe*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that he spends in tiring*;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *there is no time* —] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *no time*, &c.] The first folio has—in no time, &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;  
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.\*

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know  
you not :

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town, as to your talk ;  
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd  
with you :

When were you wont to use my sifter thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from  
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S. Did you converse, fir, with this gentle-  
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compâct?

DRO. S. I, fir? I never saw her till this time.

ANT. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very  
words

\* *I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.*] To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain, defile, pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hypothen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd, undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read :

*I live distained, thou dishonoured.*

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. HEATH.

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*DRO. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*ANT. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

*ADR.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>5</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;<sup>6</sup>  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,<sup>7</sup>  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

<sup>5</sup> — you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted*; and the use of the word in that sense may be supported by a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, says,

“ To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,  
“ Lady, behold the rocks transported be.  
“ Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, left for contempt  
“ They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt*.”

Yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;*]

“ *Lenta, qui, velut affitas*  
“ *Vitis implicat arbores,*  
“ *Implicabitur in tuum*  
“ *Complexum.*” *Catull.* 57.

So Milton, *Par. Lost.* B. V:

“ — They led the vine  
“ To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines  
“ Her marriageable arms.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — stronger state,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle mofs ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*ANT. S.* To me she speaks ; she moves me for  
 her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.<sup>9</sup>

*LUC.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for  
 dinner.

*DRO. S.* O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sin-  
 ner.

This is the fairy land ;—O, spite of spites !—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — idle *mofs* ;] i. e. mofs that produces no fruit, but being  
 unfertile is useless. So, in *Othello* :

“ — antres vast and desarts *idle*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the offer'd fallacy*.] The old copy has :  
 — *the free'd fallacy*.

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for  
 — *the offer'd fallacy*.

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent.

Mr. Pope reads—*favour'd fallacy*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites* ;] Here Mr.  
 Theobald calls out in the name of *Nonsense*, the first time he had  
 formally invoked her, to tell him how *owls could suck their breath,*  
*and pinch them black and blue*. He therefore alters *owls to oupbs,*  
*and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his*  
*emendation*. But, for all this, we must not part with the old read-  
 ing. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that  
 the scrietch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the  
 cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were  
 supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children,  
*strega* from *strix*, the *scrietch-owl*. This superstition they had de-  
 rived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of  
 Ovid :



If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*LUCE.* Why prat'ft thou to thyself, and answer'ft  
not ?

*Dromio,* thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !'

*Sunt avidæ volucres ; non quæ Phinæia mensis  
Guttura fraudabant ; sed genus inde trahunt.  
Grande caput ; stantes oculi ; rostra apta rapinæ ;  
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.  
Noctæ volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,  
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis.  
Carpere dicuntur lactantia viscera rostris,  
Et plenum potio sanguine guttur habent.  
Est illis strigibus nomen :—Lib. vi. FAST. WARBURTON.*

*Ghostly owls* accompany *elvjfb* ghosts in *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar* for June. So, in *Sberringham's Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, Stryges, Lamiz, Manes (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Grege, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

*Owls* are also mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38 :

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,  
"No owles, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or scritch-owls were considered by the Romans as witches ? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question : "Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl." MALONE.

The epithet *elvjfb* is not in the *first* folio, but the second has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elvjfb*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvjfb*. MALONE.

I am satisfied with the epithet—*elvjfb*. It was probably inserted in the second folio on some authority which cannot now be ascertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III* :

"Thou *elvjfb*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why should a book which has often judiciously filled such vacuities, and rectified such errors, as disgrace the folio 1623, be so perpetually distrusted ? STEEVENS.

*DRO. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I?<sup>4</sup>

*ANT. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*DRO. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*ANT. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*DRO. S.* No, I am an ape.

*LUC.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

*DRO. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.

'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*ADR.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, fir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you<sup>5</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sifter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*ANT. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

<sup>3</sup> *Dromio, thou drone, &c.*] The old copy reads—

*Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot!* STEVENS.

This verse is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

*Drone* is also a term of reproach applied by Shylock to Launcelot in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — he sleeps by day

“ More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — am not I?] Old copy—*am I not.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And shrive you* —] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*: “ — not *shriving* time allow'd.” STEVENS.

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?  
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

*DRO. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*ADR.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your  
 pate.

*LUC.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.  
 [Exeunt.]

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

*The same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
 ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

*ANT. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse  
 us all;<sup>5</sup>

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:  
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
 To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;*] I suppose, the word  
 —all, which overloads the measure, without improvement of the  
 sense, might be safely omitted, as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *carcanet,*] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain,  
 perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his  
 poem:

“ *The empress spreads her carcanets.*” JOHNSON.

“ *Quarquau, ornement d’or qu’on mit au col des damoifelles.*”  
*Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or  
 strung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra, &c.* 1633: “ Seeke  
 not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on  
 the wrist, rubie *carcanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of  
 feathers in the hand.”

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
 And that I did deny my wife and house:—  
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by  
 this?

*DRO. E.* Say what you will, fir, but I know what  
 I know:  
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 show:  
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink,  
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I  
 think.

*ANT. E.* I think, thou art an afs.

*DRO. E.* Marry, so it doth appear  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.<sup>7</sup>

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

“Nay, I'll be matchless for a *carcanet*,  
 Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks  
 Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.”

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1636:

“—— she fat on a rich Persian quilt  
 Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl  
 Bigger than pigeons eggs.”

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“—— the drops  
 Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it.”

In the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, the word *carcanet*  
 occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Marry, so it doth appear*

*By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.*] Thus all the  
 printed copies; but certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning.  
 It appears, Dromio is an afs by his making no resistance; because  
 an afs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this  
 wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that  
 pass,  
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an  
 afs.

*ANT. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray  
 god, our cheer  
 May answer my good will, and your good welcome  
 here.

*BAL.* I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your  
 welcome dear.

*ANT. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or  
 fish,  
 A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty  
 dish.

*BAL.* Good meat, fir, is common; that every  
 churl affords.

*ANT. E.* And welcome more common; for that's  
 nothing but words.

*BAL.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a  
 merry feast.

*ANT. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-  
 ing guest:  
 But though my cates be mean, take them in good  
 part;  
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better  
 heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

*DRO. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
 Jen'!

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his  
*wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *afs*; but immediately, with a cor-  
 rection of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in  
 conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *afs*, he should,  
 when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

*DRO. S.* [*within.*] Mome,<sup>8</sup> malt-horse, capon, cock-comb, idiot, patch!<sup>9</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch :

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*DRO. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*DRO. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*ANT. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*DRO. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

*ANT. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

*DRO. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

<sup>8</sup> *Mome.*] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ Important are th' affairs we have in hand;

“ Hence with that *Mome!*”

“ — *Brutus*, forbear the presence.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — what foldiers, *patch?*”

See notes on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 249

*ANT. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from  
the house I owe?<sup>2</sup>

*DRO. S.* The porter for this time, fir, and my  
name is Dromio.

*DRO. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine  
office and my name;  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle  
blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,  
or thy name for an afs.

*LUCE.* [*witbin.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,  
who are those at the gate?

*DRO. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*LUCE.* Faith no; he comes too late;  
And so tell your master.

*DRO. E.* O Lord, I must laugh:—  
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*LUCE.* Have at you with another: that's,—When?  
can you tell?

*DRO. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

*ANT. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us  
in, I hope?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *I owe?*] i. e. I own, am owner of. So, in *The Four  
Prentices of London*, 1615:

“ Who owes that shield?

“ I:—and who owes that?” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *I hope?*] A line either preceding or following this, has,  
I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors  
read—I *trust*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be con-  
founded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us  
in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has sometimes this signification.

*LUCE.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*DRO. S.* And you said, no.

*DRO. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was  
blow for blow.

*ANT. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*LUCE.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*DRO. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*LUCE.* Let him knock till it ake.

*ANT. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat  
the door down.

*LUCE.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks  
in the town?

*ADR.* [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that  
keeps all this noise?

*DRO. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with  
unruly boys.

*ANT. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have  
come before.

*ADR.* Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from  
the door.

*DRO. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave  
would go fore.

*ANG.* Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome;  
we would fain have either.

*BAL.* In debating which was best, we shall part  
with neither.<sup>4</sup>

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — I cannot hope

“ Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale*, v. 4027:

“ Our manciple I hope he wol be ded.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — [*we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, to part  
signified to have part. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9504:



COMEDY OF ERRORS. 251

*DRO. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*ANT. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*DRO. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.<sup>5</sup>

*ANT. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*DRO. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*DRO. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*DRO. S.* It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

*DRO. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

*DRO. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*ANT. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

*DRO. E.* A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

“ That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall.”

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. “ To be *bought and sold* in a company.” See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEVENS.

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<sup>5</sup> — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be *bought and sold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEVENS.

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>6</sup>

*ANS. E.* Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

*BAL.* Have patience, fir; O, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this,<sup>7</sup>—Your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part<sup>8</sup> some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

— *tantum upupam.*

*Upupa* signifies both a *lap-wing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Once this,*] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

*Once this,* may mean, *once for all, at once.* So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "Some perchance loving my estate, others my person. But *once*, I know all of them," &c.—Again, *ibid.* B. III:—"She hit him, with his own sword, such a blowe upon the waste, that she almost cut him asunder: *once* she sundred his soule from his body, sending it to Proserpina, an angry goddess against ravishers." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Your long experience of her wisdom,*—

*Plead on her part*—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the doors are made against you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made on it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout<sup>2</sup>  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession;<sup>3</sup>  
 For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.<sup>4</sup>

ANT. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth,<sup>5</sup> mean to be merry.

— the doors are barr'd against you.

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — supposed by the common rout —] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — upon succession;] *Succession* is often used as a quadrisyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So Act IV. sc. i. line 5. *satisfaction* composes half a verse:

“ Therefore make present *satisfaction*—.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.] The adverb *once* is wanting in the first folio. STEEVENS.

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> And, in despite of mirth,] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*ANG.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour  
hence.

*ANT. E.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some ex-  
pence. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA<sup>4</sup> and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Enter Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering first folio, we find,  
“ Enter Juliana.”—Corrected in the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — that you have quite forgot &c.] In former copies:

*And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?*

This passage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it. This scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhymes; and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse: and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, supplied at the end of the second line, and, in the fourth, *building* given instead of *buildings*. STEEVENS.

*Love-springs* are young plants or shoots of love. Thus in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

“ The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*  
“ That sits alone in sorrow.”

See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44. n. 9, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

256 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more  
kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-  
ness:

Let not my sifter read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition:

—shall *Antipholus* —.

If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written: and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in some quotation from Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* is also one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

*Ruinous* is justified by a passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv:

“Left growing *ruinous* the building fall.”

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS:

*Antipholis* occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

[*Shall love in building grow so ruinate?*] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

“And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built anew*—.”

In support of Mr. Theobald's first emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

“—thou art so possess'd with murderous *bate*,  
“That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
“Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,  
“Which to repair should be thy chief desire.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours.”

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. “The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate—.”

MALONE.



Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;  
 Be secret-false : What need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attain ?<sup>6</sup>  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,<sup>7</sup>  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>8</sup> that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>9</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*ANT. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,  
 I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)  
 Lefs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show  
 not,  
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *his own attain ?*] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Alas, poor women ! make us but believe, &c.*] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossest'd one another in many other passages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632 :

“ ——— she's *compact*

“ Merely of blood——.”

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Love is a spirit all *compact* of fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *vain,*] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
 Against my foul's pure truth why labour you,  
 To make it wander in an unknown field?  
 Are you a god? would you create me new?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,  
 Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid,<sup>2</sup> with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sifter's flood<sup>3</sup> of tears;  
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
 And as a bed I'll take thee,<sup>4</sup> and there lie;  
 And, in that glorious supposition, think  
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—  
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *sweet mermaid,*] *Mermaid* is only another name for *siren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchaupments." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *in thy sifter's flood*—] The old copy reads—*sifter*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *as a bed I'll take thee,*] The old copy reads—*as a bud*. Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lie,  
 Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:  
 As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and

" — *phœnix* like beneath thine eye  
 " Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

- LUC.* What are you mad, that you do reason so?  
*ANT. S.* Not mad, but mated;<sup>6</sup> how, I do not know.  
*LUC.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.  
*ANT. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair fun, being by.  
*LUC.* Gaze where<sup>7</sup> you should, and that will clear your sight.  
*ANT. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ — my bosom as a bed  
 “ Shall lodge thee.”

Mr. Malone also thinks that *bed* is fully supported by the word—  
*St.* STEEVENS.

The second folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!*] Mr. Ritson observes that *Love*, in the present instance, means *Venus*.

This in the old ballad of the Spanish Lady:

“ I will spend my days in prayer,  
 “ *Love* and all her laws defy.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Now for the love of *love*, and her soft hours—.”

Again, more appositely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
 “ Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.”

*Venus* is here speaking of herself.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ *She's love*, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Not mad, but mated* ;] i. e. confounded. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ *My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight*,” STEEVENS.

I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and *Antipholus*, who had been challenged as a husband by *Adriana*, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Gaze where* —] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

LUC. Why call you me love? call my sifter so.

ANT. S. Thy sifter's sifter.

LUC. That's my sifter.

ANT. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. All this my sifter is, or else should be,

ANT. Call thyself sifter, sweet, for I aim thee:<sup>9</sup>  
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:  
 Give me thy hand.

LUC. O, soft, sir, hold you still;  
 I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will.

[Exit LUC,

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st  
 thou so fast?

<sup>8</sup> *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *for I aim thee:*] The old copy has,  
 — *for I am thee.*

Some of the modern editors—

*I mean thee.*

Perhaps we should read:

— *for I aim thee.*

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's aim*. So, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

“ — like Cassius,

“ Sits sadly dumping, *aiming* Cæsar's death.”

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“ I make my changes *aim* one certain end.” STERVENSON.

*DRO. S.* Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio?  
am I your man? am I myself?

*ANT. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,  
thou art thyself.

*DRO. S.* I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and  
besides myself.

*ANT. S.* What woman's man? and how besides  
thyself?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to  
a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,  
one that will have me.

*ANT. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, such claim as you would  
lay to your horse; and she would have me as a  
beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me;  
but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays  
claim to me.

*ANT. S.* What is she?

*DRO. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one  
as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-  
reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and  
yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*ANT. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench,  
and all greafe; and I know not what use to put  
her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from  
her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and  
the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if  
she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer  
than the whole world.

*ANT. S.* What complexion is she of?

*DRO. S.* Swart,<sup>a</sup> like my shoe, but her face no-

<sup>a</sup> *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus in  
Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:

thing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*ANT. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*DRO. S.* No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*ANT. S.* What's her name?

*DRO. S.* Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.<sup>a</sup>

*ANT. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*DRO. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*ANT. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*ANT. S.* Where Scotland?

“ No goblin, or *fwart* fairy of the mine.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“ And whereas I was black and *fwart* before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Dro. S.* *Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.*] The old copy reads—her name is three quarters. STEEVENS.

This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maffinger in *The Old Law*, 1656:

“ *Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

“ *Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

“ *Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

“ *Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*,” &c. MALONE.

*DRO. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*ANT. S.* Where France?

*DRO. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.*] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir*.——And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrustated eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir*? The sense which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armada's of carracks to be ballast<sup>4</sup> at her nose.

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be couched under the same term.—Dr. Johnson's objection, that "an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied," appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule, our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparison scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This your *beire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" instead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *beire* is printed for *hair*:

"Whose horrid image doth unfix my *beire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623.

"— His meanest garment is dearer

"In my respect, than all the *beires* above thee." MALONE,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to be ballast* —] The modern editors read—ballasted; the old copy *ballast*, which is right. Thus in *Hamlet*:

"—— to have the engineer

"*Hoist* with his own petar." i. e. *boisted*. STEEVENS.



COMEDY OF ERRORS. 265.

*DRO. S.* O, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; <sup>5</sup> told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, <sup>6</sup> and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

*ANT. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*DRO. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

*ANT. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

<sup>5</sup> ——— assur'd to her;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *King Jobn*:

“ For so I did when I was first *assur'd.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks a *breast made of flint* better security, and has therefore put it in.

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*ANG.* Master Antipholus?

*ANT. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*ANG.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:<sup>2</sup>  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*ANT. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with  
 this?

*ANG.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it  
 for you.

*ANT. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*ANG.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you  
 have:

<sup>2</sup> ——— to *self-wrong*.] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

“ To what we wildly do,”—.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*of self-wrong*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— as *the Porcupine*.] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Afcham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally; for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—“ Porkepyne:” and in Huet's Abecedarium, 1552.—“ Porpyn.” See a note on *The Tempest*. Act I. sc. ii. DOUCE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 267

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*ANT. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*ANG.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*ANT. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot  
tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*MER.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders<sup>9</sup> for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

<sup>9</sup> — want gilders —] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings. STEVENS.

*ANG.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me<sup>2</sup> by Antipholus:  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same:  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*OFF.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*ANT. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,<sup>3</sup>  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*DRO. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy  
a rope! [*Exit DROMIO.*]

*ANT. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you:  
I promised your presence, and the chain;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*ANG.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note;  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;

<sup>2</sup> *Is growing to me—*] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *—and her confederates,*] The old copy has—*their confederates.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*ANT. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present  
money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town :  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;  
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.<sup>4</sup>

*ANG.* Then you will bring the chain to her your-  
self ?

*ANT. E.* No ; bear't with you, lest I come not  
time enough.

*ANG.* Well, sir, I will : Have you the chain about  
you ?

*ANT. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;  
Or else you may return without your money.

*ANG.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the  
chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*ANT. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to  
excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*MER.* The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*ANG.* You hear, how he impórtunes me ; the  
chain—

<sup>4</sup> *Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.] I will, instead of I shall, is a Scoticism. DOUCE.*

And an Irishism too. REED.

*ANT. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*ANG.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*ANT. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*MER.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*ANT. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?

*ANG.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*ANT. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*ANG.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*ANT. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*ANG.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*MER.* Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

*OFF.* I do; and charge you, in the duke's name,  
to obey me.

*ANG.* This touches me in reputation:—  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*ANT. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*ANG.* Here is thy fee; arrest him officer;—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*OFF.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*ANT. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANG. Sir, fir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

DRO. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum;  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, fir, bears away :<sup>4</sup> our fraughtage, fir,  
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANT. E. How now ! a madman ! Why thou peevish  
sheep,<sup>5</sup>

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

DRO. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

ANT. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

DRO. S. You sent me, fir, for a rope's-end as soon :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And then, fir, bears away :*] The old copy redundantly reads—  
And then, fir, *she* bears away : STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *thou peevish sheep,*] *Peevish* is *filly*. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Desire my man's abode where I did leave him :

“ He's strange and *peevish*.”

See a note on Act I. sc. vii. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *You sent me, fir, for a ropes-end as soon :*] Mr. Malone says that *Ropes* is here a dissyllable ; the Saxon genitive case ; but a Saxon genitive case accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effusions, [See Vol. V. p. 29.] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio.—I suppose, a word has been casually omitted in the old copy, and that we should read as I have printed. So, above, the same speaker says—

“ And then, *fir*, bears away : our fraughtage, *fir*—”

STEVENS.

You sent me to the bay, fir, for a bark.

*ANT. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*

*DRO. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowfabel<sup>1</sup> did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?  
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Where Dowfabel* — ] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals:

“ He had, as antique stories tell,

“ A daughter cleaped *Dowfabel*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in



COMEDY OF ERRORS. 273

*LUC.* First, he denied you had in him no right.

*ADR.* He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

*LUC.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*ADR.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

*LUC.* Then pleaded I for you.

*ADR.* And what said he?

*LUC.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*ADR.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*LUC.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

*ADR.* Did'st speak him fair?

*LUC.* Have patience, I beseech.

*ADR.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place: [*King Henry IV.* P. I. sc. i.]

“ Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
“ All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
“ Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
“ And furious clofe of civil butchery.” *WARBURTON.*

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

“ As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
“ Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
“ To battle in the clouds, before each van  
“ Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
“ Till thickest legions clofe; with feats of arms  
“ From either end of heaven the welkin burns.”

*STEVENS.*

The original copy reads—*Oh, his heart's metecots, &c.* The correction was made in the second folio. *MALONE.*

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ill-fac'd, worfe-bodied, shapeless every where ;  
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;  
 Stigmatical in making,<sup>2</sup> worfe in mind.

*LUC.* Who would be jealous then of such a one ?  
 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*ADR.* Ah ! but I think him better than I say,  
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worfe :  
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;<sup>3</sup>  
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do  
 curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet  
 now, make haste.

*LUC.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*DRO. S.* By running fast.

*ADR.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

*DRO. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worfe than hell :

<sup>9</sup> — *fere*,] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas* : " — ivy never *fere*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635 :

" If you spy any man that hath a look,

" *Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Far from her nest the lapwing*, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, says :—  
 " But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, *cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is."

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—" he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be."

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. IV. p. 210, n. 8. STEEVENS.

A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>4</sup> hath him,  
 One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;<sup>5</sup>  
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-  
 termands  
 The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *an everlasting garment* —] The sergeants in those days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting* garment: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad:—

"What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar says, "Were it not for my smooth citizen, I'd quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, and turn sergeant." M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough*;] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, a *fiend*, a *fury*, &c.

THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *bobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

So Milton:

"No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,  
 "Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

It is true that there is a species of malevolent and mischievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here stands, is generical. T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of allies, creeks, and narrow lands*;] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression in *K. Richard II.* Act V. sc. vi:

"Even such they say as stand in narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing-places* at the water-side.

A *shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff: So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

276 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;<sup>7</sup>

One that, before the judgement, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>8</sup>

“ — fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*.”

STEVENS.

*Narrow lands* is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhyme points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water.—Besides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are synonymous.

HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the counters. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. iv.

“ Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot over Moorfields to London this morning,” &c.

To draw dry-foot, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

“ A hunting, Sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!”

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ I care not for dry-foot hunting.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *poor souls to hell.*] Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-scat*, a poem, 1658:

“ In Wood-street's-hole, or Poultry's hell.”

The dark place into which a tailor throws his shreds, is still in possession of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ Taylors—'tis known

“ They scorn thy hell, having better of their own.”

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had “ paid the uttermost farthing.” STEVENS.

ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?

DRO. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.<sup>9</sup>

ADR. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

DRO. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in<sup>2</sup> a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you fend him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83. as the commons passed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one *Christopher Hole* Secondary del *Treasurie*, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del *Clerke del Treasurie* al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treasury of the Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *Office of the Tally-Court of the Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for many centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincoln Inn*.—These therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*.—Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a pump still standing of excellent water, called *HELL Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

<sup>9</sup> — on the case.] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's case was touched by the shoulder-clapper. See p. 281:—"in a case of leather," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But he's in—] The old copy reads—But *it* is. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

ADR. Go fetch it, sifter.—This I wonder at,  
 [Exit LUCIANA.]

That he,<sup>3</sup> unknown to me, should be in debt:—  
 Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>4</sup>

DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;  
 A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

ADR. What, the chain?

DRO. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were  
 gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes  
 one.

ADR. The hours come back! that did I never  
 hear.

DRO. S. O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns  
 back for very fear.

<sup>3</sup> *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus he*. The emenda-  
 tion was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I  
 believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond*. A bond,  
 i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently  
 spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance,  
 I believe, the humour of the passage turns.

B. Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says:

“ — Statute, and *band*, and wax shall go with me.”

Again without personification:

“ See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“ — tye fast your lands

“ In statute staple, or these merchant's *bands*.”

STEVENS.

*Band* is used in the sense which is couched under the words, “ a  
 stronger thing,” in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*.”

See Mintheu's Dict. 1617, in v. “ BAND or Obligation.” In  
 the same column is found “ A BAND or thong to tie withal.” Also  
 “ A BAND for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck.”  
 These sufficiently explain the equivoque. MALONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 279

*ADR.* As if time were in debt! how fondly doth thou reason?

*DRO. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.  
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That time comes stealing on by night and day?  
If he be in debt,<sup>5</sup> and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;  
And bring thy master home immediately.—  
Come, sifter; I am prefs'd down with conceit;<sup>6</sup>  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.

<sup>5</sup> *If he be in debt,*] The old edition reads—*If I be in debt.*

STEVENS.  
For the emendation now made I am answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—*If time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *conceit* ;] i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— I know not how *conceit* may rob

“ The treasury of life.” STEVENS.

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;  
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;  
 Some offer me commodities to buy :  
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for :  
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
 apparell'd ?<sup>5</sup>

*ANT. S.* What gold is this ? What Adam dost  
 thou mean ?

*DRO. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,  
 but that Adam, that keeps the prison : he that goes

<sup>5</sup> — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?*  
 A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident in  
 copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the mean-  
 ing of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been  
 arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him : he,  
 running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom  
 he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before  
 the money was come, he cries, in a surprize;

*What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?*  
 For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the  
 officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd ? The allusion is to Adam  
 in his state of innocence going naked ; and immediately after the  
 fall, being cloath'd in a freck of skins. Thus he was new appar-  
 ell'd : and, in like manner, the sergeants of the Counter were  
 formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humorously a  
 little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to  
 be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers.  
 So, in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ The register of all varieties

“ Since *leather Adam*, to this younger hour.” STEEVENS.



in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

ANT. S. I understand thee not.

DRO. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, fir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, fir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *be that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.*] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery ; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets ; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a rest stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion : no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakspeare wrote,

——— *a Maurice-pike.*

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to do exploits with a *pik*e. The *rest* of a *pik*e was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pik*e was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

ANT. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

DRO. S. Ay, fir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

ANT. S. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*Morespikes* (says Langley in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

*Polydore Virgil* does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high.

*Morris pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's *Legacy*, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers, So, in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down

"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816:

"—— they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion that the *Morris-Pike* was used in the *Morris-dance*. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *Hist. of the English Army*, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUGL.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, "he that trusts"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their rest* upon the battle." Again, Clarendon—"they therefore resolved to *set up their rest* upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from *the rest* which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*. HENLEY.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 283

*DRO. S.* Why, fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to carry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*ANT. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*COUR.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now:  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*ANT. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

*DRO. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*ANT. S.* It is the devil.

*DRO. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

*COUR.* Your man and you are marvellous, merry, fir.  
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.<sup>7</sup>

*DRO. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.*] The

ANT. S. Why, Dromio?

DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;  
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

DRO. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,<sup>9</sup> a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,  
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain;  
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

passage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a mistake for *and*:

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon meat, *and* bespeak a long spoon. RITSON.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed over by the compositor,—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away*, or bespeak a long spoon."

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempest*. See Vol. III. p. 81, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — a drop of blood,] So, in *The Witch* by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims—

"There's one come downe to fetch his dues,

"A kisse, a coll, a *sp* of blood," &c. STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 285

*ANT. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

*DRO. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

*COUR.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatick, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*ANT. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break a-  
way;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.  
How now, fir? have you that I sent you for?

*DRO. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay  
them all.<sup>s</sup>

*ANT. E.* But where's the money?

*DRO. E.* Why, fir, I gave the money for the  
rope.

*ANT. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a  
rope?

*DRO. E.* I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the  
rate.

*ANT. E.* To what end did I bid thee hic thee home?

*DRO. E.* To a rope's end, fir; and to that end  
am I return'd.

<sup>s</sup> — *will pay them all.*] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on." STEEVENS.

*ANT. E.* And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.  
[*beating bim.*]

*OFF.* Good fir, be patient.

*DRO. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*OFF.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*DRO. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*ANT. E.* Thou whorefon, senseless villain!

*DRO. E.* I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows.

*ANT. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*DRO. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.<sup>9</sup> I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH,<sup>2</sup> and Others.*

*ANT. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

<sup>9</sup> — by my long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Pinch,] The direction in the old copy is,—" and a

**DRO. E.** *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*<sup>a</sup>

**ANT. E.** Wilt thou still talk? [beats him.

**COUR.** How say you now? is not your husband mad?

**ADR.** His incivility confirms no less.—  
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

**LUC.** Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

**COUR.** Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

**PINCH.** Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

**ANT. E.** There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*schoolmaster called Pinch.* In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *school-master* in England, I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster; that is, a *conjurer*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem*. But to what purpose, unless our author could show that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *propheying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies*. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,

"That speak and think contrary clean;

"What member 'tis of whom they talk,

"When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"But come, *respice funem*." STEEVENS.



*PINCH.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darknefs hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the faints in heaven.

*ANT. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*ADR.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed foul!

*ANT. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?<sup>3</sup>

Did this companion<sup>4</sup> with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

*ADR.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*ANT. E.* I din'd at home!<sup>5</sup> Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*DRO. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*ANT. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*DRO. E.* Perdy,<sup>6</sup> your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

<sup>3</sup> — your customers?] A *customer* is used in *Otello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — companion —] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use—*fellow*. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it. STEVENS.

*ANT. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*DRO. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*ANT. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,  
and scorn me?

*DRO. E.* Certes,<sup>5</sup> she did; the kitchen-vestal<sup>6</sup>  
scorn'd you.

*ANT. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*DRO. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*ADR.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*PINCH.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*ANT. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to  
arrest me.

*ADR.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*DRO. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will  
you might,  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*ANT. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of  
ducats?

*ADR.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*LUC.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*DRO. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*PINCH.* Mistress, both man and master is posses-  
sors'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

<sup>5</sup> *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* So, in *The Tempest*:

“For *certes,* these are people of the island.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *kitchen-vestal* —] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 291

*ANT. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*ADR.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*DRO. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*ADR.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both.

*ANT. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.*]

*ADR.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come  
near me.

*PINCH.* More company;—the fiend is strong  
within him.

*LUC.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he  
looks!

*ANT. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gabler,  
thou,  
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*OFF.* Masters, let him go:  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*PINCH.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*ADR.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?<sup>1</sup>  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*OFF.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

<sup>1</sup> — *thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that in the  
course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

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The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

<sup>7</sup> — *thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that in the  
course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEVENS.

*ADR.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day !

*ANT. E.* O most unhappy strumpet !<sup>7</sup>

*DRO. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for  
you.

*ANT. E.* Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou  
mad me ?

*DRO. E.* Will you be bound for nothing ? be  
mad,  
Good master ; cry, the devil.—

*LUC.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

*ADR.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with  
me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. and DRO.*  
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

*OFF.* One Angelo, a goldsmith ; Do you know  
him ?

*ADR.* I know the man : What is the sum he owes ?

*OFF.* Two hundred ducats.

*ADR.* Say, how grows it due ?

*OFF.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*ADR.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it  
not.<sup>8</sup>

*COUR.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

<sup>7</sup> ——— unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.*] I suppose, the words—*for me*, which spoil the metre, might safely be omitted. STEEVENS.

(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*ADR.* It may be so, but I did never see it :—  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier  
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*LUC.* God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

*ADR.* And come with naked swords ; let's call  
more help,  
To have them bound again.

*OFF.* Away, they'll kill us.  
[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*]

*ANT. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*DRO. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you.

*ANT. S.* Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff<sup>9</sup>  
from thence :

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*DRO. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will  
surely do us no harm ; you saw, they speak us fair,  
give us gold : methinks, they are such a gentle na-  
tion, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that  
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart  
to stay here still, and turn witch.

*ANT. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town ;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *our stuff*—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were  
issued for the royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage  
was always thus denominated. MALONE.

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

*The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*ANG.* I am sorry, fir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*MER.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*ANG.* Of very reverent reputation, fir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*MER.* Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*ANG.* 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly :  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*ANT. S.* I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

*MER.* Yes, that you did, fir ; and forswore it too.

*ANT. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?



COMEDY OF ERRORS. 295

*MER.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*ANT. S.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*MER.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.  
[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.*

*ADR.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—  
Some get within him,<sup>8</sup> take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*DRO. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take  
a house.<sup>9</sup>  
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.  
[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DROMIO to the Priory.*]

*Enter the Abbess.*

*ABB.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*ADR.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*ANG.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*MER.* I am forry now, that I did draw on him.

*ABB.* How long hath this possession held the man?

<sup>8</sup> — get within him,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — take a house.] i. e. go into a house. So we say, a dog  
takes the water. STEEVENS.

*ADR.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much, much different from the man he was ;<sup>9</sup>  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*ABB.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at  
sea?

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?  
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*ADR.* To none of these, except it be the last ;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*ABB.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*ADR.* Why, so I did.

*ABB.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*ADR.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*ABB.* Haply, in private.

*ADR.* And in assemblies too.

*ABB.* Ay, but not enough.

*ADR.* It was the copy<sup>1</sup> of our conference :  
In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
In company, I often glanced it ;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*ABB.* And thereof came it, that the man was  
mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

<sup>9</sup> *And much, much different from the man he was ;*] Thus the second folio. The first impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the copy* —] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
 And thereof comes it, that his head is light.  
 Thou say'st, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraid-  
 ings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?  
 Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;<sup>3</sup>)  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *But moody and dull melancholy,*  
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) Shakspeare could  
 never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next.  
 This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore  
 put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that  
 some disyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore  
 probable our poet may have written :

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody [moping] and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?  
 And at their heels a huge infectious troop.— HEATH.*

It has been observed to me that *Mr. Capell* reads :

But moody and dull melancholy, kinf—  
*woman* to grim and comfortless despair ;

yet, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from  
 the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom  
 is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind :  
 It is too like Homer Travesty :

“ — On this, Agam—

“ memnon began to curse and damn.” STEEVENS.

*Kinsman* means no more than *near relation*. Many words are  
 used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only instance of such a confusion of genders. In  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Portia says,

“ — but now I was the lord

“ Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,

“ *Queen* o'er myself.” RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop—*] I have no doubt

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

*LUC.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—  
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*ADR.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*ABB.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*ADR.* Then, let your servants bring my husband  
 forth.

*ABB.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*ADR.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
 And will have no attorney but myself;  
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

*ABB.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
 Till I have used the approved means I have,  
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
 To make of him a formal man again:<sup>5</sup>  
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
 A charitable duty of my order;

the emendation proposed by Mr. Heath ["*their heels*"] is right. In the English manuscripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expressed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended:

"Among my wife and *their* confederates——." Act IV. sc. i.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— a formal man again:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"informal women," for just the contrary. STEVENS.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*ADR.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*ABB.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have  
him. [Exit Abbess.]

*LUC.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*ADR.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*MER.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death<sup>6</sup> and sorry execution,<sup>7</sup>  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*ANG.* Upon what cause?

*MER.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay.

<sup>6</sup> *The place of death*—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *sorry execution*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Of *forriest* fancies your companions making.”

*Sorry*, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

“Upon the turments of this *fory* place.”

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described:

“All full of chirking was that *fory* place.” STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

“This is a *fory* fight.” HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *fory*, in the text, is put for *forrowful*. STEEVENS.

300 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence,

ANG. Sec, where they come; we will behold his  
death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the  
Headsmen and other Officers.*

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,\*—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

\* *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*

*At your important letters,] Important seems to be used for im-  
portunate. JOHNSON.*

So, in *King Lear*:

“ ——— great France

“ My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.”

Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: “ — yet  
won by *importance* accepted his courtesie.”

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own,  
seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression.  
Is is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

“ ——— these ryche men ben unkinde:

“ Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen,

“ For *they contrayne them to marry with their men*;

“ Ye, wheder they wyll or no.” STEEVENS.

Doing displeasure to the citizens  
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
 Whilst to take order<sup>9</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>2</sup>  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,<sup>3</sup>  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chafed us away; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

<sup>9</sup> — to take order—] i. e. to take measures. So, in *Othello*, Act V.  
 “Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — by what strong escape,] Though *strong* is not unintelligible, I suspect we should read—*strange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

A *strong escape*, I suppose, means an escape effected by *strength* or violence. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And, with his mad attendant and himself,] We should read:  
 — mad himself. WARBURTON.

We might read:

*And here his mad attendant and himself.*

Yet, as Mr. Ritson observes, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly suppose our author wrote—

*And then his mad attendant and himself.* STEEVENS.

I suspect, Shakspeare is himself answerable for this inaccuracy.  
 MALONE.

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save your-  
 self!

My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>4</sup> and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of  
 fire;<sup>5</sup>

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

<sup>4</sup> *Beaten the maids a-row,*] i. e. successively, one after another.  
 So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's  
 edit:

“ A thousand time a-row he gan hire kiffe.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

“ I shall tell thee arowe all that I sawe.”

“ Ordine tibi visa omnia exponam.” DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a  
 ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we  
 find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epic poem,  
 amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

“ *Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara*

“ *Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti,*

“ *Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*

“ *Nidoremque ambusta dedit.*” Virg. *Æneis*, Lib. XII.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have  
 seen this method of shaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See  
 North's translation, in which ἀσθεύωνος may be translated *brands*.  
 S. W.

North gives it thus—“ with a hot burning cole to burne his  
 goodly bush of heare rounde about.” STEEVENS.



My master preaches patience to him, while<sup>6</sup>  
His man with sciffars nicks him like a fool :<sup>7</sup>  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*ADR.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are  
here ;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*SERV.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face,<sup>8</sup> and to disfigure you :

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone. [Cry within.

*DUKE.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing : Guard  
with halberds.

<sup>6</sup> *My master preaches patience to him, while —*] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the while*. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, by omitting the unnecessary syllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *His man with sciffars nicks him like a fool :*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—“ Like *crop* the conjurer ;” which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings.

STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a fool.

TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were shaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598 : “ Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven and notched on the head, like fooles*.”

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. “ *Zuccone*. A shaven pate, a *notted poule* ; a *poule-pate* ; a gull, a *ninnie*.”

MALONE.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanliness. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To scorch your face,*] We should read *scotch*, i. e. hack, cut.

WARBURTON.

*ADR.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*ANT. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant  
me justice!  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*ÆGE.* Unless the fear of death doth make me  
dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

*ANT. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there.  
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*DUKE.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me  
just.

*ANT. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,  
While she with harlots<sup>s</sup> feasted in my house.

To *scorb*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as  
he had punished the conjurer before. STEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — *with harlots* —] Antipholus did not suspect his wife of  
having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with  
cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her  
Act IV. sc. iv :

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 305

DUKE. A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou so ?

ADR. No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together : So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal !

LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

ANG. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

ANT. E. My liege, I am advis'd<sup>o</sup> what I say ;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

“ — are these your customers ?

“ Did this companion with the saffron face

“ Revel and feast it at my house to day ?”

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio says to Volpone :

“ — Out *barlot* !”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — for the *barlot* king

“ Is quite beyond mine arm.—”

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* says to *Watkin* :

“ Nay, *barlott*, abyde styll with my knyghts I warne the.”—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uses the word more than once :

“ A sturdy *barlot* went hem ay behind,

“ That was hir hofst man,” &c. *Sompnours Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage :

“ Out on ye *barlots*, whence come ye ?” STEEVENS.

“ — *I am advis'd*—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration. STEEVENS.

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wifer mad.  
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;  
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with  
     her,  
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;  
 And in his company, that gentleman.  
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
 He did arrest me with an officer.  
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
 To go in person with me to my house.  
 By the way we met  
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
 Of vile confederates ; along with them  
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-faced vil-  
     lain,  
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man :<sup>2</sup> this pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether

<sup>2</sup> *A living dead man :*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from *Sackvil's Induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates* :

“ ——— but as a *lyuing death*,

“ *So ded alive of life hee drew the breath.*” STEVENS.

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;  
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
 To give me ample satisfaction  
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

*ANG.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with  
 him ;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*DUKE.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*ANG.* He had, my lord : and when he ran in  
 here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

*MER.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of  
 mine

Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
 After you first forswore it on the mart,  
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
 And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*ANT. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

*DUKE.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
 I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—  
 You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here  
 Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

*DRO. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-  
 cupine.

308 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*COUR.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*ANT. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*DUKE.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*COUR.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*DUKE.* Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbefs hither;

I think, you are all mated,<sup>3</sup> or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*ÆGE.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*DUKE.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*ÆGE.* Is not your name, fir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*DRO. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman,  
fir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*ÆGE.* I am sure, you both of you remember me,

*DRO. E.* Ourselves we do remember, fir, by  
you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, fir?

*ÆGE.* Why look you strange on me? you know  
me well.

*ANT. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*ÆGE.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last;

<sup>3</sup> ——— mated.] See p. 259, n. 6. MALONE.

And careful hours, with Time's deformed<sup>4</sup> hand  
Have written strange defeatures<sup>5</sup> in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am sure, thou dost.

DRO. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to be-  
lieve him.<sup>6</sup>

ÆGE. Not know my voice! O, time's extre-  
mity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son

<sup>4</sup> — deformed—] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — strange defeatures—] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*.  
The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

*Defeatures* are *undoings*, *miscarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*, Fr.  
So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)

“He greets me with a casket richly wrought.”

The sense is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by misery. Misfortune has  
left its impression on my face. STEEVENS.

*Defeature* is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*,  
So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“— to cross the curious workmanship of nature,

“To mingle beauty with infirmities,

“And pure perfection with impure *defeature*.” MALONE.

*Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as  
*demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Ægeon,  
hath placed *new and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite  
a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know  
me. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — you are now bound to believe him.] Dromio is still quib-  
bling on his favourite topick. See p. 308. MALONE.

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?<sup>7</sup>  
 Though now this grained face<sup>8</sup> of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
 All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)<sup>9</sup>  
 Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

. ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
 Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

. ANT. E. The duke, and all that know me in the  
 city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

. DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,

<sup>7</sup> — *my feeble key of untun'd cares?* i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> — *this grained face* — i. e. furrow'd, like the grain of wood. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — my grained ash.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)* I believe should be read:  
*All these hold witnesses I cannot err.*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c.  
 WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced, accusom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head,” &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, sc. ult:

“ But if my frothy signs and chaps of age,

“ *Grave witnesses* of true experience,” &c. STEEVENS.



During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan  
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

*ABB.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

*ADR.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*DUKE.* One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*DRO. S. I,* fir, am Dromio; command him away.

*DRO. E. I,* fir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

*ANT. S. Ægeon,* art thou not? or else his ghost?

*DRO. S. O,* my old master! who hath bound him  
here?

*ABB.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty:—  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*ÆGE.* If I dream not,<sup>a</sup> thou art Æmilia;

<sup>a</sup> *If I dream not,*] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words, before she has uttered them: The slight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*ABB.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:  
What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*DUKE.* Why, here begins his morning story  
right:<sup>3</sup>  
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,  
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,<sup>4</sup>—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,<sup>5</sup>—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*ANT. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

That however will scarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* speech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one should precede the duke's; or there is possibly a line lost. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens justly remarks; one of Shakspeare's oversights, as the Abbess had not hinted at her shipwreck. But possibly we should read—

Besides *his* urging of her wreck at sea. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, here begins his morning story right:*] “The morning story” is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> — *semblance,*] *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) is here a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *of her wreck at sea,*] I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which was, that *These circumstances all concurred to prove*—that These were the parents, &c. The line which I suppose to have been lost, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the same word, the omission might have been occasioned by the compositor's eye glancing from one to the other.

MALONE:

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 313

*DUKE.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*ANT. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*DRO. E.* And I with him.

*ANT. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*ADR.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*ANT. S.* I gentle mistress.

*ADR.* And are not you my husband?

*ANT. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*ANT. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

*ANG.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*ANT. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*ANT. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*ANG.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*ADR.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*DRO. E.* No, none by me.

*ANT. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*ANT. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*DUKE.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*COUR.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*ANT. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

*ABB.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
Twenty-five years<sup>7</sup> have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,<sup>8</sup>  
My heavy burdens are delivered:—  
The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,

<sup>7</sup> *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions :

*Thirty-three years.*

'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother :

*My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,*

*At eighteen years became inquisitive*

*After his brother; &c.*

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act :

*Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse bay,*

*Thou know'st we parted;*

so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — nor, till this present hour,] The old copy reads—*and till*—. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 815

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;<sup>9</sup>  
After so long grief, such nativity !<sup>2</sup>

DUKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.  
[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,  
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.]

DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from  
shipboard ?

ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou  
embark'd ?

DRO. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the  
Centaur.

ANT. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master,  
Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.]

<sup>9</sup> ——— and go with me ;] We should read :

————— and gaude with me ;

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Reviser  
offers to read, more plausibly, I think :

————— joy with me.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by  
the following passage in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 :—" I have  
good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gandy* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi :

" Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviseth  
gentlewomen " to beware how they contrive their holyday talke,  
by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in carping,  
*gauding*, and jesting at young gentlemen, and speciallye old men,"  
&c. Palace of Pleasure, 1582. Vol. I. fol. 60. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> After so long grief, such nativity !] We should surely read :

After so long grief, such festivity.

*Nativity* lying so near, and the termination being the same of  
both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her,  
her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

316 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*DRO. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's  
house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*DRO. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not  
my brother :  
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*DRO. S.* Not I, fir ; you are my elder.

*DRO. E.* That's a question : how shall we try it ?

*DRO. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior : till  
then, lead thou first.

*DRO. E.* Nay, then thus :  
We came into the world, like brother and brother ;  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before an-  
other. [*Exeunt.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them ; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) " fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggerel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramtick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters ; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions ; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned " to deviate boldly from the

COMEDY OF ERRORS. 317

common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them :

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

- " *Royf.* If your name to me you will declare and showe,  
 " You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.  
 " *Tof.* Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,  
 " Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.  
 " Tom Tospot it is, it need not to be painted,  
 " Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.\*

[ About 1570. ]

- " *Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maisters, wee were not best longer  
 here to staie,  
 " I thinke was never fuche a craftie knave before this daie.  
 " *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a  
 neede : [*Exeunt* Ambo,  
 " By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeede.  
 " Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinkers; Ile meddle with them no  
 more ;  
 " I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.  
 " By your leave Ile bee so bolde as to looke about me and spie,  
 " Least any knaves for my commyng doune in ambush doe lie.  
 " By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,  
 " My tinkery slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

- " The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not  
 care,  
 " Here is nine and twentie sutes of apparel for my share ;  
 " And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,  
 " As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace ;  
 " But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,  
 " They were wont to stave a day or two, now scarce an after-  
 noone." &c.

\* This dramattick piece, in its entire state, has not been met with. The only fragment of it known to be existing, is in my possession. STEVENS.

318 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

- “ You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not ?  
“ I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot :  
“ I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or  
beefe,  
“ But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Ufurie,  
that theefe.”

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

- “ Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,  
“ That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.  
“ And thou, quoth he, art so possesst with everie frantick toy,  
“ That following of my ladie's humour thou dost make her coy,  
“ For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,  
“ No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke :  
“ To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,  
“ A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold :  
“ To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,  
“ To-morrow cusses and countenance, for feare of catching cold :  
“ Now is she barefakt to be seene, straight on her musler goes ;  
“ Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nussed to the nose.”

See also *Gammer Gurton's Needle, Damon and Pythias, &c.*

MALONE.



M A C B E T H.\*

\* MACBETH.] 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 Shakspeare 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 overburdening 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 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. Olym-piodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χωρίς ὀπλῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἰσχύειν*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed 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 ἴτι πάρα τοῖς ἰαλλοῖς καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγείας, καὶ ὀπλίτας διὰ τινος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃ γοητείας δυνάμει καὶ ἰδίᾳ.* Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.

Whether St. Chryftom believed that fuch performances were really to be feen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his defcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that fuch 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 occafion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally difcovers prodigies, but as the fcene of action was removed to a great diftance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increafing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ftill continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whofe conviction is ftill commemorated in an annual fermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumftances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in perfon a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illufions of evil fpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies ufed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juftice of punifhing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottifh dialect, and publifhed at Edinburgh. This book was, foon after his fucceffion, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his fpeculations, the fyftem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who defired either to gain preferment or not to lofe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateft part of mankind have no other reafon for their opinions than that they are in fafhion, it cannot be doubted but this perfuafion made a rapid progrefs, fince vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection foon reached the parliament, who, in the firft year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any perfon fhall ufe any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked fpirit; 2. or fhall confult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or curfed fpirit to or for any intent or purpofe; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the fkin, bone, or any part of the dead perfon, to be employed or ufed in any manner of witchcraft, forcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or fhall ufe, practice, or exercife any fort of witchcraft, forcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any perfon fhall be deftroyed, killed, wafed, confumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every fuch perfon being convicted fhall fuffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakfpeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once eftablifhed by law and by the fafhion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are

always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,\* where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEVENS.

Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hektor Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counfall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for y<sup>e</sup> tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunite, be support of *Banquo* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii<sup>th</sup> zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "comē with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was

\* In Nashe's *Leuten Stuff*, 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "— it is evident by the confession of the six hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were all together in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests, as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chase and puff in the lower region." REED.

himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum assignant; sed, quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historice, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

Duncan, *King of Scotland* :

Malcolm, } *bis sons.*  
Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*  
Banquo, }

Macduff, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
Lenox, }  
Rosse, }  
Menteth, }  
Angus, }  
Cathnes, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces :*

*Young Siward, bis Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

*Son to Macduff.*

*An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.*

*A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.*

*Lady Macbeth.<sup>a</sup>*

*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 Eng-  
land ; through the rest of the play, in Scotland ;  
and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.*

<sup>a</sup> *Lady Macbeth.*] Her name was *Gruach*. See Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, II. 332. RITSON.

# M A C B E T H.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An open place.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1. *WITCH.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *WITCH.* When the hurlyburly's done,<sup>3</sup>  
When the battle's lost and won;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —*hurlyburly's*—] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who in the year 1577 published a book professing to treat of the ornaments of language. It is called the Garden of Eloquence, and has this passage. "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an uprore and tumultuous stirre." HENDERSON.

So, in a translation of *Herodian*, 12mo. 1635, p. 26:

" — there was a mighty *burlyburly* in the campe," &c.

Again, p. 324:

" — great *hurliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," &c.  
REED.

<sup>4</sup> *When the battle's lost and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

" — while we reason here,

" A royal battle might be *won and lost*."

So also Speed, speaking of the battle of Towton: " — by which only stratagem, as it was constantly averred, the battle and day was *lost and won*." Chronicle, 1611. MALONE.

3. *WITCH.* That will be ere set of sun.<sup>5</sup>

1. *WITCH.* Where the place?

2. *WITCH.* Upon the heath:

3. *WITCH.* There to meet with Macbeth.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *ere set of sun.*] The old copy unnecessarily and harshly reads—

——— *ere the set of sun.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *There to meet with Macbeth.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:

*There I go to meet Macbeth.*

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth* was the final drift 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.

Somewhat, however (as the verse is evidently imperfect) must have been left out by the transcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore proposed to remedy this defect, by reading—

There to meet with *brave* Macbeth.

But surely, to beings intent only on mischief, a soldier's bravery in an honest cause, would have been no subject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this passage) assures us that—" *There* is here used as a disyllable." I wish he had supported his assertion by some example. Those however, who can speak the line thus regulated, and suppose they are reciting a verse, may profit by the direction they have received.

The pronoun "*their*," having two vowels together, may be split into two syllables; but the adverb "*there*" can only be used as a monosyllable, unless pronounced as if it were written "*the-re*," a licence in which even Chaucer has not indulged himself.

It was convenient for Shakspeare's introductory scene, that his first witch should appear uninstructed in her mission. Had she not required information, the audience must have remained ignorant of what it was necessary for them to know. Her speeches therefore proceed in the form of interrogatories; but, all on a sudden, an answer is given to a question which had not been asked. Here seems to be a chasm which I shall attempt to supply by the introduction of a single pronoun, and by distributing the hitherto mutilated line, among the three speakers:



1. *WITCH.* I come, Graymalkin!<sup>1</sup>

*ALL.* Paddock calls :—Anon.<sup>2</sup>—

3. *Witch.* There to meet with—

1. *Witch.*

*Whom?*

2. *Witch.*

Macbeth.

Distinct replies have now been afforded to the three necessary enquiries—*When*—*Where*—and *Whom* the witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my insertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and consistent, as each of the hags will now have spoken *thrice*, (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words which relate only to themselves.—I should add, that, in the two prior instances, it is also the second witch who furnishes decisive and material answers; and that I would give the words—“I come, Graymalkin!” to the third. By assistance from such of our author’s plays as had been published in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, supplies the most ancient copy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *Graymalkin!*] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a catter’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.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): “Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee beeing accompanied with the parties before specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefest parte of a dead man, and severall joyntes of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was conveyed into the middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not bene seene,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Paddock calls:—&c.*] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some 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, 1607:

“ — *Paddockes*, todes, and waterfnakes.”

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :<sup>9</sup>

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches *vanish*].

In Shakspeare, 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 *Hellijb 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. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

“ ——— Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likenes of todes and cats.” Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*; [1584.] Book I. c. iv. TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:

*So foul and fair a day I have not seen.* WARBURTON.

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 untie 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 sight.”

FARMER.

SCENE II.

*A Camp near Fores.*

*Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

MAL. This is the fergeant,<sup>2</sup>  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

SOLD. Doubtfully it stood;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *This is the fergeant,]* Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare 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 *sergeant 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 *sergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding sergeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare 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 the poet. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Doubtfully it stood;]* Mr. Pope, who introduced the epithet *long*, to assist the metre, and reads—Doubtful *long* it stood,—has thereby injured the sense. If the comparison was meant to coincide in all circumstances, the struggle could not be *long*. I read—  
Doubtfully it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald<sup>4</sup>  
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,<sup>5</sup>  
 The multiplying villainies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles  
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;<sup>6</sup>

The old copy has—Doubtfull—so that my addition consists of but a single letter. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Macdonwald* —] Thus the old copy. According to Holinshed we should read—*Macdonwald*. STEEVENS.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duff, by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — to *that*, &c.] i. e. in addition to that. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. sc. i:

“The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,  
 “Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.”

The soldier who describes Macdonwald, seems to mean, that, in addition to his assumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural state, is liable.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — from the western isles

Of *Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied*;) Whether *supplied of*, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakspeare's expression; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, 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 & lorice ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos Galloglassios appellant.* Warzi 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.”

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,<sup>7</sup>

Again, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi: "Syponthus in the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondaliers," &c. Again, in *The History of Helyas Knights of the Sun*, b. 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.

*Kernes and Gallowglasses* are characterized in the Legend of Roger Mortimer. See *The Mirror for Magistrates*:

" — the Gallowglas, the Kerne,  
" Yield or not yield, whom so they take, they slay."

STEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,*] The old copy has—*quarry*; 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 after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c.

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 Shakspeare: "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.

STEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King John*:

" — And put his *cause* and *quarrel*  
" To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

" — and the chance, of goodness,  
" Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.

Show'd like a rebel's whore :<sup>8</sup> 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,  
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And ne'er shook hands,<sup>2</sup> nor bade farewell to him,

Lord Bacon, in his *Essays*, uses the word in the same sense :  
 " Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age,  
 and old men's nurses ; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry,  
 when he will." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Show'd like a rebel's whore :*] I suppose the meaning is, that  
 fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare  
 probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by  
 which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Like valour's minion,*

*Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave ;*] The old copy  
 reads—

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage  
 Till he fac'd the slave.

As an hemistich must be admitted, it seems more favourable to  
 the metre that it should be found where it is now left.—*Till he*  
*fac'd the slave*, could never be designed as the beginning of a verse,  
 if harmony were at all attended to in its construction. STEEVENS.

*Like valour's minion,*] So, in *King John* :

" ——— fortune shall cull forth,

" Out of one side, her happy *minion*." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And ne'er shook hands, &c.*] The old copy reads—*Which new'r*.  
 STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, instead of *which*, here and in many other places,  
 reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely  
 one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*.  
 So, in *The Winter's Tale* : " — the old shepherd, *which* stands  
 by," &c. MALONE.

The old reading—*Which never*, appears to indicate that some  
 antecedent words, now irretrievable, were omitted in the play-  
 house manuscript ; unless the compositor's eye had caught *which*  
 from a foregoing line, and printed it instead of *And*. *Which*, in  
 the present instance, cannot well have been substituted for *who*,  
 because it will refer to the *slave* Macdonel, instead of his conqueror  
 Macbeth. STEEVENS.

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,<sup>s</sup>  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUN. O, valiant coufin! worthy gentleman!

<sup>s</sup> — *he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,*] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides, it must be a strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *nave* to the *chops*. But Shakspeare 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 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 hippe.”

An evident imitation of this corrupted passage. But he alter'd it with better judgement to:

“ ——— to a foul death  
“ Curs'd as his life.” WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being justified by a passage in *Dido Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Nash, 1594:

“ Then from the *nave* to the throat at once  
“ He ript old Priam.”

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The booke of hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game*: Cap..V. “ Som mem haue sey hym slitte a man fro the kne up to the brest, and flee hym all starke dede at o stroke.” STEEVENS.

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed:

“ Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to NAVELE,  
“ Though there's small glory in't.” MALONE.

*SOLD.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion<sup>3</sup>  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;<sup>4</sup>  
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to  
 come,  
 Discomfort swells.<sup>5</sup> Mark, king. of Scotland,  
 mark :  
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

<sup>3</sup> *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion*—] 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. Shakspeare 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.

STEVENS.

The natural history of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William Davenant's reading of this passage, in an alteration of this play, published in quarto, in 1674, affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

“ But then this day-break of our victory  
 “ Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,  
 “ That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *thunders break* ;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEVENS.

*Break*, which was suggested by the reading of the second folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders ;—but who ever talked of the *breaking* of a storm ? MALONE.

The phrase, I believe, is sufficiently common. Thus Dryden in *All for Love*, &c. Act I :

“ — the Roman camp  
 “ Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm  
 “ Just *breaking* o'er our heads.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Discomfort swells.*] *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*.  
 JOHNSON.



Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their  
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

DUN. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SOLD. Yes;<sup>6</sup>  
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo;*  
Sold. Yes;] The reader cannot  
fail to observe, that some word, necessary to complete the verse,  
has been omitted in the old copy. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

*Our captains, brave Macbeth, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; &c.*] That is, with  
double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cause. HEATH.

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 charg'd 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 charg'd 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*.

JOHNSON.

*Crack* is used on a similar occasion by Barnaby Googe, in his  
*Capido Conquered*, 1563:

“ The canon's *crack* begins to roore

“ And darts full thicke they flye,

“ And cover'd thicke the armyes both,

“ And framde a counter-skye.” STEEVENS.

So they  
 Doubly redoubled strokes<sup>8</sup> upon the foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
 Or memorize another Golgotha,<sup>9</sup>  
 I cannot tell:—  
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUN. So well thy words become thee, as thy  
 wounds;  
 They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-  
 geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.

Again, in the old play of *King John*, 1591, and applied, as here,  
 to ordnance:

“ — as harmless and without effect,  
 “ As is the echo of a cannon’s crack.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Doubly redoubled strokes &c.*] So, in *King Richard II*:  
 “ And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
 “ Fall,” &c.

The irregularity of the metre, however, induces me to believe  
 our author wrote—

“ — they were  
 “ As cannons overcharg’d with double cracks,  
 “ Doubly redoubling strokes upon the foe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Or memorize another Golgotha,*] That is, or make another  
 Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity,  
 with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

The word *memorize*, which some suppose to have been coined by  
 Shakspeare, is used by Spenser in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst pre-  
 fixed to his *Pastorals*, 1579:

“ In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,  
 “ By this rude rime to memorize thy name.” T. WARTON.

The word is likewise used by Drayton; and by Chapman, in his  
 translation of the second book of *Homer*, 1598:

“ — which let thy thoughts be sure to memorize.”

And again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges’s  
 translation of *Lucan*, 1514:

“ Of them whose acts they mean to memorize.”  
 STEEVENS.

Enter ROSSE.<sup>9</sup>

Who comes here?<sup>2</sup>

MAL. The worthy thane of Rosse.

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes! So  
should he look,  
That seems to speak things strange.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Enter Rosse.] The old copy—Enter Rosse and *Angus*: but as only the thane of Rosse is spoken to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene; and as Duncan expresses himself in the singular number,—

Whence cam'st *ibou*, worthy thane?

*Angus* may be considered as a superfluous character. Had his present appearance been designed, the King would naturally have taken some notice of him. STEVENS.

It is clear from a subsequent passage, that the entry of *Angus* was here designed; for in scene iii. he again enters with Rosse, and says,

“ ——— We are sent

“ To give thee from our royal master thanks.” MALONE.

Because *Rosse* and *Angus* accompany each other in a subsequent scene, does it follow that they make their entrance together on the present occasion? STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Who comes here?*] The latter word is here employed as a disyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has already directed us to read—*There*—as a disyllable, but without supporting his direction by one example of such a practice.

I suspect that the poet wrote—

Who *is't* comes here? or—*But* who comes here? STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *So should he look,*

*That seems to speak things strange.*] The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

*What a haste looks through his eyes!*

*So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.*

ROSSE. God save the king!

DUN. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSSE. From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norway banners flout the sky,<sup>4</sup>

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.  
Mr. M. Mason observes that the meaning of Lenox is, "So should he look, who seems as if he had strange things to speak."

The following passage in *The Tempest* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

" — pr'ythee, say on:  
" The setting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim  
" A matter from thee—."

Again, in *King 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.

[*That seems to speak things strange.*] i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the same idea:

" The business of this man *looks out of him.*" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — flout *the sky*,] The banners may be 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."

The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this.—*Where the triumphant flutter of the Norway standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.* STEEVENS.

Again, in *King John*:

" *Mocking* the air with colours idly spread."

This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norway banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the most perfect comment on this. MALONE.

And fan our people cold.<sup>5</sup>  
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
 The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict :  
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,<sup>6</sup>  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,<sup>7</sup>  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us ;——

DUN.

Great happiness !

ROSSE. That now  
 Sweno, the Norways' king,<sup>8</sup> craves composition ;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

<sup>5</sup> *And fan our people cold.*] In all probability some words that rendered this a complete verse, have been omitted ; a loss more frequently to be deplored in the present tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,*] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

Our author might have been misled by Holinshed, who, p. 567, speaking of *King Henry V.* says—"He declared that the goddess of battell, called *Bellona*," &c. &c. Shakspeare, therefore, hastily concluded that the Goddess of War was wife to the God of it.

*Lapt in proof,* is, defended by armour of proof. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Confronted him with self-comparisons,*] 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*.

—— *with self-comparisons,*] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *That now*

Sweno, *the Norways' king,*] The present irregularity of metre induces me to believe that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference,

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,<sup>8</sup>  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUN. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-  
ceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,<sup>9</sup>  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS. I'll see it done.

DUN. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath  
won. [Exeunt.]

injudiciously thrust into the text; and that the line originally stood thus:

That now the Norways' king craves composition.

Could it have been necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway? STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Saint Colmes' inch,*] *Colmes* is to be considered as a dissyllable.

*Colmes-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is 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*. Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

*Saint Colmes'-kill Isle*:

but 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 relates the whole circumstance: “*The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes' Inch. In memorie whereof many old sepulchures are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene graven with the armes of the Danes.*” *Inch*, or *Inse*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *pronounce his death,*] The old copy, injuriously to metre, reads—

— *pronounce his present death.* STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*A Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. *WITCH.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *WITCH.* Killing swine.<sup>2</sup>

3. *WITCH.* Sister, where thou?<sup>3</sup>

1. *WITCH.* A sailer's wife had chefnuts in her  
lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—  
*Give me, quoth I:*  
*Aroint thee, witch!*<sup>4</sup> the rump-fed ronyon<sup>5</sup> cries.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Killing swine.*] So, in a *Detection of damnable Driftes praetized by three Witches, &c. arraigned at Chelmsforde in Essex, &c. 1579.* bl. l. 12mo. — “Item, also she came on a tyme to the house of one Robart Lathburie &c. who dislyking her dealyng, sent her home empty; but presently after her departure, his bogges fell sicke and died, to the number of twentie.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> 1. *Witch.* *Where hast thou been, sister?*

2. *Witch.* *Killing swine.*

3. *Witch.* *Sister, where thou?*] Thus the old copy; yet I cannot help supposing that these three speeches, collectively taken, were meant to form one verse, as follows:

1. *Witch.* Where hast been, sister?

2. *Witch.*

Killing swine.

3. *Witch.*

Where thou?

If my supposition be well founded, there is as little reason for preserving the useless *thou* in the first line, as the repetition of *sister*, in the third. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Aroint thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone. POPE.

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

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:

places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *anoint 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.”

*Anoint* is the reading of the folio 1664, a book of no authority.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *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, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

So, in *The Ordinance for the government of Prince Edward*, 1474, the following fees are allowed:—“ mutton's heades, the *rumpes* of every beefe,” &c. Again, in *The Ordinances of the Household of George Duke of Clarence*: “ — the hinder shankes of the mutton, with the *rumpe*, to be seable.”

Again, 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 Beaumont 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 Haukyngs*, &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.

<sup>6</sup> — *ronyon cries*.] i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551:



But in a sieve I'll thither fail,<sup>7</sup>  
 And, like a rat without a tail,<sup>8</sup>  
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.<sup>9</sup>

“ —— her necke

“ Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or roine.”

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— in a sieve I'll thither fail,] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches “ could fail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas.” Again, says Sir W. Davenant, in his *Albavine*, 1629 :

“ He fits like a witch sailing in a sieve.”

Again, in *News from Scotland: Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian a notable forcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie last, 1591; which Doctor was register to the Devill, that sundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a number of notorious Witches. With the true examination of the said Doctor and Witches, as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottisb king. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Majestie in the sea comming from Denmarke, with other such wonderful matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottisb copie. Printed for William Wright.*——“ and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives,” &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunsells catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harfenet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And, like a rat without a tail,] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.——

I' the shipman's card.——

Look what I have.——

Show me, show me.——

Thus do go about, about; ——] As I cannot help supposing this

2. *WITCH.* I'll give thee a wind.<sup>2</sup>

1. *WITCH.* Thou art kind.

3. *WITCH.* And I another.

1. *WITCH.* I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,<sup>3</sup>  
All the quarters that they know

scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions.

Want of corresponding rhymes to the foregoing lines, induce me to hint at vacuities which cannot be supplied, and intrusions which (on the bare authority of conjecture) must not be expelled.

Were even the condition of modern transcripts for the stage understood by the public, the frequent accidents by which a poet's meaning is depraved, and his measure vitiated, would need no illustration. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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:

“ — 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.—It may be hoped, however, that the conduct of our witches did not resemble that of one of their relations, as described in an Appendix to the old translation of Marco Paolo, 1579—“ they demanded that he should give them a winde; and he shewed, setting his handes behinde, from whence the wind should come,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And the very ports they blow.*] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

JOHNSON.

The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points*; but erroneously. In ancient language, to *blow* sometimes means to *blow upon*. So, in Dumain's Ode in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—”

I' the shipman's card.<sup>4</sup>  
 I will drain him dry as hay :<sup>5</sup>  
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
 Hang upon his penthouse lid ;<sup>6</sup>  
 He shall live a man forbid :<sup>7</sup>

i. e. *blow* upon them. We still say, it blows East, or West, without a preposition. STEEVENS.

The substituted word was first given by Sir William Davenant, who, in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading :

“ I myself have all the other.

“ And then from every *port* they blow,

“ From all the *points* that seamen know.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the shipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age. Thus, in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ The *card* of goodness in your minds, that shews you

“ When you sail false.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyn Forboisber's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. 12mo. bl. 1. 1578 : There the generall gaue a speciall *Card* and order to his captaines for the passing of the straites,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *dry as hay :*] So, Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix :

“ But he is old and *withered as hay.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Sleep shall, neither night nor day,*  
*Hang upon his penthouse lid ;*] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Michael Drayton :

“ His brows, like two steep *pent-houses*, hung down

“ Over his eye-lids.”

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether these lines are found in it. Drayton made additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impression. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *He shall live a man forbid :*] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play :

“ By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd.*”

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *Aque & Ignis interdictio*; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply'd the *necessity of banishment*. THEOBALD.

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle,<sup>8</sup> peak, and pine :  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-toft.<sup>9</sup>  
 Look what I have.

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 þæt þæt bið 7 boze, &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.

A *forbedin* fellow, Scot. signifies an *unhappy* one. STEEVENS.

It may be added that “ *bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, signify to *pray* and to *interdict*.” S. W.

<sup>8</sup> *Shall be dwindle*, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ — it *wests* me more

“ Than wer'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 *Duff* :

“ — found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden brooch 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.”

See Vol. III. p. 215, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Though his bark cannot be lost*,

*Yet it shall be tempest-toft.*] So, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. “ Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties Shippe*, at his

2. *WITCH.* Show me, show 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.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,<sup>2</sup>  
Posters of the sea and land,

*coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain.*

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The weird sisters, hand in hand,]* These weird sisters, 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 mortuiros eligendos; & cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare 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 beads, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *stocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this.

WARBURTON.

*Wierd* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrð*, *fatum*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy*, by the translator of *Heſtor Boethius*

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 MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*MAC.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*BAN.* How far is't call'd to Fores? <sup>1</sup>—What are these,

in the year 1541, as well as for the *Definies* by Chaucer and Holinshed. Of the *weirdis gewyn to Makbeth 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 werie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS, quhairin we may perseeve the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Marriage betwene Age and Zouth*, Edinburgh, 1603, 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, [*weyward*] was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critick might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gynna*, *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 *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in consequence of the transcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following passage in Bellenden's Translation of Hector Boethius, fully supports the emendation: “ Be aventure Makbeth and Banquo were passand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for ye tyme, and met be ye gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be *weird sisters*.” So also Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *How far is't call'd to Fores?* The king at this time resided at

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? <sup>4</sup> You seem to understand  
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women, <sup>5</sup>  
And yet your beards <sup>6</sup> forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*MACB.* Speak, if you can ;—What are you ?

1. *WITCH.* All hail, Macbeth! <sup>7</sup> hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis! <sup>8</sup>

*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.

The old copy reads—*Soris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *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.

<sup>5</sup> —*You should be women,*] In *Pierce Penniless: his Supplication to the  
Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration of spirits and their offices ;  
and of certain watry spirits it is said—“ by the help of Alynach a  
spirit of the West, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, rayne,  
haile or snow, in the clearest day that is; and if ever they appeare  
to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell.” HENDERSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*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.

<sup>7</sup> *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 Shakspeare: and it had signified no-  
thing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*.” —“ *Animus  
etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris* (quæ omnium

2. *WITCH.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!'

confiliorum ei erat conscia) simulabatur."——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 sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of Johnne 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 pursfew 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, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit findry othisis hes assailzeit sic things afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem."——Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glamis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be king of 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.

All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave, salve*. MALONE.



3. *WITCH.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

*BAN.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical,<sup>2</sup> or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having,<sup>3</sup> and of royal hope,

<sup>1</sup> — *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 *Glamis Castle*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *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.

<sup>2</sup> *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 is that thing,

" Which would supply the place of soul in thee,

" Merely *phantastical*?"

Shakspeare, 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.

<sup>3</sup> *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."

That he seems rapt withal ;<sup>5</sup> 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 you 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 !

*MACB.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
 more :

By Sinel's death,<sup>6</sup> I know, I am thane of Glamis ;  
 But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
 A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys of Hampton*,  
 bl. l. no date :

“ And when he heareth this tydinge,

“ He will go theder with great *havyng*.”

See also note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That he seems rapt withal ;*] *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus*. So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, IV. ix. 6 :

“ That, with the sweetness of her rare delight,

“ The prince half *rapt*, began on her to dote.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ What, dear fir, thus *raps* you ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synel* in Hektor Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottish translator, it came to the knowledge of Holinshed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common surnames in Scotland at this moment. RITSON.

Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
 With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge  
 you. [*Witches vanish.*]

*BAN.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

*M.ACB.* 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 we eaten of the insane root,<sup>7</sup>  
 That takes the reason prisoner?

<sup>7</sup> — eaten of the insane root,] The *insane* root is the root which makes insane. *THEOBALD.*

Shakspeare 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 men's eyes conceit unseen objects." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

" — they lay that hold upon thy senses,  
 " As thou hadst snuff up hemlock." *STEEVENS.*

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the name of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakspeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read,) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress for want of provisions. "In the end (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and roots, but they found few of them that men do commonly eat of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was one that killed them, and made them out of their wits; for he that had once eaten of it, his memory was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing, but only busied himself in

*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 rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,<sup>8</sup>  
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. As thick as tale,<sup>9</sup>

digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great weight, and to be done with all possible speed." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *His wonders and his praises do contend,*

*Which should be thine, or his: &c.*] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—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 admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

Mr. M. Mason would read *wonder*, not *wonders*; for, says he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the sense of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help thinking that, in the present instance, plural was opposed to plural by Shakspeare. STEVENS.

Silenc'd *with that*,] i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *As thick as tale.*] Meaning, that the news came as *thick*

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,

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 *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. sc. i:

“ Tidings, as *swiftly as the post could run,*

“ Were brought,” &c.

Mr. Rowe reads—as thick as *hail*. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Can post*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnson's explanation would be less exceptionable, if the old copy had—As *quick as tale*. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and seems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation.

“ As thick as hail,” as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, is an expression in the old play of *King John*, 1591:

“ — breathe out damned orisons,

“ *As thick as hail-stones* 'fore the spring's approach.”

The emendation of the word *can* is supported by a passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ And there are twenty weak and wearied *posts*

“ *Come from the north.*” MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, signified as *fast*. To *speak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indistinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. So, in *Cymbeline*: Act III. sc. ii:

“ — say, and *speak thick*,

“ (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing

“ To the smothering of the sense) how far it is

“ To this same blessed Milford.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iii:

“ And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,

“ Became the accents of the valiant;

“ For those that could speak *low and tardily*,

“ Would turn &c.—To seem like him.”

*Thick* therefore is not less applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;  
To herald thee <sup>2</sup> into his fight, not pay thee.

*ROSSE.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*BAN.* What, can the devil speak true ?

*MACB.* The thane of Cawdor lives ; Why do you  
drefs me  
In borrow'd robes ?

*ANG.* Who was the thane, lives yet ;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with Norway ; <sup>3</sup> 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, confes'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*MACB.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :

<sup>2</sup> *To herald thee &c.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*Only to herald thee &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *with Norway* ;] The old copy reads :  
— *with those of Norway.*

The players not understanding that by "*Norway*" our author meant *the king of Norway*, as in *Hamlet*—

"Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy," &c.  
foisted in the words at present omitted. STEEVENS.

There is, I think, no need of change. The word *combin'd* belongs to the preceding line :

"Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd

"With those of Norway, or did line the rebel," &c.

*Whether* was in our author's time sometimes pronounced and written as one syllable, — *wbe'r*.

So, in *King Jobn* :

"Now shame upon you, *wbe'r* she does or no."

MALONE.

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

*BAN.* That, trusted home,<sup>4</sup>  
Might yet enkindle you ' unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

<sup>4</sup> — *trusted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — lack'd the sense to know

“ Her estimation *home*.” STEVENS.

The added word *home* shows clearly, in my apprehension, that our author wrote—That *trusted* home. So, in a subsequent scene:

“ That every minute of his being *thrusts*

“ Against my nearest of life.”

*Thrusts* is the regular participle from the verb to *thrust*, and though now not often used, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ With *casted* slough and fresh legerity.”

*Home* means *to the uttermost*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — all my sorrows

“ You have paid *home*.”

It may be observed, that “ *trusted home*” is an expression used at this day; but “ *trusted home*,” I believe, was never used at any period whatsoever. I have had frequent occasion to remark that many of the errors in the old copies of our author's plays arose from the transcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar constantly pronounce the word *thrust* as if it were written *trust*; and hence probably the error in the text.

The change is so very slight, and I am so thoroughly persuaded that the reading proposed is the true one, that had it been suggested by any former editor, I should without hesitation have given it a place in the text. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Might yet enkindle you —*] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

A similar expression occurs in *As you like it*, Act I. sc. i:

“ — nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither.”

STEVENS.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown. HENLEY.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darknes 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,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird sisters. "Makbeth (says the historian) revolvyng all thingis, as they wer said be the weird sifteris, began to covat ye crown. And zit he concludit to abide, quhil he saw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie belevyng yt ye thrid weird fuld cum *as ibe first two did afore*." This indeed is inconsistent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the history of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters: we may therefore be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only says, "The first of thaim said to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The secound said," &c. But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis (*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The second of them said," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetick*? Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed:



As happy prologues to the swelling act<sup>8</sup>  
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
 This supernatural foliciting<sup>9</sup>  
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,<sup>3</sup>  
 And make my seated<sup>4</sup> heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature? Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings:<sup>5</sup>

“The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now Mackbeth, thou hast obtained *those things which the two former sisters prophesied*: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — [swelling act —] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *King Henry V*:

“ — princes to act,

“ And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This supernatural foliciting* —] *Soliciting* for information.

WARBURTON.

*Soliciting* is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — [*suggestion* —] i. e. temptation. So, in *All's well that ends well*: “A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the young earl.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,*] So Macbeth says, in the latter part of this play:

“ — And my fell of hair

“ Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse and stir,

“ As life were in it.” M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — [*seated* —] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. So, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. VI. 643:

“ From their foundations loos'ning to and fro

“ They pluck'd the *seated* hills.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — [*Present fears*

*Are less than horrible imaginings*:] *Present fears* are *fears of*

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man,<sup>s</sup> that function

*things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. 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.

By *present fears* is meant, the *actual presence of any objects of terror*. So, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* the King says:

“ — All these bold fears  
“ Thou see’st with peril I have answered.”

To *fear* is frequently used by Shakspeare in the sense of *fright*. In this very play, Lady Macbeth says,

“ To alter favour ever is to *fear*.”

So, in Fletcher’s *Pilgrim*, Curio says to Alphonso,

“ Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *fear’d* thus?”

Meaning, thus *affrighted*. M. MASON.

<sup>s</sup> — *single state of man*,] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. JOHNSON.

By *single state of man*, Shakspeare might possibly mean somewhat more than *individuality*. He who, in the peculiar situation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and consequently derives neither spirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or sagacity, of others. This state of man may properly be styled *single*, solitary, or defenceless, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no resources but in itself.

It should be observed, however, that *double* and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this sense the former word may be employed by Brabantio—

“ — a voice potential,  
“ As *double* as the duke’s;”

and the latter, by the Chief Justice, speaking to Falstaff:

“ Is not your wit *single*?”

The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind. STEEVENS.

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.<sup>6</sup>

*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;  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest  
day.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *function*

*Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.*] All powers of action are oppressed and  
crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is  
present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about  
me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has  
yet no existence. JOHNSON.

*Surmise*, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future.

MALONE.

Shakspeare has somewhat like this sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Where, every something being blent together,  
“ Turns to a wild of nothing”——.

Again, in *K. Richard II*:

“ ——— is nought but shadows  
“ Of what it is not.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*] “ 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 for-  
ward, 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 Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

*BAN.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*MACB.* Give me your favour:<sup>8</sup>—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten.<sup>9</sup> Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.<sup>2</sup>—Let us toward the king.—Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time, The interim having weigh'd it,<sup>3</sup> let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

“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 Shakspeare: “Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *bowers* and *time* if they were as certayne,” &c. Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

“*Time's* young *bowres* attend her still,”

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

“O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power

“Dost hold *Time's* fickle glafs, his fickle, *hour*—.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *favour*:] i. e. indulgence, pardon. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *my dull brain was wrought*

*With things forgotten*.] My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“Of one not easily jealous, but being *wrought*,

“Perplex'd in the extreme.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *where every day I turn*

*The leaf to read them*.] He means, as Mr. Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The interim having weigh'd it*.] This *intervening portion* of *time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason*. Or perhaps we should read—*I' th' interim*.

STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is used adverbially: “you having weighed it *in the interim*.” MALONE.

*BAN.* Very gladly.  
*MACB.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.  
 [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
 LENOX, and Attendants.

*DUN.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not<sup>4</sup>  
 Those in commission yet return'd?

*MAL.* My liege,  
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
 With one that saw him die:<sup>5</sup> 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 died  
 As one that hath been studied in his death,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — Are not—] The old copy reads—*Or not.* The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *With one that saw him die:]* The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *studied in his death,]* Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*DUN.* There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face :<sup>4</sup>  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.<sup>5</sup>

His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have *studied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> To find the mind's construction in the face :] The construction of the mind is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare : it implies the frame or disposition of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure* ; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning, is,—We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Construe the times to their necessities.”

In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phrase :

“ ——— These profound heavens

“ You must translate ; 'tis fit we understand them.”

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I'll decline the whole question.”

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary sentiment asserted :

“ In many's looks the false heart's history

“ Is writ.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> More is thy due than more than all can pay.] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay. Thus in Plautus : *Nihilominus*.

*M*ACB. 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<sup>9</sup>  
 Safe toward your love and honour.<sup>2</sup>

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all* which is not used here personally (more than all persons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ More than *my all* is nothing.”

This line appeared obscure to Sir William Davenant, for he altered it thus :

“ I have only left to say,

“ That thou deserveest *more than I have to pay*.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *servants* ;

*Which do but what they should, by doing every thing* —] From Scripture : “ So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants : we have done that which was our duty to do.” HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*

Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially. STEVENS.

Read—“ *Safe* (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour ;” and then the sense will be—“ Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state ; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you.” The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception ; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. “ *Sauf la foy que j'eo doy a nostre seignor le roy*,” as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says, [in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ When love begins to sicken and decay,

“ It useth an enforced ceremony.” BLACKSTONE.

*DUN.* Welcome hither :  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing.<sup>3</sup>—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*BAN.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

A similar expression occurs also in the *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 245. “—ye shalle fynde me to yow as kynde as I maye be, *my consciense and worship savy'd.*” STEEVENS.

A passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone's emendation :

“ I'll speak it freely, always my *obedience*  
“ *And love preserved unto the prince.*”

So also the following words spoken by Henry Duke of Lancaster to King Richard II. at their interview in the Castle of Flint (a passage that Shakspeare had certainly read and perhaps remembered) :  
“ My soveraign lorde and kyng, the cause of my coming, at this present, is, [*your honour saved*], to have againe restitution of my perfon, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence.”  
Holinshed's Chron. Vol. II.

Our author himself also furnishes us with a passage that likewise may serve to confirm this emendation, See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 156 :

“ Save him from danger ; do HIM *love and honour.*”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
“ That *honour sav'd* may upon asking give ?”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing  
“ (*Always reserv'd my holy duty*) what  
“ His rage can do on me.”

Our poet has used the verb to *save* in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —best you *sav'd* the bringer  
“ Out of the host.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — full of *growing.*—] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in *Othello* :

“ What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe ?”

MALONE.



*DUN.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.<sup>4</sup>—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 deserters.—From hence to Inverness,<sup>5</sup>  
And bind us further to you.

*MACB.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for  
you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*DUN.* My worthy Cawdor!

<sup>4</sup> *My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.*]

— lachrymas non sponte cadentes  
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto;  
Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis  
Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan.* lib. ix.

There was no English translation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the same sentiment again in *The Winter's Tale*: “It seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears.” It is likewise employed in the first scene of *Much ado about Nothing*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —hence 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 standing. STEVENS.

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicles it appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. “Inerat ei [Duncan] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno.” *Fordun. Scotichron.* Lib. IV. c. xlv.

*MACB.* The prince of Cumberland!<sup>6</sup>—That is  
a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,  
[*Aside.*

“ Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlostrabat provincias.” Buchan. Lib. VII. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *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 sore 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 blood 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.”

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.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is supported by Bellen-den's Translation of *Heſtor Boethius*: “ In the mene tyme Kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir*, to signify y<sup>e</sup> be *suld regne estir hym*, quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird sisteris. Nochtheles he thoct gif Duncane were slane, he had maist rycht to the crowne, because he wes nereft of blud yair-to, be tenour of y<sup>e</sup> auld lavis maid estir the deith of King Fergus, quhen young children wer unabel to govern the crowne, the nerrest of yair blude sal regne.” So also Buchanan, *Rerum Scotticarum Hist.* lib. vii.

“ Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northambrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, vixdum puberem, Cumbriz præfecit. Id factum ejus Macbethus molestius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram sibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magistratus (juxta visum nocturnum) adeptus, aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriz velut aditum ad supremum magistratum SEMPER esset habitus.*” It has been

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.

DUN. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;<sup>1</sup>

asserted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the *first* who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "*yt he mycht be yt away the better cum to ye crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles said, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleased Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, *abrogat ye auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as follows: 1. The king beand deceffit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat fumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, *sal succede ye crown,*" &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succeed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Constantine, the son of king Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of king Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, "*quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis.*" After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter.

These breaches, however, in the succession appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldest son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said to have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;] i. e. he is to the

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.

Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.*

LADY M.—*They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report,<sup>8</sup> they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,<sup>9</sup> who all-bail'd me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

*full as valiant as you have described him. We must imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject ; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *by the perfectest report,*] By the best intelligence.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *missives from the king,*] i. e. messengers. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Did gibe my *missive* out of audience.” STEEVENS.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
 What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-  
 ture;

It is too full o'the milk of human kindnefs,  
 To catch the neareft way: Thou would'ft be great;  
 Art not without ambition; but without  
 The illnefs fhould attend it. What thou would'ft  
 highly,

That would'ft thou holily; would'ft not play falfe,  
 And yet would'ft wrongly win: thou'd'ft have, great  
 Glamis,<sup>a</sup>

That which cries, *Thus thou muft do, if thou have it;*  
*And that which rather thou doft fear to do,*<sup>3</sup>  
*Than wifeft fhould be undone.* Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my fpirits in thine ear;<sup>4</sup>  
 And cháftife with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,

<sup>a</sup> ——— *thou'd'ft have, great Glamis,*

*That which cries, Thus thou muft do, if thou have it;*

And that, &c.] As the object of Macbeth's defire is here introduced speaking of itfelf, it is neceffary to read,

——— *thou'd'ft have, great Glamis,*

*That which cries, thus thou muft do, if thou have me.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And that which rather thou doft fear to do,]* The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'ft have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou muft do thus, if thou wouldft have it, and thou muft do that which rather, &c.* Sir T. Hanmer without neceffity reads—And that's what rather—. The difficulty of this line and the fucceeding hemiftich feems to have arifen from their not being confidered as part of the fpeech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As fuch they appear to me, and I have therefore diftinguifhed them by Italicks. MALONE.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That I may pour my fpirits in thine ear;]* I meet with the fame expreffion in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæfar*, 1607:

“Thou in my bofom us'd to pour thy fpright.” MALONE.

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.<sup>s</sup>—What is your  
tidings?

<sup>s</sup> — the golden round,

*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 *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The golden round is the *diadem*. JOHNSON.

So, in Act IV :

“ And wears upon his baby brow the *round*

“ And top of sovereignty.” STEEVENS.

*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 reading :

— *doth seem*

*To have crown'd thee withal.*

i. e. they seem already to have crown'd thee, and yet thy disposition 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.

I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakespeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem to have crowned Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of “ the golden round,” with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend to have him crowned, on a future day. So, in *All's well that ends Well* :

“ — Our dearest friend

“ Prejudicates the business, and would seem

“ To have us make denial.”

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—“ To have thee crown'd,”—and “ To have crown'd thee;” of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.”

*Metaphysical*, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysics* are thus explained : “ Supernatural arts,” MALONE.

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATTEN. The king comes here to-night.

LADY. M. Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTEN. 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. M. Give him tending,  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,<sup>6</sup>  
[*Exit Attendant.*

<sup>6</sup> — *The raven himself is hoarse,*] Dr. Warburton reads:

— *The raven himself's not hoarse,*

Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to *make up his message*; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of Duncan* but in a note of unwonted harshness.

JOHNSON.

The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage.

*Give him tending*; the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himself is spent, is hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy, (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven,) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSSELL.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
 Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits<sup>7</sup>  
 That tend on mortal thoughts,<sup>8</sup> unsex me here;  
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;<sup>9</sup>  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature

Mr. Fufeli's idea, that the raven has croaked till he is *hoarse* with croaking, may receive support from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — make her airy tongue more *hoarse* than mine

“ With *repetition* of my Romeo's name.”

Again, from one of the parts of *King Henry VI*:

“ Warwick is *hoarse* with daring thee to arms.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Come, come, you spirits* —] For the sake of the metre I have ventured to repeat the word—*come*, which occurs only once in the old copy.

All had been added by Sir William Davenant, to supply the same deficiency. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *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.

In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592, (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.

<sup>9</sup> — *remorse*;] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity. So, in *King Lear*:

“ Thrill'd with *remorse*, oppos'd against the act.”

Again, in *Otello*:

“ And to obey shall be in me *remorse* —.”

See notes on that passage, Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.



Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect, and it!<sup>9</sup> Come to my woman's breasts,

<sup>9</sup> — nor keep peace between

*The effect, and it!*] The intent of Lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? JOHNSON.

— and it!] The folio reads, *and hit*. *It*, in many of our ancient books, is thus spelt. In the first stanza of Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion*, &c. 1570, we have, *Hit* is a plague—*Hit* venom castes—*Hit* poysoneth all—*Hit* is of kinde—*Hit* staynes the ayre. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by the editor of the third folio.

Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. To keep peace between the effect and purpose, means, to delay the execution of her purpose; to prevent its proceeding to effect. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could not be carried into execution. So, in the following passage in *King John*, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“ This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“ *Hostility* and civil tumult reigns

“ *Between my conscience* and my cousin's death.”

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ In absence of her knight, the lady no way could

“ *Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er so fayne she would.”

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the present instance:

And take my milk for gall,<sup>3</sup> you murd'ring minif-  
 ters,  
 Wherever in your fightless substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief!<sup>4</sup> Come, thick night,<sup>5</sup>  
 And pall thee<sup>6</sup> in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
 That my keen knife<sup>7</sup> see not the wound it makes;

“ — make thick  
 “ My blood, stop all passage to remorse;  
 “ That no relapses into mercy may  
 “ Shake my design, nor make it fall before  
 “ 'Tis ripen'd to effect.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — take my milk for gall,] Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> You wait on nature's mischief!] Nature's mischief is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — 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 darknes!  
 “ My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,  
 “ Must wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:  
 “ Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly *night*!  
 “ The light hates me, and I do hate the light.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 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 Eglamour 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.

To *pall*, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean—to wrap, to invest. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> That my keen knife —] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a sword or dagger. So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,<sup>8</sup>  
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy  
Cawdor!<sup>9</sup>

“ Through Goddes myght, and his *knysse*,  
“ There the gyaunte loft his lyfe.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. vi :

“ — the red-crofs knight was slain with paynim *knife*.”  
STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the present instance do not seem wanted, I shall only observe that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. REED.

<sup>8</sup> — *the blanket of the dark,*] Drayton, in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression resembling this :

“ Thick vapours, that, like *ruggs*, still hang the troubled air.” STEEVENS.

*Polyolbion* was not published till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited ; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the same expression :

“ The fullen *night* in mistie *ruggs* is wrapp'd.”

*Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596.

*Blanket* was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.—In *King Henry VI.* P. III. we have—“ *night's coverture*.”

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)  
“ The silver-shining queen he would distain ;  
“ Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the stars] by him defil'd,  
“ Through *night's black bosom* should not *peep* again.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *To cry, Hold, hold!*] On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Kambler*, Number 168. 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.”

Gawin Douglas employs *dun* as a synonyme to *fulvus*.

STEEVENS.

*To cry, Hold, hold!*] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon “ whosoever

*Enter MACBETH.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present,<sup>3</sup> and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

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 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare 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, amidst 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.

<sup>3</sup> *This ignorant present,*] *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— his shipping,

"Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"—— *ignorant* fumes that mantle

"Their clearer reason." STEEVENS.

*MACB.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*LADY. M.* And when goes hence?

*MACB.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.

*LADY. M.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters :<sup>4</sup>—To beguile the time,  
Look like the time ;<sup>5</sup> bear welcome in your eye,

*This ignorant present,*] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read : “ — present time : ” but the phraseology in the text is frequent in our author, as well as other ancient writers. So 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 hand 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*.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Be pleas'd to tell us

“ (For this is from *the present*) how you take

“ The offer I have sent you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*

*May read, &c.*] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. HEATH.

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ *Her face the book of praises, where is read*

“ Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *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.” STEEVENS.

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 despatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*MACB.* We will speak further.

*LADY. M.* Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:<sup>6</sup>  
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E VI.

*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.*

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,  
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*DUN.* This castle hath a pleasant seat;<sup>7</sup> the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

The seventh and eighth books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not published till the year 1609; [see the Epistle Dedicatorie to that edition:] so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakspeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To alter favour ever is to fear:*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

“ And fears by pale white shown.”

*Favour* is—look, countenance. So, in *Trivius and Cressida*:

“ I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *This castle hath a pleasant seat;*] *Seat* here means *situation*. Lord Bacon says, “ He that builds a faire house upon an *ill seat*, committeth himself to prison. Neither doe I reckon it an *ill seat*, only

Unto our gentle senses.<sup>8</sup>

*BAN.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet,<sup>9</sup> does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,  
Smells woingly here: no jutty, frieze,<sup>2</sup> buttress,

where the aire is unwholsome, but likewise where the aire is unequal; as you shall see many fine *seats* set upon a knap of ground invironed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the funne is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversitie of heat and cold, as if you dwelt in several places." *Essays*, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 257.

REED.

*This castle bath a pleasant seat.*] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>8</sup> *Unto our gentle senses.*] *Senses* are nothing more than each man's *sense*. *Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *martlet.*] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*.

JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

It is supported by the following passage in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — like the *martlet*

“ Builds in the weather on the outward wall.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *no jutty, frieze.*] A comma should be placed after *jutty*.

Nor coigne of vantage,<sup>3</sup> but this bird hath made  
 His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where  
 they<sup>4</sup>  
 Most breed<sup>5</sup> and haunt, I have observ'd, the air  
 Is delicate.

A jutty, or *jetty*, (for so it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a substantive; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Barbacane*. An out-nooke or corner standing out of a house; a *jettie*."—" *Sporto*. A porch, a portal, a bay window, or out-butting, or *jettie*, of a house, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the house."—See also *Suspendue* in Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611: "A *jettie*; an out-jetting room." MALONE.

Shakspeare uses the verb to *jutty*, in *K. Henry V*:

"—as fearfully as doth a galled rock

"O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded base." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *coigne of vantage*,] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

So, in *Pericles*:

"By the four opposing *coignes*,

"Which the world together joins." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they*—] Left the reader should think this verse defective in harmony, he ought to be told, that as *needle* was once written and pronounced *neele* and *neeld*, so *cradle* was contracted into *crale*, and consequently uttered as a monosyllable.

Thus, in the fragment of an ancient Christmas carol now before me:

"——— on that day

"Did aungels round him minister

"As in his *crale* he lay."

In some parts of Warwickshire (as I am informed) the word is drawlingly pronounced as if it had been written—*cræale*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Most breed* ———] The folio,—*must breed*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

**DUN.** See, see! our honour'd hostefs!  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God yield us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.] The attention that is paid us (says Duncan on seeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection. So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confess, I have no very distinct conception, and suspect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—By being the occasion of so much trouble I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you, inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of showing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you, because by showing me so much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it,) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.*

This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer.

*Marks of respect importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.—To bid is here used in the Saxon sense—to pray. STEEVENS.*

*How you shall bid God-yield us—] To bid any one God-yield him, i. e. God-yield him, was the same as God reward him.*

WARBURTON.

*LADY. M.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single bufinefs, to contend  
Againft thofe honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our houfe : For thofe of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We reft your hermits.<sup>7</sup>

*DUN.* 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 ;

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implorés not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yeild*, i. e. reward. In *Antony 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. l. 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; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.

“ *God yelde* you adoun in your village.”

Again, one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 335, begins thus :

“ To begin, *God yeld* you for my hats.”

*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 fodenly.” v. 3427; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We reft your hermits.*] *Hermits*, for beadsmen.

WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* sha'll always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ I am your *beadfsman*, bound to pray for you.”

Again, in *Illywood's Engl'sh Traveller*, 1633 :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ worshipful fir,

“ I shall be ftill your *beadfsman*.”

This phrafe occurs frequently in *The Paston Letters*.

STEEVENS.

And his great love, sharp as his spur,<sup>8</sup> hath holp him  
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

LADY. M. Your servants ever<sup>9</sup>  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

DUN. Give me your hand:  
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

<sup>8</sup> — 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.

<sup>9</sup> *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.

*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a sewer,<sup>3</sup> and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

MACB. If it were done,<sup>4</sup> when'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *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.

<sup>4</sup> *If it were done, &c.*] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet* in the Powder Plot. " It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before."

FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> — *If the assassination &c.*] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare 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 *those cases* in which judgement 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.

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; <sup>6</sup> that but this blow

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson in reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, used to say that it was *horror*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high-wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horror*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some bombast speeches in it, which are not to be understood," as Dryden asserts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,*

*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 Isle 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.

The personal pronouns are so frequently used by Shakspeare, instead of the impersonal, that no amendment would be necessary in this passage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *assassination*, which seems to be the opinion of Johnson and Steevens; but I think it more probable that it refers to *Duncan*; and that by *his surcease* Macbeth means *Duncan's death*, which was the object of his contemplation. M. MASON.

*His* certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson by his proposed alteration seems to have thought it did,) for Shakspeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to *Duncan*; and the meaning may be, If the assassination, at the

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,<sup>7</sup>—  
 We'd jump the life to come.<sup>8</sup>—But, in these cases,  
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor :<sup>9</sup> This even-handed justice<sup>2</sup>

same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease* often signifies in these plays, to *die*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*.”

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, and that it relates to *assassination*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *shoal of time*.] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*.  
 JOHNSON.

By the *shoal of time* our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *We'd jump the life to come*.] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv :

“ ——— or *jump the after-enquiry* on your own peril.”

STEEVENS.

“ We'd *jump* the life to come,” certainly means, We'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Our fortune lies

“ Upon this *jump*.”

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— and wish

“ To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick,

“ That's sure of death without it.”

See note on this passage, Act III. sc. i. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *we but teach*

*Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return*

*To plague the inventor* :] So, in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius : “ He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conquessis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevvy thocht and dredour, and *traifling ilk man to do siclik crueltes to hym, as he did afore to othir*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — This *even-handed justice* —] Mr. M. Mason observes that we might more advantageously read—

*Thus even-handed justice, &c.* STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. So, a little

Commends the ingredients<sup>3</sup> of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips.<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup> hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
 The deep damnation<sup>6</sup> of his taking-off:

lower:—"Besides, *this* Duncan," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.*  
 P. I:

"That *this* same child of honour and renown,  
 " *This* gallant Hotspur, *this* all-praised knight—"

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Commends *the ingredients* —] Thus in a subsequent scene of  
 this play:

"I with your horses swift, and sure of foot,  
 " And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

This verb has many shades of meaning. It seems here to sig-  
 nify—*offers*, or *recommends*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — our *poison'd* chalice

*To our own lips.*] Our poet, *apud* *Matinæ more modoque*, would  
 stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its  
 situation.

"The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever to  
 feare, lest he should be served of the same *cup* as he had minister'd  
 to his predecessor." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Hath borne his faculties so meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exercise  
 of power, &c. WARBURTON.

"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.

<sup>6</sup> *The deep damnation* —] So, in *A dolfull Discourse of a Lord  
 and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 1593:

" — in state

" Of *deepe damnation* stood."

I should not have thought this little coincidence worth noting,  
 had I not found it in a poem which it should seem, from other  
 passages, that Shakspeare had read and remembered. STEEVENS.

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd  
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,<sup>6</sup>  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.<sup>7</sup>—I have no spur

<sup>6</sup> — or *heaven's cherubin, hors'd*

Upon the *fightless couriers of the air,*] *Courier* is only *runner*.  
*Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*.

JOHNSON.

Again, in this play :

“ Wherever in your *fightless* substances,” &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ The flames of hell and Pluto's *fightless* fires.”

Again :

“ Hath any *fightless* and infernal fire

“ Laid hold upon my flesh ?”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. c. xi :

“ The scouring winds that *fightless* in the founding air do  
fly.” STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Borne with the *invisible* and creeping wind.”

Again, in our author's 51st Sonnet :

“ Then should I spur, though *mounted on the wind*.”

Again, in the Prologue to *K. Henry IV*. P. II :

“ I, from the orient to the drooping west,

“ Making the *wind* my post-horse—.”

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm : “ He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly ; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind*.” Again, in *the Book of Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22 : “ Thou caufest me to *ride upon the wind*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That tears shall drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI*. P. III :

“ For raging wind blows up incessant showers ;

“ And, when the rage allays, the *rain* begins.”

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Even as the *wind* is hush'd before it *raineth*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ This *windy* tempest, till it blow up rain

“ Held back his *sorrow's tide*, to make it more ;

“ At last it *rains*, and busy winds give o'er.”



To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition,<sup>8</sup> which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.<sup>9</sup>—How now! what news?

*Enter Lady* <sup>2</sup> MACBETH.

LADY. M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you  
left the chamber?

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Where are my tears?—rain, rain to lay this wind.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition,] The spur of the occasion is a phrase used by  
lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“Why think you, lords, that 'tis ambition's spur,

“That pricketh Cæsar to these high attempts?”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And falls on the other.] Sir T. Hanmer has on this occasion  
added a word, and would read—

And falls on the other side.

Yet they who plead for the admission of this supplement, should  
consider, that the plural of it, but two lines before, had occurred.

I, also, who once attempted to justify the omission of this word,  
ought to have understood that Shakspeare could never mean to de-  
scribe the agitation of Macbeth's mind, by the assistance of a halt-  
ing verse.

The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a  
horse, who, overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him.  
To complete the line we may therefore read—

“And falls upon the other.”

Thus, in *The Taming of a Shrew*: “How he left her with the  
horse upon her.”

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his intent for  
his horse, and his ambition for his spur; but, unluckily, as the  
words are arranged, the spur is said to over-leap itself. Such  
hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless  
writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Enter Lady—] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades  
her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's

*M*ACB. Hath he ask'd for me?

*L*ADY. *M*. Know you not, he has?

*M*ACB. 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 goss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*L*ADY. *M*. Was the hope drunk,<sup>3</sup>  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,

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 topick, 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 Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown 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.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the translation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 350. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Was the hope drunk, &c.*] The same expression is found in *K. John*:

“ O, where hath our intelligence been drunk,

“ Where hath it slept?” MALONE.

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;<sup>4</sup>  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?<sup>5</sup>

*MACB.* Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.<sup>6</sup>

*LADY M.* What beast was it then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Would'st 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:

——— *Would'st thou leave that.* JOHNSON.

*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 control your noble ambition, which  
cries out, "I would?"* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> *Pr'ythee, peace: &c.*] A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure  
for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii:

"——— be that you are,

"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."

The old copy, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*; but the present reading is undoubtedly right.

The correction (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Rowe.

STEEVENS.

The same sentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo*:

"My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,

"Is tender of his yet untainted valour;

"So noble, that he dares do nothing basely." HENLEY.

And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then adhere,<sup>7</sup> 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,<sup>8</sup>  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,<sup>9</sup> as you  
 Have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail,——

LADY M.

We fail!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Did then adhere.*] Thus the old copy. 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.

So, in a *Warning for fair Women*, 1599 :

“——— Neither time

“ Nor place conformed to my mind.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I would, while it was smiling in my face,*] Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's *Thebais*, has a similar sentiment of ferocity :

“ In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymisque moretur)

“ Transadigam ferro——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *had I so sworn,*] The latter word is here used as a disyllable. The editor of the second folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraseology and metre, supposed the line defective, and reads—had I *but* so sworn ; which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

My regulation of the metre renders it unnecessary to read *sworn* as a disyllable, a pronunciation, of which I believe there is no example. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *We fail!*] I am by no means sure that this punctuation is the true one.—“ If we fail, we fail,”—is a colloquial phrase still in frequent use. Macbeth having casually employed the former part of this sentence, his wife designedly completes it. *We fail*, and

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,<sup>3</sup>  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

thereby know the extent of our misfortune. Yet *our success is certain, if you are resolute.*

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to state any reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which his own words had offered an apt though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristic of the speaker:—according to the old punctuation, she is represented as rejecting with contempt (of which she had already manifested enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now suggested, she admits a possibility of miscarriage, but at the same instant shows herself not afraid of its result. Her answer therefore communicates no discouragement to her husband.—*We fail!* is the hasty interruption of scornful impatience. *We fail.*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumstances, is prepared, without loss of confidence in itself, for the worst that can happen. So Hotspur:

“ If we fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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 Shakspeare 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.

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant misunderstood this passage. *By the sticking-*

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,<sup>4</sup>

*place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the stabbing place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

“ Bring but your courage to the *fatal place*,

“ And we'll not fail.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *his two chamberlains*

*Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.*] The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's *Chamberlains*, (as I observed so long ago, as in our edition 1773,) is copied from Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald.

Mr. Malone has since transcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle; but being too long to stand here as a note, it is given, with other bulky extracts, at the conclusion of the play.

STEVENS.

To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

“ — Their malady *convinces*

“ The great assay of art.” JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Cambyfes*:

“ If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*.”

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.” STEVENS.

— *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 Geoffry of Monmouth says,

“ Kuffe hire and fitte 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.”

That memory, the warder of the brain,<sup>5</sup>  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason<sup>6</sup>  
 A limbeck only :<sup>7</sup> When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures<sup>8</sup> lie, as in a death,

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 Hanvil the monk, who preceded him :

“ Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *was-beil*,  
 “ Ingeminant *was-beil*——”

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *bealth-wijsing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wijs-beil*.

*Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lamb's-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See *Beggars Bush*, Act IV. sc. iv :

“ What think you of a *wassel*?  
 “ —— thou, and Ferret,  
 “ And Ginks, to sing the song ; I for the structure,  
 “ Which is the bowl.”

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus :—*Enter Wassel like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl dress'd with ribbands and rosemary, before her.*

*Wassel* is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —— Antony,  
 “ Leave thy lascivious *wassels*.”

See also Vol. V. p. 333, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *the warder of the brain,*] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I :

“ Where be these *warders*, that they wait not here?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *the receipt of reason* ——] i. e. the *receptacle*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *A limbeck only :*] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory ; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. A. C.

<sup>8</sup> *Their drenched natures* ——] i. e. as we should say at present, —— *soaked*, saturated with liquor. STEEVENS.

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?<sup>a</sup>

*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 M.* Who dares receive it other,<sup>9</sup>  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*MACB.* I am settled, and bend up<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — *who shall bear the guilt*  
Of our great quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the  
old language the term for which *murderers* is now used.

JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's *Tale of the Nonnes Priest*, v. 15396, Mr. Tyr-  
whitt's 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 governors  
*murberers* and *manquellers*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Who dares receive it other,*] So, in Holinshed: “ — he bur-  
then'd the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault,  
they having the keys of the gates committed to their keeping all  
the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that  
they were of counsel in the committing of that most detestable mur-  
ther.” MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *and bend up*—] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K.*  
*Henry V* :

“ — *bend up* every spirit

“ To his full height.”

The same phrase occurs in *Melvil's Memoirs* : “ — but that ra-  
ther she should *bend up her spirit* by a princely &c. behaviour.”  
Edit. 1735, p. 148.

Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of  
uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither reso-



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,

Intely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.— At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

“ ——— when once our grace we have forgot,

“ Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—:”  
 a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

A C T II. S C E N E I.<sup>3</sup>

*The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

*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,<sup>4</sup>

Their candles are all out.<sup>5</sup>—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Refrain in me the curst thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!<sup>6</sup>—Give me my sword;—

<sup>3</sup> *Scene I.*] 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 shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *There's husbandry in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Their candles are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Night's candles are burnt out.”

Again, in our author's 21st sonnet:

“ As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.”

See Vol. V. p. 539, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Merciful powers!*

*Refrain in me the curst thoughts, that nature*

*Gives way to in repose!*] It is apparent from what Banquo says

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

*MACB.* A friend.

*BAN.* What, fir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great larges to your offices:<sup>s</sup>  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

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 Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

“ From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

“ Guard me!” STEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Sent forth great larges to your offices:]* Thus the old copy, and rightly. *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Thus in *Timon*:

“ When all our *offices* have been oppress'd

“ By riotous feeders.”

Again, in *King Richard II*:

“ Unpeopled *offices*, untrodden stones.”

Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this larges to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEVENS.

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up<sup>8</sup>  
In measureless content.

*M A C B.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.<sup>9</sup>

*B A N.* All's well.<sup>2</sup>  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*M A C B.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*B A N.* At your kind'st leisure.

<sup>8</sup> — *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. ix:

“ And for to *shut up* all in friendly love.”

Again, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: “ — 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.

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833: “ — the kings majestic [K. James] *shut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both sides.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *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 show 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*.

*Which* refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *All's well.*] I suppose the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verse might be completed)—“ *Sir*, all is well.” STEEVENS.

*MACB.* If you shall cleave to my consent,—when  
'tis,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,]* *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. **WARBURTON.**

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.”

*Consent* has sometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. Both the verb and substantive, decidedly bearing this signification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. fc. i:

“ — scourge the bad revolting stars

“ That have *consented* to king Henry's death;”—

i. e. *acted in concert* so as to occasion it.—Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. fc. i: “ — they (Justice Shallow's servants) *stuck together in consent*, (i. e. in a *party*,) like so many wild geese.”—In both these instances the words are spelt erroneously, and should be written—*concent* and *concented*. See Spenser, &c. as quoted in a note on the passage already adduced from *K. Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth is then as follows:—*If you shall cleave to my consent*—i. e. if you shall stick, or adhere, to my *party*—*when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when such a *party* is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you.

That *consent* means *participation*, may be proved from a passage in the 50th Psalm. I cite the translation 1568. “ When thou sawedst a thiefe, thou dydst *consent unto* hym, and hast been partaker with the adulterers.” In both instances the *particeps criminis* is spoken of.

Again, in our author's *As you like it*, the usurping Duke says, after the flight of Rosalind and Celia,—

“ — some villains of my court

“ Are of *consent* and sufferance in this.”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ We carry not a heart with us from hence,

“ That grows not in a fair *consent* with ours.”

It shall make honour for you.

BAN.

So I lose none,

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that passes in the mind of the speaker; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that in spite of future combinations of interest, or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honours, alarm his conscience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered. STEEVENS.

That Banquo was apprehensive of a design upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth so little encouragement, that he drops the subject. RITSON.

The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere error of the press. A passage in *The Tempest* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counselling Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

“ O, that you bore

“ The mind that I do; what, a sleep were there

“ For your advancement! Do you understand me?

“ *Seb.* I think I do.

“ *Ant.*

And how does your *content*

“ Tender your own good fortune?”

In the same play we have—“ *Thy thoughts I cleave to,*” which differs but little from “ *I cleave to thy content.*”

In *The Comedy of Errors* our author has again used this word in the same sense:

“ Sir, I commend you to your own *content,*”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content,*”—

i. e. says Dr. Johnson, to act up to your desires. Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ God hold it to your honour's good *content!*”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your own *content.*”

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.*]

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be,—If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and content,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word *consent*, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatsoever.

*Consent* or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical sense that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose; but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men so combined together, or the *cause* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves or the musicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, says—

“ Birds, winds and waters sing with sweet *concent*,”

we must surely understand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cause*, but harmony, or *union*; and in the latter sense, I apprehend, Justice Shallow's servants are said to flock together in *concent*, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

If this correction be just, “ In seeking to augment it,” in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. “ On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase *your satisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wishes,” &c. The words however may be equally commodiously interpreted,—“ Provided that in *seeking an increase of honour*, I lose none,” &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphrase on this obscure passage is as follows:

“ If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will

“ Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.”

MALONE.

*M*ACB. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,<sup>4</sup>  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch<sup>5</sup>  
thee :—

I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — [*when my drink is ready,*] See note on “ their *possets,*” in the next scene, p. 414. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — [*clutch*—] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, who sneers at Decker for using it, was used by other writers before Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marston, 1602 :

“ — all the world is *clutch'd*  
“ In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,*] Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means the *hast* 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. *hast*, 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, in Lyly's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: “ — then have at the bag with the *dudgeon haste*, that is, at the *dudgeon dagger* that hangs by his tantony pouch,” In *Soliman and Perseda* is the following passage :



Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead,<sup>7</sup> and wicked dreams abuse

“ — 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.”

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c.  
1598:

“ A *dudgin* dagger that's new scowr'd and glaft.”

STEEVENS.

*Gascoigne* confirms this: “ The most knottie piece of box may  
be wrought to a *fayre doogen baste*.” *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent  
in old English. FARMER.

— *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 Shakspeare used the word in al-  
lusion 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.

<sup>7</sup> — 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 drowfy 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare,  
nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads  
Dryden, finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
     pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-  
     sign.

and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, 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 the one half world, &c.*] So, in the second part of  
 Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" 'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd  
 " 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.

<sup>2</sup> *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates—*] The word  
*now* has been added for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare  
 wrote: *The curtain'd sleeper*. The folio spells the word *sleep*,  
 and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emen-  
 dation.

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Masque at Ludlow  
 Castle*, v. 554:

" — feeds  
 " That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's emendation of " the curtain'd *sleeper*," is well  
 intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakspeare's own word.

RITSON.

So afterwards:

" — a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 " The *sleepers* of the house."

*Now* was added by Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of  
 this play, published in 1674. MALONE.

Moves like a ghost.<sup>3</sup>—Thou sure and firm-set earth,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — thus with his *stealthy* pace,

With Tarquin's *ravishing* strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.] The old copy—*fides*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope changed *fides* to *strides*. MALONE.

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 *witber'd* murder,

— thus with his *stealthy* pace,

With Tarquin *ravishing*, slides tow'rd his design,

Moves like a ghost.

*Tarquin* is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is: Now is the time in which every one is a-sleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the *witch* who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not bear his steps.

JOHNSON.

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. viii. 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 Ariosto*, [1591.] 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.

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,<sup>s</sup> for fear

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.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600 :

" Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*,  
" By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's *King Richard II* :

" Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make—."

Thus also the Roman poets :

" ——— *vestigia furtim*  
" *Suspensa digitis fert taciturna gradu.*" Ovid. *Fasti*.  
" Eunt *taciti* per mæsta silentia *magnis*  
" *Passibus.*" Statius, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and perhaps would have used the word *stride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhyme :

" Into the chamber wickedly he stalks."

Plausible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *sides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it on the same principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout my edition, that of leaving the original text undisturbed, whenever it could be justified either by comparing our author with himself or with contemporary writers. The following passage in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's ELEGIES, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds support to the reading of the old copy :

" I saw when forth a tired *lover* went,  
" His *side* past service, and his courage spent."  
Vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,  
Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus*.

Again, in Martial :

Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, teste lucerna,  
Et juvat admissa rumpere luce *latus*.

Our poet may himself also furnish us with a confirmation of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Cressida*, we find—

" You, like a lecher, out of *wborish loins*  
" Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors."

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,<sup>6</sup>

It may likewise be observed that Falstaff in the fifth act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* says to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, "Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *fides* to myself," &c. Falstaff certainly did not think them, like those of Ovid's lover, past service; having met one of the ladies by assignation. I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's reasons &c. for this supposition (on account of their length) are given at the conclusion of the play, with a reference to the foregoing observations.

How far a Latinism, adopted in the English version of a Roman poet; or the mention of *loins* (which no dictionary acknowledges as a synonyme to *fides*); can justify Mr. Malone's restoration, let the judicious reader determine.

Falstaff, dividing himself as a buck, very naturally says he will give away his best joints, and keep the worst for himself. A *fide* of venison is at once an established term, and the least elegant part of the carcase so divided—But of what use could *fides*, in their Ovidian sense, have been to Falstaff, when he had already parted with his *haunches*?

It is difficult to be serious on this occasion. I may therefore be pardoned if I observe that Tarquin, just as he pleased, might have walked *with* moderate steps, or lengthened them into *strides*; but, when we are told that he carried his "*fides*" with him, it is natural to ask how he could have gone any where without them.

Nay, further,—However *fides* (according to Mr. Malone's interpretation of the word) might have proved efficient in Lucretia's bedchamber, in that of Duncan they could answer no such purpose, as the lover and the murderer succeed by the exertion of very different organs.

I am, in short, of the Fool's opinion in King Lear—

"That *going* should be us'd with *feet*,"

and, consequently, that *fides* are out of the question. Such restorations of superannuated mistakes put our author into the condition of Cibber's Lady Dainty, who, having been cured of her disorders, one of her physicians says—"Then I'll make her go over them again." STEEVENS.

[*With Tarquin's ravishing* &c.] 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,

And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.<sup>7</sup>—Whiles I threat, he  
lives ;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.<sup>8</sup>  
[ *A bell rings.*

“ 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.

<sup>4</sup> — [*Thou sure and firm-set earth,*] The old copy—*Thou  
fowre &c.* which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the  
reading I have ventured to substitute in its room.

So, in Act IV. sc. iii :

“ Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — [*which way they walk,*] The folio reads :

— [*which they may walk,*— STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> [*Thy very stones prate of my where-about,*] The following pas-  
sage 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 street, *cry out for vengeance,*  
“ And point at us to be the murderers.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *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 shows a great knowledge  
of human nature. WARBURTON.

‘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 hor-  
ror 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*,

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.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

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 *filentes*,  
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius in the Vth book of the *Thebaid* describes the Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the *silence* and solitude both before and after the deed, is striking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this passage, it may be observed, that one of the circumstances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is,—*Nature seems dead.* M. MASON.

So also, in the second *Æneid*:

"——— vestigia retro  
"Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustro.  
"Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa *silentia* terrent."

Dryden's well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
"And in that *silence* we the tempest hear,"

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of *silence* as our poet. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Whiles I threath, he lives;*

*Words to the beat of deeds too cold breath gives.*] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme.—Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme. In *Cymbeline*, the song in Cloten's sereade runs thus:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
"And Phœbus 'gins to rise,  
"His steeds to water at those springs  
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*."

And Romeo says to Friar Lawrence:

"——— both our remedies  
"Within thy help and holy physic *lies*." M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *it is a knell*

*That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.*] Thus Raleigh, speaking of love, in *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600:

## S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter Lady MACBETH.*

LADY M. 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 bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.<sup>2</sup> He is a-  
 bout it :  
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
 Do mock their charge with snores :<sup>3</sup> I have  
 drugg'd their poffets,<sup>4</sup>

“ It is perhaps that sauncing bell,  
 “ *That toules all into beauen or bell.*”

*Sauncing* is probably a mistake for *sacring*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.*] Shakspeare has here im-  
 proved on an image he probably found in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,  
 v. vi. 27 :

“ — The native *belman* of the night,  
 “ The bird that warned Peter of his fall,  
 “ First rings his silver bell t'each sleepy wight.”

STEEVENS.

*It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman,*] So, in *King  
 Richard III* :

“ Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but songs of death !”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *the surfeited grooms*

*Do mock their charge with snores :*] i. e. By going to sleep,  
 they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of  
 watching by their king. So, in *Orbello* : “ O mistress, villainy  
 hath made mocks with love.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *their poffets,*] It appears from this passage, as well as



That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.<sup>5</sup>

*MACB.* [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

*LADY M.* 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.<sup>6</sup>—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.<sup>7</sup>—My husband?

from many others in our old dramattick 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 has already said:

“Go bid thy mistress when my *drink* is ready,

“She strike upon the bell.”

Lady Macbeth has also just observed

“That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:” and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — death and nature do contend about them,

*Whether they live, or die.*] Of this image our ancient writers were peculiarly fond. Thus again, in Twine's translation of the story of *Prince Appollyn*, “Death *strived* with life within her, and the conflict was dangerous and doubtfull who should preuaile.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*:

“—thy blood and virtue

“Contend for empire in thee.” STEVENS.

Again, *ibid*:

“—Nature and sickness

“Debate it at their leisure.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

*He could not miss them.*] Compare Euripides,—*Orestes*, v. 1291—where Electra stands centinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprize, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

<sup>7</sup> — Had he not resembled

*My father as he slept, I had done't.*] This is very artful. For,

*Enter MACBETH.*

*MACB.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

*LADY M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*MACB.* When?

*LADY M.* Now.

*MACB.* As I descended?

*LADY M.* Ay.

*MACB.* Hark!—

Who lies in the second chamber?

*LADY M.* Donalbain.

*MACB.* This is a sorry fight.<sup>3</sup>  
[*Looking on his hands.*]

as the poet had 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.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimedea etiamnum in murmure truncos  
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis enses  
Conspexi, rigere comæ, atque in viscera sævus  
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri  
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis  
Inferor.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *This is a sorry fight.*] This expression might have been borrowed from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. i. st. 14:

“ To whom as they approached, they espide

“ A *serie fight* as ever seene with eye;

“ A headlesse ladie lying him beside,

“ In her own *bloud* all wallow'd woefully.” WHALLEY.

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and  
one cried, *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 M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, *God blefs us!* and, *Amen*, the  
other;

As they had seen me,<sup>9</sup> with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear.<sup>2</sup> I could not say, *amen*,  
When they did say, *God blefs us.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> As they had seen me,] i. e. as if. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
"As we are mock'd with art." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Listening their fear.] i. e. Listening to their fear, the particle  
omitted. This is common in our author. Thus, in *Julius Cæsar*,  
Act IV. sc. i:

"— and now, Octavius,  
"Listen great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in *The World  
toss'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"Listen the complaints of thy poor votaries."

Again, in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,  
"The Graces sit, listening the melody  
"Of warbling birds." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> When they did say, *God blefs us.*] The words—*did say*, which  
render this hemistich too long to unite with the next in forming a  
verse, persuade me that the passage originally ran thus:

———— I could not say, *amen*,  
When they, *God blefs us.*

i. e. when they could say *God blefs us.* *Could say*, in the second  
line was left to be understood; as before—

"— and, *Amen*, the other:"

i. e. the other *cried Amen.* But the players, having no idea of the  
latter ellipsis, supplied the syllables that destroy the measure.

STEEVENS.

LADY M. 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 M. 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 ravell'd sleave of care,<sup>3</sup>  
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>3</sup> — *the ravell'd sleave of care,*] *Sleave* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the filk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's age, has likewise alluded to *sleaved* or *ravelled* filk, in his *Quest of Cynthia*:

“ At length I on a fountain light,  
“ Whose brim with pinks was platted,  
“ The banks with daffadillies dight,  
“ With grafs, like *sleawe*, was matted.” LANGTON.

*Sleave* is properly filk which has not been twitted. It is mentioned in Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 835: “ Eight wild men all apparelled in green mosf made with *slewed* filk.”

Again, in *The Muses' Elizium*, by Drayton:

“ — thrumb'd with grafs  
“ As soft as *sleawe* or farcenet ever was.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ That in the handling feels as soft as any *sleawe*.”

STEVENS.

*Sleave* appears to have signified *coarse, soft*, unwrought filk. *Seta grossolana*, Ital. Cotgrave in his *Dict.* 1660, renders *foye flosche*, “ *sleave* filk.” See also, *ibid*: “ *Cadarce*, pour faire *capiton*. The tow, or coarcest part of filke, whereof *sleawe* is made.”—In *Troilus and Cressida* we have—“ Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleawe* filk.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *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 no means agrees

*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast;*<sup>5</sup>—

with the rest, which is: *The death of each day's life.* I make no question but Shakspeare wrote:

*The birth of each day's life:*

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and affits that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. WARBURTON.

*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.

Sleep, *that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,*

*The death of each day's life,* fore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakspeare remembered the following verses in Sir Philip Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, a poem, from which he has quoted a line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*?

“ Come *sleepe*, O *sleepe*, the certain *knot* of peace,

“ The *bathing* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,

“ The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

“ The indifferent judge between the high and low.”

So also, in *The Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge, &c.* bl. let: “ — Yet *sleep*, *the comforter of distressed minds*, could not lock up her eyes.” Again, in Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. VIII. 1587:

“ — At such a time as folkes are wont to find *release*

“ Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,

“ By *sleep*,” &c.

Again, *ibid.* B. XI:

“ O *sleepe*, quoth she, the rest of things, O gentlest of the goddesses,

“ Sweete *sleepe*, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;

“ Which cherishest men's weary limbs appall'd with *toying fore*,

“ And makest them as fresh to worke, and lustie as before.”

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's “ *death of each day's life*” in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“ The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day*.” MALONE.

He might as probably have thought on the following passage in the first scene of the second part of *K. Henry IV*:

“ — a fullen bell

“ Remember'd *knolling* a departed friend.” STEEVENS.

LADY M. What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, *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 M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainfickly 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 M. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil.<sup>6</sup> If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.<sup>7</sup>

[Exit. Knocking within.]

<sup>5</sup> *Chief nourisher in life's feast;*] So, in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*,  
v. 10661; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“The notice of digestion, the *stepes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —'tis the eye of childhood,

*That fears a painted devil.*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

“Terrify babes, my lord, with *painted devils*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —gild the faces of the grooms withal,

*For it must seem their guilt.*] Could Shakspeare mean to play  
upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt*? JOHNSON.

This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. A few  
instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

*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<sup>8</sup>  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,<sup>9</sup>

" *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 Shakspeare himself:

" England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Henry IV.*

P. II. Again, in *King Henry V*:

" Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood &c.]*

" *Suscipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*

" *Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*"

Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἴμαι γὰρ ἔτ' ἐν Ἴστρον ἔτι Φῶσ' ἐν

Νίψαι καθαρῶν τῶνδ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσι.

*Sophoc. Oedip.*

" *Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*

" *Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*

" *Non ipse toto magnus oceano pater*

" *Tantum expiarit sceleris!*" Senec. Hippol. STEEVENS.

" Non, si Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des;

" Non, mare si totum velit eluere omnibus undis."

*Lucret. L. 6. v. 1074.*

HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Infatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1613:

" Although the waves of all the northern sea

" Should flow for ever through these guilty hands;

" Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The multitudinous seas 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*:

" *Gograms, fattins, velvet fine,*

" *The rosy-colour'd carnardine.*" STEEVENS.

Making the green—one red.<sup>9</sup>

By *the multitudinous seas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought,) nor the many-coloured seas, (as others contend,) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

“ Πόντος ἐν Ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπανθὸς φέρουσι.”

The word is used by Ben Jonson, and by Thomas Decker in *The Wonderful Year*, 1603, in which we find “the *multitudinous spawn*.” It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critic should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a disordered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary’s shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet’s death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakspeare should refer “to some visible quality in the ocean,” than “to its concealed inhabitants;” to the waters that might admit of discoloration,” than, “to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood.” But in what page of our author do we find his allusions thus curiously rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of these volumes furnish us with images crowded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and sometimes are even discordant? Hamlet’s proposing to take up *arms* against a *sea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of discoloration, and not to the fishes. His allusion to the waters is expressed by the word *seas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very close connection with the subject immediately before him, he has only followed his usual practice.

If however no allusion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous seas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is suggested, but *the countless masses of waters wherever dispersed on the surface of the globe*; the *multitudes of seas*, as Heywood has it in a passage quoted below, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it must be owned that his having used the plural *seas* seems to counte-



*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.*

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I  
shame

nance such an interpretation; for the singular *sea* is equally suited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the sense of *swarms*, and would certainly have corresponded better with the subsequent line.

MALONE.

I believe that Shakspeare referred to some visible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a crowd. "A sea of heads" is a phrase employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at present recollect. Blackmore in his *Job* has swelled the same idea to a ridiculous bulk:

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,

"And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the stage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised over each other, *velut unda supervenit undam*. If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous sea*" does not mean the *aggregate of seas*, he must be understood to design the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Making the green—one red,*] 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. x. st. 48:

"The *whiles* 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."

STEEVENS.

The same thought is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd

"*Green Neptune* into *purple*."

The present passage is one of those alluded to in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 175, in which, I apprehend, our author's

To wear a heart so white.<sup>2</sup> [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

words have been refined into a sense that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello*:

“ Put out the light, and then put out the light.”

The line before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptional. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintnesses of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, “ Making the green *sea*, red,” (So, in *The Tempest*:

“ And 'twixt *the green sea* and the azure vault

“ Set roaring war.”)

if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As to prevent the ear being offended, we have in the passage before us, “ the green *one*,” instead of “ the green *sea*,” so we have in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. ii: “ lame *ones*,” to avoid a similar repetition:

“ They have all new *legs*, and lame *ones*.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ A stage where every man must play a part,

“ And mine a *sad one*.”

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful cases, it ought, when supported by more decisive circumstances, to have some *little weight*. In the present instance, the line is pointed as in my text:

Making the green one, red. MALONE.

If the new punctuation be dismissed, we must correct the foregoing line, and read—“ the multitudinous *sea*; for how will the plural—*seas*, accord with the green *one*?” Besides, the sense conveyed by the arrangement which Mr. Malone would reject, is countenanced by a passage in *Hamlet*:

“ Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd

“ With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

“ Now is he *total gule*.”

i. e. *one red*. The expression—“ one red,” may also be justified by language yet more ancient than that of Shakspeare. In *Genesis*, ii. 24. (and several other places in scripture) we have—“ one flesh.”

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.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more  
 knocking :  
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
 And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts.

*MACB.* To know my deed,—’twere best not  
 know myself.<sup>3</sup> [*Knock.*  
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking!<sup>4</sup> Ay, ’would thou  
 could’st!<sup>5</sup> [*Exeunt.*

Again, in our Liturgy: “—be *made one* fold under one shep-  
 herd.” But, setting aside examples, are there not many *unique*  
 phrases in our author? STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white.*] A similar antithesis is found in  
 Marlowe’s *Lust’s Dominion*, written before 1593:  
 “Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul look white.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *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.* WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!*] Macbeth is addressing the  
 person who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D’Avenant,  
 in his alteration of this play, reads—(and intended probably to point)  
 “Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!” conceiving that Macbeth  
 called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the same misapprehension, I  
 once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need  
 of change. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone’s extract from Mr. Whately’s *Remarks on some  
 of the characters of Shakspeare*, at the conclusion of this tragedy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, ’would thou could’st!*] The old copy has—*I*; but as *ay*,  
 the affirmative particle, was thus written, I conceive it to have been  
 designed here. Had Shakspeare meant to express “*I would,*” he  
 might perhaps only have given us—*’Would*, as on many other oc-  
 casions.—The repentant exclamation of Macbeth, in my judge-

S C E N E III.<sup>5</sup>*The same.**Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.<sup>6</sup> [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough<sup>7</sup> about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake,<sup>8</sup> yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's

ment, derives force from the present change; a change which has been repeatedly made in spelling this ancient substitute for the word of enforcement—*ay*, in the very play before us. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Scene III.*] Though Shakspeare (see Sir J. Reynolds's excellent note on Act I. sc. vi. p. 381.) might have designed this scene as another instance of what is called the *repose* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpse of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the most serious drama; and where else could the merriment, which he himself was always struggling after, be so happily introduced? STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *he should have old turning the key.*] i. e. frequent, more than enough. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. the Drawer says "Then here will be *old utis*." See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *napkins enough*—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello*: "Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *here's an equivocator, who committed treason enough for God's sake,*] Meaning a Jesuit; an order of troublefom: to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*. WARBURTON.

there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: ' Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] 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

9 — *here's an English tailor 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 tailor 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 *Anatomic of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion.—“*The Gallic hoses are made very large and wide, reaching down to their knees only, with three or four gards apeece 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 all this magazine of device is furnish'd  
 “ By your French taylor.”

Again, in *The Defence of Cony-catching*, 1592: “Blest be the *French sleeves* and breech verdingales that grants them (the tailors) 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 limbs, wherein they had no means for pockets.” And *Withers*, in his satyr against vanity, ridicules “the spruze, *diminutive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose.*” FARMER.

From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large breeches* were then in fashion:

*Saville.* [an old steward.] “A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling slops.*” Afterwards Young Loveless says to the steward,—“This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches.*” MALONE.

professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.<sup>9</sup> [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*MACD.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*PORT.* 'Faith, fir, we were carousing 'till the second cock:<sup>2</sup> and drink, fir, is a great provoker of three things.

*MACD.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*PORT.* Marry, fir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, fir, 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,<sup>3</sup> and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

<sup>9</sup> — *the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*] So, in *Hamlet*: "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." Again, in *All's well that ends well*: "—the *flowery way* that leads &c. to the great fire." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *till the second cock:*] Cockerowing. So, in *King Lear*: "—he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." Again, in the xiith *Mery ieste of the Widow Edith*, 1573:

"The time they pas merely til ten of the clok,

"Yea, and I shall not lye, till after the first cock,"

STEEVENS.

It appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till *three o'clock*:

"—The *second cock* has crow'd;

"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three o'clock.*" MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *in a sleep,*] Surely we should read—*into a sleep*, or—*into sleep*. M. MASON.

*MACD.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.<sup>4</sup>

The old reading is the true one. Our author frequently uses *in* for *into*. So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ But, first, I’ll turn yon’ fellow *in* his grave.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ Falsely to draw me *in* these vile suspects.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.*] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelve o’clock:

“ *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.”

The king was then “ *abed* ;” and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii.) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almost overpass’d the hour; and the porter tells him “ we were carousing till *the second cock* ;” so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o’clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprize that the porter should lie *so late*.

From Lady Macbeth’s words in the fifth act,—“ One,—two—’tis time to do’t,”—it *should seem* that the murder was committed at *two* o’clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the conversation above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: but even that hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth’s desiring her husband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly roused from bed,) lest occasion should call them, “ and show them to be *watchers* ;” which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan’s murder near the break of day by Holinshed’s account of the murder of

PORT. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me:  
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being  
too strong for him, though he took up my legs  
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.<sup>5</sup>

MACD. Is thy master stirring?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

LEN. Good-morrow, noble sir!

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 slipp'd 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.<sup>6</sup>  
This is the door.

king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was late in the night." Donwald's servants "enter the chamber where the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *I made a shift to cast him.*] To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between cast or throw, as a term of wrestling, and cast or cast up. JOHNSON.

I find a similar play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

"—to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he casts excellent well." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The labour we delight in, physicks pain.*] i. e. affords a cordial to it. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, sc. i: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh."

STEEVENS.



*MACD.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.<sup>7</sup> [*Exit MACDUFF.*

*LEN.* Goes the king  
From hence to-day?<sup>8</sup>

*MACB.* He does:—he did appoint so.<sup>9</sup>

*LEN.* The night has been unruly: Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;  
And prophecying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.<sup>2</sup>

So, in *The Tempest*:

“ There be some sports are *painful*; and their *labour*  
“ *Delight* in them sets off.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> For 'tis my limited service.] *Limited*, for appointed.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Timon*:

“ — for there is boundless theft,  
“ In *limited* professions.” i. e. professions to which people are regu-  
larly and legally appointed. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Goes the king

From *hence to-day*?] I have supplied the preposition—*from*,  
for the sake of metre. So, in a former scene—Duncan says,

“ — From hence to Inverness,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> He does:—*he did appoint so.*] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate fallshood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the King's journey was effectually prevented by his death. A similar trait had occurred in a former scene:

“ *L. M.* And when goes hence?

“ *M.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *strange screams of death*;

*And prophecying, with accents terrible,*

*Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,*

New hatch'd to the woeful time. *The obscure bird*

*Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth*

*Was feverous, and did shake.*] These lines, I think, should be rather regulated thus:

MACB.

'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

— *prophecying 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.*

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. *Prophecying* 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.

I think Steevens has justly explained this passage, but should wish to read—*prophecying*s in the plural. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson observes, that "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 construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* should be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be "the *batch* and brood of time." See *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"The which observ'd, a man may *prophecy*,  
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
"As yet not come to life; which in their seeds  
"And weak beginnings lie entreasur'd.  
"Such *things* become the *batch* and brood of time."

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event*, and not the *prophecy*, which is the *batch* of *time*; but it must be acknowledged, the word "*become*" sufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the construction that I have suggested be the true one, *batch'd* must be here used for *batching*, or "in the state of being *batch'd*."—To the woeful time, means—to suit the woeful time. MALONE.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*MACD.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive,<sup>4</sup> nor name thee!

*MACB. LEN.* What's the matter?

*MACD.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*MACB.* What is't you say? the life?

*LEN.* Mean you his majesty?

*MACD.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

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!

<sup>3</sup> — *some say, the earth*  
*Was feverous, and did shake.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — as if the world  
“ Was feverous, and did tremble.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Tongue, nor heart,*  
*Cannot conceive, &c.*] The use of two negatives, not to make  
an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our  
author. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. sc. i:

“ — there is no harm  
“ Intended to your person, *nor to no Roman else.*”

STEEVENS.

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror!<sup>5</sup> [*Bell rings.*]

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*LADY M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,<sup>6</sup>—

*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.<sup>7</sup>—O Banquo! Banquo!

<sup>5</sup> — *this horror!*] Here the old copy adds—*Ring the bell.*

STEVENS.

The subsequent hemistich—"What's the business?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that the stage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: "Draw a knife;" "Play musick;" "Ring the bell;" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed also—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inserted, I imagine, from the players misconceiving what Shakspeare had in truth set down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, ("Ring the bell.") for a part of Macduff's speech; and, to distinguish the direction which they inserted, from the supposed words of the speaker, they departed from the usual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding scene we have constantly an imperative direction to the prompter: "*Knock within.*"

I suppose, it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of these plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *speak, speak,*—] These words, which violate the metre, were probably added by the players, who were of opinion that—*speak*, in the following line, demanded such an introduction.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.*] So, in *Hamlet*:



*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 stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*MACD.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*MAL.* O, by whom?

*LEN.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had  
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,<sup>8</sup>  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows:<sup>9</sup>  
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*MACB.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*MACD.* Wherefore did you so?

*MACB.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and  
furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love

<sup>8</sup> — badg'd *with blood*,] I once thought that our author wrote *batb'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right.

So, in the second part of *K. Henry VI.*

“ With murder's crimson badge.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found*

*Upon their pillows:*] This idea, perhaps, was taken from *The Man of Lawes Tale*, by Chaucer, l. 5027, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“ And in the bed the bloody knif he fond.”

See also the foregoing lines. STEEVENS.

Out-ran the paufer reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;<sup>2</sup>  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

<sup>2</sup> ——— Here lay Duncan,

*His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;*] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *garry 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 Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show 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 judgement, 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.”

Shakspeare 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;*] The allusion is to the decoration of the richest habits worn in the age of Shakspeare, when it was usual to *lace* cloth of *silver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *silver*. The second of these fashions is mentioned in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv: “ Cloth of *gold*,—*laced* with *silver*.” STEEVENS.

We meet with the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ ——— to see the fish

“ Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream.”

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs.” MALONE.

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 shows him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

For ruin's wasteful entrance :<sup>3</sup> there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore :<sup>4</sup> Who could re-  
frain,

<sup>3</sup> — a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance :] This comparison occurs likewise  
in *A Herring's Tally*, a poem, 1598 :

" A batter'd breach where troopes of wounds may enter in."  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Unmannerly breech'd with gore :] 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 both to breech and to unbreech  
a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Customs  
of the Country* :

" The main spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,

" He lies to be new breech'd."

Again, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, by Webster and Rowley :

" Unbreech his barrel, and discharge his bullets."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here  
used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.*  
P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. A passage in the pre-  
ceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described,  
strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

" — I see thee still ;

" And on thy blade, and dudgeon, [i. e. hilt or hilt] gouts  
of blood,

" Which was not so before."

The following lines in *King Henry VI.* P. III. may perhaps,  
after all, form the best comment on these controverted words :

" And full as oft came Edward to my side,

" With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

" In blood of those that had encounter'd him."

So also, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587 :

" — a naked sword he had,

" That to the hilts with blood was all embrued."

The word *unmannerly* is again used adverbially in *K. Henry VIII.* :

" If I have us'd myself *unmannerly*, —."

So also Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173 : " These  
and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast rubbish of my  
company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratiously be-  
stowed upon me." MALONE.



That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

LADY M.

Help me hence, ho!

MACD. Look to the lady.<sup>5</sup>

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
"Then I will lay the *servant's* dagger on your pate."

Again, *ibid*:

"This *dagger* hath mista'en; for lo! his house

"Is empty on the *back* of Mountague,

"And is mischeated in my daughter's bosom!"

MALONE.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers stibily—in a foul manner, —beat'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 dramattick 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."—Shakspeare 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 set right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maîtres, vous n'avez pas espouffeté leur *haut-de-chausses*,"—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *sockings*, and so on through all the articles of drefs. FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley, from whose ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, justly observes that "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo

*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,<sup>6</sup>  
May rush, and feize us? Let's away; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*MAL.* Nor our strong sorrow on<sup>7</sup>

and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have assumed the appearance of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— here,

Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,] The oldest copy reads only "— in an augre-hole." I have adopted the correction of the second folio,—within.

Mr. Malone reads—

"Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are disposed so irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties similar to mine in the regulation of the metre. In this very speech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that subsequent to it. Perhaps however the regulation now offered is unnecessary; for the word *where* may have been used by our author as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, reads—within an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in *K. Henry V*: "— Let us die in [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—" Let us die instant:" but I believe neither transcriber or compositor ever omitted half a word. MALONE.

More skilful and accurate compositors than those employed in our present republication, cannot easily be found; and yet, I believe, even they will not deny their having occasionally furnished examples of the omission of half a word. STEEVENS.

— within an augre-hole,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— confin'd

" Into an augre's bore." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — an —] The old copy—upon. STEEVENS.

The foot of motion,

BAN.

Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure,<sup>8</sup> let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *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.

The porter in his short speech had observed, that “this place [i. e. the court, in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too cold for hell.” Mr. Steevens’s explanation is likewise supported by the following passage in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — Call the creatures,  
“ Whose *naked natures* live in all the spight  
“ Of wreakful heaven.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.*] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Winter’s Tale*: “ — conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the 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.

See Vol. III. p. 227, n. 6.—*Hand*, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Psalm xxii: “ Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb.

*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 all but MAL. and DON.*]

*MAL.* What will you do? Let's not comfort with  
them :

To show 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.<sup>2</sup>

*MAL.* This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted;<sup>3</sup> and our safest way

from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V.* we have again the  
same expression :

" — Let us deliver

" Our puissance into *the hand of God.*" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *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.

<sup>3</sup> *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.

*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 commit-  
ted, 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 just reason to  
apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

Such another thought occurs in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

" The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,

" And it must murder," &c. STEEVENS.

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.

*Without the Castle.*

*Enter Rosse, and 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.

ROSSE. Ah, good father,  
 Thou see'st, 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?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *darkness does the face of earth intomb,*

*When living light should kiss it?]* After the murder of king  
 Duffe, (says Holinshed) "for the space of six moneths together  
 there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part  
 of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds;  
 and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightnings and  
 tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."  
 —It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts.

OLD M. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,<sup>5</sup>  
Was by a mousing owl<sup>6</sup> hawk'd at, and kill'd.

ROSSE. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most  
strange and certain,  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,<sup>7</sup>  
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:—

See note at the end of the play, with a reference to p. 396.

<sup>5</sup> — in her pride of place,] Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality*. WARBURTON.

In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — by a mousing owl—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is also found among the prodigies consequent on king Duff's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — — — *minions of their race,*] Theobald reads:

— — — *minions of the race,*

very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

*Their* is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high did place

"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler of *their* race." MALONE.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, fir, now?

*MACD.* Why, see you not?

*ROSSE.* Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

*MACD.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*ROSSE.* Alas, the day!  
What good could they pretend?<sup>8</sup>

*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<sup>9</sup>  
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,<sup>2</sup>

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.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What good could they pretend?*] To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves, to set before themselves* as a motive of action.

JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *intend, to design.* STEEVENS.

So, in Goulart's *Histories*, 1607: "The carauell arriued safe at her *pretended* port." p. 575. Again, p. 586: "As for the Sclanonian captaine, he cast himselfe into the sea, meaning to swimme vnto the shelves neere vnto the fort, where hee *pretended* to saue himselfe." RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *that wilt ravin up* —] The old copy reads—*will.* Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Then 'tis most like,*] To complete the measure, I suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, that our author wrote—

*Why, then it is most like,*— STEEVENS.

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.<sup>2</sup>

*MACD.* He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,  
To be invested.

*ROSSE.* Where is Duncan's body?

*MACD.* Carried to Colmes-kill;<sup>3</sup>  
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.* Father, farewell.

*OLD M.* God's benison go with you; and with  
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Then 'tis most like,*

*The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.*] Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately 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.* STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Colmes-kill;*] 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.* STEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill.* *Kill* in the Erse language signifies a *burying-place.* MALONE.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*BAN.* Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,  
all,  
As the weird women promis'd;<sup>4</sup> and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)<sup>5</sup>  
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.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,*  
*As the weird women promis'd;*] Here we have another passage,  
that might lead us to suppose that the thaneship of Glamis descend-  
ed to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though  
that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 358.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> (*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.*  
*Henry VI.* P. I. sc. ii:

“Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased

“To *shine* on my contemptible estate.” STEEVENS.

*Senet founded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSÈ, Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

*MACB.* Here's our chief guest.

*LADY M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

*MACB.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, fir,  
And I'll request your presence.<sup>6</sup>

*BAN.* Let your highness  
Command upon me;<sup>7</sup> to the which, my duties

<sup>6</sup> *And I'll request your presence.*] I cannot help suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and would wish to read:

And I request your presence.

Macbeth is speaking of the present, not of any future, time. Sir W. D'Avenant reads:

And all request your presence.

The same mistake has happened in *K. Richard III.* Act I. sc. iiii. where we find in the folio,

"O Buckingham, I'll kiss thy princely hand,—"

instead of—I kiss—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the same error is found more than once.

MALONE.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. So, in *King John*:

"I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power" &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Let your highness*

*Command upon me;*] Thus the old copy, and perhaps rightly, though modern editors have been content to read—*Let* your highness &c. Every uncouth phrase in an ancient author, should not be suspected of corruption.

In *As you like it* an expression somewhat similar occurs:

"And take upon command what help we have."

STEEVENS.

The change was suggested by Sir W. Davenant's alteration of this play: it was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.<sup>8</sup>

*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.<sup>9</sup>  
Is't far you ride?

<sup>8</sup> ——— to the which, my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; mean time as it is, it is bound to your lordship." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— we'll take to-morrow.] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read—

We'll talk to-morrow. STEVENS.

I proposed this emendation some time ago, and having since met with two other passages in which the same mistake has happened, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can take, [talke] for Pistol's cock is up."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, so she sleep not in her take." [instead of talke, the old spelling of talk.] On the other hand, in the first scene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:

"—— then no planet strikes,

"No fairy talkes,——"

So again, in the play before us:

"The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

"Our free hearts each to other."

Again, Macbeth says to his wife,

"—— We will speak further."

Again, in a subsequent scene between Macbeth and the assassins:

"Was it not yesterday we spoke together?"

In *Othello* we have almost the same sense, expressed in other words:

"—— To-morrow, with the earliest,

"Let me have speech with you."

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the  
better,'

Had Shakspeare written *take*, he would surely have said—"but we'll take't to-morrow." So, in the first scene of the second act Fleance says to his father: "I take't, 'tis later, sir." MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of change. The poet's meaning could not be misunderstood. His end was answered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little supposed a time would arrive, when his words were to abide the strictest scrutiny of verbal criticism. With the ease of conversation, therefore, he copied its incorrectness. To *take*, is to *use*, to *employ*. To *take* time, is a common phrase; and where is the impropriety of saying—"we'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make use of* to-morrow. Banquo, "without a prompter," must have understood, by this familiar expression, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wished to have employed to-day.

When Pistol says—"I can *take*"—he means, he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.—So Dryden, speaking of flames—

"At first they warm, then scorch, and then they *take*."

That the words *talk* and *take* may occasionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man conversant with the press will deny; and yet the bare possibility of a similar mistake in the present instance, ought to have little weight in opposition to an old reading sufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different sense by Fleance, and means—to *understand* in any particular sense or manner. So, Bacon: "I *take* it, that iron brags, called white brags, hath some mixture of tin." STEEVENS.

9 — go not my horse the better,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare 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 *King John*:

"Nay, but make haste; the *better* foot before."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. IX, c. xlvi: "—Many are caught out of their fellows hands, if they bestirre not themselves the *better*." It may, however, mean, If

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 be-  
stow'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  
upon us.

*MACB.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of  
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid  
the night. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It  
is supported by the following passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*,  
1603: "— and hee that hit it not full, if he rid not the faster,  
had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on  
the other end." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And so I do commend you to their backs.*] In old language one  
of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning  
here. So, in *K. Richard II.*:

"And now he doth *commend* his arms to rust." MALONE.

*Commend*, however, in the present instance, may only be a  
civil term, signifying—*send*. Thus in *King Henry VIII.*: "The  
king's majesty *commends* his good opinion to you." What Macbeth  
therefore, after expressing his friendly wish relative to their horses,  
appears to mean, is—so I *send* (or *dismis*) you to mount them.

STEEVENS.

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, Lords, Ladies, &c.*  
Sirrah, a word :<sup>2</sup> Attend those men our pleasure ?

*ATTEN.* They are, my lord, without the palace  
gate.

*MACB.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]  
To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'Tis much he  
dares ;

And, to<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup> He chid the sisters,

<sup>2</sup> *Sirrah, a word : &c.*] The old copy reads—

Sirrah, a word *with you* : Attend those men our pleasure ?

The words I have omitted are certainly spurious. The metre  
is injured by them, and the sense is complete without them.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to — ] i. e. in addition to. See p. 330, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,*

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.] For the sake of metre, the  
*prænomen*—*Mark* (which probably was an interpolation) might safe-  
ly be omitted. STEEVENS.

Though I would not often assume the critick'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 inser-  
tion of some player, that, having so much learning as to discover  
to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience  
should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened  
the author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image

When first they put the name of King upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;

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 Shakspeare close together without any traces of a breach.

*My genius is rebuk'd. He bid the sisters—.*

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakspeare'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 author in his revision. Mr. Heath 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 anapaest, 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.

Our author having alluded to this circumstance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reason to suspect any interpolation here:

“Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

“Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

“Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

“Where Cæsar's is not; but *near him thy angel*

“*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*” MALONE.

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 Bishops' Bible. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

“He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,

“A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with.”

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 the common enemy of man,<sup>6</sup>  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!<sup>7</sup>  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance!<sup>8</sup>—Who's  
 there?—

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. i:

“She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the common enemy of man*.] It is always an entertainment  
 to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source;  
 and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil,  
 is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleas'd with being  
 inform'd, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines  
 of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read.  
 This expreffion, however, he might have had in many other places.  
 The word *send* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats this phrase in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv:  
 “—Defy the devil: consider, he's an *enemy to mankind*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the seed of Banquo kings!*] The old copy reads—*seeds*.  
 Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *come, fate, into the list*,

*And champion me to the utterance!*] This passage will be best  
 explained by translating it into the language from whence the only  
 word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice,*  
*et qu'elle me donne un défi a l'outrance.* A challenge, or a combat  
*a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used  
 when the combatants engag'd with an *odium internecinum*, an *intention*  
*to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals,  
 or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation  
 or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd*  
*the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with*  
*the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavor*  
*to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expreffion in Gawin Douglas's translation  
 of *Virgil*, p. 331, 49:

“That war not put by Greikis to *utterance*,”



*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1. *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; pass'd in probation with

you,

How you were borne in hand;<sup>2</sup> how cross'd; the

instruments;

Again, in *The History of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle, &c.*  
by Stephen Hawes, 1555:

“ That so many monsters put to utterance.”

Again, and more appositely, in the 14th book of Golding's  
translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

“ To both the parties at the length from battell for to rest,

“ And not to fight to utterance.”

Shakspeare uses it again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Now to the door, and stay there till we call.*] The old copy  
reads—

“ Now go to the door &c;”

but for the sake of verification I suppose the word *go*, which is  
understood, may safely be omitted. Thus in the last scene of the  
foregoing act:

*Will you to Scene?*

*No cousin, I'll to Fife.*

In both these instances *go* is mentally inserted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *pass'd in probation with you,*

*How you were borne in hand, &c.*] The words—*with you, I*  
regard as an interpolation, and conceive the passage to have been  
originally given thus:

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that  
 might,  
 To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,  
 Say, Thus did Banquo,

I. *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? Are you so gospell'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

“ In our last conference; pass'd in probation how

“ You were borne in hand; how cross'd;” &c.

*Pass'd in probation* is, I believe, only a bulky phrase employed to signify—*proved*. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, “ pass in *proving* to you, how you were,” &c. So, in *Othello*:

“ ————— so *prove* it,

“ That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop

“ To hang a doubt on.”

Perhaps after the words “ with you,” there should be a comma rather than a semicolon. The construction, however, may be different. “ This I made good to you in our last conference, pass &c. I made good to you, how you were borne,” &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. MALONE.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in hand*,

“ And make them all my gulls.”

See Vol. IV. p. 212, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — 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 obedience to that precept of the gospel, which teaches us “ to pray for those that despitefully use us.” STEEVENS.

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

I. *MUR.* We are men, my liege.<sup>5</sup>

*MACB.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs,<sup>6</sup> water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *We are men, my liege.*] That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, "they don't answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat.—They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to show Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *stock*s, 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.

<sup>7</sup> — *the valued file* —] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

*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.*

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,  
 And not<sup>9</sup> 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  
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
 I do, to spite the world.

1. *MUR.* And I another,  
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,<sup>2</sup>

*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 *Trow 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 Beggars' Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— all ways worthy,

“ As else in any *file* of mankind.”

Shakspeare likewise has it in *Measure for Measure*: “ The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wife.” In short, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And not ———] *And* was supplied by Mr. Rowe for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> 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 tugg'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the complete thought, we should read:

So weary with disastrous tugs 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.

2. *MUR.* True, my lord.

*MACB.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,<sup>3</sup>

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near't 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<sup>4</sup> that are both his and mine,

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 tugg'd with fortune*, is scarce English.

WARBURTON.

*Tugg'd with fortune* may be, *tugg'd* or *worried* by fortune.

JOHNSON.

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propensity to needless alterations.

Mr. Malone very justly observes that the old reading is confirmed by the following passage in an Epistle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

“ He who hath never warr'd with misery,

“ Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and distress.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *in such bloody distance,*] *Distance*, for enmity.

WARBURTON.

By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For *certain friends*—] *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because of*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — Speak, good Cominius,

“ Leave nothing out *for length*.” STEEVENS.

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *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,<sup>4</sup>

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,  
The moment on't;<sup>5</sup> for't must be done to-night,

<sup>4</sup> —— *at most,*] These words have no other effect than to spoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,*

*The moment on't;*] 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.

I rather believe we should read thus:

*Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the time,*

*The moment on't;*—— TYRWHITT.

I believe that the word *with*, has here the force of *by*; in which sense Shakspeare frequently uses it; and that the meaning of the passage is this: “ I will let you know by the person best informed, of the exact moment in which the business is to be done.” And

And something from the palace; always thought,  
That I require a clearness:<sup>6</sup> And with him,

accordingly we find in the next scene, that these two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnson has observed.—In his letter to his wife, Macbeth says, “I have heard by the *perfectest* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge.”—And in this very scene, we find the word *with* used to express *by*, where the murderer says he is “tugg’d *with* fortune.” M. MASON.

The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo’s coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the *very moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

I explain the passage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a single point.

— Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.

Here I place a full stop; as no further instructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo’s return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds—“Acquaint *you*” &c. i. e. in ancient language, “acquaint *yourselves*” with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves*; as *him* is for *himself*, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“To see her noble lord restor’d to health,

“Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed *him*

“No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.”

In this place it is evident that *him* is used instead of *himself*. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“Advantage feeds *him* fat—” i. e. *himself*.

Again, more appositely, in *K. Richard II.* where York addressing himself to Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others, says—

“— enter in the castle

“And there repose *you* [i. e. yourselves] for this night.”

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned from some of Banquo’s attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themselves so as to cut him off on his return; but who could ascertain the precise hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpose?

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *always thought,*

*That I require a clearness:*] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion,

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; I'll come to you anon.<sup>6</sup>

*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.

*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.*

*LADY M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*SERV.* Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

*LADY M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

*SERV.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*LADY M.* Nought's had, all's spent,<sup>7</sup> Where our desire is got without content:

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.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll come to you anon.*] Perhaps the words—*to you*, which corrupt the metre, without enforcing the sense, are another playhouse interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Nought's had, all's spent,*] Surely, the unnecessary words—*Nought's had*—are a tasteless interpolation; for they violate the measure without expansion of the sentiment.



'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 forriest fancies<sup>8</sup> your companions making?  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without re-  
medy,<sup>9</sup>

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*MACB.* We have scotch'd<sup>2</sup> the snake, not kill'd  
it;

*For a few words. Madam, I will. All's spent.*

is a complete verse.

There is sufficient reason to suppose the metre of Shakspeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactness in making one speaker complete the verse which another had left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occasionally struggled with such metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or supplied. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— forriest fancies ———] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in *Otello*:

“ I have a salt and *sorry* rheum offends me.”

*Sorry*, however, might signify *sorrowful, melancholy, dismal*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ The place of death and *sorry* execution.”

Again, in the play before us (as Mr. M. Mason observes) Macbeth says,—“ This is a *sorry* fight.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Things without remedy,*] The old copy—*all* remedy. But surely, as Sir T. Hanmer thinks, the word *all* is an interpolation, hurtful to the metre, without improvement of the sense. The same thought occurs in *K. Richard II.* Act II. sc. iii:

“ Things past redress, are now with me past care.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *scotch'd* ———] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd*.

JOHNSON.

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,<sup>2</sup>  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,<sup>3</sup>  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.<sup>4</sup> Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

LADY M. Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

*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.

<sup>2</sup> *But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,*] The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern contraction, which was:

*But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer.*

The same idea occurs in *Hamlet*:

" That *both the worlds* I give to negligence." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,*] The old copy reads:

*Whom we, to gain our peace* —. For the judicious correction — *place*, we are indebted to the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *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 Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:

" Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,  
" And have no hope to end our *extasies*."

Again, Milton, in his ode on *The Nativity*:

" In pensive trance, and anguish, and *ecstatic fit*."

STEEVENS.

Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

*MACB.* So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance<sup>4</sup> apply to Banquo;  
Preſent him eminence,<sup>5</sup> 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.<sup>6</sup>

*LADY M.* You muſt leave this.

*MACB.* O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear  
wife!  
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*LADY M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — remembrance —] is here employed as a quadriſyllable. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ And laſting in her ſad remembrance.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Preſent him eminence,*] i. e. do him the higheſt honours.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *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.*] The ſenſe of this paſſage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omiſſion) appears to be as follows:—*It is a ſure ſign that our royalty is unſafe, when it muſt deſcend to flattery, and ſtoop to diſſimulation.*

And yet I cannot help ſuppoſing (from the hemiſtich, *unſafe the while that we*) ſome words to be wanting which originally rendered the ſentiment leſs obſcure. Shakſpeare might have written—

Unſafe the while *it is for us*, that we &c.

By a different arrangement in the old copy, the preſent hemiſtich, indeed, is avoided; but, in my opinion, to the diſadvantage of the other lines. See former editions. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *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 Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1305:

*MACB.* There's comfort yet, they are affailable;  
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight;<sup>8</sup> ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
mons,  
The shard-borne beetle,<sup>9</sup> with his drowfy hums,

“ — 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.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

“ — and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
“ Shall live the *leaf of nature*, pay his breath  
“ To time and mortal custom.”

Again, by our author's 13th *Sonnet*:

“ So should that beauty which you hold in *leaf*,  
“ Find no determination.” MALONE.

I once thought that by “Nature's copy” &c. our author meant (to use a Scriptural phrase) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — how shall man,  
“ *The image of his maker*, hope to thrive by't?”

but, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) in support of Dr. Johnson's explanation, we find that Macbeth in his next speech but one, alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, says,

Cancel and tear to pieces *that great bond*  
That keeps me pale.

Mr. M. Mason, however, adds, that “by nature's copy,” Shakspeare might only mean—*the human form divine*. STEEVENS.

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll*. It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the bat hath flown*

*His cloister'd flight*;} The bats wheeling round the *dim cloisters* of Queen's College Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet. STEEVENS.

Bats are often seen flying round *cloisters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The shard-borne beetle*,] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*.”

WARBURTON.

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

The *board-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *boards* or *scaly wings*. From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *boards* signified *scales*:

"She figh, her thought, a dragon tho,

"Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne." l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *boards*, 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 Shepherd*, says:

"The *scaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,

"That make a humming murmur as they fly."

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

"----- we find

"The *boarded* 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 *boarded 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 Shakspeare 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 *Antony and Cleopatra*, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of *Enobarbus* in that passage is evidently as follows: *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 *boards* 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 *board-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:

LADY. M.

What's to be done?

“ 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 *cowdung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, p. 165: “ The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge on a cowe's foule *shard*.” Again, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* exp. 775: “ Turf and peat, and cow *shards*, are cheap fuels, and last long.”

*Sharded beetle* in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty cry 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. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. ii. TOLLET.

The *shard-born beetle* is perhaps the beetle born among *shards*, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do.

Thus in *Hamlet* the priest says of Ophelia:

“ *Shards*, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.”

Would Mr. Tollet say that *cows dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcilable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens may be right; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong.

RITSON.

The *shard-born beetle* is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

— the *sharp-brow'd beetle*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the passage before us. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the most suitable to the context. The succeeding passages, however, make in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In a *Briefe Discourse of the Spanisb state*, 1590. p. 3. there is “ How that nation rising like the *beetle* from the *cowsheru* hurtleth against all things.” And in Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*:

“ Such souls as *shards* produce, such *beetle* things,

“ As only buzz to heaven with evening wings.”

The *Beetle* and the *Chafer* are distinct insects. HOLT WHITE.

*MACB.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
 chuck,<sup>2</sup>  
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night,<sup>3</sup>  
 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!<sup>4</sup>—Light thickens; and the  
 crow<sup>5</sup>

\* ——— *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. xxvii:

“ ——— immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife.”  
 It occurs also in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

“ — how dost thou *chuck*?”

“ — Ay, *biddy*, come with me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Come, feeling night,*] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. 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 they must be *ensyled*:  
 Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the oyer eye lyd,  
 and soe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that the  
 fe not,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale!*] This may be well explained by the fol-  
 lowing passage in *K. Richard 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.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Light thickens; and the crow &c.*] By the expression, *light  
 thicken*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. In this  
 sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— my lustre *thickens*

“ When he shines by.” — EDWARDS'S MSS.

It may be added, that in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Prince  
 John of Lancafter tells Falstaff, that “ his desert is *too thicke to shine*.”

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, Act I. sc. ult:

“ Fold your flocks up, for the air

“ 'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun

“ Already his great course hath run.” — STEEVENS.

Makes wing to the rooky wood :<sup>5</sup>  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowze ;  
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.<sup>6</sup>

Again, in Spenser's *Calender*, 1579 :

“ But see, the welkin *thicks* apace,  
 “ And *stouping* Phœbus *steepes* his face ;  
 “ It's time to haste us home-ward.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *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*, Shakspeare mentions

“ — the *reek* of th' rotten fens.”

And, in *Caliba Poetarum*, &c. 1599 :

“ Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme.”

*Rooky wood*, indeed, may signify a *rookery*, the wood that abounds with *rooks* ; yet, merely to say of the crow that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks*, is to add little immediately pertinent to the succeeding observation, viz. that

“ — things of day begin to droop and drowze.”

I cannot therefore help supposing our author wrote

“ — makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood.”

i. e. to *rooff* in it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act V. sc. vi :

“ The raven *rook'd* her on the chimney's top.”

See note on this passage.

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 72 :

“ But how their *rucken* in her nest.”

Again, in the 15th book of A. Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis* :

“ He *rucketh* down upon the same, and in the spices dies.”

Again, in *The Contention betwixte Churchyard and Camell*, &c. 1560 :

“ All day to *rucken* on my taile, and pore on a booke.”

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might (especially in a play-house copy) become easily corrupted. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.*] This appears to be said with reference to those dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released ; such indeed as are mentioned in *The Tempest*, as rejoicing “ To hear the solemn curfew,” because it announced the hour of their freedom. So also, in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella* :

“ In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir.”

The old copy reads—*pry's*. STEEVENS.



Thou marvell'ft at my words : but hold thee ftill ;  
 Things, bad begun, make ftroong themfelves by ill :  
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The fame. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1. *MUR.* But who did bid thee join with us ?<sup>7</sup>

3. *MUR.* Macbeth.

2. *MUR.* He needs not our miftruff ; fince he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
 To the direftion juft.

1. *MUR.* Then ftand with us.

The weft yet glimmers with fome ftreaks of day :  
 Now furs the lated<sup>8</sup> traveller apace,

<sup>7</sup> *But who did bid thee join with us ?*] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect fpy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing fcene, has, before they enter upon the ftage, given them the direftions which were promifed at the time of their agreement ; yet one of the murderers fuborned, fufpects him of intending to betray them ; the other obferves, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be miftruffd. JOHNSON.

The third affaffin feems to have been fent to join the others, from Macbeth's fuperabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that fome converfation has paffed between them before their prefent entry on the ftage. MALONE.

The third murderer enters only to tell them *where* they fhould place themfelves. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *lated* —] i. e. belated, benighted. So again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ I am fo *lated* in the world, that I

“ Have loft my way for ever.” STEEVENS.

To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3. *MUR.* Hark ! I hear horfes.

*BAN.* [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2. *MUR.* Then it is he ; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,<sup>7</sup>  
Already are i'the court.<sup>8</sup>

1. *MUR.* His horfes 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 ; a Servant with a  
torch preceding them.*

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.  
[*assaults BANQUO.*]

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Then it is he ; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i'the court.*] Perhaps this passage, before it fell into the hands of the players, stood thus :

“ Then it is he ;

“ The rest within the note of expectation,

“ Are i'the court.”

The hasty recurrence of *are* in the last line, and the redundancy of the metre, seem to support my conjecture. Numberless are the instances in which the player editors would not permit the necessary something to be supplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipsis. STEVENS.

BAN. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,  
fly;  
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!  
[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.<sup>9</sup>

3. MUR. Who did strike out the light?

1. MUR. Was't not the way?<sup>2</sup>

3. MUR. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. MUR. We have lost best half of our affair.

1. MUR. Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*A Room of state in the Palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down: at  
first,  
And last, the hearty welcome.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Fleance [*Sc. escape.*] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him in a direct line King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. STEVENS.

Rather, to effect our purpose. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *You know your own degrees, sit down: at first, And last, the hearty welcome.*] I believe the true reading is:  
*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first And last the hearty welcome.*

LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.

MACB. Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state; † but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. 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  
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

† *Our hostess keeps her state; &c.*] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The king" (Henry 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.

To *keep state* is a phrase perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas &c. So Ben Jonson in his *Cynthia's Revels*:

"Seated in thy silver chair  
State in wonted manner keep."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*:

"What a *state she keeps!* how far off they sit from her!"

Many more instances, to the same purpose, might be given.

STEVENS.

A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"This *chair* shall be my *state*."

Again, in Sir T. Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.*: "— where being set, the king *under a state*," &c. Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "— espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself." MALONE.

MUR. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACB. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.<sup>5</sup>  
Is he despatch'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 didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

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 gashes<sup>6</sup> on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

<sup>5</sup> *'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 author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on  
thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are com-  
mon in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this last was the author's meaning.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — trenched gashes —] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden  
of Feversham*, 1592:

“ Is deeply trenched on my blushing brow.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ — like a figure

“ Trenched in ice.” STEEVENS.

*MACB.* Thanks for that:—  
 There the grown serpent lies; the worm,<sup>7</sup> that's fled,  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow  
 We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

*LADY M.* My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,<sup>8</sup>  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,  
 'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at  
 home;  
 From thence, the fauce to meat is ceremony;  
 Meeting were bare without it.

*MACB.* Sweet remembrancer!—  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,<sup>9</sup>  
 And health on both!

*LEN.* May it please your highness sit?  
 [*The ghost of BANQUO rises,<sup>2</sup> and sits in MACBETH'S  
 place.*]

<sup>7</sup> — *the worm.*] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the feast is sold, &c.*] Mr. Pope reads:—*the feast is cold*,—and not without plausibility. Such another phrase occurs in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ You must be welcome too:—*the feast is flat else.*”

But the same expression as Shakspeare's, is found in *The Romannt of the Rose*:

“ Good dede done through praicere,  
 “ *Is sold, and bought to dere.*” STEEVENS.

The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

It is still common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *Now, good digestion wait on appetite.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:  
 “ A good digestion: to you all.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The ghost of Banquo rises.*] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: “ We'll ha' the *ghost* i' th' white sheet sit at *upper end o' th' table.*” FARMER.

*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!<sup>3</sup>

*ROSSE.* His absence, fir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-  
ness  
To grace us with your royal company?

*MACB.* The table's full.

*LEN.* Here is a place reserv'd, fir.

*MACB.* Where?

*LEN.* Here, my lord.<sup>4</sup> What is't that  
moves your highness?

*MACB.* Which of you have done this?

*LORDS.* What, my good lord?

*MACB.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*ROSSE.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

<sup>3</sup> *Than pity for mischance!*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by these words discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr. Wheatley has observed,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause." MALONE.

These words do not seem to convey any consciousness of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or allusion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Wheatley supposes. Macbeth only means to say—"I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it."

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> *Here, my lord. &c.*] The old copy—my *good* lord; an interpolation that spoils the metre. The compositor's eye had caught—*good* from the next speech but one. STEEVENS.

*LADY M.* Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is oftēn thus,  
 And hath been from his youth : 'pray you, keep seat ;  
 The fit is momentary ; upon a thought <sup>4</sup>  
 He will again be well : If much you note him,  
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion ; <sup>5</sup>  
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

*MACB.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
 Which might appal the devil.

*LADY M.* O proper stuff ! <sup>6</sup>  
 This is the very painting of your fear :  
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,  
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well become <sup>7</sup>  
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

<sup>4</sup> ——— upon a thought —] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I : “ — and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.” Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ — as swift

“ As meditation, or the thoughts of love.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — extend his passion ;] Prolong his suffering ; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> O proper stuff !] This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itself!*

JOHNSON.

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that possessed him. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — O, these flaws, and starts,

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become &c.] 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.

Flaws are sudden gusts. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.” STEVENS.

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.” MALONE.



Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a fool.

*MACB.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.<sup>8</sup>

*LADY M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?<sup>9</sup>

*MACB.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*LADY M.* Fie, for shame!

*MACB.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the  
olden time,<sup>2</sup>

Impostors to true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place.

M. MASON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* “Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches *to* them.” STEEVENS.

*To* may be used for *of*. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have an expression resembling this:

“Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Shall be the maws of kites.*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii:

“But be entombed in the raven or the kight.” STEEVENS.

“In splendidissimum quemque captivum, non sine verborum contumelia, sævit: ut quidem uni suppliciter *sepulturam* precani respondisse dicatur, jam istam in *volucrum fore potestatem.*” Sueton. in August. 13. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What! quite unmann'd in folly?*] Would not this question be forcible enough without the two last words, which overflow the metre, and consequently may be suspected as interpolations?

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *i'the olden time,*] Mr. M. Mason proposes to read—“the golden time,” meaning the *Golden age*: but the ancient reading may be justified by Holinshed, who, speaking of the witches, says, they “resembled creatures of the *elder world*;” and in *Twelfth Night* we have

“— dallies with the innocence of love,

“Like the *old age.*”

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;<sup>2</sup>  
 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 M. My worthy lord,  
 Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget :—  
 Do not muse at me,<sup>3</sup> 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,

Again, in "Thy storye of Jacob and his twelve sones" bl. l.  
 printed by Wynkyn de Worde :

"Of dedes done in *the olde tyme*."

Again, in our Liturgy—"and in the *old time* before them."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;*] The *gentle weal*,  
 is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human*  
*statutes*.

"*Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes*." JOHNSON.

In my opinion it means "that state of innocence which did not  
 require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure."

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Do not muse at me,*] To *muse* anciently signified to *wonder*, to  
 be in *amazement*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV :

"I *muse*, you make so slight a question."

Again, in *All's well that ends well* :

"And rather *muse*, than ask, why I entreat you."

STEEVENS.

*Ghost rises.*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,<sup>4</sup>  
And all to all.<sup>5</sup>

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

MACB. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the  
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes<sup>6</sup>  
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY. M. Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — to all, and him, we thirst,] We thirst, I suppose, means we desire to drink. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Cassius says, when Brutus drinks to him, to bury all unkindness,

“ My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.” M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> 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.”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.* more intelligibly:

“ And to you all good health.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — no speculation in those eyes —] So, in the 115th Psalm:  
“ — eyes have they, but see not.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — the Hyrcan tyger,] Theobald chooses to read, in opposition to the old copy—*Hyrcanian* 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.

Alteration certainly might be spared: in *Riche's second part of Simonides*, 4to. 1584, fig. c. 1. we have “ Contrariwise these

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;  
 If trembling I inhibit<sup>s</sup> thee, protest me

souldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themselves on their own bowelles; some parricides, some fratricides, all homicides.”

REED.

Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian tyger*, which was followed by Theobald and others. *Hircan tygers* are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his *Sonnets*, 1594:

“ — restore thy fierce and cruel mind

“ To *Hircan tygers*, and to ruthless beares.” MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *If trembling I inhibit* —] *Inhabit* 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. 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. *Otello*, Act I. sc. vii:

“ — a practiser

“ Of arts *inhibited*.”

*Hamlet*, Act II. sc. vi:

“ I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation.”

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

I have not the least doubt that “ *inhibit thee*,” — is the true reading. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find in the second and all the subsequent folios — “ which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon.” — instead of *inhibited*.

The same error is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618, p. 772: “ Also Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the seventh, the said flewhouses in Southwarke were for a season *inhabited*, and the doores closed up, but it was not long, saith he, ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted.” — The passage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in Manuscript a continuation of his Chronicle from the accession of K. Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's possession in the year 1600, but I believe is now lost.

By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the respect that it deserved by giving it a place in my text, this passage is rendered clear and easy.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*  
Unreal mockery,<sup>9</sup> hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

LADY M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke  
the good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

M A C B. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?<sup>2</sup> You make me  
strange

Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line stands—If trembling I inhabit then, protest &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then protest &c.

In our author's *K. Richard II.* we have nearly the same thought :

“ If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

“ *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.*” MALONE.

*Inhabit* is the original reading ; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is—Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I through fear remain trembling in my castle, then protest me, &c. Shakspeare here uses the verb *inhabit* in a neutral sense, to express *continuance in a given situation* ; and Milton has employed it in a similar manner :

Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven ! HENLEY.

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undoubtedly have a meaning like that suggested by Mr. Henley. Thus, in *As you like it*,—“ O knowledge ill-*inhabited* ! worse than Jove in a thatched house !” *Inhabited*, in this instance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.

It is not, therefore, impossible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciously meant—*stay within doors*.—If, when you have challenged me to the desert, I sculk in my house, do not hesitate to protest my cowardice. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Unreal mockery,*] i. e. *unsubstantial pageant*, as our author calls the vision in *The Tempest* ; or the picture in *Timon of Athens* ; “ — a mocking of the life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Can such things be,*

*And overcome us like a summer's cloud,*

*Without our special wonder ?*] The meaning is, can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us. JOHNSON.

Even to the disposition that I owe,<sup>3</sup>  
 When now I think you can behold such fights,  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

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, *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. vii. ll. 4:

“ ——— A little valley ———

“ All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*.”

FARMER.

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentance*, 1567:

“ With blode *overcame* were both his eyes.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *You make me strange*

*Even to the disposition that I owe,*] Which in plain English is only: *You make me just mad.* WARBURTON.

You produce in me an *alienation of mind*; which is probably the expression which our author intended to paraphrase. JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors 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 End's Well*, Act V:

“ ——— if you know

“ That you are well acquainted with yourself.”

STEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a stranger to, or forgetful of, that brave disposition which I know I possess; and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a fight which has not in the least alarmed you.* A passage in *As you like it* may prove the best comment on that before us:

“ If with myself I hold intelligence,

“ Or have acquaintance with my own desires ———.”

So Macbeth says, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* disposition of mind: His wife's *superior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *stranger* might be supposed to be. MALONE.

I believe it only means *you make me amazed*. The word *strange* was then used in that sense. So, in *The History of Jack of Newberry* — “ I jest not, said she; for I mean it shall be; and stand not *strangely*, but remember that you promised me,” &c. REED.

When mine are blanch'd with fear.<sup>4</sup>

ROSSE.

What fights, my lord?

LADY M. 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 M.

A kind good night to all!  
[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*]

MACB. It will have blood; they say, blood will  
have blood:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — 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.” STEVENS.

The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading—*check*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives perhaps a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakspeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays.—In this very scene the old copy has “—the times *has* been,” &c. Perhaps it may be said that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> A kind *good night to all!*] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueless syllables—a *kind*, are a playhouse interpolation.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:*] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, p. 118:

“Take heede, ye princes, by examples past,

“*Bloud will have bloud, eyther at first or last.*”

HENDERSON.

I would thus point the passage:

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

“Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite.”

*Ferrex and Porrex*, Act IV. sc. ii. WHALLEY.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
 speak ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Augurs, and understood relations,<sup>7</sup> have  
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
 forth

I have followed Mr. Whalley's punctuation, instead of placing the semicolon after—*say*.

The same words occur in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ *Bloud will have bloud, foul murder scape no scourge.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and trees to speak ;] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (See the third book of the *Æneid*) revealed the murder of Polydorus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Augurs, and understood relations, &c.*] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes ; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, 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 have read :

*Augurs that understand relations, have*

*By magpies and by choughs, &c.*

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and 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 *magatapic*. So, in *The Night-Raven*, a Satirical Collection &c :

“ I neither tattle with iack-daw,

“ Or *Maggot-pye* on thatch'd house straw.”

*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 abbreviation 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 *maggatapic* : and Middleton in his *More Dissemblers beside Women*, says : “ He calls her *magot o' pie.*” FARMER.



The secret'st man of blood.<sup>8</sup>—What is the night?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,  
At our great bidding?<sup>9</sup>

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir?

MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

<sup>8</sup> — and coughs, and rooks, brought forth

*The secret'st man of blood.*] The inquisitive reader will find such a story in Thomas Lupton's *Thousand notable things* &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100; and in Goulart's *Admirable Histories* &c. p. 425. 4to. 1607. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *How say'st thou, &c.*] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel; yea, she returned answer to herself.*"

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation of this passage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He supposes, and not without sufficient reason, that "what Macbeth means to say, is this. *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding?—What do you infer from thence?—What is, your opinion of the matter?*"

So, in *Othello*, when the Duke is informed that the Turkish fleet was making for Rhodes, which he supposed to have been bound for Cyprus, he says,

"How say you by this change?"

That is, what do you think of it?

In *The Coxcomb* Antonio says to Maria,

"Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?"

"He will away at midnight."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Speed says—

"But Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?"

Again, Macbeth, in his address to his wife, on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost, uses the same form of words:

"—behold! look! lo! how say you?"

The circumstance, however, on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to

There's not a one of them,<sup>9</sup> but in his house  
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
 (Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :<sup>2</sup>  
 More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,  
 By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,  
 All causes shall give way ; I am in blood  
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er :  
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;  
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.<sup>3</sup>

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures,  
 sleep.<sup>4</sup>

assist in building the castle of Dunfinane. Macduff sent workmen &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *There's not a one of them,*] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1614, 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 Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed: "He had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> (*Betimes I will,*) unto the weird sisters:] The ancient copy reads—

" And betimes I will to the weird sisters."

They whose ears are familiarized to discord, may perhaps object to my omission of the first word, and my supplement to the fifth.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— be scann'd.] To *scan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— so he goes to heaven,

" And so am I reveng'd: That would be *scann'd*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature*. " *Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

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

*MACB.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and  
self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—  
We are yet but young in deed.<sup>5</sup> [*Exeunt.*

praise in." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, where, as in the present instance, the word is used as a substantive:

"And falt too little, which may *season* give

"To her foul tainted flesh."

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *We are yet but young in deed.*] The editions before Theobald read:

*We're but young indeed.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III: We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made *impudent* with use of *evil deeds.*"

or, we are not yet (as Romeo expresses it) "*old murderers.*" Theobald's amendment may be countenanced by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "Not *in deed*, madam, for I can do nothing."

*The initiate fear*, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*.

STEVENS.

## S C E N E V.

*The Heath.*

**Thunder.** Enter HECATE,<sup>5</sup> meeting the three Witches.

I. WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate?<sup>6</sup> you look angrily.

<sup>5</sup> — Enter Hecate,] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing 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 his *Masque of Queens*, 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.

Again, in a *True examination and confession of Elizabeth Stile, alias Rockyngham, &c.* 1579. bl. l. 12mo: “Further she saith, that mother Seidre dwelling in the almshouse, was the *maistres* witch of all the reste, and she is now deade.”

Shakspeare 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.

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, B. III. c. ii. and c. xvi. and B. XII. c. iii. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly “meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods,” and “that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans,” &c.—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as “the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*.” TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, how now, Hecate?*] Marlowe, though a scholar, has likewise used the word *Hecate*, as a dissyllable:

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,  
 Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare  
 To trade and traffick 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 show the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.<sup>7</sup>

“ Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecar's* tree,  
 “ With magick spells so compass thee.”

*Dr. Faustus.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— for a wayward son,

*Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,*

*Loves for his own ends, not for you.*] Inequality of measure,  
 (the first of these lines being a foot longer than the second) together  
 with the unnecessary and weak comparison—*as others do*, incline  
 me to regard the passage before us as both maimed and interpolated.  
 Perhaps it originally ran thus:

——— for a wayward son,

*A spiteful and a wrathful, who*

*Loves for his own ends, not for you.*

But the repetition of the article *a* being casually omitted by  
 some transcriber for the theatre, the verse became too short, and a  
 fresh conclusion to it was supplied by the amanuensis, who over-  
 looked the legitimate rhyme *who*, when he copied the play for  
 publication.

If it be necessary to exemplify the particular phraseology intro-  
 duced by way of amendment, a passage in the *Witch* by Middleton,  
 will sufficiently answer that purpose:

What death is't you desire for Almachildes?—

*A sudden, and a subtle.*

In this instance, the repeated article *a* is also placed before two  
 adjectives referring to a substantive in the preceding line. See also  
*The Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 155: “ Pray God send us a good  
 world and a peaceable.” Again, in our author's *King Henry IV*:  
 “ A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent.”

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntyng, that is  
 cleped myster of game*: “ It [the Boar] is a prowde beest, a feers,  
 and a perilous.” STEEVENS.

But make amends now: Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron<sup>8</sup>  
 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:  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal-fatal end.<sup>9</sup>  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon;  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
 And that, distill'd by magick sights,<sup>3</sup>  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:

<sup>8</sup> — *the pit of Acheron* —] Shakspeare 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 *Amsanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Unto a dismal-fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by needless addition:

Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

I read—*dismal-fatal*. Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes in a note on *King Richard III.* is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in that play we meet with *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-flaring*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *vaporous drop profound*;] That is, a drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

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 *Erictho* using it. l. 6:

“ — *et virus large lunare ministrat.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *sights*,] Arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away,*<sup>4</sup> &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1. WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon  
be back again. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* LENOX, *and another Lord.*<sup>5</sup>

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,

<sup>4</sup> *Come away, come away, &c.*] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, "A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; long since acted &c. written by Thomas Middleton."

*The Hecate of Shakspeare* has said—

"I am for the air," &c.

*The Hecate of Middleton* (who, like the former, is summoned away by aerial spirits) has the same declaration in almost the same words—

"I am for aloft" &c.

Song.] "Come away, come away:  
"Heecat, Heecat, come away," &c. } *in the air.*

See my note among Mr. Malone's Prolegomena, Article *Macbeth*, [Vol. I.] where other coincidences &c. are pointed out.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to align a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man.

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,<sup>5</sup> how monstrous<sup>6</sup>  
 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,

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 author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Who cannot want the thought,*] The sense requires:  
 Who can want the thought—

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiae*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *monstrous* —] This word is here used as a trisyllable.

MALONE.



Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son of Duncan,<sup>1</sup>  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid<sup>2</sup>  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;<sup>3</sup>  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,<sup>4</sup>  
All which we pine for now : And this report  
Hath so exasperate<sup>5</sup> the king,<sup>6</sup> that he

<sup>1</sup> *The son of Duncan,*] The old copy—*sons*. MALONE.

Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — on *his aid* —] Old copy—*upon*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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.

Aukward transpositions in ancient language are so frequent, that the passage before us might have passed unsuspected, had there not been a possibility that the compositor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray* (a verb commonly used by old writers) but any change perhaps is needless. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and receive free honours,] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes ; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *exasperate* —] i. e. exasperated. So *contaminate* is used for contaminated in *K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — the king,] i. e. Macbeth. The old copy has, less intelligibly, —*their*. STEEVENS.

Prepares for some attempt of war.<sup>4</sup>

LEN. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

LEN. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution,<sup>5</sup> to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accurs'd!<sup>6</sup>

LORD. My prayers with him!<sup>7</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Their* refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unnecessarily, I think, *the king.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Prepares for some attempt of war.*] The singularity of this expression, with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almost persuade me to follow Sir T. Hanmer, by the omission of the two last words. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Advise him to a caution,*] Sir T. Hanmer, to add smoothness to the versification, reads—*to a care.*

I suspect, however, the words—*to a,* are interpolations designed to render an elliptical expression more clear, according to some player's apprehension. Perhaps the lines originally stood thus:

And that well might  
Advise him caution, *and* to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *to this our suffering country*

*Under a hand accurs'd!*] The construction is,—to our country suffering under a hand accursed. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My prayers with him!*] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of measure, reads

*I'll send my prayers with him.*

I am aware, that for this, and similar rejections, I shall be censured by those who are disinclined to venture out of the track of the old stage-waggon, though it may occasionally conduct them into a slough. It may soon, therefore, be discovered, that nume-

ACT IV. SCENE I.<sup>s</sup>

*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. *WITCH.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.<sup>9</sup>

2. *WITCH.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig  
whin'd.<sup>2</sup>

rous beauties are resident in the discarded words—*I send*; and that as frequently as the vulgarism—*on*, has been displaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble.—For my own sake, however, let me add, that throughout the present tragedy no such liberties have been exercised, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in supposing the irregularities of Shakspeare's text to be oftener occasioned by interpolations, than by omissions. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Scene I.*] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgement Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's witches:

3. *WITCH.* Harper cries: '—'Tis time, 'tis time.<sup>4</sup>

“ 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 their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare 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 fullens, but some old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*”

“ Toad, that under the cold stone,  
“ Days and nights hath 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 Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock 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 Shakspeare, 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 of-

i. *WITCH.* Round about the cauldron go ;<sup>9</sup>  
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

fended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgement and genius.

“ And now about the cauldron sing,——

“ Black spirits and white,  
“ Red spirits and grey,  
“ 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 shown, 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 Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgement and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*] A cat, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient ; and the original, perhaps, this : *When Galinbia 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 Phæbi latuit.*” WARBURTON.

<sup>a</sup> *Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads,

Toad, that under coldest stone,<sup>6</sup>  
Days and nights hast<sup>7</sup> thirty one

*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, 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 *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence says, "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempest*.

T. WARTON.

<sup>3</sup> 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 ἀρπάξω rapio. See Upton's *Critical observations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

*Harper*, however, may be only a misspelling, or misprint, for *barpy*. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"And like a *barper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey, especially when they are hungry.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —'Tis time, 'tis time.] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

*Harper cries*:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

Thus too the *Hecate of Middleton*, already quoted:

"*Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?

"*Stad.*] Briefely in the coppes.

"*Hec.*] 'Tis bigb time for us then." STEEVENS.

Swelter'd venom <sup>8</sup> sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

*ALL.* Double, double toil and trouble;<sup>9</sup>  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *WITCH.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

<sup>5</sup> *Round about the cauldron go;*] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*:

“ In dismal dance about the furnace blue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *coldest stone,*] The old copy has—“ *cold stone.*” The modern editors, “ — *the cold stone.*”—The slighter change I have made, by substituting the superlative for the positive, has met with the approbation of Dr. Farmer, or it would not have appeared in the text. STEEVENS.

*The* was added by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Days and nights haft—*] Old copy—*bas.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Swelter'd venom—*] This word seems to be employed 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.”

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following sentence also occurs:—“ an huge and mighty *toad* even *sweltering* (as it were) in *a hole full of poison.*” “ *Sweltering* in blood” is likewise an expression used by Fuller in his *Church History*, p. 37.

And in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593, is a similar expression:

“ He spake great things that *swelted* in his greace.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *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.

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,<sup>2</sup>  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*ALL.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *WITCH.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,<sup>3</sup>  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;<sup>4</sup>  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

<sup>2</sup> ——— blind-worm's *sting*,] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*;  
So Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:

“ The small-eyed *slow-worm* held of many *blind*.”

STEEVENS,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *maw*, and *gulf*,] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

STEEVENS,

In *The Mirror for Magistrates*, we have “ monstrous *mawes* and *gulfs*.” HENDERSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— ravin'd *salt-sea shark*;] Mr. M. Mason observes that we should read *ravin* instead of *ravin'd*. So, in *All's well that ends well* Helena says,

“ ——— Better it were

“ I met the *ravin* lion, when he roar'd

“ With sharp constraint of hunger.”

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill*, Gillian says

“ When nurse Amaranta—

“ Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear,

“ She was the *ravin's* prey.”

However, in Phineas Fletcher's *Locusts*, or *Appollyonists*, 1627, the same word, as it appears in the text of the play before us, occurs:

“ But slew, devour'd and fill'd his empty maw;

“ But with his *raven'd* prey his bowells broke,

“ So into four divides his brazen yoke.”

*Ravin'd* is glutt'd with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey* obtained by violence. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 7:

“ ——— but a den for beafts of *ravin* made.”

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.



Liver of blaspheming Jew ;  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab :  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>7</sup>  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*ALL.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
 Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

To *ravin*, according to Minshew, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his *Dict.* 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means to cut a piece or a slice. Again, in *King Lear* :

“ She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch.”

Milton has transplanted the second of these ideas into his *Lycidas* :

“ ——— perfidious bark

“ Built in th' *eclipse*.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;] These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So solicitous indeed were our neighbours the French (from whom most of our prejudices as well as customs are derived) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,] *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 *chaldron*. 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 sauce made with its entrails. See *Ives's Select Papers* ; N<sup>o</sup>. 3. p. 140. See also Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient English Cookery, &c.* 8vo. 1780, p. 66.

STEVENS.

2. *WITCH.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.*<sup>7</sup>

*HEC.* O, well done!<sup>8</sup> 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,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.<sup>9</sup>

*Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

<sup>7</sup> — *the other three Witches.*] The insertion of these words (and the *other three Witches*) in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. There is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant to introduce more than *three* witches upon the scene. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *O, well done!*] Ben Jonson's *Dame*, in his *Masque of Queens*, 1609, addresses her associates in the same manner:

“*Well done, my bags!*”

The attentive reader will observe, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his strongest efforts to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command.

It may be remarked also, that Shakspeare's Hecate, after delivering a speech of five lines, interferes no further in the business of the scene, but is lost in the crowd of subordinate witches. Nothing, in short, is effected by her assistance, but what might have been done without it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *SONG.*] In a former note on this tragedy, I had observed, that the original edition contains only the two first words of the song before us; but have since discovered the entire stanza in the *Witch*, a dramatic piece by Middleton, already quoted. The song is there called—“a Charm-song, about a vessel.”—I may add, that this invocation, as it *first* occurs in the *Witch*, is—“White spirits, black spirits, gray spirits, red spirits.”—Afterwards, we find it in its present metrical shape.

2. *WITCH.* By the pricking of my thumbs,<sup>2</sup>  
Something wicked this way comes:—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*MACB.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags?  
What is't you do?

*ALL.* A deed without a name.

*MACB.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(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<sup>3</sup>  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,<sup>4</sup> and trees blown  
down;

The song was in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monfieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,  
“ Be thou heard, or to be seen.”

Perhaps, indeed, this musical scrap (which does not well accord with the serious business of the scene) was introduced by the players, without the suggestion of Shakspeare. STEVENS.

Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of spirits, particularly mentions *white*, *black*, *grey*, and *red* spirits. See also a passage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 499, n. 8. The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* spirits and grey. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *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 prefaces of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in *The Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: “Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *yeasty waves* —] That is *foaming* or *frothy waves*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Though bladed corn be lodg'd,*] So, in *K. Richard II*:

“ Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn.”

Though castles topple <sup>4</sup> on their warders' heads;  
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-  
 sure

Of nature's germins <sup>5</sup> tumble all together,  
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
 To what I ask you.

1. *WITCH.* Speak.

2. *WITCH.* Demand.

3. *WITCH.* We'll answer.

1. *WITCH.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
 mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

*MACB.* Call them, let me see them.

1. *WITCH.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ Like to the summer corn by tempest lodg'd.”

Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be  
*lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently, the same meaning. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Though castles topple* — ] *Topple*, is used for *tumble*. So, in  
 Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, Act IV. sc. iii :

“ That I might pile up Charon's boat so 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.

<sup>5</sup> *Of nature's germins* — ] This was substituted by Theobald  
 for *Natures germaine*. JOHNSON.

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.

From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high, or low ;  
Thyself, and office, deftly shew.<sup>6</sup>

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed head rises.*<sup>7</sup>

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

I. WITCH. He knows thy thought ;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.<sup>8</sup>

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff ;  
Beware the thane of Fife.<sup>9</sup>—Dismiss me :—Enough.  
[descends.]

<sup>6</sup> — deftly shew.] 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.

<sup>7</sup> *An 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.

<sup>8</sup> — say thou nought.] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in Dr. *Fanston*, 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.

<sup>9</sup> *Beware the thane of Fife.*—] “ — He had learned of certain

*M*<sub>ACB</sub>. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :<sup>2</sup>—But one word  
more :—

*I*. *WITCH*. He will not be commanded : Here's  
another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder*. *An Apparition of a bloody child rises*.

*APP*. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

*M*<sub>ACB</sub>. 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 Macbeth.<sup>3</sup> [*descends*.

*M*<sub>ACB</sub>. Then live, Macduff ; What need I fear  
of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate :<sup>4</sup> thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heed of *Macduff*," &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinshed :—" And surely here-upon 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 slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *take a bond of fate :*] In this scene the attorney has more than once degraded the poet ; for presently we have—" *the lease of nature*." STEEVENS.

*Thunder.* An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?<sup>5</sup>

*ALL.* Listen, but speak not.<sup>6</sup>

*APP.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunfinane hill<sup>7</sup>  
Shall come against him. [*descends.*]

*MACB.* That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest;<sup>8</sup> bid the tree

<sup>5</sup> — *the round*

*And top of sovereignty?*] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Listen, but speak not.*] The old copy, injuriously to measure, reads—

Listen, but speak not *to't*. STEEVENS,

<sup>7</sup> — *high Dunfinane hill*—] The present quantity of *Dunfinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced. Thus, in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729 (a good authority):

“ The noble Weemys, M<sup>c</sup> duff's immortal son,  
“ M<sup>c</sup> duff! th' asserter of the Scottish throne;  
“ Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunfinnan* tell,  
“ When Canmore battled, and the villain \* fell.” RITSON.

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetic formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

“ Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May  
“ Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,  
“ Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland  
“ Be listit to Northumberland—.” T. WARTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd. JOHNSON.

Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!  
 Rebellious head, rise never,<sup>9</sup> till the wood  
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
 To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
 Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art  
 Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
 Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—  
 Why finks that cauldron? and what noise is this?<sup>2</sup>

[Hautboys.

1. WITCH. Show! 2. WITCH. Show! 3. WITCH.  
 Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
 Come like shadows, so depart.

<sup>9</sup> *Rebellious head, rise never,*] The old copy has—*rebellious dead.*  
 MALONE.

We should read—*Rebellious head*,—i. e. let rebellion never make  
 head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power:

“That Douglas and the English rebels met;—

“A mighty and a fearful *head* they are.” *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

“Who first *rais'd head* against usurping Richard.”

JOHNSON.

This phrase is not peculiar to Shakspeare: So, in *The Death of*  
*Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“—howling like a *head* of angry wolves.”

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

“Is, like a *head* of people, mutinous.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — [*what noise is this?*] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often  
 literally synonymous for *music*. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II.  
 Act II. sc. iv. Thus also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 39:

“During which time there was a heavenly *noise*.”

See likewise the 47th Psalm: “God is gone up with a merry  
*noise*, and the Lord with the sound of the trump.” STEEVENS.



*Eight kings*<sup>3</sup> appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo following.

*M*ACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
 down!  
 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls: <sup>4</sup>—And thy hair,  
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
 A third is like the former: <sup>5</sup>—Filthy hags!

<sup>3</sup> *Eight kings*——] “It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should 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 representation 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 Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls:*] The expression of Macbeth, that the crown fears his eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to blind. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— and thy hair,

*Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—*

*A third is like the former:*] As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surpris’d that the hair of the second was bound with gold like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

—— and thy air,

*Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.*

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

I do not at present recollect that the term—*air*, signifying the manner of a person, is any where employed by Shakspeare. Perhaps, indeed, this adoption from the French language is not as ancient as his time; for the word then used to express peculiarity of countenance or gesture, was—*trick*. So, in *King John*: “—— a trick of Coeur-de-lion’s face;” and in *All’s well that ends well*—“Every line and trick of his sweet favour.”

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!  
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?<sup>6</sup>

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,<sup>7</sup>  
Which shows me many more; and some I see,  
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:<sup>8</sup>

The old reading, therefore, as Mr. M. Mason observes, may be the true one. "It implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness, than the *air*, which depends on habit" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to the crack of doom?] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed 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.

<sup>7</sup> *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 shows 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 *glasse*, 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 *glasi*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of fatires, no date:

"Shew you the devil in a *chrystal glasi*."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glasi* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the third book of *The Faery Queen*. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in *The Squier's Tale* of Chaucer; and in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boistean's *Theatrum Mundi* &c. bl. l. no date, "A certaine philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which *shewed him in a glasse* the order of his enemies march." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *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 conse-

Horrible fight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;<sup>9</sup>  
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo<sup>2</sup> smiles upon me,  
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1. WITCH. Ay, fir, all this is so:—But why  
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—  
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,<sup>3</sup>  
 And show the best of our delights;  
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,<sup>4</sup>

derate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to *The Masque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;] That the metre may be complete, I have supplied—ay, an adverb employed by our author in other places, to enforce his meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — the blood-bolter'd Banquo —] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. “I ordered (says my informant) a harness-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give it the appearance of leather. The saddler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, saying, it would *bolter* the horse. Being asked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied *dirty*, *besmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This conversation passed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon.”

In the same neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered* [pronounced *baltered*]. Such a term is therefore strictly applicable to Banquo, who had *twenty trenched gashes on his head*.

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly confirmed by Mr. Homer, a truly respectable clergyman of Warwickshire. I seize this opportunity to offer my best acknowledgement for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his son, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Sallust and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — cheer we up his sprights,] i. e. spirits. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

“Hold thou my heart, establish thou my *sprights*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I'll charm the air to give a sound,] *The Hecate* of Middleton says on a similar occasion:

“Come, my sweete sisters, let *the air* strike our tune,

“Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moone.”

STEEVENS.

While you perform your antique round :<sup>4</sup>  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

*M*ACB. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!<sup>5</sup>—  
Come in, without there!

*Enter* LENOX.

*LEN.* What's your grace's will?

*M*ACB. Saw you the weird sisters?

*LEN.* No, my lord.

*M*ACB. Came they not by you?

*LEN.* No, indeed, my lord.

*M*ACB. 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.

<sup>4</sup> — “ your antique round :” and “ *The witches dance, and vanish.*”] These ideas, as well as a foregoing one,—

“ *The weird sisters, band in band,*” —  
might have been adopted from a poem intitled *Churchyard's Dreams*,  
1593 :

“ All *band in band* they traced on

“ A trickie ancient round ;

“ And soone as *shadows were they gone,*

“ And might no more be found.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks  
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.

*M A C B.* Fled to England?

*L E N.* Ay, my good lord.

*M A C B.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:<sup>6</sup>

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,  
The very firflings<sup>7</sup> of my heart shall be  
The firflings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprife;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace his line.<sup>8</sup> No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more fights!<sup>9</sup>—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

<sup>6</sup> *Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:*] To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *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. The word is used again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Leaps o'er the vant and *firflings* of these broils.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of the third book of *Lucan*, 1614:

“ The tribune's curses in like case

“ Said he, did greedy Crassus trace.”

The old copy reads—

That trace *him* in his line.

The metre, however, demands the omission of such unnecessary expletives. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But no more fights!*] This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene:

*Tu ne quaeseris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi*

*Finem Di dederint* Leuconoe, nec Babylonios

*Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quicquid erit, pati.* STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACDUFF, her son, and ROSSE.*

*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.<sup>2</sup>

*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 natural touch :<sup>3</sup> for the poor wren,<sup>4</sup>  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

<sup>2</sup> *Our fears do make us traitors.*] i. e. our flight is considered as an evidence of our guilt. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *natural touch* :] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, intitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* :

“ ——— How she's beguil'd in him !

“ There's no such *natural touch*, search all his bosom.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *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 war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

“ Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?”

STEEVENS.

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

ROSSE. My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'the season.<sup>5</sup> I dare not speak much fur-  
ther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves;<sup>6</sup> when we hold rumour  
From what we fear,<sup>7</sup> yet know not what we fear;

<sup>5</sup> *The fits o'the season.*] The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions*:

“ ——— but that

“ The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as physick.”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *when we are traitors,*

*And do not know ourselves;*] i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

*And do not know't ourselves:—*

But sure they did know what they said, that the state esteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

Rather, when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *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. Henry VIII*:

“ ——— Did you not of late days hear, &c.

“ 1. *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not.”

But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
 Each way, and move.<sup>8</sup>—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 father-  
 less.

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 ;<sup>9</sup>  
 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.

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 rumoured or reported abroad ; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend. Or : When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, 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. John* :

“ 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.

<sup>8</sup> *Each way, and move.*—] Perhaps the poet wrote—*And each way move.* If they floated each way, it was needless to inform us that they moved. The words may have been casually transposed, and erroneously pointed. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Sirrah, your father's dead ;*] *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant,

“ *Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men our pleasure ?*”

MALONE.



*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 fell again.

*L. MACD.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and  
yet i'faith,  
With wit enough for thee.

*SON.* Was my father a traitor, mother ?

*L. MACD.* Ay, that he was.

*SON.* What is a traitor ?

*L. MACD.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*SON.* And be all traitors, that do so ?

*L. MACD.* Every one that does so, is a traitor,  
and must be hang'd.

*SON.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and  
lie ?

*L. MACD.* Every one.

*SON.* Who must hang them ?

*L. MACD.* Why, the honest men.

*SON.* Then the liars and swearers are fools : for  
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest  
men, and hang up them.

*L. MACD.* 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.*

MESS. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.<sup>2</sup>

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,<sup>3</sup>

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

<sup>2</sup> — 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 P's*, 1569:

“ *Pot.* Then tell me this: Are you *perfit* in drinking?”

“ *Ped.* *Perfit* in drinking as may be with'd by thinking.”

STEEVEN§.

<sup>3</sup> *To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,*] *To do worse* is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. “ *To do worse to you* (says he) signifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it.” The meaning, however, may be, *To do worse to you*, not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

*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 villain.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — shag-ear'd villain.] Perhaps we should read *shag-bair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays, &c. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "— a *shag-baired* cur." Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. II: "— like a *shag-baired* crafty Kern." Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, 1614:

"That *shag-baired* 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. Leir*, 1605:

"There she had set a *shagbair'd* murdering wretch."

Again, in Barnaby Googe's version of *Palingenius*, 1561:

"But fore afraid was I to meete

"The *shagbeard* horfon's horne." STEEVENS.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *King John*, Act V. we find "unbear'd faucinefs for unbair'd faucinefs:" and we have had in this play *bair* instead of *air*. These two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on *VENUS AND ADONIS*, p. 456, n. 5. edit. 1780, octavo.

*Hair* was formerly written *beare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. So, in Ives's *SELECT PAPERS*, chiefly relating to *English Antiquities*, N<sup>o</sup>. 3, p. 133: "— and in her *beare* a circlet of gold richely

*MUR.* What, you egg? [*stabbing him.*  
Young fry of treachery?

*SON.* He has kill'd me, mother :  
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit L. Macduff,*  
*crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.*

## S C E N E III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.<sup>5</sup>*

*MAL.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
there

garnished." In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, "*flag-beard slave*," which still more strongly supports Mr. Steevens's emendation. However, as *flap-sar'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I. Ch. Justice Rolle said it had been determined that these words, "Where is that long-lock'd, *flag-hair'd*, murdering rogue," were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61. REED.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*] 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 Malcolm 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 reign

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to deflowre your maids and matrones, in such wise that my intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: This furelie 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 wiselye, that thou shalt be 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 accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischief may insue on you through mine unsatiabie covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overfet with a swarme of flies, that continuallye 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 alreadye 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, left if I attaine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieue you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue 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 been 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 satisie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leafings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoice in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my wordes. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other

*MACD.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,  
Besstride our down-fall'n birthdom :<sup>6</sup> Each new  
morn,

laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelic in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the fame, 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 praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

“ Then said Makduffe : This is yet the woort of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie ; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie 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 injoy it : for by his owne confession he is not onlie avaritious and given to unfatiabie 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 my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation : and with these 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 remembered, 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 hand,” &c. Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 175.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Besstride our down-fall'n birthdom :*] The old copy has—*down-fall*. Corrected by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *besstride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text ; but it is probable that Shakspeare wrote :

— *like good men,*

*Besstride our down-fall'n 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

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it rebounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.<sup>7</sup>

*MAL.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend,<sup>8</sup> 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  
You may deserve of him through me;<sup>9</sup> and wisdom<sup>10</sup>

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: "If thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so."

*Birthdom* for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-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. Henry IV.* Morton says:

"— he doth bestride a bleeding land." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. *King Henry IV.* Act V. sc. i. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — 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, showed that heaven sympathized with Scotland. WARBURTON.

The ridicule,, I believe is only visible to the commentator.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — to friend,] i. e. to befriend. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> You may deserve of him through me;] The old copy reads—*discerne*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who supports it by Macduff's answer—

"I am not treacherous." MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> — and wisdom —] That is, and 'tis wisdom. HEATH.

The sense of this passage is obvious, but the construction difficult, as there is no verb to which wisdom can refer. Something is

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*M.A.C.D.* I am not treacherous.

*M.A.L.*

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge.<sup>2</sup> But 'crave your pardon;<sup>3</sup>  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul<sup>4</sup> would wear the brows of  
grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

omitted either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read—

“ — and *think it wisdom* ”—

the sense will be supplied; but that would destroy the metre; and so indeed would the insertion of any word whatever.

M. MASON.

I suspect this line to have suffered by interpolation as well as omission, and that it originally ran thus:

— but something

You may deserve through me; and wisdom *is it*  
To offer &c.

Had the passage been first printed thus, would any reader have supposed the words “ of him,” were wanting to the sense? In this play I have already noted several instances of manifest interpolation and omission. See notes on Act I. sc. iii. p. 341, n. 3. and Act III. sc. v. p. 462, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*

*In an imperial charge.*] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *But 'crave your pardon;*] The old copy, without attention to measure, reads—

*But I shall crave your pardon;* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Though all things foul &c.*] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.



*MACD.* I have lost my hopes.

*MAL.* Perchance, even there, where I did find  
my doubts.

Why in that rawness<sup>5</sup> 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!<sup>6</sup> wear thou  
thy wrongs,<sup>7</sup>  
Thy title is affeer'd!<sup>8</sup>—Fare thee well, lord:

An expression of a similar nature occurs in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— Good alone

“ Is good; without a name vileness is so.” M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Why in that rawness* —] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. JOHNSON.

I meet with this expression in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Henry V*:

“ Some their wives *rawly* left.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For goodness dares not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *wear thou thy wrongs,*] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy title is affeer'd!*] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd.

POPE.

What Mr. Pope says of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there absolute reason why we should have recourse to it for the explanation of this passage? Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards pointing to Malcolm, may say, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads.—*The title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself*.

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a single letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his subsequent note. STEEVENS.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*MAL.* Be not offended :  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;  
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,  
There would be hands 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 ?

If we read, *The title is affer'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.*

*Afferers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements. TOLLET.

To *affer* (for so it should be written) is to affess, or reduce to certainty. All amerciements,—that is, judgements of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *afferred* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakspeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *afferer*. RITSON.

For the emendation now made I am answerable. *The was*, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs ! Thy title to them is now fully established by law.* Or perhaps he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you suffer : thy just title to the throne is *sew'd*, has not spirit to establish itself.

MALONE.

*MAL.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.<sup>9</sup>

*MACD.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*MAL.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious,<sup>2</sup> smacking of every sin  
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*MACD.* Boundless intemperance<sup>3</sup>  
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

<sup>9</sup> — *confineless harms.*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,  
Act II. sc. ii: "— thou *unconfineable baseness*—." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Sudden, *malicious,*] *Sudden*, for capricious. WARBURTON.

Rather, violent, passionate, haughty. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Boundless *intemperance* —] Perhaps the epithet—*boundless*,  
which overloads the metre, was a playhouse interpolation.

STEEVENS.

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; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-feeding lust;<sup>3</sup> and it hath been

<sup>3</sup> ——— grows with more pernicious root  
[Than summer-feeding lust;] The old copy has—summer-seeming. STEEVENS.

*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 *fume*, or *feething* lust.  
that is, than angry passion, or boiling lust. JOHNSON.

*Summer-seeming* lust, may signify lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—*summer feeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, “Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays.” BLACKSTONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

*Summer-seeming* is, I believe, the true reading, In Donne's poems, we meet with “winter-seeming.” MALONE.

Sir W. Blackstone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following passages: thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,  
“When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?”

And in *Troilus and Cressida*:

The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;  
 Scotland hath foysons <sup>4</sup> to fill up your will,  
 Of your mere own : All these are portable,<sup>5</sup>  
 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.<sup>6</sup>

“ — The *seeded* pride  
 “ That hath to its maturity grown up  
 “ In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
 “ Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil  
 “ To over-bulk us all.” HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — *foysons* — ] Plenty. POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, 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. Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. Henry VI.* p. 1613 : “ — fiftene hundred men, and great *foison* of vittels.” See Vol. III. p. 124, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *All these are portable.*] *Portable* is, perhaps here used for *supportable*. *All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured.* MALONE.

*Portable* answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Nay, had I power, I should*  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. *Hell*, in its natural state, being always represented as full of *discord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest

*MACD.* O Scotland! Scotland!

*MAL.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*MACD.* Fit to govern!  
Nø, 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,  
Of tner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived.<sup>7</sup> Fare thee well!

stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* amongst them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.

In King James's first speech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he says, that he had "suck'd the *milk of God's truth* with the milk of his nurse."

The following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which exhibits the reverse of this image, may be urged in favour of my first interpretation:

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
"We shall have shortly *discord in the spheres*." MALONE.

I believe, all that Malcolm designs to say is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle source or principle of peace: pour the soft milk by which it is nourished, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already observed that her husband was "too full of the *milk of human kindness*." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Died every day she lived.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily*." MALONE.

These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*MAL.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath fought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste:<sup>8</sup> 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,<sup>9</sup>  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point,<sup>2</sup> was setting forth:

J. Davies of Hereford, in his Epigram on—*a Proud lying Dyer*,  
has the same allusion:

“ Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes to live*.”

To *die* unto *sin*, and to *live* unto *righteousness*, are phrases employed in our liturgy. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *From over-credulous haste:*] From over-hasty credulity.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — thy *here-approach*,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *ten thousand warlike men*,

*All ready at a point*,] *At a point*, may mean all ready at a

Now we'll together ; And the chance, of goodnefs,  
Be like our warranted quarrel !<sup>3</sup> Why are you filent ?

*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, fir : there are a crew of wretched fouls,  
That ftay his cure : their malady convinces<sup>4</sup>

time ; but Shakspeare 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.*

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. ii :

“ A faithleffe Sarazin all arm'd to point.” *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> — *And the chance, of goodnefs,*

*Be like our warranted quarrel !*] The *chance of goodnefs*, as it is  
commonly read, conveys no fenfe. If there be not fome more im-  
portant error in the paffage, it fhould at leaft be pointed thus :

—— *and the chance, of goodnefs,*

*Be like our warranted quarrel !——*

That is, may the event be, of the goodnefs of heaven, [*pro jufti-  
tia divina,*] answerable to the caufe.

Mr. Heath conceives the fenfe of the paffage to be rather this :  
*And may the fuccefs of that goodnefs, which is about to exert itfelf in  
my behalf, be fuch as may be equal to the juftice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote :

—— *and the chance, O goodnefs,*

*Be like our warranted quarrel !——*

This fome of his transcribers wrote with a fmall *o*, which another  
imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the fenfe will be :  
*And O thou fovereign Goodnefs, to whom we now appeal, may our for-  
tune answer to our caufe.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>4</sup> —— *convinces*——] i. e. overpowers, fubducs. See p. 396,  
n. 4. *STEEVENS.*



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 Doctor.]

*MACD.* What's the disease he means?

*MAL.* 'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;<sup>5</sup>  
Hanging a golden stamp<sup>6</sup> about their necks,

<sup>5</sup> *The mere despair of surgery, he cures;*] Dr. Percy in his notes on the Northumberland Household Book says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected to cure the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion however the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde who wrote in the time of Henry the 8th says, "The Kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make sicke men whole of a fycknes called the *Kynge's Evyll*." In *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle* it is said "—and also by her highness [Q. Elizabeth] accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diseaz called the *King's Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medfin, (save only by handling and prayer) only doo it." Polydore Virgil asserts the same; and Will. Tooker in the reign of Queen Elizabeth published a book on this subject, an account of which is to be seen in Dr. Douglas's treatise entitled "*The Criterion*," p. 191. See Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 428. edit. 1780. REED.

<sup>6</sup> — a golden stamp &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakspeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
 The healing benediction.<sup>7</sup> With this strange virtue,  
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
 That speak him full of grace.

“ 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.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and 'tis spoken,

*To the succeeding royalty he leaves*

*The healing benediction.*] It must be own'd, that Shakspeare 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.

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. “ The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary*? This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it.”—But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors*; but that “ it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding kings*:” and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: “ As hath been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realme.*” Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*MACD.* See, who comes here?

*MAL.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.<sup>8</sup>

*MACD.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*MAL.* I know him now: Good God, betimes  
remove

The means that make us strangers!

*ROSSE.* Sir, Amen.

*MACD.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*ROSSE.* Alas, poor country;  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the  
air,<sup>9</sup>

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy:<sup>2</sup> the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives

<sup>8</sup> *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *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.

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

“While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *A modern ecstasy:*] That is, no more regarded than the contortions 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 Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common*; as “*modern instances*,” in *As you like It*, &c. &c. See Vol. VI. p. 68, n. 9. STEEVENS.

*Ecstasy*, is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*MACD.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!<sup>9</sup>

*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.<sup>2</sup>

*MACD.* And all my children?<sup>3</sup>

*ROSSE.* Well too.

*MACD.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*ROSSE.* No; they were well at peace, when I did  
leave them.

*MACD.* Be not a niggard of your speech; How  
goes it?

*ROSSE.* When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Too nice, and yet too true!*] The redundancy of this hemistich induces me to believe our author only wrote—

Too nice, yet true! STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Why, well.—Well too.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — We use

“ To say, *the dead are well.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *children?*] Children is, in this place, used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To doff their dire distresses.*] To doff is to do off, to put off. See Vol. VIII. p. 79, n. 5. STEEVENS.

*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 hearing should not latch them.'

*MACD.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,<sup>6</sup>  
Due to some single breast?

*ROSSE.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *should not latch them.*] Thus the old copy, and 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 dureffe,” &c.

Again, B. I. fol. 27:

“ When that he Galathe befought  
“ Of love, which he maie not *lache*.”

Again, in the first Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, as translated  
by Golding:

“ As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth  
hir *lache*.”

Again, in the eighth book:

“ But that a bough of chefnut tree, thick-leaved, by the way  
“ Did *latch* it,” &c.

To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to  
*catch*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *fee-grief*,] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single  
owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ My woeful self that did in freedom stand,  
“ And was my own *fee-simple*.” MALONE.

It must, I think, be allowed that in both the foregoing instances  
the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet.

STEEVENS.

*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.* Humph! 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,<sup>1</sup>  
To add the death of you.

*MAL.* Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,]* *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. So, in *Massinger's Guardian*:

“ — he strikes

“ The trembling bird, who even in death appears

“ Proud to be made his quarry.”

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntynge that is clyped Mayster of game*, “ While that the huntynge lefeth, should cartes go fro place to place to bringe the deer to the *querre*,” &c. “ to kepe the *querre*, and to make ley it on a rowe, al the hedes way, and every deeres feet to other's bak, and the hertes should be leyde on a rowe, and the rascaille by hemfelfe in the same wise. And thei shuld kepe that no man come in the *querre* til the king come, save the maister of the game.” It appears, in short, that the game was arranged in a hollow square, within which none but privileged persons, such as had claims to the particular animals they had killed, were permitted to enter. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the term *quarry*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *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 browe,” &c. STEEVENS,

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,<sup>9</sup>  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*MACD.* My children too?

*ROSSE.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*MACD.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*ROSSE.* I have said.

*MAL.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*MACD.* He has no children.<sup>2</sup>—All my pretty  
ones?

<sup>9</sup> — *the grief, that does not speak,*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*,  
1612:

“ Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.”

*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

Again, in Greene's old bl. l. novel entitled *The Tragicall History  
of Faire Bellora*:

“ Light sorrowes often speake,

“ When great the heart in silence breake.” STEVENS.

In Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1595, we have the like sen-  
timent:

“ Striving to tell his woes words would not come;

“ For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombé.”

RARE.

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ — the heart hath treble wrong,

“ When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He has no children.*] It has been observed by an anonymous  
critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of  
Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily  
comforted. JOHNSON.

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 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.  
Holinshed's 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.”

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
 What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
 At one fell swoop?<sup>3</sup>

MAL. Dispute it like a man.<sup>4</sup>

MACD. I shall do so;  
 But I must also feel it as a man:  
 I cannot but remember such things were,  
 That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look  
 on,

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,  
 “ The thought of them would have stir’d up remorse.”

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, supposing these words to relate to Macbeth.

The passage, however, quoted from *King John*, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what Lady Macbeth says in the first act: “ I have given suck,” &c.

I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulach, who after his father’s death was proclaimed king by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunfinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* L. V. c. viii.

Whether Shakspeare was apprized of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *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 Beaumont 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Dispute it like a man.*] i. e. 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.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate.” STEEVENS.



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.* O, I could play the woman with mine  
eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle  
heaven,  
Cut short all intermission;<sup>5</sup> front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length fet him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!<sup>6</sup>

*MAL.* This tune<sup>7</sup> goes manly.

<sup>5</sup> *Cut short all intermission;*] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.*  
So, in *K. Lear*:

“Deliver'd letters, spite of *intermission*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *if he 'scape,*

*Heaven forgive him too!*] That is, if he escape my vengeance,  
let him escape that of Heaven also.

An expression nearly similar occurs in *The Chances*, where Pe-  
truchio, speaking of the Duke, says

“He escap'd me yesternight; which if he dare

“Again adventure for, heaven pardon him!

“I shall, with all my heart.” M. MASON.

The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be so unjust as to let him  
escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still fur-  
ther in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness  
hereafter. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This tune* —] The folio reads: *This time.* *Tune* is Rowe's  
emendation. STEEVENS.

The emendation is supported by a former passage in this play,  
where the word is used in a similar manner:

“*Macb.* Went it not so?

“*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words.” MALONE.

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  
 Put on their instruments.<sup>8</sup> 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.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a DOCTOR of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

DOCT. I have two nights watch'd with you, but  
 can perceive no truth in your report. When was  
 it the last walk'd?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field,<sup>9</sup> I

<sup>8</sup> Put on *their instruments.*] i. e. encourage, thrust forward us  
 their instruments against the tyrant.

So, in *King Lear*, Act I. sc. iv:

“ That you protect this curse, and put it on

“ By your allowance.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Since his majesty went into the field,*] This is one of Shakspeare's  
 oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunfinane,  
 and surrounded him with besiegers. That he could *not go into the*  
*field,* is observed by himself with splanetic impatience:

“ — 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 daveful, beard to beard,*

“ *And beat them backward home.*”

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.

It is clear also from other passages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumscribed by the walls of his fortress.

The truth may be, that Shakspeare thought the spirit of Lady Macbeth could not be so effectually subdued, and her peace of mind so speedily unsettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the absence of her husband:

*— deserto jacuit dum frigida lecto,*

*Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.*

For the present change in her disposition, therefore, our poet (though in the haste of finishing his play he forgot his plan,) might mean to have provided, by allotting her such an interval of solitude as would subject her mind to perturbation, and dispose her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear from any circumstance within the compass of this drama, that she had once been separated from her husband, after his return from the victory over Macdonwald, and the King of Norway. STEEVENS.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENY. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENY. Ay, but their sense is shut.<sup>2</sup>

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENY. 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 M. Yet here's a spot.<sup>3</sup>

DOCT. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two;<sup>4</sup> Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, but their sense is shut.*] The old copy has—*are shut*; and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again, in his 112th sonnet:

“ In so profound abyssin I throw all care

“ Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*

“ To critick and to flatterer stopped *are*.” MALONE.

In the sonnet our author was compelled to sacrifice grammar to the convenience of rhyme. In the passage before us, he was free from such constraint.

What therefore should forbid us to read, with the present text?—

“ Ay, but their sense *is* shut.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet here's a spot.*] A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's *Vistoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

“ ——— Here's a white hand!

“ Can blood so soon be wash'd out?”

Webster's play was published in 1612. Shakspeare's in 1623.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady

murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? 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?<sup>6</sup>

DOCT. Do you mark that?

LADY M. 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.<sup>7</sup>

Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 429, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Hell is murky!*] *Murky is dark.* So, in *The Tempest*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ ——— the *murkiest* den

“ The most opportune place,” &c.

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,) had 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, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?* 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?*] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egentem sanguinis enses*; and Ovid, [Met. L. VII.] describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

—— guttura cultro

Fodit, et *exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *you mar all with this starting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

STEEVENS.

*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 M.* 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 charged.

*GENT.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*DOCT.* Well, well, well,—

*GENT.* 'Pray God, it be, sir.

*DOCT.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*LADY M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried, he cannot come out of his grave.

*DOCT.* Even so?

*LADY M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.<sup>8</sup> Come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. *[Exit Lady MACBETH.*

*DOCT.* Will she go now to bed?

*GENT.* Directly.

*DOCT.* Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds

<sup>8</sup> *To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth in her sleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C.

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,<sup>9</sup> and amaz'd my sight:  
 I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor.  
 [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</sup> *My mind she has mated,*] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expression is taken from *chefs-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*, by R. Greene, 1599.

“ Not mad, but *mated*.” *Comedy of Errors*, STEEVENS.

Scory, in the commendatory verses prefixed to Drayton's *Heroicall Epistles*, makes use of this phrase, and exactly in the same sense;

“ Yet with these broken reliques, *mated mind*,  
 “ And what a justly-grieved thought can say,”

HOLT WHITE.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued*; but that clearly is not the sense affixed to it by Shakspeare; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chefs-playing*, might favour such an interpretation. “ Cum sublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et sanguine, sic cum nulla est elabendi via, nullum subterfugium, qui *vicit*, MATE, inquit, quasi *matado*, i. e. occisus, killed, a *mater*, [Hispan.] occidere.” Mintheu's *DICT.* in *v. Mate*.

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, “ to dismay, to make afraid:” so that *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to *chefs-playing*. MALONE.

## S C E N E II.

*The Country near Dunfinane.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*MENT.* The English power is near, led on by  
Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward,<sup>2</sup> and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.<sup>3</sup>

*ANG.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

<sup>2</sup> *His uncle Siward,*] “Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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, Shakspeare 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 *Asetic*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“He like a *mortified* hermit sits.”

Again, in Green's *Never too late*, 1616: “I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man*.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. i:

“My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified*;

“The grosser manner of this world's delights

“He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves,” &c.

STEEVENS.



CATH. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths,<sup>4</sup> that even now Protest their first of manhood.

MEN. What does the tyrant?

CATH. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.<sup>5</sup>

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.

MEN. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,

<sup>4</sup> — unrough youths,] An odd expression. It means smooth-fac'd, unbearded. STEEVENS.

See *The Tempest*:

“ — till new-born chins

“ Be rough and razorable.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ This unbair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,

“ The king doth smile at.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of rule.] The same metaphor occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And buckle in a waist most fathomless.” STEEVENS.

When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there ?<sup>6</sup>

*CATH.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :  
Meet we the medicin<sup>7</sup> of the sickly weal ;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*LBN.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.<sup>8</sup>  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

### S C E N E III.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*MACB.* Bring me no more reports ; let them fly  
all :<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there ?*] That is, when all the faculties of the  
mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *the medicin* — ] i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this  
word in the feminine gender where Lafeu 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.

<sup>8</sup> *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. viii :

"Dew'd with her drops of bounty soveraigne."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Bring me no more reports ; &c.*] *Tell me not any more of deser-  
tions : — Let all my subjects leave me : — I am safe till &c.*

JOHNSON.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-  
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus :<sup>2</sup>

*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power on thee.*<sup>3</sup>—Then fly, false  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus :*] The old copy reads—

All mortal consequences, *have* pronounc'd me thus.

But the line must originally have ran as I have printed it:—  
Currents, consequents, occurrents, ingredients, &c. are always  
spelt in the ancient copies of our author's plays, "currence, con-  
sequence, occurrence, ingredience," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — on *thee*.] Old copy—*upon*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *English epicures :*] The reproach of epicurism, on which  
Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural  
invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against  
those who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180,  
of his *History of Scotland*: "—the Scottish people before had no  
knowledge nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfeit; yet  
after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof &c.—  
those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the  
*Englysbemen*" &c. Again: "For manie of the people abhorring the  
riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among  
them by the *Englysbemen*, were willing inough to receive this Donald  
for their king, trusting (because he had bene brought up in the  
Illes, with the old customes and manners of their antient nation,  
without tast of *Englysb likerous delicats*), they should by his severe  
order in gouvernement recouer againe the former temperance of  
their old progenitors." The same historian informs us, that in  
those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very spa-  
ringly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands  
of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they  
were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by  
the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet K. James VI. in his 7th parlia-  
ment thought it necessary to form an act "against superfluous  
banqueting." STEEVENS.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never fagg with doubt,<sup>5</sup> nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd  
loon!<sup>6</sup>

Where got'st thou that goose look?<sup>7</sup>

SER. There is ten thousand——

MACB. Geese, villain?

SER. Soldiers, fir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy  
fear,

<sup>5</sup> *Shall never fagg with doubt,*] To *fag*, 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 *fagged*." TOLLET.

So, in the 16th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"This said, the aged Street *sag'd* fadly on alone."

Drayton is personifying one of the old Roman ways.

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to his traveller's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. So, in Marlowe's tragedy of *King Edward II.* 1598:

"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.

<sup>7</sup> *Where got'st thou that goose look?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— ye fowls of *geese*,

"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run

"From slaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

Thou lily-liver'd boy.<sup>8</sup> What soldiers, patch?<sup>9</sup>  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear.<sup>2</sup> What soldiers, whey-face?<sup>3</sup>

*SER.* The English force, so please you.

*MACB.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am  
 sick at heart,  
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This puff  
 Will cheer me ever, or diffeate me now.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *lily-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. Henry IV*: “ — left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pie'd, patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *those linen cheeks of thine*

*Are counsellors to fear.*] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *whey-face?*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 4to, edit. 1619: “ — and has as it were a *whey-coloured beard.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *or diffeate me now.*] The old copy reads *diffeat*, though modern editors have substituted *disease* in its room. The word *diffeat* occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher and Shakespeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse:

“ — seeks all foul means

“ Of boisterous and rough jadry, to *diffeat*

“ His lord that kept it bravely.”

Dr. Percy would read:

“ *Will chair me ever, or diffeate me now.*”

It is still, however, possible that *disease* may be the true reading. Thus in N. Breton's *Toyes of an idle Head*, 1577:

“ My ladies maydes too I must please,

“ But chiefly Mistris Anne,

“ For else by the masse she *will disease*

“ Me vlyv now and than.”

*Disease* is the reading of the second folio. STEEVENS.

I have liv'd long enough : my way of life '  
Is fall'n into the fear,<sup>5</sup> the yellow leaf :

<sup>5</sup> *I have liv'd long enough : my way of life &c.*] 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 sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.*

The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

An *anonymous* [Dr. Johnson, whose Remarks on this tragedy were originally published, without his name, in 1745,] 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 that 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 *K. Henry V* :

“ My puissant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth.”

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's *Astrophel 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 Sea Voyage*, by the same authors :

“ And in their *May* of youth,” &c.

Again, in *The Guardian* of Massinger :

“ I am in the *May* of my abilities,

“ And you in your December.”

Again, in *The Renegado* of the same author :

“ Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

“ In my excuse.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

“ Had I in this fair *May* of all my glory,” &c.

Again, in *King John and Matilda*, by R. Davenport, 1655 :

“ Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers,” &c. STEEVENS.

And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I have now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May* and not *way*. It is observable in this very play that the contrary error of the press has happened from a mistake of the same letters.

“ Hear not my steps which *may* they walke.”

Besides, that a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspeare, and the continnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation.

Thus in his *Sonnets* :

“ Two beauteous *spring*s to *yellow autumn*s turn'd.”

Again, in *King Richard II* :

“ He that hath suffered this disorder'd *spring*,  
“ Hath now himself met with the *fall of leaf*.”

The sentiment of Macbeth I take to be this : *The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither'd and fruitless : my mellow hangings are all shok down, and I am left bare to the weather.* HENLEY.

The old reading should not have been discarded, as the following passages prove that it was a mode of expression in use at that time, as *course* of life is now.

In Massinger's *Very Woman*, the Doctor says

“ In *way of life* I did enjoy one friend.”

Again, in *The New Way to pay Old Debts*, Lady Allworth says

“ If that when I was mistress of myself,

“ And in my *way of youth*,” &c. M. MASON.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Act I. sc. i :

“ Thus ready for the *way of life* or death,

“ I wait the sharpest blow.” STEEVENS.

The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay ; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect ; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's *Sonnets* (quoted by Mr. Steevens in a subsequent note) may prove the best comment on the present :

“ *That time of year* in me thou may'st behold,

“ When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang

“ Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,

“ Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.”

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curfes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us?—He who could say that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying that “the *course or progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?” which is all that is meant by the words of the text, “My way of life,” &c.

The using “the fear, the yellow leaf,” simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a licence as may be found in almost every page of our author’s works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare’s manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is “*fallen into a decay* ;” a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his autumnal decline*.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* seems to signify, as in the present passage, *course or tenour* :

“The *way* of our profession is against it.”

And in *K. Richard II.* “*the fall of leaf*” is used, as in the passage before us, simply and absolutely for *bodily decay* :

“He who hath suffer’d this disorder’d spring,

“Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*.”

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet’s general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in the modern editions, “—my *May* of life,” has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By his “*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf,” that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from *May* or youth to autumn or



Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!—

old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago,) that “Macbeth, when he speaks this speech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth.” I may likewise add that Macbeth having now sat for seventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be supposed to be like our author’s Henry V. “in the *May-morn* of his youth.” We must therefore understand these words in the latter sense; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progress he has passed from the spring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is precisely the meaning of the words as they stand in the old copy.

There is still another very strong objection to the proposed emendation. It is alledged that in this very play *may* is printed instead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here?—For this plain reason; because *May* (the month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small *w* instead of a capital *M*.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the fear,*] *Sear* is dry. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ ——— *sear* winter

“ Hath seal’d the sap up.”

And Milton has—“Ivy never *sear*.”

Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d sonnet:

“ That time of year thou may’st in me behold,

“ When *yellow leaves*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in our author’s *Lover’s Complaint*, where the epithet is so used, as clearly to ascertain the meaning of “the *sear*, the yellow leaf,” in the passage before us:

“ ——— spite of heaven’s fell rage,

“ Some beauty peep’d through lattice of *sear’d* age.”

MALONE.

*Enter SEYTON.*

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure?

MACB. What news more?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round; <sup>7</sup>  
Hang those that talk of fear. <sup>8</sup>—Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her <sup>9</sup> from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that :  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;

<sup>7</sup> — 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,”

Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ And make them *skirr* away, as swift as stones  
“ Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* :

“ — the light shadows,  
“ That, in a thought, *scnr* o'er the fields of corn,  
“ Halted on crutches to them.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *talk of fear*.] The second folio reads *stand* in fear.

HENDERSON.

<sup>9</sup> *That keep her* —] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which weighs upon the heart?

<sup>2</sup> *And with some sweet oblivious antidote,*] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nephenthe:

"Nephenthe is a drinck of soveraign grace,  
 "Devised by the gods for to asswage  
 "Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—  
 "Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage  
 "It doth establish in the troubled mynd."

*Faery Queene*, B. IV. c. iii. st. 34. MALONE.

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th book of *The Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are described:

— Lethæi ad fluminis undam  
 Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1558:

"These liquors quenching cares, and long forgetful draughts  
 thei drink  
 "That of their liues, and former labours past, they neuer  
 thinck." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Cleanse the stuff'd 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 Shakspeare himself, in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vi:

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly speak of *cleansing* what is *foul*, but not what is *stuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *stuff* in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions.

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Now for the *love* of *love*,—"

"The greatest *grace* lending *grace*."

*All's well that ends well.*

"— with what good *speed*

"Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*

"Is *only* grievous to me, *only* dying." *K. Henry VIII.*



And purge it to a found and pristine health,  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
 What rhubarb, fenna,<sup>s</sup> or what purgative drug,  
 Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou  
 of them?

*DOCT.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
 Makes us hear something.

*MACB.* Bring it after me.—  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane. [*Exit.*

*DOCT.* Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,  
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Country near Dunfinane: A wood in view.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD  
 and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
 ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

*MAL.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
 That chambers will be safe.

*MENT.* We doubt it nothing.

*SIW.* What wood is this before us?

*without casting her water, where she was pained," &c. Again, in  
 The Wise Woman of Hogdon, 1638: "Mother Nottingham, for  
 her time, was pretty well skilled in casting waters." STEEVENS.*

<sup>s</sup> — *fenna,*] The old copy reads—*cyme.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

MENT.

The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

SOLD.

It shall be done.

SIW. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant<sup>6</sup>  
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 ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — but the confident tyrant —] We must surely read :  
— the confin'd tyrant. WARBURTON.

He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly,  
but endure their *setting down* before his castle. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;] The impropriety  
of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*,  
and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line,  
incline me to read :

— where there is a 'vantage to be gone,

Both more and less have given him the revolt.

*Advantage* or '*vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. 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 interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *Indiabe 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 fame yspronge to *most* and *lesse*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the 12th :

“ Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*.”

And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*MACD.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event,<sup>8</sup> and put we on  
Industrious soldierſhip.

*SIW.* The time approaches,  
That will with due deciſion make us know  
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.<sup>9</sup>

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. viii :

“ ——— all other weapons *leſſe* or *more*,  
“ Which warlike uſes had devis'd of yore.” STEEVENS.

*Where there is advantage to be given*, I believe, means, where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forſake him. HENLEY.

I ſuſpect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line, and ſtrongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation, *gone*. MALONE.

Why is the repetition of the word—*given*, leſs venial than the recurrence of the word—*ſuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on “Cleanſe the *ſuff'd* boſom of that perilous *ſuff*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Let our juſt cenſures*

Attend *the true event*,] The arbitrary change made in the ſecond folio (which ſome criticks have repreſented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice :

Let our *beſt* cenſures

*Before* the true event, and put we on, &c. MALONE.

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cheriſh this hope for my own ſake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakſpeare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.*] i. e. *property* and *allegiance*. WARBURTON.

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.

Mr. Henley explains the paſſage thus: “The iſſue of the conteſt will ſoon decide what we ſhall ſay we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*.” To *owe* here is to poſſeſs. STEEVENS.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:<sup>2</sup>  
 Towards which, advance the war.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

Had these lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottish Peers, they might possibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are supposed to be spoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can scarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to say in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate. M. MASON.

Siward, having undertaken the cause of Scotland, speaks, as a Scotsman would have spoken; and especially as he is now in the presence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the same country.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— arbitrate:] i. e. determine. JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th *Odyssey* translated by Chapman:

“ ——— straight

“ Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Towards which, advance the war.*] It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets. See the following instances, in addition to that which introduces the present note.

*Leave all the rest to me.* ——— Act I. end of scene v.

*So pr'ythee go with me.* ——— Act III. ——— sc. ii.

*We are yet but young in deed.* ——— Act III. ——— sc. iv.

*But no more fights &c.* ——— Act IV. ——— sc. i.

*I think, but dare not speak.* ——— Act V. ——— sc. i.

*Make we our march towards Birnam.* Act V. ——— sc. ii.

In *Hamlet* &c. we find such hemistichs after the rhymes at the ends of acts, as well as scenes. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E V.

Dunfinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*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 darest, 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,<sup>4</sup> my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek;<sup>5</sup> and my fell of hair<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The time has been, &c.*] May has imitated this passage twice; once in *The Heir*, and again in *The Old Couple*. See Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 150. Vol. X. p. 473. edit. 1780. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — *my senses would have cool'd*

*To hear a night-shriek;*] The *blood* is sometimes said to be chilled; but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the *senses*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd*. My senses would have shrunk back; died within me. So, in the second scene of the present act:

“ — Who then shall blame

“ His pester'd senses to recoil and start?” MALONE.

I retain the old reading. Perhaps, no word so forcible can be placed in its room. Thus, in the fifth *Æneid*:

“ Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires.”

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;<sup>7</sup>  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.<sup>8</sup>—

The same expression occurs also in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
“ My humour shall not cool.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.”

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into *'coiled*?  
*Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring*, like a rope or a  
serpent. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — fell of hair —] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is  
*skin*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Alphonfus, Emperor of Germany*, by George Chapman,  
1654:

“ — Where the lyon's hide is thin and scant,

“ I'll firmly patch it with the fox's fell.”

Again in *K. Lear*:

“ The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and fell.”

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell-monger*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *I have supp'd full with horrors* ;] Statius has a similar  
thought in the second book of his *Thebais*:

“ — attollit membra, toroque

“ Erigitur, plenus monstria, vanumque cruorem

“ Excutiens.”

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of lady  
Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *She should have died hereafter* ;

*There would have been a time for such a word.* &c.] 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 ex-  
clamation. I read therefore:

*She should have died hereafter,*

*There would have been a time for—such a world!—*

*To-morrow, &c.*

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is ex-  
pressed, and may be paraphrased thus: *The queen is dead.* Macbeth.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,<sup>9</sup>  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;<sup>2</sup>

*Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer, there would at length have been a time for the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the world—such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for 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.

By—a word Shakspeare certainly means more than a single one. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

“ The hopeless word of—never to return

“ Breathe I against thee.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,*] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1570:

“ *Cras, cras, cras, to-morrow we shall amend.*”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To the last syllable of recorded time;*] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record of futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. JOHNSON.

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 Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile frigus* for *penetrans frigus*, and *penetrabile telum* for *telum penetrans*.

STEVENS.

By *recorded time*, Shakspeare means not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be recorded*. M. MASON.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death.' Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MES. Gracious my lord,  
 I should report that which I say I saw,  
 But know not how to do it.

<sup>3</sup> *The way to dusty death.*] We should read *dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. 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.*" In *Troilus and Cressida* also the same epithet occurs:

" — are grated

" *To dusky nothing.*—"

Shakspeare, 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.

Dr. Johnson justly observes that *dusky* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *dust* of death, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

" Where no priest shovels in *dust*." MALONE.

In *Sydney's Arcadia*, 1598, p. 445, we have the following stanza of a song on death:

" Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,

" And scarce discern the dawne of coming day;

" Let them be clearde, and now begin to see

" Our life is but a step in *dustie way*." REED.

*MACB.* Well, say, fir.

*MES.* 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.*]

*MES.* 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: <sup>4</sup> if thy speech be sooth,

<sup>4</sup> *Till famine cling thee:*] *Clung*, 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.”

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, &c. 1593: “ Who would have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the wit of Pierce so starved and *clunged*?” Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

“ My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*.”

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

“ His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*——.”

Again, in Golding's version of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, Book VII:

“ —— old Æacus also, *cloong*

“ With age——.”

To *cling* likewise signifies, to gripe, to *comprest*, 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 *Poetaster*, 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 Staf-

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: <sup>5</sup> *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

fordshire expression, which means, to be *starved*: and there is 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, Mf. 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.

Mr. Whalley however observes, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhaust all thy moisture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. *Clung* and *clem*, says he, are terms of very different meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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 edi-

tions, 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 Shakspeare, 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.

*Do come to Dunfinane*;—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here .  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,<sup>6</sup>  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we'll die with harnes<sup>7</sup> on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,  
MACDUFF, &c. 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.—

<sup>6</sup> *I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, &c.]*

*Tum vero infelix fati exterrita Dido*

*Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri. THROBALD.*

<sup>7</sup> — *harnes*:—] An old word for armour. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ His *harnes* is converted to soft filke.” HENDERSON.

So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: “ — well perceyving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their *harnesse on their backs*, than to have bound them up in *barrelles*.” MALONE,

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.

*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*MACB.* They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot  
fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.<sup>s</sup>—What's he,  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. SIW.* What is thy name ?

*MACB.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. SIW.* No ; though thou call'ft 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.

<sup>s</sup> — *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.”  
STEVENSON.



*MACB.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. SIW.* Thou lieft, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'ft.

[*They 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.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*MACD.* That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:

If thou be'ft 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,<sup>2</sup> with an unbatter'd edge,

<sup>9</sup> This short scene is injudiciously omitted on the stage. The poet designed Macbeth should *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object destined for his destruction. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — either *thou, Macbeth,*

*Or else my sword, &c.*] I suspect an intermediate line has been lost; perhaps of this import:

— either thou, Macbeth,

*Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,*

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,

I sheathe again undeeded. MALONE.

Were any change in this line necessary, instead of *either* we might read *hither*. “*Hither*, thou, Macbeth,” would elliptically mean — “Come thou *hither*, Macbeth!” Lady Macbeth, apostrophising her absent husband, has used nearly the same phrase:

“ — *Hie thee hither,*

“ That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.”

I cannot, however, persuade myself that any line is wanting to complete the sense of the passage. That abruptness which Mr. Malone regards as a blemish, (considering the present state of Mac-

I sheathe again undecided. There thou should'st be ;  
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Seems bruited :<sup>3</sup> Let me find him, fortune !  
 And more I beg not.<sup>4</sup> [Exit. Alarum.

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.

duff's mind) should be received as a beauty. Shakspeare (as Prior  
 says of the author of Hudibras)

“ — sagacious master, knew  
 “ When to leave off, and when pursue.” STEEVENS.

My conjecture is, I believe, unfounded. In *Cymbeline*, we have  
 a simular phraseology :

“ — Let's see't ; I will pursue her  
 “ Even to Augustus' throne : Or this, or perish.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Seems bruited :] From *bruit*. Fr. To *bruit* is to report with  
 clamour ; to noise. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ — his death  
 “ Being bruited once,” &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — I am not  
 “ One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
 “ As common *bruit* doth put it.”

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 : “ *Lais* was one of the  
 most *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *There thou should'st be ;*

*By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !*

*And more I beg not.*] I suspect, from deficiency of metre, that  
 the latter part of this passage originally stood thus—

Seems bruited *there*. Let me *but* find him, fortune !  
 And more &c. STEEVENS.

*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? <sup>4</sup> 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! [*They fight.*]

*MACB.* Thou lovest labour:  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Why should I play the Roman fool, and die*

*On mine own sword?*] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis*, which our author must have read of in the old translation of Plutarch, as the same circumstance is mentioned again in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — I did blame *Cato* for the death

“ Which he did give himself.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air*

*With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:*] That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason wishes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and says that it may signify *surrounding*; but of a participle

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life,<sup>6</sup> 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.* Accur'd be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;<sup>7</sup>

with such a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakspeare's indiscriminate use of active and passive participles has been frequently noticed. In *Timon* he has *trenchant* in an active sense, and in the line before us *intrenchant* is employed as passive.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, B. VI. seems to have imitated this passage :

“ Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
“ Receive, no more than can the fluid air.” STEVENS.

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ For it is as the air invulnerable.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I bear a charmed life,*] In the days of chivalry, the champions' 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. iv :

“ — he bears a charmed shield,  
“ And eke enchanted arms that none can pierce.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — palter with us in a double sense:] That shuffle with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

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 show and gaze o'the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole;<sup>8</sup> and underwrit,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*MACB.* I'll 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!*<sup>9</sup>  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou please.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — Romans, that have spoke the word,

“ And will not *palter*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,*

*Painted upon a pole;*] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Toller's note on the words  
“ To cry, *bold, bold!*” p. 377, n. 9. 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.

TOLLER.

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter with Drum and Colours,*  
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,  
CATHNESS, MENTETH, 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  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. 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?

ROSSE. 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.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:*

*And so his knell is knoll'd.*] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our 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.

*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 :  
So, God<sup>3</sup> be with him !—Here comes newer com-  
fort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on a pole.<sup>4</sup>*

*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,<sup>5</sup>

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *So, God &c.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*And so, God &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *on a pole.*] These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech.

Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. MALONE.

Our ancient players were not even skilful enough to prevent absurdity in those circumstances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad specimen of their want of common sense on such occasions, may be found in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611,—"*Enter Sybilla lying in childbed, with her child lying by her,*" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *thy kingdom's pearl,*] This metaphorical expression was excluded by Mr. Rowe, after whom our modern editors were content to read—*peers*.

The following passage from Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Aliborpe*, may however countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,  
"Countesses, ye courtly pearls," &c.

That speak my salutation in their minds ;  
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
 Hail, king of Scotland !

*ALL.*

King of Scotland, hail !<sup>5</sup>

[*Flourish.*

*MAL.* We shall not spend a large expence of  
 time,<sup>6</sup>

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.<sup>7</sup> What's more to do,

Again, in Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice* :

“ ——— he is the very *pearl*

“ Of courtesy.” ——— STEEVENS.

*Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather orna-  
 ment. So, J. Sylvester, *England's Parnassus*, 1600 :

“ Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms all.*”

Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606 :

“ ——— an earl,

“ And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl.*”

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598,  
 calls Lord Southampton—“ bright *pearle of peers.*” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *King of Scotland, hail!*] Old copy—“ *Hail, king of Scotland!*”  
 For the sake of metre, and in conformity to a practice of our au-  
 thor, I have transplanted the word—*bail*, from the beginning to the  
 end of this hemistich. Thus, in the third scene of the play, p. 352 :

“ So, all *bail*, Macbeth, and Banquo !

“ Banquo, and Macbeth, all *bail.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *We shall not spend a large expence of time.*] To *spend an ex-  
 pence*, is a phrase with which no reader will be satisfied. We cer-  
 tainly owe it to the mistake of a transcriber, or the negligence of a  
 printer. Perhaps, *extent* was the poet's word. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the first that ever Scotland*

*In such an honour nam'd.*] “ Malcolm immediately after his  
 coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded  
 them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—  
 Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made  
*earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness,  
 Rosse, and Angus.” Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 176.

MALONE.



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.*

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 Shakspeare'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.

How frequent the practice of enquiring into the events of futurity, similar to those of Macbeth, was in Shakspeare's time, may be seen in the following instances : “ The Marshall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to say, that Queen Katherine beeing desirous to know what should become of her children, and who should succeed them, the party which undertooke to assure her, let her see a glasse, representing a hall, in the which either of them made so many turns as he should raigne yeares ; and that King Henry the Third, making his, the Duke of Guise crost him like a flash of lightning ; after which the Prince of Navarre presented himselfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vanished.” *P. Mathieu's Heroyk life and deplorable death of Henry the Fourth*, translated by Ed. Grimeston, 4to. 1612, p. 42. Again : “ It is reported that a Duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the sight of the nine worthies which a magician shewed him.” *Ib.* p. 116. REED.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence 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 Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

The late Mr. Whateley's *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, have shown, with the utmost clearness of distinction and felicity of arrangement, that what in Richard III. is fortitude, in Macbeth is no more than resolution. But this judicious critic having imputed the cause of Macbeth's inferiority in courage to his natural disposition, induces me to dissent in one particular from an Essay which otherwise is too comprehensive to need a supplement, and too rational to admit of confutation.

Throughout such parts of this drama as afford opportunities for a display of personal bravery, Macbeth sometimes *shows his courage to the sticking place*, but never rises into constitutional heroism. Instead of meditating some decisive stroke on the enemy, his restless and self-accusing mind discharges itself in splenetic effusions and personal invectives on the attendants about his person. His genuine intrepidity had forsaken him when he ceased to be a virtuous character. He would now deceive himself into confidence, and depends on forced alacrity, and artificial valour, to extricate him from his present difficulties. Despondency too deep to be rooted out, and fury too irregular to be successful, have by turns possession of his mind. Though he has been assured of what he certainly credited, that *none of woman born shall hurt him*, he has twice given us reason to suppose he would have fled, but that he *cannot*, being *tied to the stake*, and compelled to *fight the course*. Suicide also has once entered into his thoughts; though this idea, in a paroxysm of noisy rage, is suppressed. Yet here it must be acknowledged that his apprehensions had betrayed him into a strange inconsistency of belief. As he persisted in supposing he could be destroyed by *none of woman born*, by what means did he think to destroy himself? for he was produced in the common way of nature, and fell not within the description of the only object that could end the being of Macbeth. In short, his efforts are no longer those of courage, but of despair excited by self-conviction, infuriated by the menaces of an injured father, and confirmed by a presentiment of inevitable defeat. Thus situated,—*Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit*,—he very naturally prefers a manly and violent, to a shameful and lingering termination of life.

One of Shakspeare's favourite morals is—that criminality reduces the brave and pusillanimous to a level. *Every puny whipster gets my sword, exclaims Othello, for why should honour outlive honesty? Where I could not be honest, says Albany, I was never valiant;* Iachimo imputes his want of manhood to the beariness and guilt within his bosom; Hamlet asserts that conscience does make cowards of us all: and Imogen tells Pisanio he may be valiant in a better cause, but now he seems a coward. The late Doctor Johnson, than whom no man was better acquainted with general nature, in his *Irene* has also observed of a once faithful Bassa,

“ How guilt, when harbour'd in the conscious breast,  
 “ Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!  
 “ See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,  
 “ By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!  
 “ Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,  
 “ An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,  
 “ Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in his grave.”

Who then can suppose that Shakspeare would have exhibited his Macbeth with encreasing guilt, but undiminished bravery? or wonder that our hero,

“ Whose peffer'd senses do recoil and start,  
 “ When all that is within him does condemn  
 “ Itself for being there,”

should have lost the magnanimity he displayed in a righteous cause, against Macdonwald and the Thane of Cawdor? Of this circumstance, indeed, the murderer of Duncan was soon aware, as appears from his asking himself the dreadful question—

“ How is't with me, when every noise appals me?”

Between the courage of Richard and Macbeth, however, no comparison in favour of the latter can be supported. Richard was so thoroughly designed for a daring, impious, and obdurate character, that even his birth was attended by prodigies, and his person armed with ability to do the earliest mischief of which infancy is capable. Macbeth, on the contrary, till deceived by the illusions of witchcraft, and depraved by the suggestions of his wife, was a religious, temperate, and blameless character. The vices of the one, were originally woven into his heart; those of the other, were only applied to the surface of his disposition. They can scarce be said to have penetrated quite into its substance, for while there was shame, their might have been reformation.

The precautions of Richard concerning the armour he was to wear in the next day's battle, his preparations for the onset, and his orders after it is begun, are equally characteristic of a calm and intrepid soldier, who possesses the wisdom that appeared so formidable to Macbeth, and guided Banquo's valour to act in safety. But Macbeth appears in confusion from the moment his castle is invested, issues no distinct or material directions, prematurely calls for his

armour, as irresolutely throws it off again, and is more intent on self-crimination, than the repulse of the besiegers, or the disposition of the troops who are to defend his fortress. But it is useless to dwell on particulars so much more exactly enumerated by Mr. Whately.

The truth is, that the mind of Richard, unimpregnated by original morality, and uninfluenced by the laws of Heaven, is harrassed by no subsequent remorse. *Repente fuit turpissimus.* Even the depression he feels from preternatural objects, is speedily taken off. In spite of ominous visions he sallies forth, and seeks his competitor *in the throat of death.* Macbeth, though he had long abandoned the practice of goodness, had not so far forgot its accustomed influence, but that a virtuous adversary whom he had injured, is as painful to his sight as the spectre in a former scene, and equally blasts the resolution he was willing to think he had still possessed. His conscience (as Hamlet says of the poison) *overcrowns his spirit,* and all his *enterprizes are sicklied over by the pale cast of thought.* The curse that attends on him is, *virtutem videre, et intabescere reliquâ.* Had Richard once been a feeling and conscientious character, when his end drew nigh, he might also have betrayed evidences of timidity—"there sadly summing what he had, and lost;" and if Macbeth originally had been a hardened villain, no terrors might have obtruded themselves on his close of life. *Qualis ab incepto processerat.* In short, Macbeth is timid in spite of all his boasting, as long as he thinks timidity can afford resources; nor does he exhibit a specimen of determined intrepidity, till the completion of the prophecy, and the challenge of Macduff, have taught him that life is no longer tenable. Five counterfeit Richmonds are slain by Richard, who, before his fall, has *enacted wonders* beyond the common ability of man. The prowess of Macbeth is confined to the single conquest of Siward, a novice in the art of war. Neither are the truly brave ever disgraced by unnecessary deeds of cruelty. The victims of Richard therefore are merely such as obstructed his progress to the crown, or betrayed the confidence he had reposed in their assurances of fidelity. Macbeth, with a savage wantonness that would have dishonoured a Scythian female, cuts off a whole defenceless family, though the father of it was the only reasonable object of his fear.—Can it be a question then which of these two personages would manifest the most determined valour in the field? Shall we hesitate to bestow the palm of courage on the steady unrepenting Yorkist, in whose bosom ideas of hereditary greatness, and confidence resulting from success, had fed the flame of glory, and who dies in combat for a crown which had been the early object of his ambition? and shall we allot the same wreath to the wavering self-convicted Thane, who, educated without hope of royalty, had been suggested into greatness, and yet, at last,

would forego it all to secure himself by flight, but that flight is become an impossibility?

To conclude, a picture of conscience encroaching on fortitude, of magnanimity once animated by virtue, and afterwards extinguished by guilt, was what Shakspeare meant to display in the character and conduct of Macbeth. STEVENS.

*Macbeth* was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605, I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus*: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ profapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixisse regem futurum, sed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed 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 Shakspeare 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 Antony, 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 Shakspeare, was on this occasion. FARMER.

Dr. Johnson used often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boasting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Ascham's *Toxophilus*,\* at a time when Ascham's pieces

\* — *Ascham's Toxophilus*,] Mr. Malone is somewhat mistaken in his account of Dr. Johnson's pleasantry, which originated from an observation made by Mr. Theobald in 1733, and repeated by him in 1744. See his note on *Much ado about nothing* in his 8vo. edition of Shakspeare, Vol. I. p. 410; and his duodeclmo, Vol. II. p. 12. "— and had I the convenience of consulting *Ascham's Toxophilus*, I might probably grow better acquainted with his history:" i. e. that of *Adam Bell*, the celebrated archer.

Mr. Theobald was certainly no diligent inquirer after ancient books, or was much out of luck, if in the course of ten years he could not procure the treatise he wanted, which was always sufficiently common. I have abundant reason to remember the foregoing circumstance, having often stood the push of my late coadjutor's merriment on the same score; for he never heard me lament the scarcity of any old pamphlet from which I expected to derive information, but he instantly roared out—"Sir, remember *Tib* and his *Toxophilus*." STEVENS.

had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the students of Saint John's college, was for a while so far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curiosity very strongly on the subject. Whether Shakspeare in the composition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of translation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth ascertaining. The British Museum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a strict search at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verses that were spoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at last obtained, "that no man" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "may ever want them more," I will here transcribe them.

There is some difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonicus* says, "Tres adolefcentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi se esse Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus succincentes,—principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt."

But in a manuscript account of the king's visit to Oxford in 1605, in the Museum, (Mss. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus described: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming against the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wise each to other of their state, at last concluded, yielding up themselves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account in *The Oxford Triumph*, quarto, 1605, in some measure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, these young men did not alternately recite verses, but pronounced three distinct orations: "This finished, his Majestie passed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming foorth of a castle made all of ivie, drest like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince; which being ended his majestie proceeded towards the east gate of the citie, where the townesmen againe delivered unto him another speech in English."

From these discordant accounts one might be led to suppose, that there were six actors on this occasion, three of whom personated the Sybills, or rather the Weird sisters, and addressed the royal visitors in Latin, and that the other three represented England, Scotland and Ireland, and spoke only in English. I believe how-

ever that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the weird sisters and the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were the same persons,) they might perhaps have pronounced some English verses of a similar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by some of the students of St. John's college on a subsequent day, we are indebted for the long-fought-for interlude performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude also, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

“ Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores  
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.  
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;  
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptrâ nepotibus illæ  
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:  
In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.  
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,  
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;  
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.
1. ANNA, parens regum, soror, uxor, filia, salve.
2. Salve, HENRICE hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
3. Dux CAROLE, et perbelle Polonice regule, salve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus istis;  
Quin orbis regno, famæ sint terminus astra:  
CANUTUM referas regno quadruplicè clarum;  
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate folis.  
Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;  
Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calescimus illo  
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,  
Londinensis eques, musis hæc tecta dicavit.  
Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.

Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem  
 Ire salutatum, Christi precursor, ad ædem  
 Christi pergentem, iussit. Distâ ergo salute  
 Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.

As that singular curiosity, *The Witch*, printed by Mr. Reed, and distributed only among his friends, cannot fall in the way of every curious and inquisitive reader of Shakspeare, I am induced to subjoin such portions of it (though some of them are already glanced at) as might have suggested the idea on which our author founded his unrivalled scene of enchantment in the fourth act of the present tragedy.

The lyric part indeed of the second of these extracts has already appeared in my note under the article *Macbeth*, in Mr. Malone's *Attempt &c.* Vol. I; and is repeated here only for the sake of juxtaposition, and because its adjuncts (to borrow a phrase from Lady Macbeth) would have been "bare without it." The whole is given with its antiquated spelling, corrected from the original MS.

STEEVENS.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

*Enter HECAT; and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting.)*

*Hec.* Titty, and Tiffin, Suckin

And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!

White spirits, black spiritts, gray spiritts, redd speritts;

Devill-Toad, Devill-Ram, Devill-Catt, and Devill-Dam.

Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwin and Prickle!

*Stad.* Here, sweating at the vessel.

*Hec.* Boyle it well.

*Hop.* It gallops now.

*Hec.* Are the flames blew enough?

Or shall I use a little seeten more?

*Stad.* The nipps of Fayries upon maides white hipps,

Are not more perfect azure.

*Hec.* Tend it carefully.

Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,

That I may fall to work upon theis serpents,

And squeeze 'em ready for the second howre.

Why, when?

*Stad.* Heere's Stadlin, and the dish.

*Hec.* There take this un-baptized brat:

Boile it well: preserve the fat:



You know 'tis pretious to transfer  
 Our 'noynted flesh into the aire,  
 In moone-light nights, ore steeple-topps,  
 Mountaines, and pine-trees, that like pricks, or stopps,  
 Seeme to our height: high towres, and roofes of princes,  
 Like wrinckles in the earth: whole provinces  
 Appeare to our sight then, ev'n leeke  
 A russet-moale upon some ladies cheeke.  
 When hundred leagues in aire we feast and sing,  
 Daunce, kisse, and coll, use every thing:  
 What yong-man can we wish to pleasure us  
 But we enjoy him in an Incubus?  
 Thou know'st it Stadlin?

*Stad.* Usually that's don.

*Hec.* Last night thou got'st the Maior of Whelpies son,  
 I knew him by his black cloake lyn'd with yallow;  
 I thinck thou hast spoild the youth: hee's but feaventeene.  
 I'll have him the next mounting: away, in.  
 Goe feed the vessell for the second howre.

*Stad.* Where be the magicall herbes?

*Hec.* They're downe his throate.

His mouth cramb'd full; his eares, and nostrills stuff.  
 I thrust in Eleoselinum, lately  
 Aconitum, frondes populeus, and foote,  
 You may see that, he looks so black i'th' mouth:  
 Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too  
 Dentaphillon, the blood of a fitter-mowse,  
 Solanum somnificum et oleum.

*Stad.* Then ther's all Heccat?

*Hec.* Is the hart of wax

Stuck full of magique needles?

*Stad.* 'Tis don Heccat.

*Hec.* And is the Farmer's picture, and his wives,  
 Lay'd downe to th' fire yet?

*Stad.* They are a roasting both too.

*Hec.* Good;

Then their marrowes are a melting subtefly,  
 And three monethes sicknes sucks up life in 'em.  
 They denide me often flowre, barme, and milke,  
 Goose-greaze and tar, when I nere hurt their churnings,  
 Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor fore-spoake  
 Any of their breedings. Now I'll be-meete with 'em.  
 Seaven of their yong piggs I have be-witch'd already  
 Of the last litter, nine ducklyngs, thirteene goselings and a  
 hog

Fell lame last Sunday after even-song too.

And mark how their theepe prosper; or what soupe

Each milch-kine gives to th' paille : I'll send these snakes  
Shall milke 'om all before hand : the dew'd-skirted dayric  
wenches

Shall stroak dry duggs for this, and goe home curffing :  
I'll mar their fillabubs, and swathie feasting  
Under coves bellies, with the parish-youthes :

*Enter FIRESTONE.*

Wher's Firestone ? our son Firestone,

*Fire.* Here am I mother.

*Hec.* Take in this brazen dish full of deere ware,  
Thou shalt have all when I die, and that wilbe  
Ev'n juft at twelve a clock at night come three yeere.

*Fire.* And may you not have one a-clock in to th' dozen  
(Mother ?)

*Hec.* Noh.

*Fire.* Your spirits are then more unconfcionable then bakers :  
You'll have liv'd then (Mother) six-score yeare to the hundred ;  
and me-thincks after six-score yeares the devill might give you a  
caft ; for he's a fruiterer too, and has byn from the beginning : the  
first apple that ere was eaten, came through his fingers : The Cos-  
termongers then I hold to be the auncientest trade, though some  
would have the 'tailor prick'd downe before him.

*Hec.* Goe and take heed you shed not by the way :  
The howre must have her portion, 'tis deere sirrop.  
Each charmed drop is able to confound  
A famely confisting of nineteene,  
Or one and twentie feeders.

*Fire.* Mary, heere's stuff indeed ! Deere furrup call you it ? a  
little thing would make me give you a dram on't in a possett, and  
cutt you three yeares shorter.

*Hec.* Thou'rt now about some villany.

*Fire.* Not I (forfooth) Truly the devill's in her I thinck. How  
one villanie smells out an other straight : Ther's no knavery but is  
noside like a dog, and can smell out a doggs meaning. (Mother) I  
pray give me leave to ramble a-broad to-night with the night-mare,  
for I have a great mind to over-lay a fat parfon's daughter.

*Hec.* And who shall lye with me then ?

*Fire.* The great cat for one night (Mother). 'Tis but a night :  
make shift with him for once.

*Hec.* You're a kind son :

But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that :  
You had rather hunt after strange women still,  
Then lye with your owne mother : Gett thee gon ;  
Sweatt thy six ounces out about the vessell,

And thou shalt play at mid-night : the night-mare  
Shall call thee when it walkes.

*Fire.* Thancks most sweet Mother.

[*Exit.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Hec.* Urchins, Elves, Haggs, Satires, Pans, Fawnes, silence.  
Kitt with the candlestick; Tritons, Centaures, Dwarfes, Imps,  
the Spooone, the Mare, the Man i'th'oake; the Hell-waine, the  
Fire-drake, the Puckle. A. Ab. Hur. Hus.

*Seb.* Heaven knowes with what unwillingnes and hate  
I enter this dambd place : but such extreemes  
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,  
That were I ledd by this diseafe to death  
As numberles as creatures that must die,  
I could not shun the way : I know what 'tis  
To pittie mad-men now ; they're wretched things  
That ever were created, if they be  
Of woman's making, and her faithles vowes :  
I fear they're now a kissing : what's a clock ?  
'Tis now but supper-time : But night will come,  
And all new-married copples make short suppers.  
What ere thou art, I have no spare time to feare thee ;  
My horrors are so strong and great already,  
That thou seem'st nothing : Up and laze not :  
Hadst thou my busynes, thou couldst nere sit soe ;  
'Twould firck thee into ayre a thousand mile,  
Beyond thy oynetments : I would, I were read  
So much in thy black powre, as mine owne greifes !  
I'me in great need of help : wil't give me any ?

*Hec.* Thy boldnes takes me bravely : we are all sworne  
To sweatt for such a spirit : See ; I regard thee,  
I rise, and bid thee wellcome. What's thy wish now ?

*Seb.* Oh my heart swells with't. I must take breath first.

*Hec.* Is't to confound some enemy on the seas ?  
It may be don to night. Stadlin's within ;  
She raises all your sodaine ruinous stormes  
That shipwrack barks, and teares up growing oakes,  
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini  
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for't)  
He would be hang'd ere he would set his owne yeares there,  
They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,  
A greene silk curtaine drawne before the eyes on't,  
(His rotten diseasd yeares) ! Or dost thou envy  
The fat prosperitie of any neighbour ?  
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation  
Can straight destroy the yong of all his cattell :  
Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadowes ; or in one night

Transport his doong, hay, corne, by reekes, whole stacks,  
Into thine owne ground.

*Seb.* This would come most richely now  
To many a cuntry grazier: But my envy  
Lies not so lowe as cattell, corne, or vines:  
'Twill trouble your best powres to give me ease.

*Hec.* Is yt to starve up generation?  
To strike a barrennes in man or woman?

*Seb.* Hah!

*Hec.* Hah! did you feele me there? I knew your griefe.

*Seb.* Can there be such things don?

*Hec.* Are theis the skins  
Of serpents? theis of snakes?

*Seb.* I see they are.

*Hec.* So sure into what house theis are convay'd  
Knitt with theis charmes, and retentive knotts,  
Neither the man begetts, nor woman breeds;  
No, nor performs the least desire of wedlock,  
Being then a mutuall dutie: I could give thee  
Chiroconita, Adincantida,  
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,  
Which I could fort to villanous barren ends,  
But this leades the same way: More I could instance:  
As the same needles thrust into their pillowes  
That soawes and socks up dead men in their sheets:  
A privy grizzel of a man that hangs  
After sun-fett: Good, excellent: yet all's there (Sir).

*Seb.* You could not doe a man that speciall kindnes  
To part them utterly, now? Could you doe that?

*Hec.* No: time must do't: we cannot disioyne wedlock:  
'Tis of heaven's fastning: well may we raise jarrs,  
Jealouzies, striffes, and hart-burning disagreements,  
Like a thick skurff ore life, as did our master  
Upon that patient miracle: but the work itself  
Our powre cannot dis-joynt.

*Seb.* I depart happy

In what I have then, being constrain'd to this:  
And graunt you (greater powres) that dispose men,  
That I may never need this hag agen.

[*Exit.*

*Hec.* I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't;  
'Tis for the love of mischeif I doe this,  
And that we are sworne to the first oath we take.

*Fire.* Oh mother, mother.

*Hec.* What's the newes with thee now?

*Fire.* There's the bravest yong gentleman within, and the fineliest  
drunk: I thought he would have falne into the vessel: he stum-  
bled at a pipkin of childes greaze; reelde against Stadlin, over-

threw her, and in the tumbling cast, struck up old Puckles heels with her clothes over her eares.

*Hec.* Hoy-day!

*Fire.* I was fayne to throw the cat upon her, to save her honestie; and all litle enough: I cryde out still, I pray be coverd. See where he comes now (Mother.)

*Enter ALMACHILDES.*

*Alm.* Call you theis witches?

They be tumblers me-thinckes, very flat tumblers.

*Hec.* 'Tis Almachildes: fresh blood stirrs in me—

The man that I have lusted to enjoy:  
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.

*Al.* Is your name gooddy Hag?

*Hec.* 'Tis any thing.

Call me the horridst and unhallowed things  
That life and nature trembles at; for thee  
I'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charme now?

*Al.* Why thou'rt a witch, I thinck.

*Hec.* Thou shalt have choice of twentie, wett, or drie.

*Al.* Nay let's have drie ones.

*Hec.* Yf thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,  
I'll give thee a Remora shall be-witch her straight.

*Al.* A Remora? what's that?

*Hec.* A litle suck-stone,

Some call it a stalamprey, a small fish.

*Al.* And must 'be butter'd?

*Hec.* The bones of a greene frog too: wondrous pretious,  
The flesh confum'd by pize-mires.

*Al.* Pize-mires! give me a chamber-pot.

*Fire.* You shall see him goe nighe to be so unmannerly, hee'll  
make water before my mother anon.

*Al.* And now you talke of frogs, I have somewhat here:

I come not emptie pocketted from a bancket.

(I learn'd that of my haberdashers wife.)

Looke, gooddy witch, there's a toad in marchpane for you.

*Hec.* Oh sir, y'have fitted me.

*Al.* And here's a spawne or two

Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.

*Fire.* I thanck your worship, sir: how comes your handkercher  
so sweetely thus beray'd? sure tis wett sucket, sir.

*Al.* 'Tis nothing but the sIRRUP the toad spit,

Take all I pree-thee.

*Hec.* This was kindly don, sir,

And you shall sup with me to-night for this.

*Al.* How? sup with thee? dost thinck I'll eate fryde ratts,  
And pickled spiders?

*Hec.* No: I can command, Sir,  
The best meate i'th' whole province for my friends,  
And reverently servd in too.

*Al.* How?

*Hec.* In good fashion.

*Al.* Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you.

*She conjures; and enter a Catt (playing on a fiddle) and Spiritts  
(with meate).*

The Catt and Fiddle's an excellent ordinarie:  
You had a devill once in a fox-skin.

*Hec.* Oh, I have him still: come walke with me, Sir.

*Fire.* How apt and ready is a drunckard now to reele to the de-  
vill! Well I'll even in, and see how he eates, and I'll be hang'd if  
I be not the fatter of the twaine with laughing at him. [Exit.]

### A C T III, S C E N E III.

*Enter HECCAT, WITCHES, & FIRE-STONE.*

*Hec.* The moone's a gallant; see how brisk she rides,

*Stad.* Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.

*Hec.* I, is't not wenches,

To take a jorney of five thousand mile?

*Hop.* Ours will be more to-night.

*Hec.* Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?

*Stad.* Breifely in the copps,  
As we came through now.

*Hec.* 'Tis high time for us then.

*Stad.* There was a bat hoong at my lipps three times  
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.  
Old Puckle saw her.

*Hec.* You are fortunate still:  
The very schreich-owle lights upon your shoulder,  
And woos you, like a pidgeon. Are you furnish'd?  
Have you your oyntments?

*Stad.* All.

*Hec.* Prepare to flight then:  
I'll over-take you swiftly.

*Stad.* Hye thee Heccat:  
We shal be up betimes.

*Hec.* I'll reach you quickly.

*Fire.* They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowles  
i'th'aire, that fly by day: I am sure they'll be a company of fowle

flutts there to night. Yf we have not mortallitie affer'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

*Hec.* What Fire-Stone, our sweet son?

*Fire.* A litle sweeter then some of you; or a doonghill were too good for me.

*Hec.* How much haft here?

*Fire.* Nineteene, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.

*Hec.* Deere and sweet boy: what herbes haft thou?

*Fire.* I have some Mar-martin, and Man-dragon.

*Hec.* Marmartin, and Mandragora, thou wouldst fay.

*Fire.* Heer's Pannax too: I thanck thee, my pan akes I am sure with kneeling downe to cut 'em.

*Hec.* And Selago,

Hedge hisop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?

Were they all cropt by moone-light?

*Fire.* Every blade of 'em, or I am a moone-calf (Mother).

*Hec.* Hye thee home with 'em.

Looke well to the house to night: I am for aloft.

*Fire.* Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the steeple alredy, flying over your head with a noyfe of mufitians.

*Hec.* They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

SONG. Come away, come away; } *in the aire.*  
Heccat, Heccat, come away. }

*Hec.* I come, I come, I come, I come,

With all the speed I may,

With all the speed I may.

Wher's Stadlin?

Heere } *in the aire.*

Wher's Puckle?

Heere:

And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too: } *in the aire.*

We lack but you; we lack but you;

Come away, make up the count.

*Hec.* I will but noynt, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a Cat descends.*

Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues;

A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood:

And why thou stait so long

} *above.*

I mufe, I mufe,

Since the air's so sweet and good.

*Hec.* Oh, art thou come,  
                   What newes, what newes?  
 All goes still to our delight,  
                   Either come, or els  
                                   Refuse, refuse.

*Hec.* Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

*Fire.* Hark, hark, the Catt sings a brave treble in her owne language.

*Hec.* *going up.*] Now I goe, now I flie,  
 Malkin my sweete spirit and I.  
 Oh what a daintie pleasure tis  
           To ride in the aire  
           When the moone shines faire,  
 And sing and daunce, and toy and kifs:  
           Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,  
           Over seas, our mistris fountaines,  
           Over steepe towres and turrets  
 We fly by night, 'mongst troopes of spiritts.  
 No ring of bells to our eares sounds,  
 No howles of woolves, no yelpes of hounds;  
 No, not the noyse of water's-breache,  
 Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

                  No Ring of bells, &c. } *above.*

*Fire.* Well Mother, I thanck your kindnes: You must be gambling i'th'aire, and leave me to walk here like a foole and a mortall. [*Exit.*

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

*Enter DUCHESSE, HECCAT, FIRESTONE.*

*Hec.* What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

*Dutch.* A fodaine and a subtle.

*Hec.* Then I have fitted you.

Here lye the guifts of both; fodaine and subtle:  
 His picture made in wax, and gently molten  
 By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,  
 Will waffe him by degrees.

*Duch.* In what time, pree-thee?

*Hec.* Perhaps in a moone's progresse.

*Duch.* What? a moneth?

Out upon pictures! if they be so tedious,  
 Give me things with some life.

*Hec.* Then seeke no farther.

*Duch.* This must be don with speed, dispatch'd this night,  
 If it may possible.

*Hec.* I have it for you:

Here's that will do't: stay but perfection's time,



And that's not five howres hence.

*Duch.* Canst thou do this ?

*Hec.* Can I ?

*Duch.* I meane, so closely.

*Hec.* So closely doe you meane too ?

*Duch.* So artfully, so cunningly.

*Hec.* Worfe & worfe; doubts and incredulities,  
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know  
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes  
In fontes rediere suos; concussa.q. fisto,  
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,  
Nubila. induco: ventos abigo. q. voco. q.  
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;  
Et silvas moveo, jubeo. q. tremiscere montes,  
Et mugire solum, manes. q. exire sepulchris.  
Te quoque Luna traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter,  
Than can make mountaines tremble, miles of woods walk;  
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spiritts  
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;  
Nay, draw yond moone to my envolv'd designs ?

*Fire.* I know as well as can be when my mother's mad and our  
great catt angrie; for one spitts French then, and thother spitts  
Latten.

*Duch.* I did not doubt you, Mother.

*Hec.* No? what did you,

My powre's so firme, it is not to be question'd.

*Duch.* Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensiveness  
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.

*Hec.* Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.  
It shall be convoid in at howlett-time.

Take you no care. My spiritts know their moments:

Raven, or screitch-owle never fly by th' dore

But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they loose not by't.

I give 'em barley soakd in infants' blood:

They shall have femina cum sanguine,

Their gorge cramd full if they come once to our house:

We are no niggard.

*Fire.* They fare but too well when they come heather: they  
eate up as much tother night as would have made me a good con-  
scionable pudding.

*Hec.* Give me some lizards-braine: quickly Firestone.

Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o'th' sisters ?

*Fire.* All at hand forsooth.

*Hec.* Give me Marmaritin; some Beare-breech: when ?

*Fire.* Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards braine forsooth.

*Hec.* In to the vessell;

And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle  
I kill'd laſt midnight.

*Fire.* Whereabouts, ſweet Mother?

*Hec.* Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?

*Fire.* You ſhall have Acopus, forfooth.

*Hec.* Stir, ſtir about; whilſt I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Veſſell.

Black ſpiritts, and white; Red ſpiritts, and gray;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

Titty, Tiffin, keepe it ſtiff in;

Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey;

Liard, Robin, you muſt bob in.

Round, around, around, about, about;

All ill come running in, all good keepe out!

1. *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.

*Hec.* Put in that; oh put in that.

2. Heer's libbard's-bane.

*Hec.* Put in againe.

1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.

2. Thoſe will make the yonker madder.

*Hec.* Put in; ther's all, and rid the ſtench.

*Fire.* Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

*All.* Round, around, around, &c.

*Hec.* So, foe, enough: into the veſſell with it.

There, 't hath the true perfection: I am ſo light

At any miſchief: ther's no villany

But is a tune methinkes.

*Fire.* A tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then, I warrant  
you; and that ſong hath a villanous burthen.

*Hec.* Come my ſweet ſiſters; let the aire ſtrike our tune,

Whilſt we ſhow reverence to yond peeping moone.

[*Here they daunce. The Witches dance & Exeunt.*]

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\* \* THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The firſt and ſecond of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the ſecond act, in a ſcene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other ſong, which is ſung in the third act, the firſt words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuſcript in the collection of Major Pearſon. Whether this ſong was written by Shakspeare, and omit-

ted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

## A C T II.

## FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Speak, sifter, speak ; is the deed done ?  
 2. *Witch.* Long ago, long ago :  
 Above twelve glasses since have run.  
 3. *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom flow ;  
 Nor single : following crimes on former wait :  
 The worst of creatures fastest propagate.  
 Many more murders must this one ensue,  
 As if in death were propagation too.  
 2. *Witch.* He will —  
 1. *Witch.* He shall —  
 3. *Witch.* He must spill much more blood ;  
 And become worse, to make his title good.  
 1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.  
 2. *Witch.* Agreed.  
 3. *Witch.* Agreed.  
 4. *Witch.* Agreed.  
*Chor.* We should rejoice when good kings bleed.  
 When cattle die, about we go ;  
 What then, when monarchs perish, should we do ?

## SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath ;  
 We gain more life by Duncan's death.  
 Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,  
 Having no musick but our mew :  
 Sometimes we dance in some old mill,  
 Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,  
 To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,  
 Where still the mill-clack does keep time.  
 Sometimes about an hollow tree,  
 Around, around, around dance we :  
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,  
 And beetle, singing drowsy hums :  
 Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,  
 To howls of wolves, and barks of curs :  
 And when with none of those we meet,  
 We dance to the echoes of our feet.  
 At the night-raven's dismal voice,  
 Whilst others tremble, we rejoice ;  
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
 To the echoes from an hollow hill.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E V.

HECATE *and the three* WITCHES.MUSICK *and* SONG.[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!*Hec.* Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!*Hec.* I come, I come, with all the speed I may,  
With all the speed I may.

Where's Stadling?

2. Here. [*within.*]*Hec.* Where's Puckle?3. Here; [*within.*]

And Hopper too, and Helway too.\*

We want but you, we want but you:

Come away, make up the count.

*Hec.* I will but 'noint, and then I mount:

I will but 'noint, &amp;c.

[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,[*A Machine with Malkin in it descends.*†]

A kifs, a coll, a sip of blood;

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,

Since the air's so sweet and good.

*Hec.* O, art thou come? What news?[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:

Either come, or else refuse.

*Hec.* Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;[*Hecate places herself in the Machine.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

O, what a dainty pleasure's this,

To fail i'the air,

While the moon shines fair;

To sing, to toy, to dance and kifs!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;

Over hills, and misty fountains; §

\* *And Hopper too, and Helway too.*] In *The Witch*, these personages are called *Hopper* and *Helwayne*. MALONE.† This stage-direction I have added. In *The Witch* there is here the following marginal note: "A spirit like a cat descends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, printed in 1674, this song, as well as all the rest of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to distribute the different parts of the song before us, as, I imagine, the author intended. MALONE.§ *Over hills, &c.*] In *The Witch*, instead of this line we find:

Over seas, our mistress' fountains. MALONE.

Over steeples, towers, and turrets,  
 We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.  
 No ring of bells to our ears sounds,  
 No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;  
 No, not the noise of waters' breach,  
 Nor cannons' throats our height can reach. [*Hecate ascends.*  
 1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.  
 2. *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,  
 Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

*Notes omitted (on account of length) in their proper places.*

[ See p. 396. ]

— his two chamberlains

*Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.*

*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?]* In the original Scottish History by

Boethius, and in Holinshed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth slew Duncan at Inverness. No particulars whatsoever are mentioned. The circumstance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as some other circumstances, our author has taken from the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinshed, in p. 150 of his Scottish History (the history of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168): "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his lineage had sustained by the execution of those his kinsmen, whom the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceased not to travell with him till she understood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she, as one that bare no lesse malice in hir heart, for the like cause on his behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him, (sith the king used oftentimes to lodge in his house without anye gard about him other than the garrison of the castle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, and showed him the meanes whereby he might soonest accomplish it.

Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of so heinous an act. Whereupon devising with himselfe for a while, which way hee might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length gat opportunite, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king upon the daie before he purposed to depart forth of the

*castell*, was long in his oratorie at his praier, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming foorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie served him *in pursute and apprehension of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he bestowed sundrie honourable gifts amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had been ever accounted a most faithful servant to the king.*

At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of *drinks* for their reare supper or collation, whereat *they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomacks with such full gorges*, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, soouer than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, and speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie buskling at all: and immediately by a posterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horse there provided for that purpose, they convey it unto a place about two miles distant from the castell.—

Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued to companie with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conveyed awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter*; and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, *he forthwith slew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ransacked everie corner within the castell, as though it had bene to have seene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the *chamberlains, whom he had slaine, with all the fault*, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murther.

Finallie, such was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders heerein, that some of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell fourth shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place should better serve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." MALONE.

Add, at the conclusion of Mr. Malone's note, p. 411.] I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace."

Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a ravisher likewise. In the parallel passage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are distinct persons:

"While LUST and MURDER wake, to *stain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost, was of this import:

— and wither'd MURDER,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace  
*Enters the portal; while night-waking LUST,*  
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"At midnight—  
"When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,  
"Save those that watch for *rape* and *blodie murder*,"

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakespeare's plays arise from lines and half lines having been omitted, by the compositor's eye passing hastily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is a remarkable instance in the present play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following passage is thus exhibited:

"— that we but teach  
"Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
"To plague the *ingredience* of our *poison'd chalice*  
"To our own lips."

If this mistake had happened in the first copy, and had been continued in the subsequent impressions, what diligence or sagacity could have restored the passage to sense?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients* is there also mis-spelt:

"— which, being taught, return  
"To plague the *inventor*. *This even-banded justice*  
"Commends the *ingredience* of our *poison'd chalice*  
"To our own lips."

So, the following passage in *Much ado about nothing*,

“ And I will break with her and with her father,

“ *And thou shalt have her.* Was't not to this end,” &c.

is printed thus in the folio, [1623] by the compositor's eye glancing from one line to the other :

“ And I will break with her. Was't not to this end,” &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632 :

“ ——— for their dear causes

“ Excite the mortified man.”

instead of

“ ——— for their dear causes

“ *Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*

“ Excite the mortified man.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, 1632 :

“ ——— in himself too mighty,

“ Untill a time may serve.”

instead of

“ ——— in himself too mighty,

“ *And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*

“ Untill a time may serve.” MALONE.

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See p. 425, n. 4.] After the horror and agitation of this scene, the reader may perhaps not be displeas'd to pause for a few minutes. The consummate art which Shakspeare has display'd in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whose comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has just reach'd my hands, has develop'd some of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the present and subsequent scene, with such acuteness of observation, that I am tempted to transcribe such of his remarks as relate to the subject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having prov'd by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whose weaker desires seem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he adds, “ Upon the same principle a distinction still stronger is made in the article of courage, though both are possess'd of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than resolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprise he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, “ if we should fail?” is a difficulty rais'd by an apprehension; and as soon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the



crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unusual to him,

“ — Bring forth men children only, &c.

“ — 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 done it?”

which question he puts to her who had the moment before suggested the thought of

“ His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

“ Of our great quell.”

and his asking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehension and doubt is always accompanied. Then summoning all his fortitude he says, “ I am settled,” &c. and proceeds to the bloody business without any further recoil. But a certain degree of restlessness and anxiety still continues, such as is constantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous achievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumstances of horror which surround him; the vision of the dagger; the darkness and the stillness of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undismayed, attends to the business only; considers of the place where she had laid the daggers ready; the impossibility of his missing them; and is afraid of nothing but a disappointment. She is earnest and eager; he is uneasy and impatient; and therefore wishes it over:

“ I go, and it is done;” &c.

But a resolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occasion for it: the moment after that is accomplished for which it was necessary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out in agony and despair,

“ Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!”

That courage which had supported him while he was *settled and bent up*, forsakes him so immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumstance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when reminded of it he refuses to return and complete his work, acknowledging,

“ I am afraid to think what I have done;

“ Look on't again I dare not.”

His disorder'd senses deceive him; and his debilitated spirits fail him; he owns that “ every noise appals him;” he listens when nothing stirs; he mistakes the sounds he does hear; he is so confused as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the south entry; she gives clear and direct answers to all the incoherent questions he asks her; but he returns none to that which she puts to him; and though after

some time, and when necessity again urges him to recollect himself, he recovers so far as to conceal his distress, yet he still is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his answers to the trivial questions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of something else; and by taking a tincture from the subject of his attention, they become equivocal:

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we

Our chimneys were blown down; &c.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Not yet* implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard against any suspicion of his knowing that the king would never stir more. *He did appoint so*, is the very counterpart of that which he had said to Lady Macbeth, when on his first meeting her she asked him,

“*Lady M.* When goes he hence?

“*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.”

in both which answers he alludes to his disappointing the king's intention. And when forced to make some reply to the long description given by Lenox, he puts off the subject which the other was so much inclined to dwell on, by a slight acquiescence in what had been said of the roughness of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the conversation.” *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, [by Mr. Whateley] 8vo. 1785.

To these ingenious observations I entirely subscribe, except that I think the wavering irresolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be ascribed *solely* to a remission of courage, since much of it may be imputed to the remorse which would arise in a man who was of a good natural disposition, and is described as originally “full of the milk of human kindness;—not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it.” MALONE.

See Remarks on Mr. Whateley's Dissertation, p. 584 & seq. They first appeared in *The European Magazine* for April, 1787.

STEEVENS.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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*John Woodman*





