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T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VI.

3674

P L A Y S

THE

WILSON SHAKESPEARE

L A Y S

AND OTHER PLAYS

BY

WILSON SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILSON SHAKESPEARE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

L O N D O N

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1911

WILSON

T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SIXTH,

CONTAINING,

The LIFE and DEATH of KING LEAR.

TIMON of ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The TRAGEDY of MACBETH.

AIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, C. CORBET, H. WOODFALL,
J. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and
COLLINS, W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS,
and the Executors of B. DODD.

M,DCC,LXV.

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May. 1873

KING LEAR

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T H E
L I F E *and* D E A T H
O F
K I N G *L E A R.*

VOL. VI.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ster.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to Glo'ster.*
Edmund, *Bastard Son to Glo'ster.*
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctör.
Fool.
Oswald, *Steward to Gonerill.*
A Captain, employcd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, *Tenant to Glo'ster.*
Servant to Cornwall.
1st. }
2d. } *Servants to Glo'ster.*
Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE *lies in Britain.*

Of this Play the Editions are,

I. Quarto, 1608, by *Nathaniel Butler.*
II. In the folio of 1623.
III. Quarto, by *Jane Bell*, 1655. This edition is of no value, for, neglecting the better copy in the folio, it follows the

first quarto, even in the errors of the press.

This edition, like all the other, except *Bell's*, is given from the folio. The variations are sometimes noted.

KING

K I N G L E A R.

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

The KING's PALACE.

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

K E N T.

I Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us, but now, ¹ in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the dukes he values most; for ² qualities are so weigh'd, ³ that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my Lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I

¹ *in the division of the kingdom]* There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The King has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps *Kent* and *Gloucester* only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or

performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.

² *Equalities.* 4to.

³ *that curiosity in neither]* *Curiosity*, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other.

WARBURTON.

have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could, whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, ⁴ some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat faucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*.

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

[*Trumpet sounds within.*]

—The King is coming.

⁴ *some year elder than this,*] The *Oxford* Editor, not understanding the common phrase, alters year to years. He did not consider the *Bastard* says,

*For that I am some twelve or
fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a Brother.*—

WARBURTON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*,
Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my Liege. [Exit.

Lear. Mean time we shall ⁵ express our darker purpose.

Give me the map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; ⁶ and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Corn-*
wall,

And you, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a ⁷ constant will to publish
Our daughters sev'ral dow'rs, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes *France* and
Burgundy,

⁵ *express our darker purpose.*] *Darker*, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique.

WARBURTON.

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition.

This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue.

⁶ *and 'tis our FAST intent,*] This is an interpolation of Mr. *Lewis Theobald*, for want of knowing the meaning of the old reading in the quarto of

1608, and first folio of 1623; where we find it,

— and 'tis our FIRST intent, which is as *Shakespear* wrote it: who makes *Lear* declare his purpose with a dignity becoming his character: That the first reason of his abdication was the love of his people, that they might be protected by such as were better able to discharge the trust; and his natural affection for his daughters, only the second.

WARBURTON.

Fast is the reading of the first folio, and I think the true reading.

⁷ *Constant will* seems a confirmation of *fast* intent.

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their am'rous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
 Since now we will divest us both of rule,
 Int'rest of territory, cares of state,
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most,
 That we our largest bounty may extend,
 Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill,*
 Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir,

I love you more than words can wield the matter,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty ;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour ;
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found ;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
⁸ Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, ev'n from this line to
 this,

With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter?
 Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*, speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth, in my true heart.
 I find, she names my very deed of love,
 Only she comes too short ; ¹ that I profess

⁸ *Beyond all manner, &c.] i. e.*
 beyond all expression.

WARRURTON.

Beyond all manner of so much—]
 Beyond all assignable quantity.
 I love you beyond limits, and
 cannot say it is *so much*, for how
 much soever I should name it
 would yet be more.

⁹ So the quarto: the folio has
speak.

¹ —*that I profess]* That seems
 to stand without relation, but
 is referred to *find*, the first con-
 junction being inaccurately sup-
 pressed. *I find that she names any
 deed, that I profess, &c.*

Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 2 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.

And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's

3 More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
 4 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Gonerill.—5 Now our joy,
 Although our last, not least, to whose young love,
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be int'res'd; what say you, to draw
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

4 Which the most precious square
 of sense possesses;] By the
 square of sense, we are, here,
 to understand the four nobler
 senses, viz. the sight, hearing,
 taste, and smell. For a young
 lady could not, with decency,
 insinuate that she knew of any
 pleasures which the fifth afford-
 ed. This is imagined and ex-
 pressed with great propriety and
 delicacy. But the Oxford Edi-
 tor, for square, reads spirit.

WARBURTON.

This is acute; but perhaps
 square means only compass, com-
 prehension.

3 More pond'rous than MY
 tongue.] We should read,
 THEIR tongue, meaning her sist-
 ers.

WARBURTON.

I think the present reading
 right.

4 No less in space, validity,]
 Validity, for worth, value; not
 for integrity, or good title.

WARBURTON.

5 Now our joy,] Here the true
 reading is picked out of two
 copies. Butler's quarto reads,

—But now our joy,
 Although the last, not least in
 our dear love,
 What can you say to win a
 third, &c.

The folio,

—Now our joy,
 Although our last, and least;
 to whose young love,
 The vines of France, and milk
 of Burgundy,
 Strive to be int'res'd. What
 can you say.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia*? mend your speech a
little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back, as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? haply, when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.—

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:

For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scy-*
thian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

⁶ *To love my father all.*—] first edition, without which the
These words restored from the sense was not compleat. POPE.

K I N G L E A R.

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege——

Lear. Peace, *Kent!*

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight!—

[*To Cor.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her;—Call *France*—Who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*—*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns; ⁷ only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,

⁷ —— only retain

*The name, and all th' addition
to a King:*

*The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours;]* The
old books read the lines thus,

*The sway, revenue, execution
OF THE REST,*

Beloved sons, be yours.

This is evidently corrupt, and
the editors not knowing what to
make of—*of the rest*—, left it
out. The true reading, without
doubt, was,

*The sway, revenue, execution
OF TH' BEST,*

Beloved sons, be yours.——

Best, is an old word for regal
command: so that the sense of

the whole is,—I will only retain
the name and all the ceremoni-
ous observances that belong to a
King; the *essentials*, as sway,
revenue, administration of the
laws, be yours.

WARBURTON.

Execution of the rest.] I do not
see any great difficulty in the
words, *execution of the rest*, which
are in both the old copies. The
execution of the rest is, I sup-
pose, *all the other business*. Dr.
Warburton's own explanation of
his amendment confutes it; if
best be a *regal command*, they
were, by the grant of *Lear*, to
have rather the *best* than the *ex-
ecution*.

This

This Coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my pray'rs—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
^s Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration check

This hideous rashness; answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, On thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

^s *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,*] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of antient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations.

The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has *sloops* instead of *falls to folly*.

The meaning of *answer my life my judgment* is, *Let my life*

be answerable for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my opinion.

The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this,

—————*to plainness honour*

Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.

Reserve thy state; with better judgment check

This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,

Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was *Shakespeare's* first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action.

To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
° The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*———

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with ¹ strain'd pride,
² To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
³ Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;

Our

⁹ *The true blank of thine eye*] The blank is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See better, says *Kent*, and keep me always in your view.

¹ ——strain'd pride,] The oldest copy reads, *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds.

² *To come betwixt our sentence and our power;*] *Power*, for execution of the sentence.

WARBURTON.

³ *Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear.*

Our potency make good;] *Mr. Theobald*, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering *make* to *made* in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole; which, as it

stood before he corrupted the words, was this: “ You have endeavoured, says *Lear*, to make me break my oath, you have presumed to stop the execution of my sentence; the latter of these attempts neither my temper nor high station will suffer me to bear: and the other, had I yielded to it, my power could not make good, or excuse.”——

Which, in the first line, referring to both attempts. But the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occasioned all the obscurity of the passage.

WARBURTON.

Theobald only inserted the parenthesis; he found *made good* in the best copy of 1623. Dr.

War-

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee for provision,
 To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
 And on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our Kingdom ; if, the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death. Away ! * *By Jupiter,*
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King ; sith thus thou wilt
 appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To Cordelia.*
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Reg. and Gon.*
 That good effects may spring from words of love.
 Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu ;
 † He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Warburton has very acutely explained and defended the reading that he has chosen, but I am not certain that he has chosen right. If we take the reading of the folio, *our potency made good*, the sense will be less profound indeed, but less intricate, and equally commodious. *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain*, that power.

If *Dr. Warburton's* explanation be chosen, and every reader will wish to choose it, we may better read,

*Which nor our nature, nor our
 state can bear,
 Or potency make good.*

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good* relates only to *our place*.--Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.

Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability.

* *By Jupiter.*] *Shakespeare* makes his *Lear* too much a mythologist : he had *Hecate* and *Apollo* before.

† *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims ; he will continue to act upon the same principles.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glo'ter, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address tow'rd you, who with this King,
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,

When she was dear to us, we held her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little ^o seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with these infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;

* Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that
made me,

^o *Seeming* is beautiful.

* *Election* makes not up on such conditions.] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this sense it has, I think,

always the subject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is, neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here.

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,
 [To France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,
 T' avert your liking a more worthy way
 Than on a wretch, whom nature is ashamed
 Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!

That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 The ⁷ best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour! sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree;
 That monsters it; ⁸ or your fore-vouch'd affection

⁷ *Best* is added from the first copy.

⁸ The common books read,
 — or your fore-vouch'd af-
 fection.

Fall'n into taint :—] This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading authorised by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads,

— or you for vouch'd affections
Fall'n into taint.

The folio,

— or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Taint is used for *corruption* and for *disgrace*. If therefore we take the oldest reading, it may be reformed thus:

— *sure her offence*
*Must be of such unnatural de-
 gree,*

*That monsters it; or you for
 vouch'd affection*

Fall into taint.

Her offence must be prodigious,

or you must fall into reproach for having vouch'd affection which you did not feel.

If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may with a very slight change produce the same sense.

— *sure her offence*
*Must be of such unnatural de-
 gree,*
*That monsters it, or your fore-
 vouch'd affection*
Falls into taint.

That is, falls into reproach or censure.

But there is another possible sense. Or signifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be infected with hatred*. Let the reader determine.

As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which requires no change of reading.

Fall

Fall into taint ; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
If—for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not ; though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do ? My Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the lady ? Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof⁹ from th' intire point. Say, will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. [*To Lear.*] Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheffs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing :—I've sworn.

Bur. I'm sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being
poor,

⁹ *from th' intire point.*] *Intire*, Rather, single, unmixed with
for right, true. WARBURTON. other considerations.

Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd.
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
 Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, Gods ! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st ne-
 glect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
 Thy dow'rlless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
 Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France* ;
 Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*
 Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
 Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind ;
 ' Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, *France* ; let her be thine, for we
 Have no such daughter ; nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again ; therefore be gone
 Without our grace, without our love, our benison.
 Come, noble *Burgundy*.

[*Flourish*. *Exeunt Lear and Burgundy*.]

S C E N E IV.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you ; I know what you are,
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father ;
 To your professing bosoms I commit him ;
 But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study
 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you

' *Thou lovest here,—*] *Here* and a better residence in another
where have the power of nouns. place.
 Thou lovest this residence to find

At fortune's alms; you have obedience scant'd,
 2 And well are worth the Want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
 3 Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

S C E N E V.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
 Of what most nearly appertains to us both.
 I think, our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month
 with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the
 observation we have made of it hath not been little;
 he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor
 judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too
 grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
 but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath been
 but rash; then must we look, from his age, to re-
 ceive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted

2 *And well are worth the Want
 that you have wanted.*] This
 is a very obscure Expression, and
 must be pieced out with an im-
 plied Sense to be understood.
 This I take to be the Poet's
 Meaning, stript of the Jingle
 which makes it dark: "You
 "well deserve to meet with that
 "Want of Love from your Hus-
 "band, which you have pro-
 "fessed to want for our Father."

THEOBALD.

And well are worth the Want

that you have WANTED.]
 This nonsense must be corrected
 thus,

*And well are worth the Want
 that you have VAUNTED.*
i. e. that disherison, which you
 so much glory in, you deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think the common reading
 very suitable to the manner of
 our authour, and well enough
 explained by *Theobald*.

3 *Who covers faults, &c.] Il
 rira bien, qui rira le dernier.*

condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between *France* and him. Pray you, ⁴ let us hit together. If our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' th' heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

*Edm.*⁵ **T**HOU, Nature, art my Goddess; to thy law

My services are bound; wherefore should I

⁶ Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The

⁴ *let us hit*] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us fit*.

⁵ *Thou, Nature, art my Goddess;*] He makes his bastard an Atheist. *Italian* Atheism had much infected the *English* Court; as we learn from the best writers of that time. But this was the general title those Atheists in their works gave to *Nature*; thus *Vanini* calls one of his books, *De admirandis NATURÆ Reginae DEÆQUE MORTALIUM Arcanis*. So that the title here is emphatical.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *Stand in the PLAGUE of custom,*] *To stand in the plague of custom,* is an absurd expression. We should read,

Stand in the PLACE of custom. *i. e.* the place, the country, the boundary of custom. Why should I, when I profess to follow the freedom of *nature*, be confined within the narrow limits of custom? *Plague*, is a word in common use amongst the old *English* writers. So *Chaucer*, *The PLAGIS of the North by land and sea.*—From *plaga*.

WARBURTON.

† The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 * Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? Wherefore *bafe*?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
 As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With bafe, with baseness, bastardy; bafe, bafe,
 † Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality;
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then,

The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to the emendation proposed, though I have nothing better to offer.

† *The courtesy of Nations*] Mr. Pope reads *Nicely*. The Copies give,—*the Curiosity of Nations*; but our Author's Word was, *Courtesy*. In our Laws, some Lands are held by the *Courtesy of England*. THEOBALD.

* Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man*. HANMER.

† *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] These fine lines are an instance of our author's admirable art in giving proper sentiments to his characters. The *Bastard's* is that of a confirmed Atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology* was designed as one mark of such a character. For this impious jug-

gle had a religious reverence paid to it at that time. And therefore the best characters in this play acknowledge the force of the stars' influence. But how much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of *Vanini*, the *Italian Atheist*, in his tract *De admirandis naturæ, &c.* printed at *Paris*, 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum esset procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in Venerem incaluisse ardentius, ac cumulatum affatimque generosa femina contulissent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiæ et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.* Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that *Shakespeare* alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an Atheist as *Vanini*, would say, when he wrote upon such a subject.

WARBURTON.

Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land ;
 Our father's love is to the bastard *Edmund*,
 As to th' legitimate ; fine word——*legitimate*.
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
³ Shall be th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper ;
² Now, Gods, stand up for bastards !

S C E N E VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus ! and *France* in choler parted !
 And the King gone to-night ! ¹ subscrib'd his pow'r !
 Confin'd to ² exhibition ! ³ all this done
 Upon the gad !—*Edmund*, how now ? what news ?

⁸ *Shall be th' legitimate.*——] Here the *Oxford Editor* would show us that he is as good at coining phrases as his Author, and so alters the text thus,

Shall toe th' legitimate.
i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. **WARBURTON.**

Hammer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading.

Baile's quarto reads,
 ——*Edmund the base*

Shall tooth' legitimate.
 The folio,——*Edmund the base*

Shall to' th' legitimate.
Hammer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps, to *kick him out*, a phrase yet in vulgar use ; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *supplant*. The word *be* has no authority.

⁹ *New. Gods, stand up for bastards !* For what rea-

son ? He does not tell us ; but the poet alludes to the debaucheries of the Pagan Gods, who made heroes of all their bastards.

WARBURTON.
¹ ——*subscrib'd his pow'r !*]
Subscrib'd, for transferred, alienated. **WARBURTON.**

To subscribe, is to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, *He subscribed forty pounds to the new building.*

² *Exhibition* is allowance. The term is yet used in the universities.

³ ——*all this done*
 Upon the gad !] So the old copies : the later editions read,

——*all is gone*
 Upon the gad !

which, besides that it is unauthorised, is less proper. To do upon the gad, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad-fly.

Edm.

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needeth then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come. If it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir,

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it. The contents as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or ⁴ taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] ⁵ *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an ⁶ idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but*

⁴ *taste of my virtue.*] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read, *assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So in *Hamlet*,

Bring me to the test.

⁵ *This policy and reverence of ages*] *Ages* signifies former times. So the sense of the words is this, what between the policy of some, and the superstitious reverence of

others to old customs, it is now become an established rule, that fathers shall keep all they have till they die. WARBURTON.

All this may be spared. *Age*, not *ages*, is the reading of both the copies of authority. *Butler's* quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*.

⁶ *idle and fond*] Weak and foolish.

as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar.—Hum—Conspiracy!—sleep, till I wake him—you should enjoy half his revenue—My son *Edgar*! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! when came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the case-ment of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst wear, it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the fathers should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain! villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to
see]

feel my affection to your honour, and to no other
 7 pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his Father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him—Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, seek him out; ⁸ wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom; ⁹ I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently, ¹ convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; tho' ² the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd

⁷ Pretence is design, purpose. So afterwards in this play.

Pretence and purpose of unkindness.

⁸ wind me into him] I once thought it should be read, you into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase like, do me this.

⁹ I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires.

WARBURTON.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, Do you frame the business, who can act with less emotion; I would unstate myself; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, to

be in a due resolution, to be settled and composed on such an occasion.

The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded.

¹ convey the business] Convey, for introduce: but convey is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods so as not to be found upon the felon. WARBURTON.

To convey is rather to carry through than to introduce; in this place it is to manage artfully; we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance.

² the wisdom of nature] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

by the sequent effects. Love cool's, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, holowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully.—and the noble and true-heated *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Edmund.

Edm. ³ This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of

³ *This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.*] In *Shakespeare's* best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs thro' the whole piece. Thus, in the *Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and in *As you like it*, the fantastick humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate, *I am thinking, brother, of a predic-*

tion I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses. However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely befotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with, either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias

of our own behaviour) we make guilty, of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were

bias it to all the contrary ill qualities. So wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the *Italians*, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. *Petrus Aponensis*, an *Italian* physician of the XIIIth century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with *Jupiter* in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great *Milton* with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the Devil. Nor could the licentious *Rabelais* himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from *Æsop*, of the man who applied to *Jupiter* for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those, who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick *Jupiter* by the same petition, a kind of astrologick atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. *Hen, hen, disent ils—Et donques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des Planetes, que*

quiconque Coignée perdra, soudain deviendra nrm̄ riche?—
Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.

But to return to *Shakeſpear*. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he, with great judgment, makes these pagans Fatalists; as appears by these words of *Lear*,
*By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease
to be.*

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial Astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note.

villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an forc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. * An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.)

S C E N E IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat!———⁵ he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a
sigh

* *An admirable evasion—to lay his—disposition on the charge of a star!*] We should read, *CHANGE of a star!* which both the sense and grammar require. It was the opinion of Astrologers, (see what is said just above) that the momentary influence did all; and we do not say, Lay a thing *on the charge*, but *to the charge*. Besides, *change* answering to *evasion* just above, gives additional elegance to the expression. WARBURTON.

⁵ *He comes*, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy;] This we are to understand as a compliment, intended by the Author, on the natural winding up of the plot in the Comedy of the ancients; which as it was owing to the artful and yet natural in-

troductiion of the persons of the Drama into the scene, just in the nick of time, or *pat*, as our author says, makes the similitude very proper. This, without doubt, is the supreme beauty of Comedy, considered as an *action*. And as it depends solely on a strict observance of the *Unities*, it shews that these *Unities* are in nature, and in the reason of things, and not in a meer arbitrary invention of the *Greeks*, as some of our own country critics, of a low mechanic genius, have, by their works, persuaded our wits to believe. For common sense requiring that the subject of *one comedy* should be *one action*, and that that action should be contained nearly within the period of time which the representation

figh like *Tom o' Bedlam*—O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me———

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. ⁶ I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg.

of it takes up; hence we have the unities of *Time* and *Action*; and from these unavoidably arises the third, which is that of *Place*. For when the whole of one *action* is included within a proportionable small space of *time*, there is no room to change the *scene*, but all must be done upon one *spot of ground*. Now from this last unity (the necessary issue of the two other, which derive immediately from nature) proceeds all that beauty of the *catastrophe*, or the winding up the plot in the ancient comedy. For all the persons of the Drama being to appear and act on one limited spot, and being by their several interests to embarrass, and at length to conduct the action to its destin'd period, there is need of consummate skill to *bring them on*, and *take them off*, naturally and necessarily: for the grace of action requires the one, and the perfection of it the other. Which conduct of the action must needs produce a beauty that will give a judicious mind the highest pleasure. On the other hand, when a comic writer has a whole country to range in, nothing is easier than to find the

persons of the Drama just *where* he would have them; and this requiring no art, the beauty we speak of is not to be found. Consequently a violation of the unities deprives the Drama of one of its greatest beauties; which proves what I asserted, that the *three unities* are no arbitrary mechanic invention, but founded in reason and the nature of things. *The Tempest* of *Shakespeare* sufficiently proves him to be well acquainted with these unities; and the passage in question shews him to have been struck with the beauty that results from them. WARBURTON.

⁶ *I promise you,*] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. The quarto has the passage thus:

I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily, as of unnaturalness between the child and parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and male-dictions against king and nobles, need-

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, ⁷ that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak. Pray you, go, there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

needleless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of courts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

It is *easy* to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted in the text, *Edmund*, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the fu-

ture only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture.

⁷ *that with the mischief of your person*] This reading is in both copies, yet I believe the authour gave it, *that but with the mischief of your person it would scarce allay.*

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*
 A credulous father, and a brother noble,
 Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
 That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
 My practices ride easy; I see the business.
 Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
 All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. DID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me. Every hour
 He flashes into one gross crime or other,
 That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it.
 His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
 On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
 I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.
 If you come slack of former services,
 You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
 You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
 If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-rul'd. ⁸ Idle old Man,
 That still would manage those Authorities,

That

⁸ *Idle old Man,*] The following Lines, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in Character for *Gonerill*, I have restored

That he hath giv'n away!—Now, by my life,
 'Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
 With Checks, as flatteries when they're seen abus'd.

Re-

stored from the old Quarto. The last verse, which I have ventured to amend, is there printed thus:

With Checks, like Flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.

THEOBALD.

'Old Fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With Checks LIKE Flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.]

Thus the old Quarto reads these lines. It is plain they are corrupt. But they have been made worse by a fruitless attempt to correct them. And first, for

Old Fools are babes again;

A proverbial expression is here plainly alluded to; but it is a strange proverb which only informs us that fools are innocents. We should read,

Old Folks are babes again;— Thus speaks the proverb, and with the usual good sense of one. The next line is jumbled out of all meaning.

With Checks LIKE Flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.

Mr. Theobald restores it thus,

With Checks like Flatt'ers when they're seen to abuse us.

Let us consider the sense a little. *Old Folks*, says the speaker, *are Babes again*; well, and what then? Why then they must be used *like Flatterers*. But when *Shakespeare* quoted the Proverb, we may be assured his purpose was to draw some inference from it, and not run rambling after a similitude. And that inference

was not difficult to find, had common sense been attended to, which tells us *Shakespeare* must have wrote,

Old Folks are babes again; and must be us'd

With Checks, NOT FLATT'RIES when they're seen abus'd.

i. e. Old folks being grown children again, they should be used as we use children, with *Checks*; when we find that the little *Flatt'ries* we employed to quiet them are *abused*, by their becoming more peevish and perverse by indulgence.

— *When they're seen abus'd.*

i. e. when we find that those *Flatt'ries* are abused.

WARBURTON.

These lines hardly deserve a note, though Mr. *Theobald* thinks them *very fine*. Whether *fools* or *folks* should be read is not worth enquiry. The controverted line is yet in the old quarto, not as the editors represent it, but thus:

With checks as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.

I am in doubt whether there is any error of transcription. The sense seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks*, when as *they are seen to be deceived with flatteries*: or, *when they are once weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries*, they are then weak enough to be *used with checks*. There is a play of the words *used* and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so. I'll write strait to my sister to hold my course. Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. **I**F but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my speech difuse, my good intent
May carry thro' itself to that full issue,
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd *Kent*,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come Thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go, get it ready.

How now, what art thou? [To *Kent*.]

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust to love him that is honest; to converse with ¹ him that is wise and

same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical; *Shakespeare* perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the offici-

ousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand.

¹ *him that is wise* AND SAYS *little*;] Tho' saying little may be the character of wisdom, it was not a quality to chuse a companion

and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse, ² and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run; marr a

panion by for his conversation. We should read, *TO SAY little*; which was prudent when he chose a wife companion to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I profess to talk little myself, that I may profit the more by the conversation of the wife.

WARBURTON.

To converse signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. The old reading is the true.

² *and to eat no fish.*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the Government and a Protestant. The

eating fish, on a religious account; being then esteem'd such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's Fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery, *Fletcher* alludes in 'his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan say, when *Lazarillo*, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the Intelligencers, for a traitor. *Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him when he called for fish. And Marston's Dutch Courtezan. I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a fryday.*

WARBURTON.

curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner—Where's my knave? my fool?

Enter Steward.

Go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you——— [Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think, the world's asleep. How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late,

which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool.

Enter Steward.

O you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my Lord's knave! you whoreson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to, have you wisdom? so.— *[Pushes the Steward out.]*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. *[Giving money.]*

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb.

[Giving Kent his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, ³ take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? Would I had ⁴ two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.—

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.

³ take my coxcomb.] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, used to

denote a vain conceited meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

⁴ two coxcombs,] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters.

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 * Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
^s Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest,
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep within door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, *so much the rent of his land comes to.* He will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!—

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. ⁶ That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy Land,
 Come, place him here by me! do thou for him stand;
 The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,
 The one, in motley here; the other, found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

* *Lend less than thou owest,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast.* To *owe* in Old English is to *possess*. If *owe* be taken for to be in debt, the more prudent precept would be,

Lend more than thou owest.

^s *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *throw*, is an old word which

signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. WARB.

⁶ This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me,* down to, *Give me an egg,* was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure monopolies.

Kent,

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; ⁷ if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy Crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden crown away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

⁸ *Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,* [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you won't to be so full of songs, firrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thy own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

⁷ *If I had a monopoly on't, they would have a part on't:]* A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARB.

⁸ *Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,]* There never was a time when fools were less in favour, and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. The old edition has *wit* for *grace*.

Lear. If you lye, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nun-cle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one o'th'parings.

S C E N E XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that front-let on? You are too much of late i'th'frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an o without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Gonerill.*] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, He that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to Lear,*

Gon. Not only, Sir, thus your all-licens'd fool,

But others of your insolent retinue,

Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth

In rank and not to be endured riots.

I thought, by making this well known unto you,

T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which

Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
*The hedge sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young.*

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good
wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the cart draws
the horse? * Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not *Lear*.
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'tis not so,
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

° *Fool.* *Lear's shadow,*

* *Whoop, Jug, &c.]* There
are in the fool's speeches several
passages which seem to be pro-
verbial allusions, perhaps not
now to be understood.

° *Fool. Lear's shadow.]* I
have given this passage accord-
ing to the first folio. The quar-
to, which the modern editors
have followed, makes *Lear* con-
tinue the speech thus:

—————*Who I am?*

*Lear's shadow? I would learn
that; for by the marks*

*Of sovereignty, of knowledge
and reason,*

*I should be false persuaded I had
daughters.*

Your name, fair gentlewoman?

I think the folio in this place
preferable. Dr. Warburton has
inserted these lines with the fol-

lowing note:

————— *for by the marks*

*Of sovereignty, of knowledge,
and of reason.]* His daugh-
ters prove so unnatural, that, if
he were only to judge by the rea-
son of things, he must conclude,
they cannot be his daughters.
This is the thought. But how
does his kingship or sovereignty
enable him to judge in this mat-
ter? The line, by being false
pointed, has lost its sense. We
should read,

*Of sovereignty of knowledge,—
i. e. the understanding.* He calls
it, by an equally fine phrase, in
Hamlet, Sov'reignty of reason.
And it is remarkable that the E-
ditors had depraved it there too.
See Note, Act 1. Scene 7. of that
play.

WARBURTON.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman ——

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.

You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
¹ Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, ² that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together.
—Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

S C E N E XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you
come?

Is it your will? Speak, Sir.—Prepare my horses.—
[*To Albany.*]

¹ *A little* is the reading; but it appears, from what *Lear* says in the next Scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the Editions flood

is no where specify'd by *Gonerill*.

POPE.

² ———that shall still depend,]
Depend, for continue in service.

WARBURTON.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill,
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their names. O most small fault!
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord——
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful;
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from³ her derogate body never spring
A Babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of Spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:

³ from her derogate body] De-
rogate, for unnatural. WARB.

Rather, I think, degraded;
blasted.

⁴ With cadent tears——] We
should read, *cadent*, i. e. hot,
scalding. More agreeable to the
passionate imprecation of the
speaker; and to his usual phrase-
ology: as where he says present-

ly after,

——these hot tears that break
from me perforce,
and again,

——my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

WARBURTON.

This emendation, if *cadent* be
a word any where to be found,
is elegant, but not necessary.

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, wherefore comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it,
But let his disposition have that scope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?—

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

[To Gonerill.

⁵ That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—blasts and fogs upon
thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

⁶ Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [*Exeunt Lear and Attendants.*

⁵ I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.

That these hot tears, that break

from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untented woundings of a father's curse, pierce every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again, &c.

⁶ The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition.

SCENE

K I N G L E A R.

42

S C E N E X V I.

Gon. Do you mark that ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Generill*,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oswald*, ho!
—You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the
fool with thee.

A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred
Knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred Knights ; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far——

Gon. Safer than trust too far,
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th' unfitness——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oswald* ?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse ;
Inform her full of my particular fear,

And

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may ⁷ compact it more. So, get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit Steward.*]

—No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XVII.

*A Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.

Lear. **G**O you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out of
the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
* there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, 'till I have deli-
vered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not
in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not
go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee

⁷ —compact it more.] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. * there afore you.] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of *Glo'ster*.

kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can't thou tell, why one's nose stands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. ⁸ I did her wrong——

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. ⁹ To tak't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad. Sweet heav'n, Keep me in temper; I would not be mad.

⁸ *I did her wrong.*] He is is meditating on the resumption of his royalty.

⁹ *To tak't again perforce!*] He

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, *Curan*.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*; and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that!

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kiffing * arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! The better! beſt! This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;

* Subjects of diſcourſe; topicks.

My father hath set guard to take my brother,
 And I have one thing of a * queazy question
 Which I must act. Briefness, and fortune work!
 Brother, a word. Descend. Brother, I say;—

Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
 Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
 You've now the good advantage of the night—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
 He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
 And *Regan* with him; ' have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me.

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you—
 Draw, seem to defend yourself.

Now, quit you well——

Yield—Come before my father—Light ho, here!

Fly, brother—Torches!—So farewell— [*Ex. Edgar.*

Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father! father!

Stop, stop. No help?

To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
 out,

* ——queazy question] Some-
 thing of a suspicious, questionable
 and uncertain nature. This is, I
 think, the meaning.

' ——have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the Duke
 of Albany?'] The meaning

is, have you said nothing upon the
 party formed by him against the
 Duke of Albany? HANMER.

I cannot but think the line
 corrupted, and would read,
 Against his party, for the Duke
 of Albany?

² Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he
could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho. Go after.—By no means,
what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainst Parricides did all ³ their thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnat'ral purpose in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether ⁴ gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;

⁵ Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found.—Despatch. The noble Duke my master;
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;

² *Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon*] This was a proper circumstance to urge to *Gloster*; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

³ *their thunder*—First edition; the rest have it, *the thunder*.

⁴ *gasted*] Frighted.

⁵ *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught*;

And found dispatch——*the noble*

ble Duke, &c.] This nonsense should be read and pointed thus,

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found, dispatch'd.——

WARBURTON.

I do not see how this change mends the sense: I think it may be better regulated as in the page above. The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found he shall be punished. *Despatch.*

By

By his authority I will proclaim it.
That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the ⁶ murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
⁷ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him. He replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard! do'st thou think,
If I would stand against thee, ⁸ would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; when I should deny,
As this I would, although thou didst produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it. [*Trumpets within.*]

Glo. O ⁹ strange, fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes.

—All Ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due note of him. And of my land,
Loyal and natural Boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

⁶ *murderous coward*] The first edition reads, *caitiff*.

⁷ *And found him pight to do it, with curst speech*] *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.

⁸ ——— *would the reposal*] *i. e.* would any opinion that men have reposal in thy trust, virtue, &c.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *Strong and fastened.* 4to.

S C E N E I V.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life? He whom my father nam'd? Your *Edgar*?

Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I assure thee, *Regan*.

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*;
Whose

Whose virtue and obedience in this instance
So much commends itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep Trust we shall much need :
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season, ' threading dark-ey'd
night ;

¹ Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer ⁴ from our home : the sev'ral messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam.

Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ —threading *dark-ey'd Night.*]

I have not ventur'd to displace
this Reading, tho' I have great
Suspicion that the Poet wrote,

—treating *dark-ey'd Night.*

i. e. travelling in it. The other
carries too obscure and mean an
Allusion. It must either be
borrow'd from the Cant-phrase
of *threading of Alleys*, i. e. go-
ing thro' bye passages to avoid
the high Streets ; or to *threading*

a *Needle in the dark.* THEOB.

The quarto reads,

—threat'ning *dark-eyed night.*

² *Occasions, noble Glo'ster, of
some PRIZE,*] We should

read, POISE, i. e. weight.

WARBURTON.

Why not *prize* or *price* for va-
lue ?

³ —from our home:] Not
at home, but at some other place.

S C E N E V.

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. ⁴ Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we fet our horses?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in ⁵ *Lipfbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of

⁴ *Good evening*] In the common editions it is GOOD DAWNING, tho' the time be apparently night. But this was not *Shakespeare's* phrase. The common editions were corrupt indeed, and should have given it us, as the poet wrote it, GOOD DOWNING. *i. e.* good rest, the common evening-salutation of that time.

WARBURTON.

It is plainly past evening, and may, without any inconvenience, be supposed to be *dawning*.

⁵ *Lipfbury pinfold*.] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand.

In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from *Kent* in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lilly-liver'd* is *cowardly*; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk inheriting slave* I take to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches.

good

K I N G L E A R.

57

good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one; that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue: for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; ⁶ I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you. You whore-son, cullionly * barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the King; and take ⁷ Vanity the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—Draw, you rascal. Come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!—

Kent. Strike, you slave. Stand, rogue, stand, you † neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!—

⁶ *I'll make a sop o' th' moon-shine of you;*] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine thro' any one*. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, tho' falsly, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason, *Shakespeare* in *Ro-*

meo and Juliet says,
—*the moonshine's watry beams.*
And in *Midsummer-Night's dream*,
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon.

WARBURTON.

* *barber-monger,*] Of this word I do not clearly see the force.

⁷ *Vanity the puppet,*] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and over vices, were personified.

† *neat slave,*] You mere slave, you very slave.

E 3

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'fter, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part——

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please. Come, I'll flesh ye. Come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace; upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again. What's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? Speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour; you cowardly rascal. Nature disclaims all share in thee. A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a taylor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard——

Kent. ³ Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread

³ *Thou whorson Zed! thou unnecessary letter!*] I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called *Zed*, nor how *Z* is an *unnecessary letter*. *Scarron* compares his deformity to the shape of *Z*, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should *Gonerill's* steward be crooked; unless the allusion

be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiours? Perhaps it was written, thou whorson *C* [for *cuck-old*] *thou unnecessary letter*. *C* is a letter unnecessary in our alphabet, one of its two sounds being represented by *S*. and one by *K*. But all the copies concur in the common reading;

this

⁹ this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, Sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
 ' Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
 Too 'intrinicate t'unloose; sooth every passion,

That

⁹ *this unbolted villain*] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. **WARBURTON.**

' Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,

Which are t'intrince, t'unloose;]

Thus the first Editors blundered this Passage into unintelligible Nonsense. Mr. *Pope* so far has disengaged it, as to give us plain Sense; but by throwing out the Epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, that he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll first establish and prove the Reading; then explain the Allusion. Thus the Poet gave it:

Like rats, oft bite the holy Cords in twain,

Too intrinicate t'unloose.—

This Word again occurs in our Authour's *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the Aspick:

Come, mortal wretch;

With thy sharp Teeth this knot intrinicate

Of Life at once untie.

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels* by *Ben. Johnson*.

Yet there are certain punctilios, or, as I may more nakedly insinuate them, certain intrinicate Strokes and Words, to which your Activity is not yet amounted, &c.

It means, inward, hidden, perplext; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the Latin adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful Phrase, *intrinsecarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our Author's Sense. *Kent* is rating the Steward, as a Parasite of *Gonerill's*; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the Quarrel betwixt that Princess and her Father: in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious Rat; and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. *Warburton* observ'd to me, files the Union between Parents and Children the *holy Cords*.

THEOPHILD.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Too intrinicate t'unloose:—]

By these *holy cords* the Poet means the natural union between pa-

rents

That in the nature of their Lords rebels,
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters,
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
 A plague upon your ² epileptick visage!
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
 Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to ³ *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his
 fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his,
 nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
 I have seen better faces in my time,
 Than stand on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
 Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A sawcy roughness; and ⁴ constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;

rents and children. The meta-
 phor is taken from the *cords of*
the sanctuary; and the fomenters
 of family differences are com-
 pared to these sacrilegious rats.
 The expression is fine and noble.

WARBURTON.

² — *epileptick visage!*] The
 frighted countenance of a man
 ready to fall in a fit.

³ — *Camelot*] Was the place
 where the romances say, King
Arthur kept his court in the west;

so this alludes to some proverbial
 speech in those romances. WARB.

In *Somersetshire* near *Camelot*
 are many large moors, where are
 bred great quantities of geese,
 so that many other places are
 from hence supplied with quills
 and feathers. HANMER.

⁴ — *constrains the garb*
Quite from his nature.] Forces
 his *outside* or his *appearance* to
 something totally *different* from
 his natural disposition.

*

An

An they will take it so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
⁵ Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
 Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering *Phæbus*' front——

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
 mend so much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer ; he,
 that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave ;
 which for my part I will not be, * though I should win
 your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him ?

Stew. I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the King his master very lately
 To strike at me upon his misconstruction,
 When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
 Tript me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
 And put upon him such a deal of man, that
 That worthied him ; got praises of the King,

⁵ *Than twenty SILLY ducking
 observants.*] The epithet
 SILLY cannot be right. 1st, Be-
 cause *Cornwall*, in this beautiful
 speech, is not talking of the dif-
 ferent success of these two kind
 of parasites, but of their diffe-
 rent corruption of heart. 2. Be-
 cause he says these ducking ob-
 servants know how to stretch their
 duties nicely. I am persuaded
 we should read,

*Than twenty SILKY ducking ob-
 servants,*

Which not only alludes to the
 garb of a court sycophant, but
 admirably well denotes the
 smoothness of his character. But

what is more, the poet generally
 gives them this epithet in other
 places. So in *Richard III.* he
 calls them

——— Silky, sly, insinuating
Jacks.

And in *Coriolanus*,

——— when steel grows
 Soft as the parasite's silk,——

WARBURTON.

The alteration is more inge-
 nious than the arguments by
 which it is supported.

* *though I should win your dis-
 pleasure to intreat me to't.*] Though
 I should win you, displeas'd as
 you now are, to like me so well
 as to intreat me to be a knave.

For

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my Lord, and all
night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't. Your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with; the King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs——

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 ° Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;

Sometime I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. 7 Good King, that must approve the common Saw,

That out of heaven's benediction com'ft

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery. 8 I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*,

[*Reading the letter.*]

Who

6 Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd —] Metaphor from bowling. *WARB.*

7 Good King, that must approve the common Saw,] That art now to exemplify the common proverb,

That out of, &c.

That changeft better for worse. *Hanmer* observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in ma-

ny places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *Heaven's Benediction*.

8 I know, 'tis from *Cordelia, &c.*] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded, as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—*Cordelia*—has been—informed

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course, and shall find time
 From this enormous state seeking to give
 Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er watch'd,
 Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel.
 [He sleeps.]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
 That Guard and most unusual vigilance
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself, and am bethought
 To take the basest and the poorest shape,
 That ever Penury in contempt of man
 Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,

*Of my obscured course, and shall
 find time*

*From this enormous state-seeking,
 to give*

Losses their remedies.

*Cordelia is informed of our af-
 fairs, and when the enormous
 care of seeking her fortune will*

allow her time, she will employ
 it in remedying losses. This is
 harsh; perhaps something better
 may be found. I have at least
 supplied the genuine reading of
 the old copies. *Enormous* is un-
 wonted, out of rule, out of the
 ordinary course of things.

Poor

* Poor pelting villages, sheep cots and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
 Inforce their charity. ¹ Poor *Turlygood!* poor *Tom!*
 That's something yet. ² *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

*Changes again to the * Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. **T**IS strange, that they should so depart
 from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

⁹ *Poor pelting villages.*—] *Pelting* is used by *Shakespeare* in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pell* a skin, the poor being generally clothed in leather.

WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. *Shakespeare* uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's dream* of *small brooks*.

¹ ——— *poor TURLYGOOD!*
poor Tom!] We should read *TURLUPIN*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gypsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down *Europe*. However, the Church of *Rome* hath dignified them with the name of *Hereticks*, and actually burn'd some of them at *Paris*. But what sort of Religionists they were, appears from

Genebrard's account of them. *Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.* Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*.

WARBURTON.

Hammer reads, *poor Turlurù*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation.

² ——— *Edgar I nothing am.*]

As *Edgar* I am out-lawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence.

* *Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.*]

It is not very clearly discovered why *Lear* comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to *Glo'ster*, but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit *Glo'ster* while *Cornwall* and *Regan* might prepare to entertain him.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters. Horses are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say,

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
³ To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home,
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation,
⁴ Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
⁵ They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;

³ To do upon respect such violent outrage.] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the King.

⁴ Deliver'd letters spight of intermission.] *Intermission*, for another message which they had

then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the Steward's message. WARB.

⁵ They summon'd up their meiny,—] *Meiny*, i. e. people.

POPE.

And

And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 Being the very fellow, which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your Highness,
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. * Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
 that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers that wear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
 But, for all this, thou shalt have as many ⁶ dolours
 for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!

Hysterica passio. Down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offence, but what you
 speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that
 question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach
 thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. ⁷ All, that fol-
 low their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men;
 And

* *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] between *dolours* and *dollars*.
 If this be their behaviour, the HANMER.
 King's troubles are not yet at an
 end.

⁶ *dolours*] Quibble intended
⁷ *All, that follow their noses
 are led by their eyes, but blind
 men; and there's not a nose among
 twenty,*

and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. ⁸ When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

⁹ But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, fool.

SCENE

twenty, but can smell, &c.] There is in this sentence no clear series of thought. If he that follows his nose is led or guided by his eyes, he wants no information from his nose. I persuade myself, but know not whether I can persuade others, that our authour wrote thus:

All men are led by their eyes, but blind men, and they follow their noses, and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking.

Here is a succession of reasoning. You ask, why the King has no more in his train? why, because men who are led by their eyes see that he is ruined, and if there were any blind among them, who, for want of eyes, followed their noses, they might by their noses discover that it was no longer fit to follow the King.

⁸ *When a wise man gives thee, &c.]* One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiments from being perversly taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, tho' deliver'd by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense: *I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.*

WARBURTON.

⁹ *But I will tarry, the fool will stay,*

And let, &c.] I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read,

But

S C E N E X.

Enter Lear and Glo'ter.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They're sick?
They're weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.

Bring me a better answer——

Glo. My dear Lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremovable, and fixt he is,
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what fiery quality? Why, *Gloster*,
I'd speak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord?

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*. The
dear father

Wou'd with his daughter speak, commands her service;
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke, that—

[*Glocester offers to go.*]

No, but not yet. May be, he is not well;

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves,

*But I will tarry; the fool will
stay,*

And let the wise man fly;

*The fool turns knave, that runs
away;*

The knave no fool,——

That I stay with the King is a
proof that I am a fool, the wise
men are deserting him. There
is knavery in this desertion, but
there is no folly. †

When Nature, being opprest, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
 And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man. Death on my state! But where-
 fore [*Looking on Kent.*
 Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the Duke and her
 * Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
 Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them.
 Now! presently! Bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
 'Till it cry, *sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart, my rising heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to ' the
 Eels, when she put them i'th' Pasty alive; she rapt
 'em o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, down, wan-
 tons, down. 'Twas her brother, that in pure kind-
 ness to his horse butter'd his hay.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are; I know, what reason
 I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,
 I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
 Sepulchring an adulteress. O, are you free? [*To Kent.*
 Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
 Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*,² she hath tied

Sharp-

* *Is practice only.*] *Practice* is
 in *Shakespeare*, and other old
 writers, used commonly in an ill
 sense for *unlawful artifice*.

¹ *the Eels, when she put them*

i'th' Pasty] Hinting that the *Eel*
 and *Lear* are in the same danger.

² ——— *she hath tied*

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a
vulture here;] Alluding to
 the

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;
[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
 3 Of how deprav'd a quality—Oh *Regan*?——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope,
 You less know how to value her desert,

4 Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?——

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
 Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
 She have restrained the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!——

Reg. O Sir, you are old;
 Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led
 By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you your Self; therefore, I pray you,
 That to our sister you do make return;
 Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

5 Do you but mark, how this becomes the House.

Dear

the fable of *Prometheus*. WARB.

3 *Of how deprav'd a quality*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,

With *how d-prav'd a quality*.

4 *Than she to scant her duty*.] The word *scant* is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads,

——*slack her duty*,

which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scan her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our authour uses

his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration.

5 *Do you but mark how this becomes the House?*] This Phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: Neither can it mean, how this becomes the Order of Families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my Daughter's Forgiveness agree with common Fashion, the established Rule and Custom of Nature? No Doubt, but the Poet wrote, *becomes the Use*. And that *Shakespeare* employs *Use*

Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old,

⁶ Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more. These are unfightly tricks.
Return you to my sifter.

Lear. Never, *Regan*:

She hath abated me of half my train;

⁷ Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful Top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!—

Corn. Fy, Sir, fy!

in this Signification, is too obvious to want a Proof. THEOB.

Do you but mark, how this becomes the House.] Mr. Theobald says, *This phrase seems to say little to the purpose; and therefore alters it to,*

—becomes the use,

which signifies less. The Oxford Editor makes him still more familiar—becometh us. All this chopping and changing proceeds from an utter ignorance of a great, a noble, and a most expressive phrase,

—becomes the House;

which signifies the order of families, duties of relation. WARB.

With this most expressive phrase I believe no reader is satisfied. I suspect that it has been written originally,

Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becometh—thus.

Dear daughter, I confess, &c. Becomes the house, and becometh thus, might be easily confounded by readers so unskilful as the original printers.

⁶ *Age is unnecessary.]* That is, old age has few wants.

⁷ *Look'd black upon me.]* This is a Phrase which I do not understand; but to look blank is a known Expression, signifying, either to give discouraging Looks to another, or to stand dismay'd and disappointed one's self. The Poet means, that Gonerill gave him cold looks, as he before phrases it.

THEOB.

Look'd black upon me;] So all the editions. Mr. Theobald alters it to blank. A small alteration, only turning black to white. His reason is, because to look black upon him is a phrase he does not understand. I believe so. But it alludes to a serpent's turning black, when it swells with rage and venom, the very creature to which Lear here compares his daughter. WARBURTON.

To look black, may easily be explained to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton:

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

Grew darker at their frown.

Lear.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun
° To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy * tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to rashness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
'To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, ° to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of court'sy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sifter's. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

° *To fall, and blast her pride.*] Thus the quarto: the folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter.

—*Infect her beauty*

Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun,

Do, *fall, and blast her pride.*

* —*tender hefted*] This word, though its general meaning be plain, I do not critically understand.

° —*to scant my sizes,*] To contract my allowances or portions fettle.

Lear. Who stockt my servant? *Regan,* I've good hope,
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?

S C E N E XII.

Enter Gonerill.

O Heav'ns,

¹ If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? [*To Gon.*

O *Regan,* will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'th' Stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd ² much less advancement.

Lear,

¹ *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*

ALLOW obedience, if yourselves are old,]

Could it be a question whether heaven allowed obedience? The poet wrote,

HALLOW obedience.—

i. e. if paternal government here be so much the image of the mild government of heaven, that it sanctifies the obedience due to parents, and esteems the violators of it impious, *make it your cause.* He adds, *if yourselves are old.* This perhaps may appear low and ridiculous to the unlearned reader; but we are to consider this pagan King

as alluding to the ancient heathen Theology, which teaches that *Cælus*, or *Ouranus*, or *Heaven*, was deposed by his son *Saturn*, who rebelled and rose in arms against him. His case then being the same with *Lear's*, he was the fittest to be addressed to on this occasion. WARB.

Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to permit but to approve, and has deservedly replaced the old reading.

² ——— *much less advancement.*]

The word *advancement* is ironically used here for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say,

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so. If, 'till the expiration of your month, You will return and sojourn with my sister, Dismissing half your train, come then to me. I'm now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

⁴ No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse To wage, against the enmity o'th air, To be a comrade with the wolf and owl; Necessity's sharp pinch —— Return with her?

a man is advanced to the pillory. We should read,

——but his own disorders

Deserv'd much more advancement.

³ I pray you, Father, being weak, SEEM so.] This is a very odd request. She surely asked something more reasonable. We should read,

—being weak, DEEM'T so.

i. e. believe that my husband tells you true, that *Kent's* disorders deserved a more ignominious punishment. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, since you are weak, be content to think yourself weak. No change is needed.

⁴ No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse

To wage against the enmity o'th' air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,

Necessity's sharp pinch! ——]

Thus should these lines (in the order they were read, in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's) be pointed. The want of which pointing contributed, perhaps, to mislead him in transposing the second and third lines, on which

imaginary regulation he thus descants, *The breach of the sense here is a manifest proof that these lines were transposed by the first Editors.* Neither can there be any syntax or grammatical coherence, unless we suppose [*necessity's sharp pinch*] to be the accusative to [*wage*].—But this is supposing the verb *wage* to want an accusative, which it does not. To *wage*, or *wager against any one*, was a common expression; and, being a species of acting, (namely, acting in opposition) was as proper as to say, *act against any one*. So, to *wage against the enmity o'th' air*, was to strive or fight against it. *Necessity's sharp pinch*, therefore, is not the accusative to *wage*, but declarative of the condition of him who is a *comrade of the wolf and owl*: in which the verb [*is*] is understood. The consequence of all this is, that it was the *last editors*, and not the *first*, who transposed the lines from the order the Poet gave them. For the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*. WARBURTON.

Why, the hot blooded *France*, that dow'rless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
 To keep * base life a-foot—Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave, and sumpter,
 To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
 I will not trouble thee. My child, farewell;
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
 A plague sore, or † imbossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
 I do not bid the thunder bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
 Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
 I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*;
 I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many, since both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
 Should many people under two commands
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

* —base life] That is, in a † —imbossed carbuncle,] *Im-*
bossed is swelling, protuberant.

Reg.

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to
flack ye,

We could controul them. If you'll come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. ^s Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When

^s *Those* WICKED creatures yet
do look well-favour'd,

When others are more WICK-

ED.] As a little before, in
the text [*like flatterers*] the edi-
tors had made a similitude where
the author intended none; so
here, where he did, they are not
in the humour to give it us, be-
cause not introduced with the
formulary word, *like*. *Lear's* se-
cond daughter proving still more
unkind than the first, he begins
to entertain a better opinion of
this from the other's greater de-
gree of inhumanity; and ex-
presses it by a similitude taken
from the deformities which old
age brings on.

Those WRINKLED creatures yet
do look well-favour'd,

When others are more WRINK-
LED:——

For so, instead of *wicked*, it
should be read in both places:
which correction the word *well-
favour'd* might have led to.

Lear considers the unnatural be-
haviour of his daughters under
this idea, both in and out of his
senses. So again, speaking of
them, in his distraction, he says,
And here's another whose WARPT
*looks proclaim what store her heart
is made of.* *Shakespeare* has the
character of a very incorrect writ-
ter, and so, indeed, he is. But
this character being received, as
well as given, in the lump, has
made him thought an unfit sub-
ject for critical conjecture: which
perhaps may be true, with re-
gard to those who know no more
of his genius than a general cha-
racter of it conveys to them.
But we should distinguish. In-
correctness of style may be divid-
ed into two parts: an incon-
sistency of the terms employed
with one another; and an incon-
gruity in the construction of
them. In the first case he is
rarely faulty; in the second, ne-
gligent enough. And this could
hardly

When others are more wicked. Not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise. I'll go with thee ;

[To Gonerill.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty ;
And thou art twice her love.

hardly be otherwise. For his ideas being the clearest, and his penetration in discovering their agreement, disagreement, and relation to each other, the deepest that ever was in any Poet, his terms of course must be well put together : Nothing occasioning the jumbling of discordant terms, from broken metaphors, but the cloudiness of the understanding, and the consequent obscurity of the ideas : Terms being nothing but the painting of ideas, which he, who sees clearly, will never employ in a discordant colouring. On the contrary, a *congruity* in the construction of these terms (which answers to *drawing*, as the use of the term does to *colouring*) is another thing. And *Shakespeare*, who owed all to nature, and was hurried on by a warm attention to his ideas, was much less exact in the construction and grammatical arrangement of his words. The conclusion is, that where we find gross inaccuracies, in the relation of terms to one another, there we may be confident, the text has been corrupted by his editors : and, on the contrary, that the offences against syntax are generally his own. Had the *Oxford Editor* attended to this distinction, he would not perhaps have made it the principal object in his *restored*

Shakespeare, to make his author always speak in strict grammar and measure. But it is much easier to reform such slips as never obscure the sense, and are set right by a grammar-rule or a finger-end, than to reduce a depraved expression, which makes nonsense of a whole sentence, and whose reformation requires you to enter into the author's way of thinking. WARBURTON.

I have given this long note, because the editor seems to think his correction of great importance. I was unwilling to deny my reader any opportunity of conviction which I have had myself, and which perhaps may operate upon him, though it has been ineffectual to me, who, having read this elaborate and ostentatious remark, still think the old reading best. The commentator's only objection to the lines as they now stand, is the discrepancy of the metaphor, the want of opposition between *wicked* and *well-favoured*. But he might have remembered what he says in his own preface concerning *mixed modes*. *Shakespeare*, whose mind was more intent upon notions than words, had in his thoughts the pulchritude of virtue, and the deformity of wickedness ; and though he had mentioned *wickedness* made the correlative answer to *deformity*.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord ;
 What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What needs one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need ; our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beasts'. Thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need !
 You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need !
 You see me here, you Gods, a ⁶ poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you, that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely ; ⁷ touch me with noble anger ;
 O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,
 What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep ;

⁶ The quarto has, *poor, old* fellow.

⁷ —*touch me with noble anger.*] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, the drift, and the coherence of this petition. For if the Gods sent this evil for his punishment, how could he expect that they should defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries ? The solution is, that *Shakespeare* here makes his speaker allude to what the ancient poets tell us of the misfortunes of particular families : Namely, that when the

anger of the Gods, for an act of impiety, was raised against an offending house, their method of punishment was, first to inflame the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their Parents ; and then, of the parents against their children, in order to destroy one another : and that both these outrages were the instigation of the Gods. To consider *Lear* as alluding to this divinity, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine.

WARBURTON.

No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ster, Kent, and Fool.

S C E N E XIII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So I am purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Glo'ster*?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high
winds

Do forely ruffle, for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desp'rate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild
night.

My *Regan* counsels well. Come out o'th' storm. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

A H E A T H.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

KENT.

WHO'S there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease, ⁸ tears his white hair

Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little World of Man t' outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.

⁹ This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry, unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

⁸ ———tears his white hair;]

The six following verses were omitted in all the late Editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly *Shakespeare's*.

POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change, or cease*, and begins again with *Kent's* question, *but who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched.

⁹ *This night wherein the Cub-drawn bear would couch.*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*: whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night."

WARBURTON.

Gent.

Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeſt His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my ' note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion;
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*,
² *Who have, (as who have not, whom their great ſtars*
Throne and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes;
Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper;
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings.

[³ But true it is, ⁴ from *France* there comes a power
Into

¹ —my note,] My obſervation of your character.

² *Who have, as who have not*—] The eight ſubſequent Verſes were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the Lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the Motives, upon which *France* prepared his Invaſion; nor without them is the ſenſe of the Context compleat.

THEOBALD.

³ *But true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inſerted in the text, which ſeem neceſſary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the *French* army with *Cordelia* in *Act* 4. How both theſe, and a whole ſcene between *Kent* and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to

be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell: they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident.

POPE.

⁴ —from *France* there comes a power

Into this SCATTER'D kingdom;

who already,

Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret SEA

In ſome of our beſt ports—]

Scatter'd kingdom, if it have any ſenſe, gives us the idea of a kingdom fallen into an anarchy: But that was not the caſe. It ſubmitted quietly to the government of *Lear's* two ſons-in-law. It was divided, indeed, by this means, and ſo hurt, and weaken'd. And thi was what *Shakeſpear* meant to ſay, who, without doubt, wrote,

—SCATHED kingdom,—

i. e. hurt, wounded, impaired,

And

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wife in our negligence, have secret fee
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To shew their open banner—Now to you,
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find

And so he frequently uses *scath* for hurt or damage. Again, what a strange phrase is, having *sea in a port*, to signify a fleet's lying at anchor? which is all it can signify. And what is stranger still, a *secret sea*, that is, lying *intognito*, like the army at *Knight's-bridge* in the *Rehearsal*. Without doubt the poet wrote,

—*have secret SEIZE*

In some of our best ports—

i. e. they are secretly secure of some of the best ports, by having a party in the garrison ready to second any attempt of their friends, &c. The exactness of the expression is remarkable; he says, *secret seize in some*, not of *some*. For the first implies a conspiracy ready to seize a place on warning, the other, a place already seized. **WARBURTON.**

The true state of this speech cannot from all these notes be discovered. As it now stands it is collected from two editions: the lines which I have distinguished by *Italicks* are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omissions of the *Italicks*, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the *Italicks* are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, be-

cause it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to *Shakespeare's* last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose *Shakespeare* thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.

The learned critick's emendations are now to be examined. *Scattered* he has changed to *scathed*; for *scattered*, he says, gives the idea of an anarchy, which was not the case. It may be replied that *scathed* gives the idea of ruin, waste, and desolation, which was not the case. It is unworthy a lover of truth, in questions of great or little moment, to aggravate or extenuate for mere convenience, or for vanity yet less than convenience. *Scattered* naturally means *divided*, *unsettled*, *disunited*.

Next is offered with great pomp a change of *sea* to *seize*; but in the first edition the word is *fee*, for *hire*, in the sense of having any one in *fee*, that is, at devotion for money. *Fee* is in the second quarto changed to *see*, from which one made *sea* and another *seize*.

Some

Some that will thank you, making just report,
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance of you,
Offer this Office.]

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
As, fear not, but you shall, shew her that Ring,
And she will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, ^s for which you
take

That way, I this, he that first lights on him,
Halloo the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E II.

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage,
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drencht our steeple, drown'd the cocks!
You sulph'rous and * thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white-head. And thou all-shaking thunder,

^s — for which you take
That way, I this:] The quar-

to reads,
— the King, I'll this way,

You that—

The folio,

— the King, in which your

pain

6

That way, I'll this: He that
first, &c.

So that the present reading is
conjectural.

* — thought-executing—] Do-
ing execution with rapidity equal
to thought.

Strike

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world,
 ° Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than the rain-waters out o'door. Good nuncle, in and ask thy daughters blessing, here's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain; Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children; ° You owe me no subscription; then let fall Your horrible displeasure. ° Here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh! oh! * 'tis foul.

° *Crack Nature's Mould, all Germins spill at once*] Thus all the Editions have given us this Passage, and Mr. Pope has explain'd *Germins* to mean *relations*, or *kindred Elements*. But the Poet means here, "Crack Nature's Mould, and spill all the *Seeds of Matter*, that are hoarded within it." To retrieve which Sense, we must write *Germins*, from *German*. Our Author not only uses the same Thought again, but the Word that ascertains my Explanation. In *Winter's Tale*;

*Let Nature crush the Sides o'th' Earth together,
 And marr the Seeds within.*

THEOBALD.

7 *You owe me no subscription.*] Subscription, for obedience. WAR.

8 —*here I stand your SLAVE* ;] But why so? It is true, he says, that they owed *him* no subscrip-

tion; yet sure he owed them none. We should read,

—*here I stand your BRAVE* ;
i. e. I defy your worst rage, as he had said just before. What led the editors into this blunder was what should have kept them out of it, namely the following line,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!

And this was the wonder, that such a one should *brave* them all.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is plain enough, he was not their *slave* by right or compact, but by necessity and compulsion. Why should a passage be darkened for the sake of changing it? Besides, of *Brave* in that sense I remember no example.

* —*'tis foul.*] Shameful; dishonourable.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

The codpiece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall lowse ;

* So beggars marry many.

That man that makes his toe,

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry here's grace and a cod-piece, that's a wife man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that love night,

Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies

⁹ Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,

And make them keep their Caves. Since I was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry

Th' affliction, nor the ¹ fear.

Lear. Let the great Gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

* *So beggars marry many.*] That is, a beggar marries a wife and
li e. west-country word, signifies to
scar or frighten. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,*] *Gallow*, a
tion read, with the quarto, *force*
for *fear*, less elegantly.

That

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipt of justice. H de thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou Perjure, and ² thou Simular of-virtue,
 That art incoituous. Caitiff, shake to pieces;
³ That under covert and convenient seeming,
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your ⁴ concealng continents and ask
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel,
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
 More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which ev'n but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in, return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?

² —*thou Simular of virtue,*] *Shakespeare* has here kept exactly to the *Latin* propriety of the term. I will only observe, that our author seems to have imitated *Skelton* in making a substantive of *Simular*, as the other did of *Disimular*,

With other foure of theyr affynyte,

Dysdayne, ryotte, Dissymuler, subtylte.

The bouge of Courte.

WARBURTON.

³ *That under COVERT AND convenient seeming,*] This may be right. And if so, *convenient* is used for commodious or friendly. But I rather think the poet wrote,

That under COVER OF convivial seeming,

i.e. under cover of a frank, open, social conversation. This raises the sense, which the poet expresses more at large in *Simon of Aboens*; where he says,

—*The fellow that*

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught;

Is th' readiest man to kill him.—

WARBURTON.

Convenient needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; accommodate to the present purpose; suitable to a design. *Convenient seeming* is appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy.

⁴—*concealing continents*—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses.

I'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I've ^s one part in my heart,
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. ⁶ *He that has an a little tyny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exit.]

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
⁷ I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When

⁵ —one part in my heart,]
Some editions read,
—thing in my heart,
from which Hanmer, and Dr.
Warburton after him, have made
string, very unnecessarily; both
the copies have part.

⁶ *He that has but a little tyny
wit,]* I fancy that the se-
cond line of this stanza had once
a termination that rhymed with
the fourth; but I can only fancy
it; for both the copies agree.
It was once perhaps written,

*With heigh ho, the wind and the
rain in his way.*

The meaning seems likewise to
require this insertion. *He that
has wit, however small, and
finds wind and rain in his way,
must content himself by thinking,
that somewhere or other it raineth
every day, and others are there-
fore suffering like himself.*

⁷ *I'll speak a prophecy ere I go;
When priests are more in words
than matter;*

*When brewers marr their malt
with water;*

*When nobles are their tailors'
tutors;*

*No hereticks burn'd, but wenches'
sutors;*

*When ev'ry case in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor*

*Knight;
When slanders do not live in
tongues,*

*And cut-purses come not to
throngs;*

*When usurers tell their gold i' th'
field,*

*And bawds, and whores, do
churches build:*

*Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion;*

*Then comes the time, who lives
to see't,*

*That Going shall be us'd with
feet.]* The judicious reader

will observe through this heap
of nonsense and confusion, that
this is not one, but two, prophe-
cies. The first, a satyrical de-
scription of the present manners
as future: And the second, a
satyrical description of future
manners, which the corruption of
the

When priests are more in words than matter,
 When brewers marr their malt with water ;
 8 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 9 No hereticks burnt, but wenches' suitors ;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet,
 When every case in law is right,
 No squire in debt, and no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 And cut-purses come not to throngs ;

the present would prevent from ever happening. Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction ; yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only premising that the first line is corrupted by the loss of a word—or ere I go, is not English, and should be helped thus,

1. *I'll speak a prophecy or two ere I go.*

When priests are more in words than matter ;

When brewers marr their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;

No hereticks burnt, but wenches' suitors ;

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That Going shall be us'd with feet. i. e. Now.

2. *When ev'ry case in law is right,*

No squire in debt, and no poor knight ;

When slanders do not live in tongues ;

And cut-purses come not to throngs ;

When usurers tell their gold i'th' field ;

And barwds and whores do churches build :

Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion, i. e.

Never.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inserted his emendation in the text. Or *ere* is proved by Mr. Upton to be good English, but the controversy was not necessary, for *or* is not in the old copies.

8 *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;]* i. e. invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

9 *No hereticks burnt, but wenches' suitors ;]* The disease to which wenches' suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the *branning* or *burning*.

When usurers tell their gold i' th' field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build:
 Then shall the reaim of *Albion*
 Come to great confusion.
 This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before
 his time. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter Glo'ster, and Edmund.

Glo. **A**LACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have receiv'd a letter this night: 'Tis dangerous to be spoken. I have lock'd the letter in my closet. These injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home, there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be reliev'd. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*; pray, you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This curtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
 That which my father loses; no less than all.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. **H**ERE is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.

The tyranny o'the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fixt,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;

But if thy slight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;

No, I will weep no more—In such a night,

To shut me out?—Pour on, I will endure—

In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill!*—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—

O, that way, madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This Tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—But I'll go in.

¹ In, boy, go first. [*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty—

Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physick, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heav'ns more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.

Help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the level.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there i'th'
straw?

Come forth.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me.

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

¹ Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

¹ [*In, boy, go first.*] These two lines were added in the authour's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect

of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

² [*Humph, go to thy bed*] So the folio. The quarto,

*Go to thy cold bed and warm
bee.*

Lear.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath³ led through fire and through flame, through ford and through whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath⁴ laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits; Tom's a-cold. O do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and⁵ taking. Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and here again, and there.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

—Couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor. Nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those * pelican daughters.

³ led through fire and through flame,] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

⁴ laid knives under his pillow,] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself which often oc-

curred to him in his melancholy moods.

⁵ taking.] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

—strike her young limbs

Ye taking airs with lameness.

* —pelican daughters.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

Edg.

Edg. Pillicock fat on pillicock-hill,
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend. Obey thy parents. Keep thy word justly. Swear not. Commit not with man's sworn spouse. Set not thy sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a-cold.*

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair,⁶ wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of heart,⁷ light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ⁸ says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sessey*: let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

⁶ wore gloves in my cap.] That is, his Mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*, *Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets.* WARBURTON.

⁷ light of ear,] i. e. credulous. WARBURTON.

⁸ says suum, mun, nonny, &c.] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt: for wildness, not nonsense, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads, *bay no on ny,*

Dolphins, my boy, cease, let him trot by. Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The mad-man, now counterfeiting a proud fit, supposes himself met on the road by some one that disputes the way, and cries *Hey!*—*No!*—but altering his mind condescends to let him pass, and calls to his boy *Dolphin* [*Rodolph*] not to contend with him. *On—Dolphin, my boy, cease. Let him trot by.*

Lear.

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated, thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings. Come. Unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool try thee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flbbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. He gives the* web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

*9 Saint Withold footed th ice the Wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her a'ight, and ker troth plight,
and aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

SCENE

* web and pin,] Diseases of the eye

Swithold footed thrice the old,] The old, my ingenious Friend Mr. Bishop says, must be *Wold*, which signifies a Down, or Ground, hilly and void of Wood.

THEOBALD.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,

He met the night-mare, and her

NINE-FOLD,

Bid ter aight, and her troth plight,

And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee] We should read it*

thus,

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,

He met the night-mare, and her

NAME TOLD,

Bid her aight, and her troth plight,

And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee RIGHT.

i. e. *Saint Withold* traversing the *Wold* or *Downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight* her troth to do no more mischief. This is taken from

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ter, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung forallets, swallows the old rat, and the ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice, and rats, and such² small deer

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the *Epiantes*. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. départ forthwith. *Bedlams*, *Gipsies*, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kind of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monsieur Thomas* of *Fletcher*, which he expressly calls a *night spell*, and is in these words,

*Saint George, Saint George,
our Lady's Knight,*

*He walks by day, so he does by
night;*

And when he had her found,

He her beat and her bound;

*Until to him her troth she
plight,*

*She would not stir from him that
night.*

WARBURTON.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. Swithold footed thrice the old another night Moore and her nine fold bid her, O light, and her troth plight, and arint thee, with arint thee.

² — *small deer*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *geer*, and is followed by Dr. Warburton. But *deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals.

Be-

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman; *Mobu* he's called, and *Mabu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer T'obey in all your daughters' hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher.
—What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer.
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*.
—What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord.
His wits begin t'unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him. [*Storm still.*]
His Daughters seek his death. Ah, that good *Kent*!—
He said, it would be thus—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he fought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir.
—Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. ³ *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still fy, fok, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be censur'd that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; ⁴ but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

³ *Child Rowland*—] In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans, Varlets, Damoyiels, Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer *Roland*, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans*; which the ballad

maker translated, *Child Roland*.
WARBURTON.

This word is in some of our ballads. There is a song of *Child Walter, and a Laoy*.

⁴ but a provoking merit,] *i. e.* a merit which being neglected by the father, was provoked to an extravagant act. The *Oxford Editor*, not understanding this, alters it to *provoked spirit*.
WARBURTON.

Edm.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the letter, which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Glo'ster*. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him^s comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

A Chamber, in a Farm-House.

Enter Kent and Glo'ster.

Glo. **H**ERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The Gods reward your kindness!

^s *comforting*] He uses the word in the juridical sense for supporting, helping, according to its derivation; *salvia* confortat *ne vos*, Schol. Sal.

Enter

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, Innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
 6 Come hissing in upon 'em——

Edg. *The foul fiend bites my back.*

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,
 7 a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight.
 Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
 Thou sapient Sir, sit here——now, ye she-foxes!——

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares. Wantest
 thou eyes?

At trial, Madam.

6 *Come hissing in upon 'em—*] Then follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the Players, or by *Shakespeare* himself; I shall however insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy. POPE.

As Mr. *Pope* had begun to insert several Speeches in the mad way, in this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventured to replace several others, which stand upon the same Footing, and had an equal Right of be-

ing restor'd. THEOBALD.

What is omitted in the folio, and inserted from the older copy, I have printed in *Italicks*.

7 *the HEALTH of a horse,*] Without doubt we should read
 HEELS, *i. e.* to stand behind him.

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases.

Come

^sCome o'er the Broom, *Bessy*, to me.

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and she must not speak,
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. *The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.*

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so amaz'd;
Will you lie down, and rest upon the Cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first, bring me in the evidence.

*Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, sit you too.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Thy Sheep be in the Corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin Mouth,

Thy Sheep shall take no Harm.

Purre, the Cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Gonerill. I here take my Oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor King her Father.

Fool. Come hither, Mistress, is your name Gonerill?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim

*What store her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire.—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?*

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

^s Come o'er the Broom, *Bessy*, we may better read, *to me.*] As there is no relation between broom and a boat, *Come o'er the brook, Bessy, to me.*

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanck, and *Sweet-heart*, see, they bark at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them. Avaunt,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or spaniel, ⁹ brache, or hym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. ¹ *Sessey*, come, march to wakes and
fairs,

And market towns. Poor *Tom*, ² thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*. See what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature
that makes these hard hearts?—You, Sir, I entertain
for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fa-
shion of your garments. You will say, they are *Per-
sian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and rest a
while.

⁹ ——— *brachy*; or *hym*, &c.]
Names of particular sorts of dogs.

POPE.

Sir *T. Hammer* for *hym* reads
lym.

¹ Here is *Sessey* again, which
I take to be the *French* word
cesser, pronounced *cessy*, which
was, I suppose, like some others
in common use among us. It is

an interjection enforcing cessa-
tion of any action, like, *be quiet*,
have done. It seems to have
been gradually corrupted into,
so, so.

² *Thy horn is dry*.] Men that
begg'd under pretence of luna-
cy used formerly to carry a horn,
and blow it through the streets.

Lear,

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains.

So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms. I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master. If thou should dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. ³ *Opprest Nature sleeps.*

*This Rest might yet have balm'd thy broken Senses,
Which, if Conveniency will not allow,*

*Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master;
Thou must not stay behind.*

[To *Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt, bearing off the King.]

³ — *Opprest Nature sleeps:*

These two concluding Speeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the Old Quarto. The Soliloquy of *Edgar* is extremely fine; and the Sentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the Subject. Besides, with regard to the Stage it is absolutely necessary: For as *Edgar* is not design'd, in the Constitution of the Play, to attend the King to *Dover*; how

absurd would it look for a Character of his Importance to quit the Scene without one Word said, or the least Intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOB.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in *Italicks*. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from *Shakespeare's* last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action.

Manet *Edgar.*

*Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind;
Leaving * free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erstep,
When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing, Fellowship.
How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away;
† Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray,
When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles thee,
In thy just Proof reveals, and reconciles thee.
What will, hap more to Night; safe 'scape the King!
Lurk; Lurk.—* [Exit *Edgar.*]

S C E N E X.

Changes to Glo'ter's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. **P**OST speedily to my Lord your husband,
shew him this letter. The army of *France*
is landed. Seek out the traitor *Glo'ter*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep
you our sister company; the revenges, we are bound to
take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your
beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going,
to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the
like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent be-

* —*free things,*] States clear
from distress.

† *Mark the high noises,*] At-
tend to the great events that are
approaching, and make thyself
known when that *false opinion*

now prevailing against thee shall,
in consequence of *just proof* of
thy integrity, revoke its erro-
neous sentence, and recall thee
to honour and reconciliation.

twixt us. Farewell, dear sister. Farewel, ⁴ my Lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence, Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot Questriſts after him, met him at gate, Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewell, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Edm.*

Corn. *Edmund*, farewell.—Go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ster*. Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us; Though well we may not paſs upon his life Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r Shall do a court'ſy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controll.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Glo'ster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his * corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, conſider,

You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

⁴—*my Lord of Glo'ster.*] Meaning *Edmund*, newly inveſted with his Father's titles. The *Steward*, ſpeaking immediately after, mentions the old Duke by the ſame title.

* —*corky arms.*] Dry, withered, huſky arms.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find——

[*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. ⁵ By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your Host;
With robbers' hands, ⁶ my hospitable favour
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the
traitors,

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

⁵ *By the kind gods, —*] We are not to understand by this the Gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *Dii hospitales, kind Gods.* So *Plautus* in *Pœnulo*,

*Deum hospitalem ac tesseram
mecum fero.*

This was a beautiful exclamation, as those who insulted the speaker were his *Guests*, whom he had *hospitably* received into his house. But to say the truth, *Shakespeare* never makes his people swear at random. Of his propriety in this matter take the following instances. In *Troilus and Cressida*, *Alexander*, in an expostulation with *Diomedes*, swears *by the hand* of his mother *Venus*, as a covert reproof for *Diomedes*'s brutality in wounding the Goddess of Beauty in the hand, and a secret inti-

mation that he would revenge her injuries. In *Coriolanus* when that Hero is exasperated at the fickle inconstant temper of the multitude, he swears *by the clouds*; and again when he meets his wife after a long absence, by the *jealous Queen of Heaven*; for *Juno* was supposed the aveng'ress of conjugal infidelity. In *Othello* the double *Iago* is made to swear *by Janus*. And in this very play of *Lear*, a pagan much given to judicial Astrology, very consonantly to his character, swears

*By all the operations of the orbs,
By whom we do exist, and cease
to be.*

WARB.

⁶ —*my hospitable FAVOURS*] It is nonsense to understand it of gifts, kindnesses, &c. We should read *FAVOUR, i.e. visage.* For they *pluck'd him by the beard.*

WARBURTON.

Have

Have you sent the lunatic King? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*?

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? Let him first answer
that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand ⁷ the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "go, porter, turn the key;"
All cruels else ⁸ subscrib'd; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the
chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.—O cruel!—O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

⁷ *the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. mitted to the necessity of the occasion.

⁸ *—subscrib'd;*] Yielded, sub-

Corn. If you see vengeance—

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord.

I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of
anger. [*Fight; Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword. A
peasant stand up thus?

[*Comes behind and kills him.*]

Serv. Oh, I am slain—My Lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him. Oh— [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile gelly:
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless—Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out! Treacherous villain,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*]

How is't, my Lord, how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady—
Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—*Regan,* I bleed apace.

Un-

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
 [Exit Cornwall led by Regan.]

1st. Serv. ' I'll never care what Wickedness I do,
 If this Man come to Good.

2d. Serv. If she live long,
 And, in the End, meet the old course of Death,
 Women will all turn Monsters.

1st. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the
 Bedlam
 To lead him where he would; his rogues Madnes
 Allows itself to any Thing.

2d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some Flax and whites
 of Eggs
 To apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!
 [Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open COUNTRY.

Enter EDGAR.

' YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
 worst,
 The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,
 Stands

' I'll never care what Wickedness I do,] This short Dialogue I have inserted from the Old Quarto, because I think it full of Nature. Servants could hardly see such a Barbarity committed on their Master, without Pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doc-

trine well worthy of the Stage.

THEOBALD,

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloucester; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant,

' Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd.] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemn'd, and known to yourself to be

Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ter, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
 My father poorly led? ² World, world, O world!
But

be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus unknown to be contemned.

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary.

² —*World, World, O World!*

But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,] The Reading of this Passage has been explained, but not satisfactorily. My Explanation of the Poet's Sentiment was, "If the Number of Changes and Vicissitudes, which happen in Life, did not make us wait, and hope for some Turn of Fortune for the better, we could never support the Thought of living to be Old, on any other Terms." And our Duty, as human Creatures, is piously inculcated in this Reflexion of the Author. I read

therefore, *make us wait thee.*

THEOBALD.

————— *O world!*

But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.]

The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, tho' the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARB.

Yield

But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age. *

Old Man. O my good Lord,
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away. Good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say, I'd eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O Gods! ⁴ who is't can say, I'm at
the worst?

Yield to signifies no more than
give way to, sink under, in oppo-
sition to the *struggling with*,
bearing up against the infirmities
of age. *Sir T. HAMMER.*

³ Our mean secures us;—] *i. e.*
moderate, mediocre condition.

WARBURTON.

Hammer writes, by an easy
change, *meanness* secures us. The
two original editions have,

Our means secure us.

I do not remember that *mean* is
ever used as a substantive for
low fortune, which is the sense
here required, nor for mediocri-
ty, except in the phrase, the
golden mean. I suspect the pas-
sage of corruption, and would
either read,

Our means seduce us.

Our powers of body or fortune
draw us into evils. Or,

Our maims secure us.

That hurt or deprivation which
makes us defenceless, proves our
safeguard. This is very proper
in *Glo'ster*, newly maimed by the
evulsion of his eyes.

⁴ ——— who is't can say, I'm at
the worst?

————— the worst is not.

So long as we can say, *this is
the worst.*] *i. e.* While we
live; for while we yet continue
to have a sense of feeling, some-
thing worse than the present
may still happen. What occa-
sion'd this reflexion was his rash-
ly saying in the beginning of
this scene,

————— To be worst,

The lowest, most dejected thing
of fortune, &c.

The wretch, that thou hast blown
unto the worst.

WARBURTON.

I'm worse, than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where go'st?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
⁵ Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way toward *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring some Covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
blind.

Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom's* a-cold.—⁶ I cannot daub it further.
[*Aside.*]

⁵ *Ang'ring.* Oxford Editor and Dr. Warburton.—Vulg. *Disguise.* ⁶ —*I cannot daub it—*] *i. e.* WARBURTON.
Ang'ring, rightly.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend. *Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of Lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididen, Prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Mohu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*

Glo.

⁷ *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] *Shakespear* has made *Edgar*, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some *English* Jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by *Dr. S. Harsenet*, afterwards archbishop of *York*, by order of the Privy-Council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish impostures, to withdraw her Majesty's subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked associates.* Printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the *Spaniards* were preparing their Armado against *England*, the Jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts; one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the com-

mon people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one *Mr. Edmund Peckham*, a *Roman Catholick*, where *Mar-wood*, a servant of *Anthony Babington's*, (who was afterwards executed for treason) *Trayford*, an attendant upon *Mr. Peckham*, and *Sarah and Friswood Williams*, and *Anne Smith*, three chamber-maids in that family, came into the Priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the Priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five Devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the chamber-maids and waiting-women; and they were generally so ridiculously nicknamed, that *Harsenet* has one chapter on the strange names of their Devils; lest, says he, meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the name of *Infesters*

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal so still!
* Let the superfluous, and lust dieted man,
* That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear,
With something rich about me. From that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt*.]

Act's or Jugglers. WAREURTON.

The passage in *Italicks* is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost.

* *Let the superfluous,*] *Lear* has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated.

* *That slaves your ordinance,*] *Superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance. But the next line is corrupt. The only sense I know of, in which *slaves your ordinance* can be understood, is when men employ the form or semblance of religion to compass their ill designs. But this will not do here. *Glo'ster* is speaking of such who by an uninterrupted course of prosperity

are grown wanton, and callous to the misfortunes of others; such as those who fearing no reverse, slight and neglect, and therefore may be said to BRAVE the ordinance of heaven. Which is certainly the right reading. And this is the second time in which *slaves* has, in this play, been read for *braves*. WARB.

The emendation is plausible, yet I doubt whether it be right. The language of *Shakespeare* is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *bestlave* another is to treat him with terms of indignity; in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to slight or ridicule it.

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonerill and Edmund.

Gon. **W**ELCOME, my Lord. I marvel, 'our
mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it. I told him, you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my Brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*

¹ —our mild husband] It in the end of the first act, the
must be remembered that *Albany*, scheme of oppression and ingra-
the husband of *Gonerill*, disliked, titude.

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear *Glo'ster*! [Exit Edmund.
Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
To thee, a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—² *I fear your disposition:*

That Nature, which contemns its origine,

³ *Cannot be border'd certain in itself;*

⁴ *She that herself will sliver, and dis-branch,*

⁵ *From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,*

And

² ——— *I fear your disposition:]*
These and the speech ensuing
are in the edition of 1608, and
are but necessary to explain the
reasons of the detestation which
Albany here expresses to his wife.

POPE.

³ *Cannot be border'd certain—]*
Certain, for within the bounds
that nature prescribes.

WARBURTON.

⁴ *She that herself will shiver,*
and disbranch,] Thus all the
Editions, but the old quarto, that
reads *SLIVER*, which is right.
Shi-ver means to shake or fly a-
pieces into splinters. As he says
afterwards,

Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg.
But *sliver* signifies to tear off or
disbranch. So in *Mackbeth*,

——— *slips of yew*
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *From her material Sap,—]*
Thus the old Quarto; but *mate-
rial Sap* is a Phrase that I don't
understand. The *Mother-Tree* is
the true technical Term; and
considering our Author has said
but just above, *That Nature,*
which contemns its Origine, there
is little room to question but he
wrote,

From her maternal Sap.——

THEOBALD.

From her material sap,——]
Thus all the Editions 'till Mr.
Theobald's, who alters *material*
to *maternal*; and for these wise
reasons, *Material sap*, (says he)
*I own is a phrase that I don't un-
derstand.*

6 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. *Wisdom and goodnes to the vile seem vile,
Filtbs savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good Brother suffer you to do it,*

derstand. The mother-tree is the true technical term, and considering our author had said just before, That Nature, which contemns its origine—there is no room to question but he wrote, From her maternal sap. And to prove that we may say *maternal sap*, he gives many authorities from the classics, and says he could produce more, where words equivalent to *maternal stock* are used: which is quite another thing; as we shall now see. In making his emendation, the editor did not consider the difference between *material sap*, and *material body*, or trunk or stock: The latter expression being indeed not so well; *material* being a properer epithet for *body*. But the first is right; and we should say, *material sap*, not *maternal*. For *material sap* signifies, that whereby a branch is nourished, and increases in bulk by fresh accession of matter. On which account *material* is elegant. Indeed *sap*, when applied to the whole tree, might be called *maternal*, but could not be so when applied to a branch only. For tho' *sap* might, in some sense, be said to be *maternal* to the tree, yet it is the tree that is *maternal* to the branch, and not

the sap: but here the epithet is applied to the branch. From all this, we conclude that the old reading is the true. But what if, after all, *material* was used by the writers of these times in the very sense of *maternal*? It would seem so by the title of an old English translation of *Froissart's Chronicle*, which runs in these words, *Syr John Froissart's Chronicle translated out of Frenche into our MATERIAL English Tongue by John Bouchier, printed 1525.* WARBURTON.

I suppose no reader doubts but the word should be *maternal*. Dr. Warburton has taken great pains without much success, and indeed without much exactness of attention, to prove that *material* has a more proper sense than *maternal*, and yet seems glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another press that *material* and *maternal* mean the same.

6 And come to deadly use.] Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARE:

⁷ *A man, a Prince by him so benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their visible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,*

⁸ *Like monsters of the deep.*

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; *that not know'st,*
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd -
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum?
France spreads his Banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
“Alack! why does he so?”——

Alb. See thyself, devil:

⁹ Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

⁷ *A man, a Prince by him so benefited?*] After this line, I suspect a line or two to be wanting, which upbraids her for her sister's cruelty to *Glo'ster*. And my reason is, that in her answer we find these words,

*Fools do these villains pity, who
are punish'd*

*Ere they have done their mis-
chief——*

which evidently allude to *Glo'ster's* case. Now I cannot conceive that she would here apologize for what was not objected to her. But I suppose the Players thought the speech too long; which has occasioned thro'out, and more particularly in this play, the retrenchment of nu-

merous lines and speeches; many of which have been restored by the care and discernment of *Mr. Pope*. WARBURTON.

Here is a pompous note to support a conjecture apparently erroneous, and confuted by the next scene, in which the account is given for the first time to *Albany* of *Glo'ster's* sufferings.

⁸ *Like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species.

⁹ *Proper deformity——*] *i. e.* diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who un-naturally assumes them.

WARBURTON.

Alb.

Alb. ¹ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing, for shame,*

*Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.—*

Gon. *Marry, your manhood now!—*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. *Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,*

*Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Glo'ster.*

Alb. *Glo'ster's eyes!*

Mes. *A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.*

Alb. *This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can 'venge. But O poor Glo'ster!
Lost he his other eye?*

Mes. *Both, both, my Lord.
—This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.*

Gon. [*Aside.*] ² *One way, I like this well;*

¹ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing!*] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

*Thou chang'd, and self-con-
verted thing!*
but I cannot but think that
by *self-cover'd* the authour

meant, thou that hast *disguis'd* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend.

² *One way, I like this well;*] *Gonerill* is well pleased that *Cornwall* is destroyed, who was preparing war against her and her husband, but is afraid of losing *Edmund* to the widow.

But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life. Another way,
 'The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
 eyes?

Mef. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mef. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd against
 him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
 Might have the freer course.

Alb. [*Aside.*] *Glo'ster*, I live
 To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
 And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
 Tell me, what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

3 S C E N E III.

D O V E R.

Enter *Kent*, and a ⁴ Gentleman.

Kent. *WHY* the King of France is so suddenly gone
 back

Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
 Which since his coming forth is thought of, which

3 SCENE III.] This Scene, left
 out in all the common books,
 is restored from the old edition;
 it being manifestly of *Shake-
 spear's* writing, and necessary to
 continue the story of *Cordelia*,
 whose behaviour is here most
 beautifully painted. POPE.

This Scene seems to have been

left out only to shorten the play,
 and is necessary to continue the
 action. It is extant only in the
 quarto, being omitted in the
 first folio. I have therefore put
 it in *Italicks*.

⁴ The Gentleman whom he
 sent in the foregoing act with
 letters to *Cordelia*.

*Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal Return was most requir'd and necessary,*

Kent. *Whom hath he left behind him General?*

Gent. *The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Far.*

Kent. *Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?*

Gent. *Ay, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd, she was a Queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.*

Kent. *O, then it mov'd her.*

Gent. *Not to a Rage. Patience and Sorrow strowe
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once;—⁵ her Smiles and Tears
Were like a wetter May. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her Eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most below'd,
If all could so become it.*

Kent. ⁶ *Made she no verbal question?*

Gent,

⁵ —her Smiles and Tears

Werelike a BETTER DAY.—]

It is plain, we should read,

—a WETTER MAY.—

i. e. a spring season wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Made she no verbal QUESTION?*] Why, what kind of question could she make but verbal? Does not the word *question* imply it? This is enough to prove something wrong. The answer shews where it is. For tho' the Gentleman says *yes* to the question; yet instead of proving his words, he runs out into a long story of *Cordelia's* com-

plaints and exclamations. The question then evidently was,

Made she no verbal QUESTION?

From *questus*, complaint, *i. e.* did she lament and complain in words? And this was a proper question, because she might have done it in sighs, and inarticulate exclamations. The answer too, is proper, and to the point, as the reader may see. But the editors not understanding the short word *quest*, lengthened it into one, they did: And so made *Kent* ask a nonsensical question, and the Gentleman give as impertinent an answer. WARB.

Gent. *Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the Name of
Father*

Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters!—Shame of Ladies! sisters!

Kent! Father! Sisters! What? i' th' storm? i' th' night?

Let Pity ne'er believe it!—There she shook

The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;

*And, Clamour moisten'd her, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.*

Kent. — *It is the Stars,*

The Stars above us, govern our conditions:

Else^s one self-mate and mate could not beget

Such diff'rent issues. Spoke you with her since?

Gent. *No.*

Kent. *Was this before the King return'd?*

Gent. *No, since.*

Kent. *Well, Sir; the poor distressed Lear's in town,
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.*

I do not see the impropriety of
verbal question: such pleonasm
are common. So we say, *my
ears have heard, my eyes have be-
held*. Besides, where is the word
quest to be found?

⁷ *And, Clamour-moisten'd,]*
Tho' *Clamour* may distort the
mouth, it is not wont to moisten
the eyes. Read *clamour-motion'd*,
which conveys a very beautiful
idea of grief in *Cordelia*, and
exactly in character. She bore
her grief hitherto, says the re-
later, in silence; but being no
longer able to contain it, she
flies away, and retires to her
closet to deal with it in private.
This he finely calls, *Clamour-
motion'd*; or provok'd to a loud
expression of her sorrow, which

drives her from company.

WARBURTON.

It is not impossible, but *Shake-
speare* might have form'd this
fine Picture of *Cordelia's* Agony
from Holy Writ, in the Conduct
of *Joseph*; who, being no longer
able to restrain the Vehemence
of his Affection, commanded all
his Retinue from his Presence;
and then *wept aloud*, and disco-
vered himself to his Brethren.

THEOBALD.

After all that has been said,
the sense is good of the old read-
ing. *Clamour moisten'd her*, that
is, *her outcries were accompanied
with tears.*

⁸ — *one self-mate and mate]*
The same husband and the same
wife.

Gent,

Gent. *Why, good Sir?*

Kent. *A sov'reign shame so bows him. His unkindness,
That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters. ⁹ These things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.*

Gent. *Alack, poor gentleman!*

Kent. *Of Albany's and Cornwall's Pow'rs you heard
not?*

Gent. *'Tis so they are a-foot.*

Kent. *Well, Sir; I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright; you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A C A M P.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. **A**LACK, 'tis he; why, he was met ev'n now
As mad as the vext sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds,
² With burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers,

⁹ —*These things sting him
So venomously, that burning
shame—*] The metaphor is
here preserved with great know-
ledge of nature. The venom of
poisonous animals being a high
caustic salt, that has all the ef-
fect of fire upon the part.

WARBURTON.

¹ 'Tis so they are on foot.] Dr.

Warburton thinks it necessary to
read, 'tis said, but the sense is
plain. So it is that they are on
foot.

² *With burdocks, hemlock, &c.]*
I do not remember any such
plant as a *burdock*, but one of the
most common weeds is a *bur-*
dock, which I believe should be
read here, and so *Hanmer* reads.

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn. A sent'ry send forth ;
 Search ev'ry acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
 In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Pby. There are means, Madam.
 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
 Are many Simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest Secrets,
 All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,
 Spring with my tears ; be aidant, and remediant
 In the good man's distress. Seek, seek for him ;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
 That wants ³ the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam :
 The *British* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
 In expectation of them. O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about ;
 Therefore great *France*

My Mourning and * important tears hath pitied.

⁴ No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
 Soon may I hear, and see him !

[*Exeunt.*]

³ ——— *the means to lead it.*]
 The reason which should guide
 it.

⁴ *No blown ambition—*] No
 inflated, no swelling pride. *Be-*
za on the *Spanish Armada.*

Quam bene te ambitio misit va-
nissima, ventus,
Et tumidos tumidaæ vos superaf-
tis aquæ.

* *Important*, as in other places
 of this authour, for *importunate.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

REGAN'S PALACE.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. **B**UT are my Brother's Powers fet forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sifter is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with ^s your Lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sifter's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ster's* eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops fet forth to morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike

Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—

* Let me unseal the letter.

⁵ —*your Lady*—] The folio reads, *your Lord*, but Lady is the first and better reading.

* *Let me unseal, &c.*] I know not well why *Shakespeare* gives the Steward, who is a mere fac-

tor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter, and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered.

Stew.

Stew. Madam; I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband: I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here, She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks To noble *Edmund*: I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't: Therefore, ⁶ I do advise you, take this note. My Lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd, And more convenient is he for my hand, Than for your Lady's. ⁷ You may gather more. If you do find him, pray you; give him this; And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewell. If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew,

⁸ What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

9 S C E N E VI.

The Country, near Dover.

Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar, as a Peasant.

WHEN shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

⁶ —*I do advise you, take this note.*] Note means in this place not a letter but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying.

⁷ —*You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you.

⁸ *What party*] Quarto, *what Lady.*

⁹ This scene and the stratagem by which *Glo'ster* is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from *Sidney's Arcadia.*

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect |
By your eye's anguish.

Glo. So it may be, indeed.

Methinks, ' thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place. Stand still.—
² How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

¹ —*thy voice is alter'd, &c.*] *Edgar* alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit.

² —————*How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes
so low!] This description has been much admired since the time of *Addison*, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that *he who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one.* The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from

a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror.

Diminish'd to her ³ cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
 That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You're now within a foot
 Of th' extream verge; ⁴ for all below the moon
 Would I not leap outright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend,'s another purse, in it a Jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
 Prosper it with thee! go thou further off,
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
 'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce; and in your sights
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn itself out. If *Edgar* live, O bless him!
 —Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

—And yet I know not how Conceit may rob

³ —her cock;—] Her cock-boat.

⁴ —for all below the moon

Would I not leap UPRIGHT.]
 But what danger in leaping upright or upwards? He who leaps thus must needs fall again on

his feet upon the place from whence he rose. We should read,

Would I not leap OUTRIGHT.
i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he must needs fall headlong. WARB.

The treasury of life, ⁵ when life itself
 Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?

Hoa, you, hear you, friend?—Sir! Sir!—Speak!

⁶ Thus might he pass, indeed——yet he revives.

What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but Goss'mer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
 Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak'st, art sound.

⁷ Ten masts at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.

'Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this * chalky bourn!
 Look up a-height. The shrill-gorg'd Lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness's depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.

Up. So.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

⁵ ——when life itself

Yields to the theft —] When life is willing to be destroyed.

⁶ *Thus might he pass, indeed*—]

Thus he might die in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell.

⁷ *Ten masts at each make not*

the altitude,] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald restores again the old nonsense, *at each*. WARB.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand if the word which he uses were known in our authour's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may say,

Ten masts on end——

* ——*chalky bourn!*] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *besky bourn* in the same sense perhaps with *Shakespeare*. But in both authours it may mean only a *boundary*.

Edg.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'th cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here, below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that^s the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend—He led me to that place.

Edg. * Bear free and patient thoughts.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lear, mad.

But⁹ who comes here?
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning; I am
the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

⁸ —*the clearest gods,*—] The
purest; the most free from evil.

⁹ *The SAFER sense will ne'er
accommodate*

His master thus,]

Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

—*the SOBER sense,*

i. e. while the understanding is
in a right frame it will never
thus accommodate its owner:
alluding to *Lear's extravagant
dress.* Thence he concludes him
to be mad. **WARBURTON.**

I read rather,

*The safer sense will ne'er accom-
modate*

His master thus.

*Here is Lear, but he must be mad,
his sound or sane senses would
never suffer him to be thus dis-
guised.*

* *Bear free and patient
thoughts.*] To be melancholy
is to have the mind *chained down*
to one painful idea, there is
therefore great propriety in ex-
horting *Gloster* to *free thoughts,*
to an emancipation of his soul
from grief and despair.

Lear.

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your pres-mony. ¹ That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. ² O, well-flown, Bird! i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh.—³ Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. ⁴Ha! *Gonerill!*—With a white Beard?—⁵They flattered me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

¹ *That fellow handles his Bow like a Crow keeper.*] Mr. Pope in his last Edition reads *Cow-keeper*. 'Tis certain we must read *Crowkeeper*. In several Counties to this day, they call a stuff'd Figure, representing a Man, and arm'd with a Bow and Arrow, set up to fright the Crows from the Fruit and Corn, a *Crow-keeper*, as well as a *Scare-crow*.

THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by *Ortelius* in his account of our island.

² *O well-flown Bird.*] *Lear* is here raving of archery, and shooting at *butts*, as is plain by the

words *i' th' clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, *to hit the white*. So that we must read, *O well-flown Barb!* i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* Arrow.

WARBURTON.

³ *Give the word*] *Lear* supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets *Edgar* pass, requires the watch-word.

⁴ *Ha! Gonerill!*—*with a white beard?*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Gonerill, bab! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible.

⁵ *they flattered me like a dog,*] They played the spaniel to me.

Glo.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember !
Is't not the King ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cause ?
Adultery ?

Thou shalt not die ; die for adultery ? No ;
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for *Glo'ster's* bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell mell ; for I lack soldiers.
Behold yon simpering Dame,

⁶ Whose face between her forks presages snow ;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.

⁷ The fitchew, ⁸ nor the soyled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite ;

Down from the waiste they're centaurs,
Though women all above ;

But to the girdle do the Gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's ; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption. Fy, fy, fy ; pah, pah ;

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination ! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Do'st thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough : dost

⁶ *Whose face 'tween her forks]*
i. e. her hand held before her
face in sign of modesty, with the
fingers spread out, forky. WARB.

I believe that the *forks* were
two prominences of the ruff ris-
ing on each side of the face.

⁷ *The fitchew,]* A Polecat.
POPE.

⁸ *nor the SOYLED horse,]* I
read STALLED horse. WARB.

Soyled horse is probably the
same as *pampered horse*, *uncheval*
soilé.

thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report. It is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur. There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,

For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

⁹ *Robes and furr'd gowns hide* wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his reviser's lips, the whole passage is

being added, I suppose, at his reviser's lips.

None does offend, none, I say, none; ¹ I'll able 'em;
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.
 Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots. Harder,
 harder. So.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt.
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*.
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark—
Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools.—² This a good block!—
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt; I'll put't in proof;
 And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

¹ —I'll able 'em;] An old
 phrase signifying to qualify, or
 uphold them. So *Scogan*, con-
 temporary with *Chaucer*, says,
Set all my life after thyne ordi-
nance

And able me to mercie or thou
deme.

But the *Oxford Editor* alters it
 to *absolve*. WARBURTON.

² —This a good block!] I do
 not see how this *block* corres-
 ponds either with his foregoing
 or following train of thoughts.
 Madmen think not wholly at
 random. I would read thus, a
 good Flock. *Flocks* are wooll
 moulded together. The sen-
 tence then follows properly:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt; —
 that is, with *flocks* kneaded to a
 mass, a practice I believe some-
 times used in former ages, for
 it is mentioned in *Ariosto*.

—*Fece nel cader strepito quanto*
Avesse avuto sotto i pi di il
feltro.

It is very common for mad-
 men to catch an accidental hint,
 and strain it to the purpose pre-
 dominant in their minds. *Lear*
 picks up a *flock*, and immedi-
 ately thinks to surprise his enemies
 by a troop of horse shod with
flocks or *felt*. Yet *block* may
 stand, if we suppose that the fight
 of a block put him in mind of
 mounting his horse.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransome. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial.
Come, come, I am a King, my masters; know you
that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. * Then there's life in't. Come, an' you get it,
You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you. What's your Will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot. † The main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

¹³ —a man of salt;] Would
make a man melt away like salt
in hot weather.

* Then there's life in it.] The
case is not yet desperate.

† —The main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.]

The main body is expected to be
descry'd every hour. The ex-
pression is harsh.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows,

⁴ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thank;
The bounty and the benison of heav'n
To boot, and boot!—

S C E N E IX.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
—That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
⁵ Briefly thyself remember. The sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar opposes.]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,

⁴ Who, by the art of *known* & *Briefly thyself remember:*]
and *feeling sorrows.*] *i. e.* *i. e.* quickly recollect the past
sorrows past and present; but offences of thy life, and recom-
the *Oxford Editor* loses all this mend thyself to heaven.

sense, by altering it to
—*knowing and feeling.* WARBURTON.

Left

Left that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. And 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, 'che
vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be
the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir. Come, no matter
vor your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my
purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ster*; seek him out
Upon the *English* party. Oh, untimely death!— [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends. He's dead; I'm only sorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us see——
By your leave, gentle wax and manners. Blame us not;
⁷ To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful,

⁶ *che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.*
Edgar counterfeits the western
dialect.

⁷ *To know our enemies' minds,*
we rip their hearts;

Their papers are more lawful.]

This is darkly expressed: The
meaning is, Our enemies are put
upon the rack, and torn in pieces
to extort confession of their se-
crets; to tear open their letters
is more lawful. WARB.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wise, so I would say) affectionate Servant,
Gonerill.

⁸ Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' sands
⁹ Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified
Of murd'rous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the fight
Of ' the death practis'd Duke; for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, ² and have ingenious Feeling

⁸ *Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Wit!*] So the first Quarto reads, but the first Folio better, *Will*. I have no idea of the meaning of the first reading, but the other is extremely satirical; the *varium & mutabile semper*, of *Virgil*, more strongly and happily expressed the mutability of a woman's *Will*, which is so sudden that there is no space or distance between the present *Will* and the next. Honest *Sancho* explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el si y el no de la muger, no me atreveria yo à pener una punta d'Alfiler. Between a woman's yes and no*

I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point. WARB.

⁹ *Thee I'll rake up,*] I'll cover thee. In *Staffordshire*, to rake the fire is to cover it with fuel for the night.

¹ *—the death practis'd Duke;*] The Duke of *Albany*, whose death is machinated by *practise* or treason.

² *—and have ingenious Feeling*] *Ingenious Feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

WARBURTON.

Of

Of my huge sorrows; better I were distract,
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
 And woes, by wrong imagination, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Edg. Give me your hand.
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum,
 Come, further. I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O, Thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work
 To match thy Goodness? life will be too
 short,

And 'ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid.
 All my reports go with the modest truth,
 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
 These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
 I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
 Yet to be known, 'shortens my made intent;
 My boon I make it, that you know me not,
 'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good Lord.
 —How does the King? [*To the Physician.*]

³ —*ev'ry measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, *measure out* to thee, will be anty. I suppose *Shakespeare* wrote LAID *intent*; *i. e.* projected. WARB.

⁴ —*shortens my MADE intent*;) There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, *undone.* An *intent made*, is an *intent formed.* So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution.*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods !
Cure this great breach in his abused nature ;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the king, he hath slept long ?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' way of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phys. Ay, Madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father !⁵ Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made ! [*Kisses him.*]

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess !

Cor. Had you not been their Father, these white
flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted Thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick-cross Lightning ?⁶ To watch, poor *Perdu*,
With

⁵ ——— *Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; ———*]
This is fine. She invokes the
Goddesses of Health, *Hygeia*, un-
der the name of *Restoration*,
to make her the minister of her
Rites, in this holy office of re-
covering her father's lost senses.

WARBURTON.

⁶ ——— *To watch poor Perdue :
With this thin helm ? —*] It

ought to be read and pointed
thus.

——— *To watch, poor Perdu !*

With this thin Helm ? ———

The allusion is to the forlorn-
hope in an army, which are put
upon desperate adventures, and
called in *French*, *enfants perdus* ;
she therefore calls her father *poor
Perdu* ; *Perdue*, which is the
common reading, being the fe-
minine.

With this thin Helm? My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood that Night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
7 Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your
Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave.
Thou art a foul in blifs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide——

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair day-
light?

8 I'm mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands. Let's see,
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;

mine. These *enfants perdus* being
always slightly and badly
armed, is the reason she adds,

With this thin Helm—
i. e. bareheaded. WARB.

7 *Had not concluded* ALL—]
All what? we should read and
point it thus,

Had not concluded.—*Ab!*—

An exclamation on perceiving
her father wake. WARB.

The plain construction is this:
*It is wonder that the wits and life
had not all ended.*

8 *I'm mightily abus'd.*] I am
strangely imposed on by appear-
ances; I am in a strange mist of
uncertainty.

I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not perfect in my mind.
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful; for I'm mainly ignorant,
 What place this is; and all the skill I have,
 Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
 For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
 To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am; I am.—

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes; 'faith. I pray you,
 weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France*?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage,
 You see, is cur'd in him: — *And, yet 'twere danger*
 To make him even o'er the Time, b'as lost.
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Hig'ness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;

Pray you now, forget and forgive.
 I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician and Attendants.*]

⁹ The quarto reads,
I fear I am not perfect in my mind.

¹ *And yet, &c.*] This is not
 in the folio.

² *To make him even o'er the*
Time,—] i. e. to reconcile
 it to his apprehension. WARB.

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. ³ *Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?*

Kent. *Most certain, Sir.*

Gent. *Who is Conductor of his people?*

Kent. *As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of Glo'ster.*

Gent. *They say, Edgar, his banisht Son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.*

Kent. *Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.*

Gent. *The Arbitrement is like to be bloody.——*

Fare you well, Sir.

[Exit Gent.]

Kent. *My Point and Period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought.* [Exit Kent.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CAMP.

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentleman, and Soldiers.

EDMUND.

KNOW of the Duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught,
To change the course? He's full of Alteration,
And self-reproving. Bring * his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sifter's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet Lord,

³ What is printed in *Italicks* is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary, and was omitted by the authour, I

suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation.

* —his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution.

You know the goodness I intend upon you ;
—Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not. She and the Duke her husband—

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.——— [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.

* Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state

* *Sir, this I hear,—to—make
oppose,—*] This is a very plain speech, and the meaning is, The King and others whom we have opposed, are come to *Cordeha*. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As *France* invades our land I am concerned to repel him, but as he holds, entertains and supports the King, and others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make, or compel, as it were, to oppose us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary; for otherwise, *Albany*, who is characteris'd as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. Not withstanding this, Mr. *Theobald*, by an unaccountable turn of

thought, reads the fourth line thus,

*I never yet was valiant: 'fore
thus business, &c.*

puts the two last lines in a parenthesis, and then paraphrases the whole in this manner. *Sir, it concerns me (tho' not the King and the discontented party) to question about your interest in our sister, and the event of the war.* What he means by this I am not able to find out; but he gives a reason why his reading and sense should be preferred. And *Regan* and *Gonerill* in their replies seem both apprehensive that this subject was coming into debate. Now all that we can collect from their replies, is that they were apprehensive he was going to blame their cruelty to *Lear*, *Glo'ster*, and other; which it is plain, from the common reading and the sense of the last line, he was.

*Most just and heavy causes make
oppose.———* WARRS.

Forc'd

Forc'd to cry out. *Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our Land,
Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose—*

Edm. *Sir, you speak nobly.*

Reg. *Why is this reason'd?*

Gon. *Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.*

Alb. *Let's then determine with th' Antient of war
On our proceeding.*

Edm. *I shall attend you presently at your Tent.*

Reg. *Sister, you'll go with us?*

Gon. *No.*

Reg. *'Tis most convenient. Pray you, go with us.*

Gon. [*Aside.*] *Oh, ho, I know the riddle. I will go.*

S C E N E II.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. *If e'er your Grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.*

Alb. *I'll overtake you.—Speak.*

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*]

Edg. *Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!*

Alb. *Stay 'till I've read the letter.*

Edg. *I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.*

[*Exit.*]

Alb.

Alb. Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers. Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces, By diligent discovery; but your haste Is now urg'd on.

Alb. ⁵ We will greet the time. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love: Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, If both remain alive. To take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*; And hardly shall I ⁶ carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her, who would be rid of him, devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon. ⁷ For my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

⁵ *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion.

⁶ *—carry out my side.*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

⁷ *—For my state Stands on me, &c.*] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.*

S C E N E IV.

Another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ter.

Edg. **H** E R E, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good Host; pray, that the right
may thrive.

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit Edgar.*
[*Alarm, and retreat, within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away.
King *Lear* hath lost; he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir? a man may rot ev'n here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must
endure

Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund;
Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some Officers take them away. Good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor.

Cor. We're not the first,
 Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.
 For thee, oppress'd King, am I cast down ;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
 —Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison;
 We two alone will sing, like birds i'th' cage.
 When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee Forgiveness. So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies ; and hear poor rogues
 Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
⁸ And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, ⁹ packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. ¹ Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,

The

⁸ *And take upon's the mystery of things,*

As if we were God's spies,—] This whole speech is exquisitely fine, and an admirable description of the idle life of a coffee-house politician. The meaning of these two lines, which are a little ambiguous, is this. We will take upon us to interpret and judge of the designs of Providence in the various fortunes and revolutions of men and governments, as if we were placed for spies over God Almighty, to watch his motions: *God's spies* signifying either spies employed by him or set upon him, is the occasion of the obsecurity.

WARBURTON.

I rather take the other mean-

ing. As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.

⁹ *—packs and sects:—*] Packs is used for combinations or collections, as in a pack of cards. For *sects* I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set.*

¹ *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

The Gods themselves throw incense.—] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime or imagin'ry that *Seneca* fell short of on the like occasion. *Ecce spectacula dignum*

ad

The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eye,
 The goujeers shall devour them, ² flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep ; we'll see them starv'd first.
 Come. [Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.

Edm. Come hither, Captain. Hark.
 Take thou this note ; go, follow them to prison.
 One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is ; to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword. ³ Thy great Employment
 Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't ;
 Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'lt
 done.

Mark, I say, *instantly* ; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

[Exit Captain.]

ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo Deus : Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.

WARBURTON.

² —*flesh and fell,*] Flesh and skin.

³ —*Thy great employment Will not bear question ;—*] Mr. Theobald could not let this alone, but would alter it to

—*My great Employment, Because (he says) the person spoken*

to was of no higher degree than a captain. But he mistakes the meaning of the words. By *great Employment* was meant the *commission* given him for the murder ; and this, the Bastard tells us afterwards, was signed by *Gonerill* and himself. Which was sufficient to make this *Captain unaccountable* for the execution.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the Captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife,
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side,
And turn our imprest lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the
Queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your Session. * *At this time,
We sweat and bleed; the Friend hath lost his Friend;
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst
By those that feel their Sharpness.—
The Question of Cordelia, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.*

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Pow'rs;
‡ Bore the Commission of my Place and Person;

* This passage, well worthy
of restoration, is omitted in the
folio.

‡ Bore the Commission of—]
Commission, for authority.

⁵ The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my Right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you;

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla; Holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; ⁶ the walls are thine:
Witness the World, that I create thee here
My Lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. ⁷ The Lett alone lies not in your good Will.

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy Arrest, [*Pointing to Gon.*
This gilded Serpent. For your Claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord;
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

⁵ *The which immediacy—*] the camp, and signifying, *to sur-*
Immediacy, for representation. *WARBURTON.* *render at discretion.* But the *Ox-*
WARBURTON. *ford Editor*, for a plain reason,
alters it to,

Immediacy is rather *supremacy*
in opposition to *subordination*,
which has *quiddam medium* be-
tween itself and power.

⁶ *—the walls are thine:]* A
metaphorical phrase taken from
not or shall depends not on your
choice.

Gon. * An interlude!—

Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster*; let the trumpet found:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my Pledge, I'll prove it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick—

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange. What in the world he is,
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet. He that dares approach,
On him, on you (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[*Exit Regan led.*]

S C E N E VII.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet found,
And read out this. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*I*F any man of Quality, or Degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl
of *Glo'ster*, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-

* This short exclamation of the speech of *Albany*, that the
Gonerill is added in the folio exhibition on the stage might be
edition, I suppose, only to break more distinct and intelligible.

pear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.

1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.]

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o' th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of
Glo'ster?

Edm. Himself. What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine,
² Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine Honours, my Oath, and my
Profession.

I protest,

³ Behold, it is the privilege of
mine Honours,

My Oath, and my Profes-
sion.]

The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls the *privilege*, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old Rites of Knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treason, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to

have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no Knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as *Edgar* came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a Knight.

WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of his oath means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed.

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
 Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor ;
 False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
 And from th'extreamest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust below thy foot,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no ;
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
 To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In Wisdom I should ask thy name ;
 But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
 ° And that thy tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes ;
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn.
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
 With the hell-hated lye o'er-whelm thy heart ;
 Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight.*]

° *Alb.* Save him, save him.

Gon. This is Practice, *Glo'ster.*
 By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, Sir,

° *And that thy tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes ;] 'Say, for Essay, some shew or probability.*

POPE.

° *Alb. Save him, save him.*

Gon. This is Practice, Glo'ster:] Thus all the Copies: but I have ventur'd to place the two Hemistichs to Gonerill. 'Tis

absurd, that *Albany*, who knew *Edmund's* Treasons, and his own Wife's Passion for him, should be solicitous to have his Life sav'd.

THEOBALD.

He desired that *Edmund's* life might be spar'd at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

Thou worfe than any name, read thine own evil.
—No tearing.—Lady, I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. ² Monster, know'ft thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know— [Exit *Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her. She's desperate, govern her.

S C E N E VIII.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
¹Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. ³ Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood, than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ft wrong'd me.

My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us;

The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'ft spoken right, 'tis true.

The wheel is come ⁴ full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal Nobleness. I must embrace thee.

² So the quarto; but the folio,

Most monstrous, O, know'ft thou, &c.

³ *Let's exchange charity.*] Our authour by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Ham-*

let there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet, &c.

⁴ Quarto, full circled.

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. List a brief tale,
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The b'oody Proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near, O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once, taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags, t'assume a Semblance,
The very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,
'Twixt two extreams of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on,
You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

⁵ *Edg.* ⁶ — *This would have seem'd a Period,*

To

⁵ The *Italick* lines are not in the folio.

⁶ — *This would have seem'd a Period*

To such as love not sorrow:
But ANOTHER,

To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity! —] The reader easily sees that this reflexion refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to

To such as love not sorrow: but Another,
 To amplify too much, would make much, more,
 And top Extremity!
 Whilst I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,
 Who having seen me in my worser State,
 Shun'd my abhorr'd Society; but now finding
 Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong Arms
 He fasten'd on my Neck; and bellow'd out,
 As he'd burst Heaven; threw him on my Father;
 Told the most piteous Tale of Lear and him,
 That ever Ear receiv'd; which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the Strings of Life
 Began to crack. Twice then the Trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service
 Improper for a Slave.

S C E N E IX.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks; it came even from the
 heart

Of—O! she's dead.———

Albany's thinking he had said enough. But it is corrupted into miserable nonsense. We should read it thus,

This would have seem'd a Period. But such

As love to amplify another's

Sorrow,

To much, would make much more,

and top extremity,

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of misery.

WARBURTON.

Alb.

Alb. Who's dead? Speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. ⁷ Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out,*
This Judgment of the Heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.—

O! is this He? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?

See'st thou this object, *Kent*?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was below'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; some Good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief—into the Castle; for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*.

—Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run—

Edg. To whom, my Lord? Who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

⁷ *Here comes Kent.*] The manner in which *Edgar* here mentions *Kent*, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene.

Edm.

Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword,
Give it the Captain——

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [Exit Messenger.

Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she foredid herself.

Alb. The Gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[Edmund is borne off.

S C E N E X.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his Arms.

Lear, Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O, you are men
of stone;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever,
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her Breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

^s *Edg.* Or image of that horror——

Alb. Fall, and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away——

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!——

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,

^s These two exclamations are given to *Edgar* and *Albany* in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the persons on the stage, but they are very obscure.

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' best—I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same; your servant *Kent*;
Where is your servant *Caius*?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'd strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first^o of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps——

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and
dead.

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle, here.

You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
¹ What comfort to this great Decay may come,

^o —of difference and decay,]
Decay, for misfortunes.

¹ What Comfort to this great
Decay may come,] Decay,

WARBURTON. for Desolation.

WARB.

Shall

Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old Majesty,
 To him our absolute Power; to you, your Rights,
[To Edgar.

* With boot, and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings. O see, see——

Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd. No, no, no
 life.

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never——

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,

Look there, look there——

[He dies.

Edg. He faints. My Lord,——

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass. He
 hates him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long;
 He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
 Is general woe. ² Friends of my soul, you twain

[To Kent and Edgar.

Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me; I must not say, no.

[Dies.

* *With boot,*] With advantage, with increase.

Spanish phrase. Amigo de mi alma.
 WARB.

² —*Friends of my soul,*] A

Alb. ³ The weight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most; we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long!

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*]

³ *Alb.* *The Weight of this sad Time, &c.*] This Speech from the Authority of the Old Quarto is rightly placed to *Albany*: in the Edition by the Players it is given to *Edgar*, by whom, I doubt not, it was of

Custom spoken. And the Cause was this: He who played *Edgar*, being a more favourite Actor, than he who personated *Albany*; in spite of Decorum, it was thought proper he should have the last Word. THEOBALD.

THE Tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of *Shakespeare*. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And perhaps if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of

the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate *Lear's* manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of *Guinea* or *Madagascar*. *Shakespeare*, indeed, by the mention of his Earls and Dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilised, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, *English* and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. *Warton*, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of *Edmund* destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daugh-

daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologise with equal plausibility for the extrusion of *Gloucester's* eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramattick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our authour well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by *Edmund* to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to cooperate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, *Shakespeare* has suffered the virtue of *Cordelia* to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by the Spectator, who blames *Tate* for giving *Cordelia* success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. *Dennis* has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Caro*, *the town was poisoned with*

much false and abominable criticism, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided. *Cordelia*, from the time of *Tate*, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, that I was many years ago so shocked by *Cordelia's* death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in *Lear's* disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. *Mr. Murphy*, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil; He observes with great justice, that *Lear* would move our compassion but little, did we not rather

rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of *Edmund*, which is derived, I think, from *Sidney*, is taken originally from *Geoffry of Monmouth*, whom *Hollingshead* generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad, of which I shall insert the greater part. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has no-

thing of *Shakespeare's* nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted *Lear's* madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen *Shakespeare*.

King *Lear* once ruled in this land
 With princely power and peace,
 And had all things, with heart's content,
 That might his joys increase.
 Amongst those things that nature gave
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

The writer then proceeds with *Lear's* questions to his daughters, and their answers, according to the histories, and very nearly according to *Shakespeare*.

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown
 By these two sisters here.
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear:
 For poor *Cordelia* patiently
 Went wand'ring up and down;
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an *English* town.

Until at last in famous *France*
 She gentler fortunes found:
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground:
 Where when the King her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court,
 He made his wife and Queen.

Her father, old King *Lear*, this while
 With his two daughters staid ;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same denyd ;
 And living in Queen *Regan's* court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee,
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three ;
 Nay one she thought too much for him :
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good King,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave ?
 I'll go unto my *Gonerill* ;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court,
 Where when she hears his moan,
 Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
 That all his means were gone,
 But no way could relieve his wants :
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then ;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my *Regan's* court :
 She will not use me thus I hope,
 But in a kinder fort.

K I N G L E A R.

Where when he came she gave command
 To drive him thence away :
 When he was well within her court,
 She said, he would not stay.
 Then back again to *Gonerill*
 The woeful King did hie,
 That within her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
 Which she had promis'd late :
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
 He wander'd up and down ;
 Being glad to feed on beggars' food
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words ;
 That said, the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords.
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of woe.

Which make him rend his milk-white locks
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread.
 To hills and woods, and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus possess'd with discontents,
 He pass'd o'er to *France*,
 In hope from fair *Cordelia* there
 To find some gentler chance.
 Most virtuous Dame ! which when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant fort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To *Aganippus'* court;
 Whose royal King, whose noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to *England* came with speed
 To repofsess King *Lear*,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his *Cordelia* dear:
 Where she, true hearted noble Queen,
 Was in the battle slain;
 Yet he, good King, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard *Cordelia's* death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move,
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted;
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents.
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin.
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride
 And disobedient sin.

И О М И Т

З В А Н Т

И О М И Т

И О М И Т

T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.

M 3

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A noble Athenian.*

Lucius,

Lucullus,

Sempronius,

} *Lords.*

Apemantus, *a Philosopher.*

Alcibiades,

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,

Lucilius,

Servilius,

} *Timon's servants.*

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

} *Servants.*

Ventidius, *one of Timon's Friends.*

Cupid *and Maskers.*

Strangers.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

From *Lucian's Dialogues.*

Of this Play there is no Edition known but that of the Players.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I, SCENE I.

A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several doors.

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

¹ But what particular rarity? what so strange,

Which

¹ *But what particular rarity?*
&c.] Our author, it is observable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the *profession*, he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with a false taste and judgment. One infallible mark of which, is a fondness for every thing strange, surprizing and portentous; and a disregard for whatever is common, or in nature. *Shakespeare* therefore has with great delicacy of judgment

put his poet after upon this inquiry. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note must shift for itself. I cannot but think that the passage is at present in confusion. The Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity?
what so strange,

That manifold record not matches?

Which manifold Record not matches? See,
Magick of Bounty! all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, ² breath'd as it
were

To an untirable and continuatè goodnes.

He passè———

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't.

For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will ³ touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. ⁴ *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich. Here is a water, Look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedi-
cation

To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our Poesy is as a Gum, ⁵ which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' th' flint

Pain. See!

Poet. *Magick of bounty, &c.*

It may be not improperly ob-
served here, that as there is on-
ly one copy of this play, no help
can be had from collation, and
more liberty must be allowed to
conjecture.

² —breath'd as it were

To an untirable and continuatè
goodnes.] *Breathed* is enured
by constant practice; so trained
as not to be wearied. To *breathe*
a horse, is to exercise him for the
course.

³ —touch the estimate.] Come
up to the price.

⁴ *When we for recompence, &c.*] We
must here suppose the poet
busy reading his own work; and
that these three lines are the in-
troduction of the poem address-
ed to *Timon*, which he afterwards
gives the painter an account of.

WARBURTON.

⁵ —which oozes] The folio co-
py reads, *which* uses. The mo-
dern editors have given it, *which*
issues,

Shews not, 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself, ⁶ and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir. When comes your book
forth?

Poet. ⁷ Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis.

⁸ This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! ⁹ how this grace

Speaks

⁶ —and like the current flies

Each bound it chafes.] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions, *chafes*. WARB.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparks from the flint. What follows next? that it, like a current, flies each bound it chafes. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation; and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment.

⁷ Upon the heels, &c.] As soon as my book has been presented to Lord Timon.

⁸ This comes off well and excellent.] By this we are to understand what the painters call the *goings off* of a picture, which requires the nicest execution.

WARBURTON.

The note I understand less than the text. The meaning is, This figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé*.

⁹ —how this grace

Speaks its own standing?] This relates to the attitude of this figure; and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says,

A Station like the Heralds, Mercury,

New-lighted on a heav'n-kissing bill.

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of *Raphael*,

Speaks his own standing? What a mental power
This eye shoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this lip? To th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret:

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch. Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; ' artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of *Athens!* happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see ² this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift

At once on th' eastern Cliff of to read,
Paradise

*He lights, and to his proper
shape returns.*

— Like Maia's son he stood.

WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me
obscure, and, however explain-
ed, not very forcible. *This grace
speaks his own standing*, is on-
ly, *The gracefulness of this fi-
gure shews how it stands*. I am
inclined to think something cor-
rupted. It would be more natu-
ral and clear thus:

— *how this standing
Speaks his own graces?*

*How this posture displays its own
gracefulness*. But I will indulge
conjecture further, and propose

— *how this grace
Speaks understanding? what a
mental power*

This eye shoots forth?

' — *artificial strife*] *Strife*

for action or motion. WARB.

Strife is either the contest or
act with nature.

*Hic ille est Raphael, timuit,
quo sospite, vinci*

*Rerum magna parens, et mori-
enti, mori.*

Or it is the contrast of forms,
or opposition of colours.

² *This confluence, this great flood
of visitors.*

*Mane salutantum totis vomit
ædibus undam.*

³ Halts not particularly, but moves itself
⁴ In a wide sea of wax; ⁵ no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold,
 But flies an eagle flight; bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. ⁶ I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
 As well of ⁷ glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their Service to Lord *Timon*; his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts, yea, from the ⁸ glais-fac'd flatterer
 To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount

³ Halts not particularly,] My design does not stop at any single character.

⁴ In a wide sea of wax;] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HAN.

⁵ —no LEVELL'D malice] Why this epithet to malice? which belongs to all actions whatsoever, which have their aim or level. *Shakespeare* wrote,

—no LEVEN'D malice, which is not only a proper epithet for the acidity of that passion, but answers well to the next words *infects*, and, *leaving no tract behind*, as any thing fermenting or corrosive does.

WARBURTON.

To level is to aim; to point the shot at a mark. *Shakespeare's* meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levell'd at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage.

⁶ I'll unbolt—] I'll open; I'll explain.

⁷ —glib and slipp'ry creatures,] *Hanmer* and *Dr. Warburton* after him, read, *natures*. Slippery is *smooth*, unresisting.

⁸ —glass faced flatterer] That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.

Is ¹ rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
² To propagate their states; amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,
 One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
 Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. ³ 'Tis ² conceiv'd to scope.

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
³ In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with 'tendance;
⁴ Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;
 Make sacred even his stirrop; and ⁵ through him
 Drink the free air.

¹ —rank'd with all deserts,] Cover'd with ranks of all kinds of men.

² To propagate their states;] To propagate, for to make.

WARBURTON.

To advance or improve their various conditions of life.

³ —conceiv'd to scope.] Properly imagin'd, appositely, to the purpose.

⁴ In our condition,] Condition, for art.

WARBURTON.

⁵ Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, flatterings him. The particular kind of flattery may be collected

from the circumstance of its being offered up in whispers: Which shews it was the calumniating those whom *Timon* hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murder'd reputation of others, *Shakespeare*, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls sacrificial whisp'rings, alluding to the victims offer'd up to Idols.

WARBURTON.

⁵ —through him Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness.

Pain.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants,
Which labour'd after to the moutain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words; yet you do well
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

S C E N E II.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Timon*, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*]

Mes. Ay, my good Lord. Five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight.
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing periods
His comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! Well.
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
⁶'Tis not enough to help the feeble up.

⁶ 'Tis not enough, &c.] This bishop *Boulter*.
thought is better expressed by ———— *Ha thought it mean*
Dr. Madden in his elegy on Arch- Only to help the poor to beg again.

But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no?—*Lucilius!*

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy creature

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got;
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain,

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*.

His

⁷ *Therefore he will be, Timon.*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning, *If the man be honest,*

so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent. WARB. I rather think an emendation necessary, and read,

There-

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt.

Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: ⁸ Never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt Lucil. and old Ath.*]

Therefore well be him, Timon.

His honesty rewards him in itself.
That is, *If he is honest I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.*

The first transcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, *he will be*.

⁸ ——— never may

*That state, or fortune, fall in-
to my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!]*

i. e. may I never have any accession of fortune which you are not the author of. An odd strain of complaisance. We should read,

Which is not OWN'D to you.

i. e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in this generous act. **WARB.**

The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon; Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature, He is but outside; ⁹pencil'd figures are Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work; And you shall find I like it: wait attendance ^{'Till} you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare ye, gentlemen. Give me your hand,

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations. If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, It would ¹unclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated As those, which sell, would give; but you well know, Things of like value, differing in the owners, ²Are by their masters priz'd. Believ't, dear Lord. You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

⁹ —pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.—]
Pictures have no hypocrisy; they
are what they profess to be.

¹ —unclew my quiet.] To
unclew is to unwind a ball of

thread. To unclaw a man, is
to draw out the whole mass of
his fortunes.

² Are by their masters priz'd;]
Are rated according to the esteem
in which their possessor is held.

S C E N E III.

³ Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

⁴ *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow. When thou art *Timon's* dog; and these knaves honest—

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians*?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not:

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law:

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus?*

³ Enter Apemantus.] See this character of a Cynic finely drawn by *Lucian*, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well *Shakespeare* has copied it.

⁴ *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*

Apem. Till I be gentle; stay for thy good-morrow;

When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.] The

first line of *Apemantus's* answer is to the purpose; the second absurd and nonsensical; which pro-

ceeds from the loss of a speech dropt from between them, that should be thus restored,

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

[Poet. When will that be?]

Apem. When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

WARBURTON.

I think my punctuation may clear the passage without any greater effort.

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she,
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. If thou shouldst thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'st. Take it for thy la-
bour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What think'st thou 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest. Look in thy last work,
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour. He, that loves to be flatter'd, is
worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'n's, that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord
with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. ⁵ That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.—
Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

I'm joyful of your fights.

Most welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*]

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesy! ⁶ The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.

⁵ *That I had NO ANGRY wit, to be a lord.*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, *that I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord*, it is satirical enough of conscience, *viz.* I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, *Shakespeare* uses *lean-witted* in his *Richard II.*

And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, fool.

WARB.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a Lord.* This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with *Dr. Warburton.*

⁶ *The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.*] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into monkey.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
 ' Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
 fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
 I mean to give thee none.

Lucul. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make
 thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or—I'll spurn thee
 hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th'asfs.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste Lord *Timon's* bounty?

He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
 Is but his Steward. No meed but he repays
 Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,
 But breeds the Giver a Return exceeding

¹ *Ere we depart,—*] Who depart. Common Sense favours
 part? Though *Alcibiades* was to my Emendation. THEOBALD.
 leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to

* All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Another Apartment in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sernpronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes dropping, after all, Apemantus discontentedly.

Ven. MOST honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the
Gods

To remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest *Ventidius*. You mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever, and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives.

⁹ If our Betters play at that game, we must not dare

T' imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven.

⁸ *All use of quittance.] i. e.*
All the customary returns made
in discharge of obligations.

WARBURTON.

I rather read, *all use or quit-*
ance, all interest or requital.

⁹ *If our Betters play at that*
game, we must not dare

To imitate them. Faults that
are rich are fair.] These

two lines are absurdly given to
Timon. They should be read thus:

Tim.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They sit down.*]

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, *Apemantus!* you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome. I
come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fy, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.
They say, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*

Apem. *Dare to imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically and in character. It was a sober reflection in *Timon*; who by *our betters* meant the Gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. *Apemantus*, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if *Timon* had spoke of earthly grandees and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically, replies as above. WARB.

I cannot see that these lines

are more proper in any other mouth than in *Timon's*, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the Gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the Gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by *Timon* with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we must not dare

T'imitate them: faults that are rich, are fair.

Apem.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon*. I come to observe. I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; 'I myself would have no power. —Pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. ² I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see

³ So many dip their meat in one man's blood, And, all the madness is, * he cheers them up too. I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men! Methinks, they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges The breath of him in a divided draught, Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd. Were I a Great man, I should fear to drink,

¹ *I myself would have no power*] If this be the true reading, the sense is, *all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune*: I would myself have no *exclusive right or power in this house*. Perhaps we might read, *I myself would have no poor*. I would have every *Athenian* consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune.

² *I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me*: FOR *I should NE'ER flatter thee*.] A very pretty reason why his meat would choak him, *because* he should never flatter him. We should read and point this nonsense thus,

I scorn thy meat: 'twould choak me 'FORE

I should E'ER flatter thee.

i. e. before I should ever flatter

thee. WARBURTON. Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat.

³ *So many dip their meat in one man's blood*.] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of the animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase.

* —*he cheers them up TOO*.] I believe *Shakespeare* wrote up to't.

WARBURTON. I believe not.

Left they should spy my ⁴ wind-pipe's dangerous notes;
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. ⁵ My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way! — a brave fellow; he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire;

This and my food are equal. There's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods,

Apemantus's grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no self;
I pray for no man but myself;
Grant, I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen; So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.* [Eats and drinks,

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's

⁴ — wind-pipe's dangerous notes;] The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is.

⁵ My Lord, in heart;] That is, my Lord's health with sincerity. An emendation has been proposed thus: *My Love in heart.* but it is not necessary.

no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves ⁶ for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I should have much help from you; ⁷ how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, ⁸ did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far ⁹ I confirm you. Oh you Gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have oft wish'd

⁶ for ever perfect.] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.

⁷ how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands,] The Oxford Editor alters charitable title to character and title. He did not know that charitable signifies dear, endearing: nor consequently understood what Milton meant by,

Relations dear, and all the Charities

Of father, son, and brother.—
Alms, in English, are called Charities, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the act, but the disposition. WARB.

⁸ did you not chiefly belong to my heart?] I think it should be inverted thus: did I not chiefly belong to your hearts. Lucius wishes that Timon would give him and the rest an opportunity of expressing some part of their zeals. Timon answers that, doubtless the Gods have provided that I should have help from you; how else are you my friends? why are you stiled my friends, if—what? if I do not love you. Such is the present reading; but the consequence is not very clear; the proper close must be, if you do not love me, and to this my alteration restores it.

⁹ I confirm you.] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! ¹ O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; ² mine eyes cannot hold water. Methinks to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st ³ to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant ⁴ like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho! ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

³ *Lord.* I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

¹ O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born;] For this *Hanmer* writes, O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born; and is followed by *Dr. Warburton*. I am always inclinable to think well of that which is approved by so much learning and sagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief supplied our authour with an opportunity of conceit which he seldom fails to indulge. *Timon* weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.

² mine eyes, &c.] In the original edition the words stand thus: mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you. Perhaps the true reading is this, Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I drink to you.

³ to make them drink,] *Hanmer* reads, to make them drink thee, and is again followed by *Dr. Warburton*, I think without sufficient reason. The covert sense of *Apemantus* is, what thou ledest they get.

⁴ like a babe] That is, a weeping babe.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, my Lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Cupid with a Masque of Ladies, as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best Senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

^s Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy
Table rise,

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.

Let musick make their welcome.

^s In former copies:

There *taste, touch*, all *pleas'd*
from thy Table rise,

They only now—] The *five*
senses are talked of by *Cupid*, but
three of them only are made out;
and those only in a very heavy
unintelligible manner. It is plain
therefore we should read,

TH' EAR, *taste, touch*, SMELL,
pleas'd from thy Table rise,

THESE only now, &c.

i. e. the five senses, *Timon*, ac-
knowledge thee their patron;
four of them, *viz.* the *hearing*,

touch, taste and *smell*, are all
feasted at thy board; and these
ladies come with me to entertain
your sight in a Masque. *Mas-*
singer, in his *Duke of Millaine*,
copied the passage from *Shake-*
spear; and, apparently, before
it was thus corrupted; where,
speaking of a banquet, he says,

—All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste,
touch or smell,

Are carefully provided.—

WARBURTON.

Luc. You see, my Lord, how amply you're be-
lov'd.

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this
way!

° They dance? They are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life;

As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

° *They dance, they are mad
women.*

*Like madness, is the glory of this
life;*

*As this pomp shews to a little
oil and root.*]

This is *Ape-
mantus's* reflection on the Mask
of Ladies: and, for its obscuri-
ty, would become any pagan
philosopher. The *first* line is a
complete sentence: the *second* is
the beginning of a new reflec-
tion; and the third, the conclu-
sion of it by a similitude. Hence
it appears, that some lines are
dropt out and lost from between
the second and third verses. I
conjecture the sense of the whole
might be this, *The glory of hu-
man life is like the madness of
this Mask; it is a false aim at
happiness, which is to be ob-
tained only by sobriety and tem-
perance in a private and retired
life. But superficial judges will
always prefer pomp and glory;
because in outward appearance*

it has so greatly the advantage;
as great as this *pompous* supper
appears to have above my *oil and
root*. This, in my opinion, was
the sentiment that connect'd the
second and third lines together;
which for the future should be
read with afterisks between them.

WARBURTON.

When I read this passage I
was at first of the same opinion
with this learned man; but, up-
on longer consideration, I grew
less confident, because I think
the present reading susceptible
of explanation, with no more
violence to language than is fre-
quently found in our authour.
*The glory of this life is very near
to madness, as may be made ap-
pear from this pomp exhibited in
a place where a philosopher is
feeding on oil and roots.* When
we see by example how few are
the necessaries of life, we learn
what madness there is in so much
superfluity.

Would

Would one day stamp upon me. 'T has been done ;
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon ; each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, merrily with women ; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.

I am to thank you for it.

Luc. * My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet ? there is no crossing him in's humour, [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him—well—i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, ⁸ he'd be cross'd then if he could :

7 ———*mine own device.*] The mask appears to have been designed by *Timon* to surprise his guests.

* *My Lord,*] This answer seems rather to belong to one of the Ladies. It was probably only marked *L* in the copy.

⁸ —*he'd be cross'd then if he could :*] The Poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in Humour, but that he would have his Hand *cross'd* with

Money, if he could. He is playing on the Word, and alluding to our old Silver Penny, used before *K. Edward* the first's Time, which had a *Cross* on the Reverse with a Crease, that it might be more easily broke into Halves and Quarters, *Half-pence* and *Farthings*. From this Penny, and other Pieces, was our common Expression derived, *I have not a Cross about me ; i.e.* not a Piece of Money. THEOBALD.

'Tis pity, Bounty has not ⁹ eyes behind;
That men might ne'er be wretched ¹ for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Luc. Our horses.

Tim. O my good friends!

I have one word to say to you; look, my Lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As ² to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord!

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, Lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly. Let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

⁹ —— *eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her.

¹ —— *for his mind.*] For no-

bleness of soul.

² —— *to advance this jewel,*] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Afide.*] What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
'That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For ev'ry word. He is so kind, that he
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Ere I were forc'd!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you 'bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord. I know no man

Can

Can justly praise, but what he does affect ;
I weigh my friend's affection with my own.

³ I tell you true: I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, ⁴ 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends;
And ne'er be weary: *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch field.

Alc. * I' defiled land, my Lord.

¹ *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound——

Tim. And so am I to you.

² *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

³ *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes;
Keep with you, Lord *Timon*——

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

³ *I tell you true.*] The other editions, *I'll tell you.*

⁴ —'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms*] Thus the passage stood in all editions before *Hanmer's*, who restored *my thanks.*

* *I' defiled land.*] This is the old reading, which apparently

depends on a very low quibble. *Alcibiades* is told, that *his estate lies in a pitch'd field.* Now *pitch*, as *Falstaff* says, *doth defile.* *Alcibiades* therefore replies; That his estate lies in *defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published, *I defy land.*

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Apem. What a coil's here,

⁵ Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!

⁶ I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are giv'n for 'em; friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'it so long,
Timon, ⁷ I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in
paper shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and
vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you.
Farewel, and come with better musick.

Apem. So——

⁵ SERVING of becks—] This
nonsense should be read,

SERRING of becks——
from the *French*, *ferrer*, to join
close together. A metaphor taken
from the billing of pigeons.

WARBURTON.

The commentator conceives
beck to mean the *mouth* or the
head, after the *French*, *bec*, where-
as it means a salutation made
with the head. So *Milton*,

*Nods and becks, and wreathed
smiles.*

To *serve a beck*, is to offer a sa-
lutation.

⁶ I doubt, whether their legs,
&c.] He plays upon the word
leg, as it signifies a *limb* and a

bow or *act of obeisance*.

⁷ I fear me, thou wilt give
away thyself in paper shortly.]

i. e. be ruined by his securities
entered into. But this sense is
flat, and relishes very little of
the salt in *Apemantus's* other re-
flections. We should read,
——give away thyself in proper
shortly.

i. e. in person; thy proper self.
This latter is an expression of
our authour's in the *Tempest*;

*And ev'n with such like valour
men hang and drown*

Their proper selves. WARB.

Hanmer reads very plausibly,
*thou wilt give away thyself in
perpetuum.*

Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.
I'll lock

⁸ Thy heaven from thee. Oh, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand. To *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;
⁹ Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horse. ¹ No porter at his gate,

⁸ *Thy heaven*—] The pleasure
of being flattered.

⁹ In old edition:

*Ask nothing, give it him, it
foals me straight*

An able horse.] “If I want

“Gold, (says the Senator) let

“me steal a Beggar's Dog, and

“give it to *Timon*, the Dog

“coins me Gold. If I would

“sell my horse, and had a mind

“to buy ten better instead of

“him; why, I need but give

“my Horse to *Timon*, to gain

“this Point; and it presently

“fetches me an horse.” But is
that gaining the Point propos'd?

The first *Folio* reads, less corruptly
than the modern Impressions,

—And able Horses.—

Which Reading, join'd to the
Reasoning of the Passage, gave

me the Hint for this Emenda-
tion. THEOBALD.

—No porter at his gate,

*But rather one that smiles, and
still invites*] I imagine that

a line is lost here, in which the
usual behaviour of a surly porter
was described.

But

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by it. It cannot hold; ² no reason
 Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;

Importune him for my monies, be not ceas'd
 With slight denial, nor then silenc'd, when
 "Commend me to your master"—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus. But tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger;
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, Sir.

² ———no reason

Can sound his state in safety.]
 The supposed meaning of this
 must be, *No reason*, by *sounding*,
 fathoming, or trying, *his state*,
 can find it safe. But as the
 words stand, they imply, that *no*
reason can safely sound his state.
 I read thus,

—————no reason

Can sound his state in safety.
Reason cannot find his fortune to
 have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.
 The types of the first printer
 of this play were so worn and
 defaced, that *f* and *s* are not al-
 ways to be distinguished.

Sen. I go, Sir?—³ Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in Compt.

Caph. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to TIMON'S Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. **N**O care, no stop. So senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to main-
tain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, and resumes no care
Of what is to continue. ⁴ Never Mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore, and Varro.

Fy, fy, fy, fy.

³ —take the Bonds along with
you,

And have the Dates in. Come.]

Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was entered into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their Payment was laps'd. The *Senator's* Charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them. THEOB.

⁴ —————never Mind

Was, to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be

worse, or more obscurely express'd: And all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus,

—————never Mind

*Was [made] to be so unwise,
[in order] to be so kind.*

i. e. Nature in order to make a profuse mind never before endow'd any man with so large a share of folly. WARB.

Caph.

Capb. ' Good even, *Varro*. What, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Capb. It is; and your's too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Capb. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Capb. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades*.—Well, what's your will?

[They present their bills.]

Capb. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Capb. Of *Athens* here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Capb. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days, this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning,

Capb. Nay, good my Lord——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One *Varro*'s servant, my good Lord——

Isid. From *Isidore*. He prays your speedy payment——

' Good evening, *Varro*.] It is observable that this *good evening* is before dinner; for *Timon* tells *Alcibiades*, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done, which may prove that by *dinner* our authour meant not the *coena* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inad-

vertencies neither authour nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. *Varro* and *Isidore* sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of *Varro* and *Isidore*. Whether servants, in our authour's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence.

Capb. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks And past.——

Isid. Your Steward puts me off, my Lord, And I am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

—I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on,

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To Flavius.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business.
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit Flavius.*

S C E N E III.

⁶ *Enter Apemantus, and Fool.*

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

⁶ *Enter Apemantus and Fool*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, and the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of *Phrynia*, *Temandra*, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity.

Var.

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

{*To the Fool.*

Isid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou standest single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. ⁷ Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Affes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool, how does your mistress?

Fool. ⁸ She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. ⁹ 'Would, we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter

⁷ *Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds, &c.*] This is said so abruptly that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*

Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*

All. *What are we, Apemantus?*

Apem. *Affes.*

All. *Why?*

Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want. Speak, &c.*

Thus every word will have its

proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands.

⁸ *She's e'en setting on water to scald*] The old name for the disease got at *Corinth* was the *burning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms.

⁹ *'Would, we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy house, I suppose from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which *Alexander*

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the Super-
scription of these letters; I know not which is which,

Apem. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelpt a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit,*

Apem. Ev'n so, thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to Lord *Timon*'s,

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home.

—You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would, they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When

ab Alexandro has these words: CORINTHI super mille Prostitutæ in Templo Veneris assidue degere, & inflammata libidine quæsi meretricio operam dare, et velut Sacerorum Ministræ Deæ famulari sollebant. Milton, in his *Apology*

for *Smeethymnus*, says, Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where it may be he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelates, with all her young Corinthian Laitie, to enquire for such a one. WARE,

men

men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this.

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a Lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's ' artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, Elder brother, and woman; sometimes the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near. I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus and Fool.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me?

¹ *his artificial one.*] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir *Thomas Smith* was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

That

That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me²;
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some fingle vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness² made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good Lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd Lord,
³ Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd; some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim,⁴ and at length

How

² —made your minister] So the original. The later editions have all made you minister.

³ Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;] i. e.

Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford Editor understood the

sense, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

WARBURTON.

I think Hanmer right, and have received his emendation.

⁴ ———and at length

How GOES our reck'ning?] This Steward talks very wildly.

The Lord indeed might have asked,

How goes our reck'ning ?

Tim. To *Lacedemon* did my land extend.

Flav. ⁵ O my good Lord, the world is but a word !
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to ⁶ a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heav'ns ! have I said, the bounty of this
Lord !

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants

asked, what a Lord seldom knows,

How goes our reck'ning :

But the Steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore,

HOLD GOOD *our reck'ning ?*

The *Oxford Editor* would appropriate this emendation to himself, by altering it to, *make good.*

WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common, to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand.

⁵ O my good lord, the world is but a WORLD ;] The *Folio* reads,

— but a WORD ;

And this is the right. The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

WARBURTON.

⁶ — a wasteful cock,] *i. e.* a cockloft, a garret. And a *wasteful cock* signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by *Dr. Warburton*, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a cock or pipe with a turning stopple running to waste. In this sense both the terms have their usual meaning ; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase.

This

This night englutted; Who now is not *Timon's*?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's?

Great *Timon's*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made;
 Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter show'rs,
 These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I giv'n.
 Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,
 To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 7 And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are
 crown'd,
 That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes: I'm wealthy in my friends,
 Within there, Ho! *Servilius, Flaminius!*

S C E N E V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants,

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.

You to Lord *Lucius*—to Lord *Lucullus*, you—I hunt—

7 *And try the arguments—]* forces us often upon far-fetched
Arguments, for natures. *WARB.* expositions. *Arguments* may mean
 How *arguments* should stand contents, as the *arguments* of a
 for natures I do not see. But book, or *evidences* and *proofs*.
 the licentiousness of our authour

ed with his honour to day—You to *Sempronius*—Commend me to their loves ; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum—

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To Flavius.* Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
For that ⁸ I knew it the most gen'ral way,
To them to use your signet and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wish't—'They know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—'Would all were well—'Tis pity—
And so ⁹ intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, ¹ and these hard fractions,
With certain ² half-caps, and ³ cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim.

⁸ —I knew it the most gen'ral way] Gen'ral, for speedy.

WARBURTON.

General is not speedy, but compendious, the way to try many at a time.

⁹ Intending is regarding, turning their notice to other things.

¹ —and these hard fractions,] An equivocal allusion to fractions in decimal arithmetick. So *Flavius* had, like *Littlewit*, in *Bartholomew-Fair*, a conceit left in

his misery.

WARBURTON.

There is, I think, no conceit in the head of *Flavius*, who, by *fractions*, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks.

² half-caps,] A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

³ Cold moving Nods,] All the Editions exhibit these as two distinct Adjectives, to the Prejudice of the Author's Meaning; but they must be joined be an

Tim. You Gods reward them!

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 + Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary;
 Their blood is cak'd, is cold, it seldom flows,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
 And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
 Is fashon'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidius*—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
 Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee.—*Ventidius* lately
 Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate; when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. ^s Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
 Being * free itself, it thinks all other fo. [Exeunt.]

Hyphen, and make a Compound Adjective out of a Substantive and a Particle, and then we have the true Sense of the Place; *Cold-moving*, *Cold-provoking*; Nods so discouraging, that they chilled the very Ardour of our Petition, and froze us into silence.

THEOBALD.

⁴ —Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution.

But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their Ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

^s 'Would, I could not:] The original edition has,

I would, I could not think it, that thought, &c.

It has been changed, to mend the numbers, without authority.

* *Free*, is *liberal*, not *parliamentary*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting, Enter a Servant to him.

SERVANT.

I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord *Timon's* men; a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good Lord. A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no

warn-

warning by my coming. Every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee.—Get you gone, firrah, [*To the servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, altho' thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee. Good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
 * And we alive that liv'd? Fly damned baseness,
 To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee;
 Let molten coin be thy damnation,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 † It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods!
 I feel my master's passion. This slave

* *And we alive that liv'd?*]
i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.* WARB.

† *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk.

Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him ;
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison ?

O ! may diseases only work upon't,
 And when he's sick to death, let not that part
^s Of nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour !

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*A publick Street.**Enter Lucius, with three strangers.*

Luc. WHO, the Lord *Timon* ? He is my very
 good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. * We know him for no less, tho' we are but
 strangers to him: But I can tell you one thing, my
 Lord, and which I hear from common rumours ; now
 Lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his
 estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fy, no. Do not believe it ; he cannot want for
 money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my Lord, that not
 long ago one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*,
 to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't,
 and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was
 deny'd.

Luc. How ?

2 Stran. I tell you ; deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ? Now, before
 the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honour-
 able man ? There was very little honour shew'd in that.
 For my own part, I must needs confess, I have re-
 ceived some small kindneses from him, as money,

^s *Of nurture;*] The common
 copies read *nature*. The emen-
 dation is Sir *T. Hanmer's*.

* *We know him for no less;*]

That is, *we know him* by report
 to be *no less* than you represent
 him, though we are strangers to
 his person.

plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; ⁹ yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasions so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.—My honour'd Lord——

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius? you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that Lord. He's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my Lord, requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his Lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. ¹ If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it ² half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn

⁹ yet had he MISTOOK him, and sent him to me,] We should read,

—MISLOOK'D him.

i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *Yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me.*

¹ If his occasion were not virtuous,] *Virtuous*, for strong,

forceable, pressing. WARB.

² —half so faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the *Oxford Editor* alters the text to *ser-vently*. But he might have seen, that *Shakespeare* used *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for forceable. WARB.

my-

myself honourable? How unluckily it hap'ned, ³ that I should purchasé the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do—The more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord *Timon* myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and, I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius*.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

—True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hostilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul;

And just of the same piece is every ⁴ flatterer's spirit:

Who

³ *That I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour?*] Tho' there is a seeming plausible *Antithesis* in the Terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little Part of what? Honour is the only Substantive that follows in the Sentence. How much is the *Antithesis* improved by the Sense which my Emendation gives? "That I should purchase for a little Dirt, and undo a great deal of Honour!"

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir *T. Hamner*, but neglected by Dr. *Warburton*. I think *Theobald* right in suspecting corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, tho' perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park*.

⁴ —*flatterer's spirit* :] This is Dr. *Warburton's* emendation. The other editions read,

Why, this is the world's soul:

Of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

THEOBALD. Mr. *Upton* has not unluckily trans-

Who can call him his friend,
 That dips in the same dish? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lord's father,
 And kept his credit with his purse,
 Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
 He does deny him, ⁵ in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
 I never tasted *Timon* in my life;
 Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
 'To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
⁶ I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart; but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

transposed the two final words,
 thus,

*Why, this is the world's sport:
 Of the same piece is ev'ry flatterer's soul.*

⁵ — (in respect of his)] i. e.
 considering *Timon's* claim for
 what he asks.

WARB. — in respect of his,] That is,
 in respect of his fortune, what
Lucius denies to *Timon* is in pro-
 portion to what *Lucius* possesses,

less than the usual alms given by
 good men to beggars.

⁶ *I would have put my wealth
 into donation,
 And the best half should have
 return'd to him,]* Hammer
 reads,

*I would have put my wealth in-
 to partition,
 And the best half should have
 attorn'd to him.*

Dr. Warburton receives attorn'd.

S C E N E III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
Above all others?

He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison; all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. Oh, my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How! deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he send to me? three! hum——

It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over? must I take th' cure upon me?
H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him;
He might have known my Place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first,
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him;
And does he think so backwardly of me,

⁷ *They've all been touch'd,*] indeed, is not so common in
That is, *tryed*, alluding to the
touchstone.

⁸ —his Friends, like Physicians
Thriv'd, give him over? I have
restor'd this old Reading, only
amended the Pointing, which was
faulty. Mr. *Pope*, suspecting the
Phrase, has substituted *Three* in
the room of *thriv'd*, and so dis-
arm'd the Poet's Satire. Phy-
sicians *thriv'd* is no more than
Physicians grown rich: Only the
Adjective Passive of this Verb,

indeed, is not so common in
Use; and yet is it a familiar Ex-
pression, to this Day, to say,
*Such a One is well thriven on his
Trade.*

THEOBALD.
The original reading is,
—his friends (like Physicians)
Thrive, give him over?
which *Theobald* has misrepresent-
ed. *Hanmer* reads, *try'd*, plau-
sibly enough. Instead of *three*
proposed by Mr. *Pope*, I should
read *thrice*. But perhaps the old
reading is the true.

That I'll requite it last? No.
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To th' rest, and I 'mongst Lords be thought a fool,
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 I he had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 ° I'd such a courage to do him good.

But now return.
 And with their faint Reply this answer join;
 Who 'bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain.
 ' The devil knew not what he did, when he made
 man politick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot
 think, but in the end the villainies of man ² will set
 him clear. How fairly this Lord strives to appear
 foul? ³ takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those
 that

⁹ *I'd such a courage*] Such an
 ardour, such an eager desire.

¹ *The devil knew not what he did,*] I cannot but think that the
 negative *not* has intruded into
 this passage, and the reader will
 think so too, when he reads Dr.
Warburton's explanation of the
 next words.

² *will set him clear.*] *Set him
 clear* does not mean acquit him
 before heaven; for then *the De-
 vil* must be supposed to know
 what he did: But it signifies
 to puzzle him, out do him at his
 own weapons. *WARBURTON.*

How the devil, or any other
 being, should be *set clear* by be-
 ing puzzled and outdone, the
 commentator has not explained.
 When in a crowd we would have
 an opening made, we say, *Stand
 clear*, that is, *out of the way of
 danger*. With some affinity to
 this use, though not without

great harshness, to *set clear*, may
 be to *set aside*. But I believe
 the original corruption is the in-
 fertion of the negative, which
 was obtruded by some transcriber,
 who supposed *crossed* to mean
thwarted, when it meant, *ex-
 empted from evil*. The use of
crossing, by way of protection
 or purification, was probably
 not worn out in *Shakespeare's*
 time. The sense of *set clear* is
 now easy; he has no longer the
 guilt of tempting man.

³ *takes virtuous copies to be
 wicked: like those, &c.*] This is
 a reflection on the Puritans of
 that time. These people were
 then set upon a project of new-
 modelling the ecclesiastical and
 civil government according to
 scripture rules and examples.
 Which makes him say, that *un-
 der zeal* for the word of God,
 they would *set whole realms on
 fire*,

that under hot, ardent, zeal would fet whole Realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my Lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the Gods. Now his friends are dead;

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must * keep his house.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to TIMON'S Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, † Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. **W**ELL met, good morrow, *Titus and Hortensius.*

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*

Hor. *Lucius?* What do we meet together?

Luc. And, I think, one business does command us all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And Sir *Philotus* too.

Pbi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Pbi. Labouring for nine.

fire. So *Sempronius* pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one: but it

fitted the audience, tho' not the *Speaker.* WARBURTON.

* —keep his house.] That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.

† *Lucius* is here again for the servant of *Lucius.*

Luc. So much ?

Pbi. Is not my Lord seen yet ?

Luc. Not yet.

Pbi. I wonder : he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
You must consider that ' a Prodigal's Course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord *Timon's* purse ;

That is,

One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Pbi. I'm of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event.
Your Lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,
For which I wait for money.

* *Hor.* Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes !
And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. * I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness.
I know, my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth ;
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns ; what's
yours ?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by
th' sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;

† Else, surely, his had equall'd.

— a Prodigal's course
Is like the sun's.] That is, like
him in blaze and splendour.

Soles occidere et redire possunt.

CATUL.

* I'm weary of this charge,]

That is, — this commission, of
this employment.

† Else, surely, his had equall'd.]

Should it not be, Else, surely,
mine had equall'd.

Enter

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminius!* Sir, a word. Pray, is my Lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship, pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly.

Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. *[Exit.*

Var. How! 'what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what. He's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter

⁴ Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My Lord leans wond'rously to discontent,
His comfortable temper has forfook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick;
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help—my Lord! my Lord,

S C E N E V.

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Caph. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

⁴ Enter *Servilius*.] It may be observed that *Shakespeare* has un- skilfully filled his *Greek* story with *Roman* names.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em. Cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours——and yours?

Var. My Lord——

Capb. My Lord——

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you. [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our Masters may throw their caps at their money. These debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!——devils.

Flav. My dear Lord,——

Tim. What if it should be so?——

Flav. My dear Lord,——

Tim. I'll have it so——My steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again;

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All.——

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my Lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There's not so much left as to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care.

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide

Of knaves once more; my Cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Senate house.**Senators, and Alcibiades.*

1 *Sen.* **M**Y Lord, you have my voice to't. The
fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

3 *Sen.* Now? Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your Virtues;

For Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.

5 He is a man, 6 setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues;

Nor did he foil the fact with cowardise,
An honour in him which buys out his fault,
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe.

5 *He is a man, &c.]* I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he foil, &c.

6 *—setting HIS fault aside,*
We must read,

—THIS fault.—

WARBURTON.

And

And with such sober ⁷ and unnoted passion

⁸ He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

^{1 Sen.} ⁹ You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair ;
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, ¹ and make his wrongs
His outsidings ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My Lord,———

^{1 Sen.} You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

⁷ —and unnoted passion] Unnoted, for common, bounded.

WARBURTON.

⁸ He did behave his anger] Behave, for curb, manage. But the Oxford Editor equips the old Poet with a more modish phrase,

He did behave in's anger—

A paltry clipt jargon of modern fops, for *behave himself*. WARE.

The original copy reads not *behave* but *behoove*. I do not well understand the passage in either reading. Shall we try a daring conjecture ?

—with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behold his adversary shent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He looked with such calmness on his slain adversary.

⁹ You undergo too strict a paradox.] You undertake a paradox too hard.

¹ —and make his wrongs

His OUTSIDINGS ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;]

It should be read and pointed thus,

— and make his wrongs

His outside wear ; barg like his raiment, carelessly. WARB.

The present reading is better.

And

And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, ² what make we
 Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
³ The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;
 If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh, my Lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good;
 Who cannot condemn Ralhness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is ⁴ sin's extreamest gust,
 But, in defence, ⁵ by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety,
 But who is man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

² *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? His Service done
 At *Lacedaemon* and *Byzantium*,

² — what make we
 Abroad?—] *What do we, or
 what have we to do in the field?*

³ *The ass, more than the lion,
 &c.]* Here is another arbitrary
 regulation. The original reads
 thus,

— what make we
 Abroad, why then women are
 more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing
 carry it:

And the ass more captain than
 the lion,

The fellow, loaden with irons,
 wiser than the judge,

If wisdom, &c.

I think it may be better adjusted
 thus.

— what make we
 Abroad, why then the women
 are more valiant

That stay at home;
 If bearing carry it, then is the
 ass

More captain than the lion, and
 the felon

Loaden with irons wiser, &c.

⁴ — sin's extreamest gust,] Gust,
 for aggravation. *WARB.*

Gust is here in its common
 sense; the utmost degree of ap-
 petite for sin.

⁵ — by mercy, 'tis most just:]
 By mercy is meant equity. But
 we MUST read,

— 'tis MADE just.

WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity.
 If such explanation be allowed,
 what can be difficult? The
 meaning is, I call mercy herself
 to witness, that defensive vio-
 lence is just.

Were

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my Lords, ha's done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty * with 'em,
6 He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, That were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, † your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
All my honour to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies. Urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

* —with 'em,] The folio,
with him.

6 He's a SWORN rioter; he has
a sin

That often drowns him, and
takes valour prisoner.] What
is a sworn rioter? We should
read,

He's a SWOLN rioter—
that is, given to all excesses, as

he says of another in another
place, *so surfeit-swoln* or *swell'd*.

WARBURTON.

A *sworn rioter* is a man who
practises riot, as if he had by an
oath made it his duty.

† —your reverend ages love
Security,—] He charges them
obliquely with being uturers.

Alc.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be.

My Lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What!——

Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me;
It could not else be, ⁷ I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. ⁸ Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your Dotage, banish Ufury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two day's shine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

⁹ And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into Captains wounds? Banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banisht;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

⁷ —— I should prove so base,]
Base, for dishonour'd. WARB.

⁸ Do you dare our anger?

⁹ 'Tis in few words, but spacious
in effect;] This reading
may pass, but perhaps the au-
thour wrote,

—— our anger?

'Tis few in words, but spacious

in effect.

⁹ And, (not to swell our spi-
rit)] What this nonsense
was intended to mean I don't
know; but 'tis plain *Shakspear*
wrote

And so as to swell your spirit,
i. e. to provoke you still more.

WARBURTON:

That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, ' and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds ;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to TIMON'S House.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 *Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think,
this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* 2 Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be by the persuasion of his new
feasting.

1 In former copies :

— And lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most LANDS
to be at odds ;] But surely,
even in a soldier's sense of hon-
our, there is very little in be-
ing at odds with all about him :
which shews rather a quarrelsome
disposition than a valiant one.
Besides, this was not *Alcibiades's*
case. He was only fallen out
with the *Athenians*. A phrase
in the foregoing line will direct
us to the right reading. I will
lay, says he, *for hearts* ; which
is a metaphor taken from card-
play, and signifies to game deep
and boldly. It is plain then the
figure was continued in the fol-
lowing line, which should be
read thus,

'Tis honour with most HANDS

to be at odds ;]

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at
disadvantage ; as he must do a-
gainst the united strength of *A-*
thens : And this, by soldiers, is
accounted *honourable*. *Shake-*
speare uses the same metaphor, on
the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*.
He lurch'd all swords.

WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly
substituted for *lands*. In the
foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*,
I would read, *play for hearts*.

2 Upon that were my thoughts
tiring.] A hawk, I think, is said
to *tire*, when she amuses herself
with pecking a pheasant's wing,
or any thing that puts her in
mind of prey. To *tire* upon a
thing, is therefore, to be *idly*
employed upon it.

1 *Sen.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir——Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both!—and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay. Feast your ears with the musick awhile, if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 *Sen.* Most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame,

shame, that when your Lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't; Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. *Alcibiades* is banish'd. Hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast toward:

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will.—And so——

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistress. Your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—³ The

³ *The rest of your FEES.] We should read FOES.*

WARB.

rest of your foes, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover—Dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth friends. Smoke, and lukewarm
water

⁴ Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last.

Who stuck ⁵ and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of fortune, Trencher-friends, ⁶ Time-flies,
Cap and knee Slaves, Vapors, and ⁷ Minute-jacks;
Of man and beast the * infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost Thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first—Thou too—and Thou—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

⁴ Is your perfection.—] *Perfection*, for exact or perfect likeness. **WARBURTON.**

Your *perfection*, is the highest of your excellen^e.

⁵ —and spangled YOU WITH flatteries,] We should certainly read,

—and spangled WITH YOUR flatteries. **WARB.**

The present reading is right.

⁶ *Time-flies.*] Flies of a season.

⁷ —minute-jacks;] *Harmer* thinks it means *Jack a lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.*

* —the infinite malady] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast.

Re-enter the Senators.

- 1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?
 2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord *Timon's* fury!
 3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?
 4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.
 1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap: Did you see my jewel?
 2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?
 3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.
 4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.
 1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.
 2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.
 3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
 4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads; to general filth
 Convert o'th' instant, green *Virginity!*

⁸ *Act IV.]* The incidents of almost all the following scenes are taken from the *Timon of Lucian.* WARBURTON.

Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is 'i' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains. Fear and Piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And ' yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosy. Breath infect breath,
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns.
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th'unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
 Th'*Athenians* both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
 To the whole race of Mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*]

9 —i' th' brothel.] So *Hanmer*. confusion all things seem to hasten
 The old copies read, o' th' brothel. to dissolution, yet let not dissolution
 1 —yet confusion—] *Hanmer* come, but the miseries of confusion
 reads, let confusion; but the continue.
 meaning may be, though by such

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to TIMON'S House.

* *Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

1 *Serv.* **H**EAR you, good master steward? Where's our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods, I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a House broke!
So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars² from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all shun'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into the sea of air.

* *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.
of *Timon's* character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. ² —from his buried fortunes.]
Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; no- The old copies have to instead of *from*. The correction is *Hanmer's*.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* take,
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*]

—Nay put out all your hands—not one word more.
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*]

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
 But in a dream of friendship,
 To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest Lord! brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness; ³ strange unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest Lord, blest to be most accur'd,
 Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
 Of monstrous friends;
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it.
 I'll follow and enquire him out;
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still. [*Exit.*]

³ ——— *strange unusual blood,*] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction; but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its

introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

——— *strange unusual mood,* may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The WOODS.

Enter Timon.

*Tim.*⁴ O Blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below 'thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twin'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser. ⁶ Not ev'n nature,

To

⁴ O BLESSED, *breeding sun*,—] The sense, as well as elegance of the expression, requires that we should read,

O BLESSING BREEDING *sun*, *i. e.* Thou that before us'dst to breed blessings, now breed curses and contagion; as afterwards he says,

Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that this emendation much strengthens the sense.

⁵ ——— *thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world.

⁶ ——— *Not ev'n nature*,

To whom all sores lay siege,—] He had said the brother could not bear great fortune without despising his brother. He now goes further, and asserts that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The sentence is ambiguous, and, besides that, otherwise obscure. I am persuaded that our author had *Alexander* here principally in mind;

whose uninterrupted course of successes, as we learn from history, turned his head, and made him fancy himself a *God*, and content his human origin. The Poet says, *ev'n nature*, meaning nature in its greatest perfection: And *Alexander* is represented by the ancients as the most accomplish'd person that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of masterpiece of nature. He adds,

To whom all sores lay siege,—

i. e. Although the imbecility of the human condition might easily have inform'd him of his error. Here *Snake-spear* seems to have had an eye to *Plutarch*, who, in his life of *Alexander*, tells us, that it was that which stagger'd him in his sober moments concerning the belief of his Divinity. Ἐλεγεν δὲ μάλιζα συνίεναι θνητὸς ἂν ἐκ τῆ καθεύδειν καὶ συνίσταζεν ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἐργινόμενον ἀσθενείας τῆ φύσει καὶ τὸ πονεῖν καὶ τὸ ἠδόμενον.

WARB.

I have

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.

⁷ Raise me this beggar, and denude that Lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

⁸ It is the Pastour lards the brother's sides,

The

I have preserved this note rather for the sake of the commentator than of the authour. How nature, to whom all fores lay siege, can so emphatically express nature in its greatest perfection, I shall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this: Brother when his fortune is enlarged will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which beseged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.

⁷ Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,] Where is the sense and English of deny't that Lord? Deny him what? What preceding Noun is there to which the pronoun *It* is to be refer'd? And it would be absurd to think the Poet meant, deny to raise that Lord. The *Antithesis* must be, let fortune raise this beggar, and let her strip and despoil that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration,

— and denude that lord.

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630, All these Hamiltons had denuded themselves of their fortunes and estates. And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament,

says, *Denude ourselves of all.* Clar. Vol. 3. p. 15. *Osarvo Edit.*

WARBURTON.

⁸ It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's sides,] This, as the editors have order'd it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But *Shakespear* meant a quite different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

It is the Pasture lards the Weather's sides,

The Want that makes him lean.

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflexion; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial or corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one.

WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as I have given it from the original edition.

It is the Pastour lards the Brother's sides,

The want that makes him leave.

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus,

It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's sides,

The

The Want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
 So are they all, ⁹ for every greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His Semblable, yea, *himself*, *Timon* disdains.
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!
 What's here? Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, Gods, I am no 'idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heav'ns!
 Thus much
 Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;

The want that makes him lean.
 And upon this reading, of no
 authority, raised another equally
 uncertain.

Alterations are never to be
 made without necessity. Let us
 see what sense the genuine read-
 ing will afford. Poverty, says
 the Poet, *beats contempt heredi-
 tary, and wealth native honour,*
 To illustrate this position, hav-
 ing already mentioned the case
 of a poor and rich brother, he
 remarks, that this preference is
 given to wealth by those whom
 it least becomes; *it is the Pas-
 tour that greases or flatters the
 rich brother, and will grease him
 on till want makes him leave.*
 The Poet then goes on to ask, *Who
 dares to say, this man, this Pas-
 tour, is a flatterer;* the crime is
 universal; through all the world

*the learned pate, with allusion to
 the Pastour, ducks to the golden
 fool.* If it be objected, as it may
 justly be, that the mention of
 Pastour is unsuitable, we must
 remember the mention of *grace*
 and *cherubims* in this play, and
 many such anachronisms in ma-
 ny other.

I would therefore read thus:

*It is the Pastour lards the bre-
 ther's sides,*

'Tis want that makes him leave.

The obscurity is still great. Per-
 haps a line is lost. I have at
 least given the original reading.

⁹ —for every greeze of for-
 tune] *Greeze*, for step or de-
 gree.

POPE.

¹ —no idle votarist.] No in-
 sincere or inconstant supplicant.
Gold will not serve me instead of
roots.

Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

You Gods! why this? What? This you Gods! ² Why,
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

³ Pluck stout mens' pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench; this is it,

⁴ That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She whom the spittle-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

⁵ To th' April day again. Come, damped earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

⁶ Do thy right nature.—[*March a far off.*] Ha, a drum?

———— ⁷ Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,

² ——— why, this

*Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:] Aristophanes in his *Plutus*, Act 5. Scene 2. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.*

WARBURTON.

³ *Pluck stout mens' pillows from below their heads.] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford Editor, supposing stout to signify healthy, alters it to sick; and thus he calls emending.*

WARBURTON.

⁴ *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;]* *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful

and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARE.

*Of wappened I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To awbaped is used by Spenser in his *Hubbard's tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read wain-ed, for decayed by time. So our authour in *Richard the third*,*

A beauty-waining and distressed widow.

⁵ *To th' April day again.] That is, to the wedding-day, called by the poet, satirically, April day, or fool's day.*

⁶ *Do thy right nature.] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.*

⁷ *Thou'rt quick,]* Thou hast life and motion in thee.

When

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

—Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground. Gules! gules!
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. * I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not, like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If

* *I will not kiss thee,*] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says *Timon*, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.

* thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man; if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the *Athenian* minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still. They love thee not that use thee, Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust; Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth To th' Tub fast, and the diet.

Timan.

* *If thou wilt not promise, &c.]* That is, however thou mayst act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil.

Be a whore still. They love thee not, that use thee,

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:

Make use of thy salt hours, &c.]

There is here a slight transposition. I would read,

—*They love thee not that use thee,*

Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slave

For tubs and baths.

To the Tub-fast, and the diet.]

One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *Tub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read *TUB-FAST*. The author is al-

luding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial Unc-tions*: and in both cases the pa-tient was kept up very warm and close: that in the first applica-tion the sweat might be promot-ed; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fa-tal. *The regimen for the course of Guaiacum (says Dr. Friend in his Hist. of Physick, Vol. 2. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstan-tial; and so rigorous, that the pa-tient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expres-ses it, the bones and the very man himself was macerated. Wiseman says, in England they used a Tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the Unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days; (as he observes, p. 375.) and during*

Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

—I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pry'thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy
Conquest,

And after, thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of villains thou wast born to
conquer my country.

Put up thy gold. Go on—Here's gold—Go on;

' Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron,

during this time there was neces-
sarily an extraordinary *abstinence*
required. Hence the term of
the *Tub fast*. WARBURTON.

† *Be, as a planetary plague,*
when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city
hang his poison

In the sick air:—] This is
wonderfully sublime and pictu-
resque. WARBURTON.

It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy treachant sword; for those milk-paps;
² That through the window-barn bore at mens' eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
 Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe;
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools ³ exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a * bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yeils of mothers, maids, nor babes;
 Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse
 upon thee!

Both. Give us some gold, good *Timon*. Hast thou
 more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
⁴ And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your

² *That through the window-barn*] How the words come to be blundered into this strange noniense, is hard to conceive. But it is plain *Shakespeare* wrote;
 ——*Window lawn*——
i. e. lawn almost as transparent as glass windows. *WARB.*

The reading is more probably *window-bars*. The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.

³ —*exhaust their mercy*;) For *exhaust*, *Sir J. Hammer*, and after him *Dr. Warburton*, read *extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally

to draw forth.

* *bastard*] An allusion to the tale of *Oedipus*.

⁴ *And to make whore a bawd*] The power of gold, indeed, may be suppos'd great, that can make a whore forsake her trade; but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty power of gold. He had before shewn, how gold can persuade to any villany; he now shews that it has still a greater force, and can even turn from vice to the practice,
 or,

Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues,
 Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
 5 I'll trust to your conditions. Be whose still.
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats.
 6 Yet may your pains six months be quite contrary.
 And thatch

Your

or, at least, the semblance of
 virtue. We must therefore read,
 to restore sense to our authour,

And to make whole a Bawd—
i. e. not only make her quit her
 calling, but thereby restore her
 to reputation. WARBURTON.

The old edition reads,

And to make whores a bawd.
 That is, *enough to make a whore*
leave whoring, and a bawd leave
making whores.

5 *I'll trust to your conditions.*]
 You need not swear to continue
 whores, I will trust to your in-
 clinations.

6 *—yet may your pains six*
months

Be quite contrary—] This is
 obscure, partly from the ambi-
 guity of the word *pains*, and
 partly from the generality of the
 expression. The meaning is this,
 he had said before, follow con-
 stantly your trade of debauchery:
 that is, (says he) for six months
 in the year. Let the other six
 be employed in quite contrary
 pains and labour, namely, in the
 severe discipline necessary for the
 repair of those disorders that

your debaucheries occasion, in
 order to fit you anew to the trade;
 and thus let the whole year be
 spent in these different occupa-
 tions. On this account he goes
 on, and says, *Make false hair,*
 &c. But for, *pains six months,*
 the *Oxford Editor* reads, *pains*
exterior. What he means I
 know not. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious,
 but I think it very remote, and
 would willingly bring the au-
 thour and his readers to meet on
 easier terms. We may read,

—yet may your pains six months
Be quite contraried.

Timon is wishing ill to mankind,
 but is afraid lest the whores
 should imagine that he wishes
 well to them; to obviate which
 he lets them know, that he impre-
 cates upon them influence enough
 to plague others, and disappoint-
 ments enough to plague them-
 selves. He wishes that they may
 do all possible mischief, and yet
 take *pains six months* of the year
 in vain.

In this sense there is a connec-
 tion of this line with the next.

Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter)
 Wear them, betray with them, and whore on still;
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——What then?
 Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar ⁷ mens' spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Nor found his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, ⁸ that his particular to foresee

Smells

Finding *your pains contraried*, try
 new expedients, *batch your thin
 roofs and paint.*

⁷ *To contrary* is an old verb.
Laymer relates, that when he
 went to court, he was advised
 not to *contrary* the king.

⁷ —— *mens' spurring.*] *Hammer*
 reads *sparring*, properly enough,
 if there be any ancient example
 of the word.

⁸ —— *that his particular to
 FORESEE*] In this beautiful
 passage there is a strange jumble
 of metaphors. *To smell in order
 to foresee*, is using the benefit of
 the senses in a very absurd way.
 The sense too, is as bad as the
 expression: Men do not forsake
 and betray the public in order to
foresee their own particular ad-
 vantage, but to provide for it.
Foreseeing is not the consequence
 of betraying, but one of the
 causes of it. Without doubt we
 should read,

*Of him, that, his particular to
 FORESEND,*

Smell from the *gen'ral weal*—
i. e. provide for, secure. *Fore-
 send* has a great force and beauty
 in this place, as signifying not
 barely to *secure*, but to make a
previous provision for securing.

WARBURTON.

The metaphor is apparently
 incongruous, but the sense is
 good. *To foresee his particular*,
 is *to provide for his private ad-
 vantage*, for which he leaves the
right scent of public good. In hunt-
 ing, when hares have cross'd one
 another, it is common for some of
 the hounds *to smell from the gene-
 ral weal, and foresee their own
 particular.* *Shakespear*, who seems
 to have been a skilful sportsman,
 and has alluded often to falconry,
 perhaps alludes here to hunt-
 ing.

To the commentator's emen-
 dation it may be objected, that
 he

Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd pate ruffians bald,

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first. I've given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*. Farewel,
Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence. Away ;
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him. Strike.

[*Drums beat.* *Exeunt* Alcibiades, Phrynia and
Timandra.]

S C E N E V.

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou

⁹ Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast

Teems,

he used *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend* is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense.

⁹ *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast*] This image is taken from the ancient statues of *Diana Ephesia Multimammia*, called *παντάλοος φύσις πάντων μήτηρ* ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary

Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same metal,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
 Engenders thy black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and ¹ eyeless venom'd worm;
 With all th' abhorred births ² below crisp heav'n,
 Whereon *Hyperion's* quick'ning fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human fons does hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
 Enfear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
³ Let it no more bring out ingrateful man;
 Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented—O, a root—Dear thanks!
⁴ Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
 Whereof

dinary figures. See *Mountfaucou. l'Antiquité expliquée*, lib. 3. c. 15. *Hesiod*, alluding to the same representations, calls the earth ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ.

WARBURTON.

¹ —eyeless venom'd worm;] The serpent which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the *Latins*, *Cæcilia*.

² —below CRISP heav'n,] We should read *crisp*, i. e. vaulted, from the *Latin Crypta*, a vault.

WARBURTON.

Mr. *Upton* declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

³ Let it no more bring out ungrateful man.] This is an absurd reading. *Shakespear* wrote,

—bring out to ungrateful man,
 i. e. fruits for his sustenance and support; but let it rather teem with monsters to his destruction. Nor is it to be pretended that this alludes to the fable: For he is speaking of what the earth

now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards,

*Dry up thy barrow'd veins,
 and plow-torn leas, &c.*

WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correspond so plainly, that the commentator may be suspected of writing his note without reading the whole passage.

⁴ Dry up thy MARROWS, vines
 and plow-torn leas,] The integrity of the metaphor absolutely requires that we should read,

*Dry up thy HARROW'D veins,
 and plow-torn leas.*

Mr. *Theobald* owns that this gives a new beauty to the verse, yet as *unctious morjels* follows, *marrows* might have gone before, and mean *the fat of the land*. That is, because there is a metaphor afterwards that suits it, it may be admitted, tho' it violates the metaphor in the place it is used

Whereof ingrateful man with likerish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips.—

S C E N E VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague!—

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. ⁵ Shame not these woods;

By

used in. But this unhappy critic never consider'd that men ought to earn this *far* before they eat it. From this emendation the *Oxford Editor* has sprung another, and reads,

Dry up thy Meadows, Vineyards— WAR.B.

I cannot concur to censure *Theobald* as a *critick* very *unhappy*. He was weak, but he was cautious: finding but little power in his mind, he rarely ventured far under its conduct. This timidity hindered him from daring conjectures, and sometimes hindered him happily.

This passage, among many others, may pass without change. The genuine reading is not *marrow*s, *veins*, but *marrow*s, *vines*:

and the sense is this; *O, nature! cease to produce men, enscar thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrow*s on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines* which give them *likerish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *likerish draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrow*s, and the old reading literally preserved.

⁵ *Shame not these woods.*] But how did *Timon* any more shame the woods by assuming the character of a Cynic, than *Apemantus* did? The poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus* say, Don't disgrace this *garb*, which

By putting on ⁶ the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears (like tapsters, that bid welcome)
 To knaves, and all approachers; 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal. Hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself,
 So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou;
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these ⁷ moist trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
 Oh! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

thou hast only affected to assume;
 and to seem the creature thou art
 not by nature, but by the force
 and compulsion of poverty. We
 must therefore restore,

—*Shame not these weeds.*

Apemantus, in several other pas-
 sages of the scene, reproaches
 him with his change of garb.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is not worse

nor better than the common
 reading.

⁶ —*the cunning of a carper.*] For the Philosophy of a Cynic,
 of which sect *Apemantus* was:
 and therefore he concludes,

—*Do not assume my likeness.*

WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify
 counterfeit appearance.

⁷ —*moist trees.*] *Hanmer*
 reads very elegantly, *moist'd trees.*

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

⁸ *Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Do'st please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp; ⁹ is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never compleat;

⁸ *Tim.* *Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.*

Do'st please thyself in't?

Apem. *Ay.*

Tim. *What! a knave too?*]

Dr. Warburton proposes a Correction here, which, tho' it opposes the Reading of all the printed Copies, has great Justice and Propriety in it. He would read;

What! and know't too?

The Reasoning of the Text, as it stands in the Books, is, in some sort, concluding backward: or rather making a *Knave's* and a *Villain's* Office different: which, surely, is absurd. The Correction quite removes the Absurdity, and gives this sensible Rebuke. "What! do'st thou
" *please thyself in vexing me,*
" *and at the same time know it*
" *to be the Office of a Villain*
" *or Fool."* THEOBALD.

Such was Dr. Warburton's first

conjecture, but afterwards he adopted Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture, *what a knave* thou; but there is no need of alteration. *Timon* had just called *Apemantus* fool, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when *Apemantus* tells him, that he comes to vex him, *Timon* determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks *Apemantus* whether he takes delight in vexing, and when he answers, *yes*, *Timon* replies, *what, and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a fool, but I now find thee likewise a knave. This seems to be so clear as not to stand in need of a comment.

⁹ — *is crown'd before;*] Arrives sooner at high wish; that is, at the completion of its wishes.

The other, at high wish. Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched Being;
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not ¹ by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never claspt; ² but bred a dog.

³ Hadst thou, like us from our * first swath, proceeded

Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

The icy ⁴ precepts of respect, but followed

¹ —by his breath,—] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*.

² —but bred a dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which sect *Apemantus* was. WARB.

³ Hadst thou, like us] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter written by the earl of *Essex*, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

“God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never

feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*”

* From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

⁴ —precepts of respect,—] Of obedience to laws.

The

The sugar'd game before thee. ⁵ But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employments
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou giv'n?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father * that poor rag,
 Must be the subject, who in spight put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! Be gone——
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
⁶ Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

⁵ ——— *But myself,*] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines.

*Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.*
 ——— *But myself,*
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion.

* ——— *that poor rag,*] If we read *poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows.

⁶ *Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of *Virgil* to shew how well he could have written *satires*. *Shakespeare* has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which *Timon* tells *Apemantus*, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

Tim.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.

—That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here. I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him another.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind, if thou wilt.

Tell them there, I have gold. Look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee ⁷ for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

⁷ for too much curiosity;] *i. e.* The *Oxford Editor* alters it to
for too much finical delicacy. *courtesy.* WARBURTON.

Tim. ⁸ Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the ⁹ unicorn, pride and wrath
would

⁸ *Ay, though it look like thee.*] *Timon* here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenour of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would expect him to have answered, Yes, *for it looks like thee*. The old edition, which always gives the pronoun

instead of the affirmative particle, has it, *I, though it look like thee*. Perhaps we should read, *I thought it look'd like thee*.

The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree:

would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

Apem. ¹ Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would, thou wert clean enough to spit upon,
² A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.*

HANMER.

¹ *Thou art the cap, &c.] i. e.* the property, the bubble.

WARBURTON.

I rather think, the *top*, the *principal*.

The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

² *A plague on thee!*

Apem. — *Thou art too bad to curse.*] In the former Editions this whole Verse was placed to *Apemantus*: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse *Timon*, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse.

THEOBALD.

[*Tim.*

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would, thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

³ Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright-defiler
Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
⁴ Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,
That soldrest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

³ Twixt natural son and fire!]

Διὰ τέτον ἐκ ἀδελφῶν

Διὰ τέτον ἐ τοῦ ἡνός. ANAC.

⁴ Whose blush doth thaw the

consecrated snow,

That lies on *Dian's* lap!—]

The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime. WARB.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so.
But not 'till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.—

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! I am quit.

* More things like men—Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. [Exit *Apemantus*.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, ⁵ you want much of meat.

Why

* *More things like men—*] This line, in the old edition, is given to *Apemantus*, but it apparently belongs to *Timon*. *Hanmer* has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not

unskilfully, but with unwarrantable license.

⁵ —*you want much of meat.*] Thus both the *Player* and poetical Editor's have given us this Passage; quite *Sand-blind*, as honest

Why should you want? behold, ⁶ the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:
 The bounteous hufwife nature on each bush
 Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

¹ *Thief*. We cannot live on grafs, on berries, water,
 As beafts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beafts themselves; the birds and
 fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profest, that you work not
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
⁷ In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,
 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob, ⁸ takes wealth and life together.

nest *Launcelot* says, to our Au-
 thour's Meaning. If these poor
 Thieves wanted *Meat*, what
 greater Want could they be
 curs'd with, as they could not
 live on grafs, and berries, and
 water? but I dare warrant, the
 Poet wrote,

—*you want much of meet.*
i. e. Much of what you ought
 to be: much of the Qualities be-
 fitting you as human creatures.

THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. *Theobald's* emen-
 dation, in which he is followed
 by Dr. *Warburton*. Sir *T. Han-
 mer* reads, *you want much of men.*
 They have been all busy without
 necessity. Observe the series of
 the conversation. The thieves
 tell him, that they are *men that
 much do want*. Here is an am-
 biguity between *much want* and
want of much. *Timon* takes it
 on the wrong side, and tells them

that their *greatest want is*, that,
 like other men, *they want much
 of meat*; then telling them where
 meat may be had, he asks, *Want?
 why want?*

What need is there now of
 emendation?

⁶ —*the earth hath roots, &c.*]

*Vile olus, et duris bærentia
 mora rubetis*

*Pugnantis stomachi composuerunt
 famem:*

Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imi-
 tations, but only to be similar
 thoughts on similar occasions.

⁷ *In limited professions.*—] *Li-
 mited*, for legal. *WARBURTON.*

⁸ —*takes wealth and life toge-
 ther.*] *HANMER.* The first
 copy has,

—*take wealth and lives together.*

The later editors gave it,

—*take wealth and live together.*

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast Sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.

⁹ The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The Moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
From gen'ral excrements. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away,
Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen.*

[*Exit.*

³ *Thief.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,
by persuading me to it.

¹ *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he
thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

² *Thief.*

⁹ *The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*

The Moon into salt tears.—]

The Sea melting the Moon into tears, is, I believe, a secret in philosophy, which no body but *Shakespeare's* deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another opinion which 'tis more reasonable to believe that our Author may allude to, *viz.* that the saltness of the Sea is caused by several ranges, or *Mounds* of rock-salt under water, with which *resolving* liquid the Sea was impregnated. This I think a sufficient authority for changing *Moon* into *MOUNDS*. *WARB.*

I am not willing to receive

mounds, which would not be understood but by him that had suggested it. The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: the sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed.

¹ 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] *i. e.* 'Tis the common malice of mankind that makes One give such advice to Another, as may prove to his Detriment. One would think this easy enough. But the *Oxford Editor* reads, 'Tis in

Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 Thief. ² Let us first see peace in *Athens*.

2 Thief. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter FLAVIUS.

OH, you Gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing?
Oh, monument and wonder of good deeds,
Evilly bestow'd!

³ What change of honour desp'rate want has made?

in his malice to mankind, *that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.* Which is making compleat nonsense of the whole reflection: For if *Timon* gave this advice, out of *his* malice to his species, he was in earnest, and so far from having any design that they should not thrive in their mystery; that his utmost wish was that they might.

WARBURTON.

Hannier's emendation, though not necessary, is very probable, and very unjustly charged with nonsense. The reason of his advice, says the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our mystery.

² Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.] This and the concluding

little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, 'tis evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

WARBURTON.

³ What change of HONOUR desp'rate want has made?]

We should read,

What change of HUMOUR—

WARBURTON.

The original copy has, *what an alteration of honour has desperate want made.* The present reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change honour to humour is not necessary. A change of honour, is a change of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends;
 4 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 5 When man was wisht to love his enemies:
 6 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 H'as caught me in his eye; I will present
 My honest grief to him; and, as my Lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

4 *How rarely does it meet—*] Rarely, for fitly; not for seldom.

WARBURTON.

5 *When man was wisht—*] We should read WILL'D. He forgets his pagan system here again.

WARBURTON.

6 *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me,
 Than those that do!*] But why so? Was there ever such an *as*, I mean, as the transcriber? Shakespeare wrote it,

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

*Those that would mischief me,
 Than those that woo!*

The Steward, affected with his master's misfortune, and meditating on the cause of it, says, What an excellent precept is that of loving our enemies; grant that I may love them to chuse, rather than flatterers. All here is sensible, and to the purpose, and makes the whole coherent. But when once the transcribers had blundered *too* to *woo* in the first line, they were obliged, in their own defence, in the se-

cond line, to alter *woo* to *do*.

WARBURTON.

In defiance of this criticism I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more suitable to the general spirit of these scenes, and as free from the absurdities charged upon it. It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind but more dangerous than the *enemy*. In the emendation *those that would mischief* are placed in opposition to *those that woo*, but in the speaker's intention *those that woo* are *those that mischief* most. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischiefs under false professions of kindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost thou ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, all
I kept were * knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. ⁷ Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
⁸ It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

—Let

* *Knave* is here in the compounded sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*.

⁷ —*Pity's sleeping*;] I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read,

—eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter,
pity sleeping.

Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve as saline bodies in moist

weather) but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity.

⁸ *It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.*] *i.e.* It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature*, is meant *wildness*. *Shakespeare* wrote,

It almost turns my dangerous nature MILD.

i.e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that,

—Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim
One honest man. Mistake me not. But one;
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first Lord's neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, tho' ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
'Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

he puts in a caution immediately
after, that he makes an excep-
tion but for one man. To which
the *Oxford Editor* says, *revid.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious,
but even this may be controvert-
ed. To turn *wild* is to *distract*.
An appearance so unexpected,
says *Timon*, almost turns my sa-
vageness to distraction. Accord-

ingly he examines with nicety,
lest his phrenzy should deceive
him.

*Let me behold thy face. Surely
this man*

Was born of woman.

And to this suspected disorder of
mind he alludes,

Perpetual, sober, Gods! —

Ye powers whose intellects are
out of the reach of perturbation.

To

To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest man,
Here, take. The Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy,
But thus conditioned; Thou shalt build⁹ from men,
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
¹ Debts wither 'em. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods.
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally,*

S C E N E II.

² *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took notice of the place, it can't be far
where he abides.

Poet.

⁹ —[*from men.*] Away from
human habitations.

¹ *Debts wither*] *Debts wither*
them to nothing. Folio.

² *Enter Poet and Painter.*]

The poet and the painter were
within view when *Apemantus*
parted from *Timon*, and might then
have seen *Timon*, since *Apemantus*,
standing by him, could see them:
But the scenes of the *thieves* and
the *steward* have pass'd before
their arrival, and yet pass'd, as
the drama is now conducted,
within their view. It might be

suspected that some scenes are
transposed, for all these difficul-
ties would be removed by intro-
ducing the poet and painter first,
and the thieves in this place.
Yet I am afraid the scenes must
keep their present order; for
the painter alludes to the thieves,
when he says, *he likewise en-
riched poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity.* This improprie-
ty is now heighten'd by placing
the thieves in one act, and the
poet and painter in another;
but it must be remembered, that

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it; *Pbrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends?

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him,

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,³ the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

In the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gain-

ed, or impropriety obviated by alteration.

³ *the deed is*] In the old edition, *the deed* of saying is quite out of use.

Poet.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. ⁴ It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
⁵ While the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn.
What a God's gold, that he is worshipp'd
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired rev'ence in a slave.
To thee be worship, and thy fairs for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
—'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail, worthy *Timon*.
Pain. Our late noble master.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures, (oh abhorred spirits!)

⁴ it must be a personating of himself;] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was *Timon's* case, not his person. WARB.

⁵ While the day serves, before BLACK-CORNER'D night,] We should read,

—BLACK-CORNETTE night.
A *cornette* is a woman's head-

dress for the night. So in another place he calls her, *black-brow'd night*. WARRURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but *black-cornette* can hardly be right, for it should be *black-cornetted night*. I cannot propose any thing, but must leave the place in its present state.

Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. ° Let it go naked, men may see't the better;
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men. You've heard, that I have
gold;

I'm sure you have. Speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say. And for thy fiction,

[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;

° *Let it go naked, men may see't
the better:*] The humour of
this reply is incomparable. It
insinuates not only the highest
contempt of the flatterer in par-
ticular, but this useful lesson in

general, that the images of things
are clearest seen through a sim-
plicity of phrase; of which in
the words of the precept, and in
those which occasion'd it, he has
given us examples.

WARB.
Mar-

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's * a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them⁷ in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.⁸ But two in
company—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

* —a made-up villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.

⁷ — in a draught,] That is, in the jakes.

⁸ — But two in company—] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, But

two in company spoils all. WARB.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: but two in company, that is, stand apart, let only two be together; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

But

But where one villain is, then him abandon.
 Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves,
 You have work for me; there is your payment. Hence!
 You are an Alchymist, make gold of that.
 Out, rascal dogs! [Beating, and driving 'em out.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*:
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave,
 It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
 To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same; twas time and griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him; bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave,
 Peace and Content be here. Lord *Timon*! *Timon*!
 Look out, and speak to friends. Th' *Athenians*
 By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee.
 Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
 and be hang'd!
 For each true word a blister, and each false
 Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*,—

Tim. —Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim.

Tim. I thank them. And would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them,

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for; ourselves, in thee.
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
3 And now the publick body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal
1 Of its own Fall, 2 restraining aid to *Timon*;
And sends forth us to make theirorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
3 Than their offence can weigh. Down by the dram,
Ay, ev'n such heaps and fums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;

9 *And now—*] So *Hammer*.
The old editions have, *which*
now.

1 *Of its own Fall.*—] The
Oxford Editor alters *Fall* to *Fault*,
not knowing that *Shakespeare* uses
Fall to signify dishonour, not
destruction. So in *Hamlet*,

What a falling off was there!

WARBURTON.

The truth is, that neither *fall*
means *disgrace*, nor is *fault* a ne-
cessary emendation. *Falling off*
in the quotation is not *disgrace*,
but *defection*. The *Athenians* had
sense, that is, felt the danger of
their own fall, by the arms of
Alcibiades.

2 —restraining aid to *Timon*:]
I think it should be *restraining*
aid, that is, withholding *aid* that

should have been given to *Timon*.

3 *Than their offence can weigh*
down by the dram;) This
which was in the former editions
can scarcely be right, and yet I
know not whether my reading
will be thought to rectify it. I
take the meaning to be, We will
give thee a recompence that our
offences cannot outweigh, *heaps*
of wealth down by the dram, or
delivered according to the ex-
actest measure. A little disorder
may perhaps have happened
in transcribing, which may be
reformed by reading,

— *Ay, ev'n such heaps*
And fums of love and wealth,
down by the dram,
As shall to thee—

And

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The Captainship; thou shalt be met with thanks,
4 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority.—So shall we soon drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*—

Tim. Well, Sir, I will. Therefore I will, Sir. Thus—
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That—*Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, *Timon* speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that—I care not.
And let him take't at worst. For their knives I care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,

4 *Allow'd with absolute power,*] This is neither *English* nor sense.
We should read,

Hallow'd *with absolute power*,
i. e. Thy person shall be held sacred. For absolute power being an attribute of the Gods, the ancients thought that he who had it in society, was become sacred, and his person inviolable: On

which account, the Romans called the Tribunitial power of the Emperors, *Sacrosancta potestas*.

WARBURTON.

Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a Buffoon in *Lowe's Labour lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer.

But

But I do prize it at my love, before
 'The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not. All's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to morrow. * My long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still:
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass
 thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
 Some kindness to them, I'll teach them to prevent
 Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
 Tell *Athens*,⁵ in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please

* — *My long sickness*] The
 disease of life begins to promise
 me a period.

⁵ — *in the sequence of degree,*]
 Methodically, from highest to
 lowest.

To stop affliction, let him take his Haste ;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find
him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athena*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave stone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be mens' works, and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[*Exit Timon.*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to
his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us

6 In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* **T**HOU hast painfully discover'd ; are his
files
As full as thy report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

6 In our dear peril.] So the language of that time, signified
Folios, and rightly. The *Ox-* *dread*, and is so used by *Shake-*
ford Editor alters *dear* to *dread*, *spear* in numberless places.

WARBURTON.

Be

Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mef. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades'* to *Timon's* Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.—
The enemy's Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foe's the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. **B**Y all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho.—No answer?—
What is this?—

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span ;

7 Some beast read this ; here does not live a man.

Dead,

7 *Some beast read this ; here does not live a man.*] Some
beast read what? The soldier had
yet only seen the rude pile of
earth heap'd up for *Timon's* grave,
and not the *Inscription* upon it.

We should read,
Some beast REAR'D this ;—
The soldier seeking, by order,
for *Timon*, sees such an irregular
mole, as he concludes must have
been the workmanship of some
beast

Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
 Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
 An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days;
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Who's Fall the mark of his ambition is: [Exit,

S C E N E VI.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, with his Powers.

Alc. SOUND to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible Approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls:*
 'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice. 'Till now myself and such
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our ⁸ traversst arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now ⁹ the time is flush,
¹ When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries,

beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity, as either must have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read,

and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene.

⁸ —traversst arms,—] Arms across.

⁹ —the time is flush,] A bird is flush when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush is mature.*

¹ *When crouching marrow in the bearer strong Cries, of itself, no more:]* The mar-

Cries, of itself, *no more*; now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And purfy Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
 2 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* 3 So did we woo
 Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
 By humble message, and by promis'd means;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such,
 That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should
 fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 3 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

Hath

marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARD.

2 Above their quantity.] Their refers to rages. WARD.

3 —So did we wooe
 Transformed *Timon* to our City's
 Love

By humble Message, and by promis'd means:] Promis'd Means must import the recruiting his sunk Fortunes; but this is

VCL. VI.

not all. The Senate had wooed him with humble Message, and Promise of general Réparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made— and by promis'd inends. THEOB.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand.

4 Shame, that they wanted Cunning in Excess,

Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e. in other Terms,—Shame, that they were not the cunning Men alive, hath been the Cause

T

of.

Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble Lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread;
 By decimation and a tithed death,
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And, by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:

For those that were, it is ⁵ not square to take
 On those that are, revenge. Crimes, like to lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
 Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
 With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,

Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot

Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,

Or any token of thine Honour else,

of their Death. For *Cunning in Excess* must mean this or nothing. O brave Editors! They had heard it said, that too much Wit in some Cases might be dangerous, and why not an absolute Want of it? But had they the Skill or Courage to remove one perplexing *Gomma*, the easy and genuine Sense would immediately arise. "Shame in Excess (i. e. Extremity of Shame) that they wanted *Cunning* (i. e. that they were not wise enough "not to banish you;) hath broke

"their Hearts." THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of *Theobald*, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read,

Shame that they wanted coming in excess

Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess.

⁵ —not square—] Not regular, not equitable.

That

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your * uncharged ports;
Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, † not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied to publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea;
And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you wicked caitiffs
left!*

*Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but paſs, and ſtay not here
thy gait.*

These well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,

* — uncharged ports;] That a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or
is, unguarded gates. be let looſe upon you; and if any

† — not a man
Shall paſs his quarter,—] Not it regularly to the law.

Scorn'd'st ⁶ our brain's flow, and those our droplets,
 which
 From niggard nature fall; ⁷ yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave.—On—Faults forgiven.—Dead
 Is noble *Timon*, of whose memory
 Hereafter more—Bring me into your City,
 And I will use the Olive with my Sword;
 Make War breed Peace; make Peace flint War; make
 each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
 —Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

⁶ —our brain's flow,—] *Hammer* and *Dr. Warburton* read, *brine's flow*.

⁷ —yet rich Conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble *Timon*, of whose Memory

Hereafter more.—] All the Editors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have suffer'd an unaccountable Absurdity to pass them in this Passage. Why was *Neptune* to weep on *Timon's* Faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what Faults had *Timon* committed, ex-

cept against his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life? But the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which I have disengaged, and restored to the true Meaning. *Alcibiades's* whole Speech, as the Editors might have observ'd, is in Breaks, betwixt his Reflections on *Timon's* Death, and his Addresses to the *Athenian* Senators: and as soon as he has commented on the Place of *Timon's* Grave, he bids the Senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promises to use them with Mercy. THEOBALD.

THE play of *Timon* is a domestick Tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no

benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this Tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours will be much applauded.

Dramatis Personæ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia, Titus Andronicus, a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

Sempronius,

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius, } *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Captain from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, *a Messenger.*

Goths and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus,*

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

The editions of this play are,

Quarto. 1594.

Folio. 1623.

Quarto. 1611. For *Edward*

I have the two latter editions.

White.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in ROME.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate,
Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door; and
Bassianus and his followers, at the other, with drum
and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with arms;
And Countrymen, my loving Followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born Son of him, that last
Wore the imperial Diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my
Right,

If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsar's* son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,

¹ It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the authour, so that

here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism.

And suffer not dishonour, to approach
 Th' imperial Seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility;
 But let desert in pure election shine,
 And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
 Ambitiously for Rule and Empery!
 Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
 A special party, have by common voice,
 In election for the *Roman* Empery,
 Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,
 For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within our city-walls.
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barb'rous *Goths*,
 That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field.—
 And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoils,
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my
 thoughts!

Bos.

Baf. Marcus Andronicus, fo I do affy
 In thy uprightnefs and integrity,
 And fo I love and honour thee and thine ;
 Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his fons,
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament,
 That I will here difmifs my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my Cause in ballance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 Right,
 I thank you all, and here difmifs you all,
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myfelf, my perfon and the Cause ;
Rome, be as juft and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Baf. Tribunes !—And Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-houfe.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way. The good *Andronicus*,
 Patron of virtue, *Rome's* beft champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,
 From whence he circumfcribed with his fword,
 And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus; after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. ² Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the Bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage;
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.
— Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!
These, that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their Ancestors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword;
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*

— There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

² *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning Weeds!*] I suspect that the Poet wrote,

— *in my mourning Weeds.*

i. e. *Titus* would say; Thou, *Rome*, art victorious, tho' I am a mourner for those Sons which I have lost in obtaining that

victory.

WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the *Romans*, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of *Andronicus* with mourning habits.

³ *Jupiter*, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

And

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars,
 —O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of Virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives;
 The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
 To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for King and Common weal
 Were Piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
 To this your son is markt, and die he must,
 T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.

And

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius,
with Alarbus.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.

Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

* The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,

May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,

When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen,

To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt;

And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*]

* *The self-same Gods, that
arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp re-
venge*

*Upon the Thracian Tyrant in
his Tent, &c.]* I read, against
the Authority of all the Copies,
—*in her Tent; i. e.* in the
Tent where she and the other
Trojan Captive Women were

kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a
Wile had decoy'd *Polymnestor*, in
order to perpetrate her Revenge.
This we may learn from *EURI-
PIDES*'s *Hecuba*; the only Au-
thor, that I can at present re-
member, from whom our Wri-
ter must have glean'd this Cir-
cumstance.

THEOBALD.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
 Here grow no daunted grudges, here no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord *Titus* long,
 My noble Lord and father, live in fame both long
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!

Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
⁵ And fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame;
 Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords;
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

⁵ AND *fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!*] This absurd wish is made sense of by changing *and* into *in*. WARB.
 To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

To *outlive an eternal date* is, tho' not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

That

That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness;
 And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
 This Palliament of white and spotless hue,
 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperor's sons;
 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chose with Proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome. I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In Right and Service of their noble Country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to controll the world.
 Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.—

Sat. *Romans*, do me Right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, 'would thou were shipt to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good
 That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.—

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our Emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
And say,—*Long live our Emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish, 'till they come down.*]

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse.
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace;
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy *Rome's* Imperial Lord.
 Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
 Mine Honour's Ensigns, humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;
 [To *Tamora*.

To him, that for your honour and your state
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
 That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew.
 —Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*;
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes; Madam, who comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go:
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
 Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine.
 [Seizing *Lavinia*.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
 To do myself this Reason and this Right.

[The Emperor courts *Tamora* in dumb shew.

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:
 This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! Where is the Emperor's Guard?
 Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Baf. By him, that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

S C E N E IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here——

Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ft me my way in *Rome*? [Titus kills Mutius.]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock,

I'll trust by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a Stale of,

But *Saturnine*? Full well, *Andronicus*,

Agree those deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways. Go give that ⁶ changing
piece,

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;

⁶ ——changing piece,] Spoken it is now, used personally as a
of *Lavinia*. Piece was then, as word of contempt.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
 That, like the stately *Phebe* 'mong her Nymphs,
 Dost over-shine the gallant'st Dames of *Rome* ;
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
 And will create thee Empress of *Rome*.

Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice ?
 And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
 (Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for *Hymeneus* stands,)

I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,
 Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
 If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon* ; Lords, accompany
 Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered,
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
 —*Titus*, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Enter

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus,
and Marcus.*

Mar. Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no. No son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb;
This Monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spoke that word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter

His noble Nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.

The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*,

That slew himself, and wife *Laertes'* son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise.

The dismall'ft day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome*.

Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy
friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and say;*

—No man shed tears for noble *Mutius*;

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to kep out of these dreary dumps,

How comes it, that the subtle Queen of *Goths*

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is;

If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell.

Is she not then beholden to the man,

That brought her for this high good Turn so far?

Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron,
and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door.
At the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize ;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord ; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all ;
Mean while I am possesst of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir ; you are very short with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life ;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd ;
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave ;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine* ;
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me ;
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all ;
And at my suit, Sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my Lord ; the Gods of *Rome* fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus'* innocence in all ;
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain Suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your Throne ;
Lest then the People and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take *Titus'* part ;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone ;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
Queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come, *Andronicus*—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her. My Lord,
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily :
And must advise the Emperor for his good.

[*Aside.*]

This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
 And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not Lords, and you, *Lavinia*,
 By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to Heaven and to his High-
 nefs,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be
 friends.

The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
 And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 I found a friend; and sure, as death, I swore,
 I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
 Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides;
 You are my guest, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
 This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty,
 To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
 With horn and hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and grammercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the PALACE.

Enter Aaron alone.

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threaten'g reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glistering coach,
And over-looks the highest peering hills;
So *Tamora*——

⁸ Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weeds and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold.
To wait upon this new-made Empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
'This Goddess, this *Semiramis*;—this Queen,

⁷ In the quarto the direction is, *manet* Aaron, and he is before made to enter with *Tamora*, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.

⁸ Upon her WIT—] We should read,

Upon her WILL.——

WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

This

This Syren, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Cbi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with Braves;
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
 I am as able, and as fit as thou
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Cbi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
 So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a Quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns.
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.
 For shame, put up——

Cbi.

Chi. ⁹ Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware—and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice,

Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this Device.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
T' atchieve her whom I love.

Aar. To atchieve her—how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

⁹ Not I, till I have sheath'd, both given to the wrong speak-
&c.] This speech, which has er. For it was *Demetrius* that
been all along given to *Deme-* had thrown out the reproachful
trius, as the next to *Chiron*, were speeches on the other. WARB.

She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
 She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
 Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
 court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
 Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado :
 Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you such fools,
 To square for this ? would it offend you then
 That both should speed !

Cbi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that you
 jar :

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus'* love ;
 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :
 The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,

Fitted ¹ by kind for rape and villainy ;
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
 The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears ;
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns.

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye ;
 And revel in *Lavinia's* Treasury.

Cbi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.—— [Exeunt.

¹ —by kind—] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Changes to a Forest.**Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with bounds and horns, and Marcus.*

THE Hunt is up, ³ the morn is bright and gray,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,

And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the Court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To tend the Emperor's person carefully ;

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of bounds, and wind horns in a peal : then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty.

—Madam, to you as many and as good,

I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords,

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no :

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

² The division of the play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun.

gray ;] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray* which foretold fair weather. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters *gray* to *gay*.

WARBURTON.

³ —the morn is bright and

Sat.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now ye shall see
Our *Roman* hunting. [To Tamora.

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a desert part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. **H**E, that had wit, would think, that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree ;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
* That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,

* *That have their alms, &c.]* come at this gold of the empress,
This is obscure. It seems to are to suffer by it.
mean only that they who are to

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
 Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
 And whilst the babbling Echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave ;
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber ;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand ;
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heav'n than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus* ;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day ;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus'* blood.
 Seest thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scrowl.
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Empress?
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?
 Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general Hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps:
 Had I the power, that, some say, *Dian* had,
 Thy Temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was *Aeteon's*; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
 'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Belive me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequestered from all your train?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason, that my noble Lord be rated

⁵ — swarth *Cimmerian*.] called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.
swarth is black. The *Moor* is

For faucines. — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him ⁶ noted
long.

Good King, to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious
Mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.

The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful misseeltoe.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

⁷ Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew ;

And leave me to this miserable death :

And then they call'd me foul adulterers,

Lascivious *Goths*, and all the bitterest terms

⁶ — noted long.] He had yet said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the

⁷ Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.] This is mandrake torn up.

That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
 strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*;—nay, barbarous *Tamora*!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you shall know, my
 boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

* And with that painted Hope she braves your might-
 tiness;

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

* *And with that painted HOPE*
she braves your mightiness;]

Lavinia stands upon her chastity,
 and nuptial vow; and upon the
 merit of these braves the Queen.
 But why are these called a *paint-*
ed hope? we should read,

And with this painted COPE—
i. e. with this gay covering. It
 is well expressed. Her reasons

were of a religious nature; and
 are therefore called a painted
 cope, which is a splendid eccle-
 siastic vestment: It might be
 called *painted*, likewise, as insi-
 nuating that her virtue was only
 pretended. WARBURTON.

Painted hope is only *specious*
 hope, or ground of confidence
 more plausible than solid.

Lav.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak. Away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word—

Dem. Listen, fair Madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch the lark:
Yet have I heard, Oh could I find it now!
The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee. For my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Ev'n for his sake am I now pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent;
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. [*Laying hold on Tamora.*] O *Tamora*, be call'd a
gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'ft thou then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell;
O, keep me from their worfe than killing luft,
And tumble me into fome loathfome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold' my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet fons of their fee.
No; let them fatisfy their luft on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou haft ftaid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!

The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confufion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—bring thou
her husband; [Dragging off Lavinia.
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my fons. See, that you make her
fure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* made away.

Now will I hence to feek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful fons this Trull deflour. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathfome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My fight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*
Quin.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-fled blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the King to find them
here;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his Brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

S C E N E VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects, more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
³ A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

³ *A precious ring,*—] There is flected but native light. Mr. supposed to be a gem called a *Boyle* believes the reality of its existence.

Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;
 And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.
 So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
 When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 As hateful as *Cocytus'* misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus'* grave.
 —I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help,

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
 'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along. With me.—I'll see what hole is here,
 And what he is, that now has leap'd into't.
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
 To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest,
 He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
 But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter

*Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus,
and Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; tho' griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Oh, *Tamora*! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. *[To Titus.*

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them 'bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wond'rous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! You see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them. See, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.]

S C E N E X.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my Niece, that flies away so fast?
 Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
 * If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
 Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in;
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As half thy love! why dost not speak to me?
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee;
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.

* *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.
 this be a dream, I would give

But, lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 Oh, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made ;
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye ;
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers ; noble Tribunes, stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept,
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in Honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.*

For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears;
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*
 That shall distil from these ^s two ancient urns,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow;
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead.—
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you
 speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
 They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,

^s two ancient urns. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. two ancient ruins.

Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee;
 Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
 That *Rome* is but a wilderness of Tygers;
 Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
 But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:
 Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee helpless, ° in thy father's fight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?

° — in thy father's fight?] We should read, *spight*. WARB.
 Or

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain,
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life,
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use;
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. ⁷ It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead;
 For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul.—

⁷ *It was my Deer*;] The play dy's girdle,
 upon *Deer* and *dear* has been *The pale that held my lovely*
 used by *Waller*; who calls a la- Deer.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
 Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, *Marcus!* ah, son *Lucius*, look on her:
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband.

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
 grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar.

Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

S C E N E III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyself, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron*!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,

Writ-

³ Writing Destruction on the enemies' Castle?

Oh, none of Both but are of high desert,
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.

⁸ *Writing Destruction on the enemies' Castle?*] Thus all the editions. But *Mr. Theobald*, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *Casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the *Oxford Editor*, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet which covered the whole head, was called a *Castle*, and, I suppose, for that

very reason. *Don Quixote's* barber, at least as good a critick as these Editors, says, (in *Shelton's* translation of 1612,) *I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close CASTLE, and other things touching warfare.* lib. 4. cap. 13. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. *Shakespear* uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*;

————— and *Diomedes*

*Stand fast, and wear a Castle
on thy head.*

WARBURTON.

But

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
 [*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.

Good *Aaron* give his Majesty my hand.
 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers, bid him bury it;
 More hath it merited; that let it have.
 As for my sons, say, I account of them
 As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
 Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*
 Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
 If any Power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To Lavinia.*

Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit.

⁹ *And do not break into these* read, instead of this nonsense,
 two extremes.] We should

—WOR—EXTREMES.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy Lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big swol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea, hark, how her sighs do blow,
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth,
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back.
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,

i. e. extremes caused by excessive without notice given. *WARB.*
sorrow. But *Mr. Theobald*, on his It is *deep* in the old quarto of
own authority, alters it to *deep*, 1611.

And yet detested life not shrink thereat ;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest than to breathe.

[Lavinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery ! die, *Andronicus* ;
Thou dost not slumber ; see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah ! now no more will I controul thy griefs ;
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !——

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to blifs,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see, what task I have to do——
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made ;——come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear ;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay ;
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there ;
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome* ;
 Farewel, proud *Rome* ; 'till *Lucius* comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life ;
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
 O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs ;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
 Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a Power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit Lucius.*]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Titus's House.

A BANQUET.

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius,
a Boy.*

Tit. SO, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
 I han will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?

¹ This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same authour with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
 How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme; no talk of hands,—
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.
 Fy, fy, how frantickly I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
 Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
 Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And ² by still practice learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter, deep, laments;
 Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What, dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny!
 A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not *Titus'* brother; get thee gone,
 I see, thou art not for my company.

² —by still practice—] By constant or continual practice.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting Doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora*.
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ *And buz lamenting Doings in the Air.*] *Lamenting Doings*, is a very idle Expression, and conveys no Idea. I read *Do-lings*. The Alteration, which I have made, though it is but the Addition of a single Letter, is a

great Increase to the Sense; and tho', indeed, there is somewhat of a Tautology in the *Epithet* and *Substantive* annex to it, yet that's no new Thing with our Author.

THEOBALD.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS's House.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him;
and the boy flies from her, with his books under his
arm. Enter Titus, and Marcus.

BOY.

HELP, grandfire, help. My Aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy Aunt,

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, somewhat doth she
mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory,

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or phrenzy do possess her;

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my Lord, I know my noble Aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
 Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;
 And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*?—*Marcus*, what means
 this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.
 Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
 Come and make choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow; till the heav'n
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
 one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
 Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves?
 Help her, What would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I
 read?

This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
 And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the
 leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
 See; see;—
 Ay, such a place there is; where we did hunt,
 O had we never, never, hunted there!

Pat.

Pattern'd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies !

Tit. Give signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but
friends,

What *Roman* Lord it was durst do the deed ;
Or sunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece*' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit down by
me.

Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My Lord, look here ; look here *Lavinia*.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with his feet and mouth.*

This sandy Plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge ;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord, what she hath
writ ?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful Sons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera ! tam lentus vides !

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle Lord ; although I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclaims.

My

My Lord, kneel down with me : *Lavinia*, kneel,
 And kneel, sweet boy, the *Roman Hector's* Hope,
 And swear with me, as, with the woeful peer,
 And father, of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
 Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece's* rape,
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths* ;
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
 The dam will wake ; and if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league ;
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone ;
 And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by ; the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like *Sybil's* leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson then ? boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yoke of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an' if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.

Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both.
 Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come ; *Marcus*, look to my House ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,
 Ay, marry, will we, Sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens' marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
* Revenge the Heavens for old *Andronicus*! [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.

Chi. **D**emetrius, here's the Son of *Lucius*;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the Roman Gods, confound you Both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bade me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [Exit.]

* *Revenge the Heav'ns—*] We
should read,

Revenge thee, Heav'ns!—

It should be,

Revenge, ye Heav'ns!

Ye was by the transcriber taken
for *ye*, the.

WARBURTON.

Dem.

Dem. What's here, a scrowl, and written round about ?

Let's see.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Cbi. O, 'Tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well :
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay, just ;—a verse in *Horace*——right, you have it.——

Now, what a thing it is to be an *Afs* ?

Here's no fond jest : th' old man hath found
their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick : [*Aside.*]

But were our witty *Empress* well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit :
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young *Lords*, was't not a happy star
Led us to *Rome*—strangers, and more than so,
Captives to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good before the *Palace-gate*
To brave the *Tribune* in his *Brother's* hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a *Lord*
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, *Lord Demetrius* ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Cbi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say *Amen*.

Cbi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the *Gods*
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the *Gods* have given us
over. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem.

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

Cbi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

S C E N E III.

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, Lords:

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor*?

Aar. Well. More or less, or ne'er a whit at all.

Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the Devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal;
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a Hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Cbi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I've done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone,

Woe

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Cbi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. ^s I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Typhon's* brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-house painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,

* In that it seems to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it, how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;
Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

^s I'll broach the tadpole—] *A ther hue:*] We may better
broach is a spit. I'll spit the read,
tad-pole.

⁶ In that it seems to bear ano-

*In that it scorns to bear another
hue.*

Dem.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever 'sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
 Fy, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
 He is your brother, Lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood, that first gave life to you;
 And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light;
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side;
 Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
 Save you the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you.
 Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why so; brave Lords. When we all join in
 league,
 I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moer*,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean, swells not so as *Aaron* storms.
 But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself—
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
 Go to the Empress, tell her this I said—

[*He kills her.*]
 Week,—week!—So cries a pig, prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron*? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, Lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent:
 Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed,
 His child is like to her, fair as you are.

⁶ Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the Court;
 And let the Emp'ror dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, my Lords, ye see, I have given her physic;
 [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 This done, see, that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. *Aaron*, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exeunt.

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as Swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
 For it is you that put us to our shifts;
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

⁶ *Go pack with him,—*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.
And mighty Dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. COME, *Marcus*, come; kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery.

Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—
 She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools.

You, cousins, shall go found the ocean,
 And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land—

No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;

Then, when you come to *Pluto's* region,
 I pray you, deliver this petition,

Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;

And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah, *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miserable.

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub.

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinlmen, his sorrows are past remedy:
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays;
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops'* size,
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back;
' Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear.

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to *Pallas*—here, to *Mercury*—

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*—not to *Saturnine*—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy; *Marcus*—loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect,

¹ Yet wrung with wrongs,—]. To wring a horse is to press or strain his back.

There's not a God left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court.
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw: oh, well said, *Lucius*:
Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap, give it to *Pallas*.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord; when *Publius*
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not chuse,
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship
joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says *Jupiter*?

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again; for the man must not be
hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid, I should be so bold to press into heav'n in
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your

your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold——mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir. Let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant; And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me, what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The PALACE.

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. **W**HY, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-borne,
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
 However the disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
 But even with law against the wilful sons
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his phrensy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
 See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war;
 Sweet scowls, to fly about the streets of *Rome*!
 What's this but libelling against the Senate,
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In *Saturninus*' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud't conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, most lovely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,

Calm

Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become [*Aside.*
High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Cl. Yes, forsooth, an your Mistresship be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he. God and St. *Stephen* give you good
Even:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons
here.

[*The Emperor reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently,

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit.*

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know, from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern *Rome* and me.

⁸ Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my Lords; *Rome* never had more
cause;

The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*,
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Ceriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love so much.
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy
name.

Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;

⁸ Enter Nuntius Æmilius] Thus the old books have described this Character. In the Author's Manuscript, I presume, 'twas writ, *Enter Nuntius*; and they observing, that he is immediately called *Æmilus*, thought proper to give him his whole

Title, and so clapped in *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*.—Mr. *Pope* has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*.
THEOBALD.

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or⁹ honey-stalks to sheep:
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will;
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before as our embassador; [To *Æmilius*.
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
 And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt*.

⁹ ——— *honey-stalks to sheep:*] is common for cattle to over-charge themselves with clover, and die.
Honey-stalks are clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small Distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drums and soldiers.

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signify, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curst *Tamora*.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty *Goth*?

SCENE II.

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in
his Arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

45

I

Upon

Upon the wafte'd building, fuddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall ;
 I made unto the noife, when foon I heard
 The crying babe controul'd with this difcourfe :
 " Peace, tawny flave, half me and half thy dam.
 " Did not the hue bewray whofe brat thou art,
 " Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 " Villain, thou might'ft have been an Emperor ;
 " But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 " They never do beget a coal-black calf ;
 " Peace, villain, peace ! (ev'n thus he rates the babe)
 " For I muft bear thee to a trusty *Goth* ;
 " Who, when he knows thou art the Emprefs' babe,
 " Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's fake."
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rufh'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him fuddenly, and brought him hither,
 To ufe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate Devil,
 That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand ;
 This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Emprefs' eye,
 And here's the bafe fruit of his burning luft.
 Say, wall-ey'd flave, whither would'ft thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why doft not fpeak ? what ! deaf ? no ! not a word ?
 A halter, foldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his fide his fruit of bafardty.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
 Firft hang the child, that he may fee it fprawl,
 A fight to vex the father's foul withal.

¹ Get me a ladder.

Aar. *Lucius*, fave the child,
 And bear it from me to the Emprefs ;

¹ *Aar. Get me a Ladder. Lucius, fave the Child.*] All why fhould the *Moor* here afk for a Ladder, who earneftly wanted to have his Child fav'd ?
 the printed Editions have given this whole Verfe to *Aaran*. But
 THEOBALD.

If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God:
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him;)—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Ev'n by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Em-
press.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious, woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*;

They

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut and trim'd;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit they had from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
² As true a dog as ever fought at head;—
Well; let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two sons.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't!
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads!
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! can'st thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

² *As true a dog as ever fought at head;*] An allusion to courage are always shewn by meeting the bull in front, and bulldogs, whose generosity and seizing his nose.

Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor Men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Ev'n when their sorrow was almost forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
 Tut, I have done a hundred dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome*?

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
 The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,

Wil.

Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus,*
And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. **T**HUS, in these strange and sad habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus,*
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus appears above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,

Wit-

Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*.
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora* :
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend ;
 I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death ;
 There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am, therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe ;
 Provide two proper Palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves ;
 And when thy car is loaded with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam.

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they
are,

And you the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable and mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son:
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Titus,

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are, what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
wrong ;

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.

Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court

There is a Queen attended by a *Moor* ;

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,

To send for *Lucius*, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house.

When he is here, ev'n at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the Empress and her sons,

The Emperor himself, and all thy foes ;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says *Andronicus* to this device ?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother !—'tis sad *Titus* calls :

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*,

Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*,

Bid him repair to me : and bring with him

Some of the chiefeft Princes of the *Goths* ;

Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are ;

Tell

Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. [*To her sons.*] What say you, boys, will you
 abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad,
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of curf'd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fare-
 wel.

Chiron. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius,* and *Valentine!*

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons,
 I take them, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fy, *Publius,* fy! thou art too much deceiv'd,
 The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name!
 And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine,* lay hands on them;

Oft have you heard me wish for fuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them fure.

[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Emprefs' fons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop clofe their mouths; let them not fpeak a word.
Is he fure bound? Look, that ye bind them faft.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia
with a Bafon.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound.

—Sirs, ftop their mouths, let them not fpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here ftands the fpring whom you have ftain'd with
mud,

This goodly fummer with your winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeft;
Both her fweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her fpotlefs chafity,
Inhuman traitors, you conftain'd and forc'd.

What would ye fay, if I fhould let you fpeak?

Villains!—for fhame, you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her ftumps doth hold
The bafon, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feaft with me,
And calls herfelf Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duft,
And with your blood and it I'll make a pafte;

And

' And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats. *Lavinia*, come,
 Receive the blood ; and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron
 Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will,

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tyger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings ;
 And see, the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,

³ *And of the paste a coffin*— A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye.

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]
The trumpets shew, the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a Sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and Nephew, ⁴ break the
parley;

These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [*Hautboys.*]

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing
the meat on the Table, and Lavinia, with a veil over
her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread
Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome, *Lucius*,
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

⁴ ——— break the parley;] That is, begin the parley. We yet
say, he breaks his mind.

Tam.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were.

My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? Tell, who did the
deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your High-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness, my knife's sharp point.

[*He slabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of *Rome*,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let *Rome* herself be Bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our Ancestor,
[*To Lucius,*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*:
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*

Were

Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
 And they it were that ravished our sister ;
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies into the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend ;
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : oh, pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak : behold this
 child,

Of this was *Tamora* deliver'd ;
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in *Titus'* house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Ro-*
mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
 We'll hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And

And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual Cloſure of our Houſe.
 Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
 Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor, for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor!
 Go, go, into old *Titus's* ſorrowful houſe,
 And hither hale that miſbelieving *Moor*,
 To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death;
 As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, *Rome's* gracious governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern ſo,
 To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
 For nature puts me to a heavy taſk:
 Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,
 To ſhed obſequious tears upon this Trunk;
 Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kiſſes Titus.*
 Theſe ſorrowful drops uppn thy blood-ſtain'd face;
 The laſt true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
 Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips;
 O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
 Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
 of us
 To melt in ſhowers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
 In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,

Because kind nature doth require it so :
 Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe.
 Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave ;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! ev'n with all my heart,
 'Would I were dead, so you did live again—
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping—
 My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes :
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him,
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food ;
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
 Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
 dumb !

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evil I have done :
 Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will ;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror
 hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave.
 My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
 Be closed in our Household's Monument :
 As for that heinous tygress *Tamora*,
 No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey;
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
 From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
 Then, afterwards, we'll order well the State;
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt omnes.]

[TITUS ANDRONICUS.]

This is one of those Plays which I have always thought, with the better Judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the List of *Shakespear's* genuine Pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a Proof to strengthen this Opinion, that may put the Matter out of question. *Ben Johnson*, in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first Appearance in the Year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in Reputation, and speaks of them as Plays then of twenty-five or thirty Years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the Stage before *Shakespear* left *Warwickshire*, to come and reside in *London*: And I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his Genius to Stage-Writing before he associated with the Players, and became one of their Body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the Stage, with the Addition of his own masterly Touches, is incontestable, and thence, I presume, grew his Title to it. The Diction in general, where he has not taken the Pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the

Three Parts of *Henry VI*. The Story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a Sur-name of pure Greek Derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any Body else that I can find. Nor had *Rome*, in the Time of her Emperors, any Wars with the *Goths*, that I know of, not till after the Translation of the Empire, I mean to *Byzantium*, and yet the Scene of our Play is laid at *Rome*, and *Saturninus* is elected to the Empire at the Capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. *Theobald* in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by *Johnson*, that they were not only borne but praised. That *Shakespear* wrote any part, though

Theo-

Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be *Shakespeare's*. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when *Shakespeare* was twenty-five years old. When he left *Warwickshire* I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravencroft, who, in the reign of *Charles II.* revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us in his preface, from a theatrical tradition I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by *Shakespeare*, but written by some other poet. I do not find *Shakespeare's* touches very discernible.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
MARTIN LUTHER
BY
JOHN CALVIN
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON
Printed and Sold by J. B. ROBERTSON, in Pall Mall
1794

THE FIRST PART

MARTIN LUTHER

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Roffe, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }

Angus,
Cathnes,

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*

Of this play there is no edition more antient than that of 1623.

Most of the notes which the

present Editor has subjoined to this play were published by him in a small pamphlet in 1745.

M A C B E T H.

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

An open Place.

*Thunder and Lightning. * Enter three Witches.*

I WITCH.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
1 *Witch.* When the Battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere Set of Sun.
I *Witch.*

* *Enter three Witches.*] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his cotemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents,

would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the Theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that *Shakespeare* was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that
was

1 *When the Battie's lost and won.*] i. e. the battle in which *Macbeth* was then engaged. These wayward sisters, as we may see in a note on the third
VOL. VI.

scene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ; quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.
WAREURTON.

- 1 *Witch.* Where the place?
 2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
 3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.*

was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most by the learned themselves. These phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shewn, 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. *Olympiodorus*, in *Photius's* extracts, tells us of one *Libanius*, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χάρις ὀπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργῶν*, to perform great things against the barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instances of the Emperess *Placidia*, put to Death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The Emperess shewed some kindness in her anger by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in *St. Chrysestom'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 εἶναι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πιστομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγικῆς, καὶ ὀπλίτας δι' αἰέρος φερόμενους, καὶ πάσης γοντίκας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδίαν.* Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether *St. Chrysestom* believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his de-

1 *Witch.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin.*——

2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls——anon!

All.

description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the *Saracens* in a later age; the wars with the *Saracens* however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and tho' day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen *Elizabeth* was the remarkable trial of the witches of *Warbois*, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at *Huntingdon*. But in the reign of King *James*, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in *England*, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his *Dialogues of Dæmonologie*, written in the *Scottish* dialect, and published at *Edinburgh*. This book was, seen

after his accession, reprinted at *London*, and as the ready way to gain King *James's* favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King *James*, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That “ if any
“ person shall use any invocation
“ or conjuration of any evil or
“ wicked spirit; 2. or shall con-
“ sult, covenant with, entertain,
“ employ, feed or reward any
“ evil or cursed spirit to or for
“ any intent or purpose; 3. or
“ take up any dead man, wo-
“ man or child out of the grave,
“ — or the skin, bone, or any
“ part of the dead person, to be
“ employed or used in any man-
“ ner of witchcraft, sorcery,
“ charm, or enchantment; 4.
“ or shall use, practise or exercise
“ any sort of witchcraft, force-
“ ry, charm, or enchantment;
“ 5. whereby any person shall
“ be destroyed, killed, waited,
“ consumed, pined, or lamed
“ in any part of the body;

E b 2

“ 6. That

All. ² Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*They rise from the stage and fly away.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. **W**HAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy foldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

“ 6. That every such person
“ being convicted shall suffer
“ death.” This law was re-
pealed in our time.

Thus, in the time of *Shakespeare*, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop *Hall* mentions a village in *Lancashire*, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were de-

tested and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation *Shakespeare* might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

² *Fair is foul, and foul is fair.*]
i. e. We make these sudden changes of the weather. And *Macbeth*, speaking of this day, soon after says,

*So foul and fair a day I have
not seen.* WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.*

Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art. The merciless *Macdonal*,
Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him, ³ from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd;
⁴ And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak;
For brave *Macbeth*, well he deserves that name,
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Lik Valour's Minion carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
'Till ⁵ he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King.

³ ——— from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses*
was supply'd;] Whether
supplied of, for supplied from or
with, was a kind of Grecism of
Shakespeare's expression; or whether
of be a corruption of the
editors, who took *Kernes* and
Gallow-glasses, which were only
light and heavy armed Foot, to
be the names of two of the western
islands, I don't know. *Hinc*
conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt
arma quædam Hibernica, Gælicis
antiquis similia, jacula nimirum
peditum levis armaturæ quos Ker-
nos vocant, nec non securæ & lo-
ricæ ferræ peditum illorum gra-
vioris armaturæ, quos Galloglas-
sios appellant. Waræi Antiq.
Hiber. cap. 6. **WARBURTON.**

⁴ In former editions:
And fortune on his damned
quarry smiling.] *Quarrel*
was formerly used for *cause*, or
for the occasion of a quarrel, and
is to be found in that sense in
Hollingshead's account of the sto-
ry of *Macbeth*, who, upon the
creation of the prince of *Cum-*
berland, thought, says the hitto-
rian, that he had a just quarrel
to endeavour after the Crown.
The sense therefore is, *Fortune*
smiling on his execrable cause, &c.
This is followed by *Dr. Warburton.*

⁵ ——— he unseamed him from the
nave to th' chops,] We sel-
dom hear of such terrible cross
blows given and received but by
giants and miscreants in *Zanis*
de Gaule. Besides, it must be a

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. ⁶ As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Dis-

strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *nape* to the *chops*. But *Shakespeare* certainly wrote,

— he unseam'd him from the
nape to the chops,

i. e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a *Higblander'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 suture which goes cross the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis*; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that *Milton*, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his *Comus*, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem in *Trinity-College Library*, the following lines are read thus,

Or drag him by the curles, and
cleave his scalpe

Down to the hippe. —

An evident imitation of this cor-

rupted passage. But he altered it with better judgment, to

———— a foul death
Curs'd as his life.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *As whence the sun 'GINS his reflection.*] Here are two readings in the copies, *gives*, and *'gins*, *i. e.* begins. But the latter I think is the right, as founded on observation, that storms generally come from the east. *As from the place*, says he, *whence the sun begins his course*, (*viz.* the east) *shipwrecking storms proceed*, *so, &c.* For the natural and constant motion of the ocean is from east to west; and the wind has the same general direction. *Præcipua & generalis [ventorum] causa est ipse Sol qui aërem rarefacit & attenuat. Aër enim rarefactus multo majorem locum postulat. Inde fit ut Aër à sole impulsus alium vicinum aërem magno impetu protrudat; cumque Sol ab Oriente in occidentem circumrotetur, præcipuus ab eo aëris impulsus fiet versus occidentem. Varenii Geogr. l. 1. c. 14. prop. 10.* See also *Doctor Halley's Account of the Trade Winds of the Monsoons*. This being so, it is no wonder that storms should come most frequently from that quarter; or that they should be most violent, because there is a concurrence of the natural motions of wind and wave. This proves

7 Discomforts well'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark :
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping *Kermes* to trust their heels ;
 But the *Norweyan* lord, surveying 'vantage,
 With furbisht arms and new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
 Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* ?

Cap. Yes,
 As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report, they were
 * As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,

So

the true reading is 'gins ; the other reading not fixing it to that quarter. For the Sun may give its reflection in any part of its course above the horizon ; but it can begin it only in one. The *Oxford Editor*, however, sticks to the other reading, gives : and says, that, by the Sun's giving his reflection, is meant the rainbow, the strongest and most remarkable reflection of any the Sun gives. He appears by this to have as good a hand at reforming our physics as our poetry. This is a discovery, that shipwrecking storms proceed from the rainbow. But he was misled by his want of skill in *Shakespeare's* phraseology, who, by the sun's reflection, means only the Sun's light. But while he is intent on making his author speak correctly, he slips himself. The rainbow is no more a reflection of the Sun than a tune is a fiddle. And, tho' it be the most remarkable effect of reflected light, yet it is not the strongest. *WARBURTON*.

There are not two readings : both the old folios have 'gins.

7 DISCOMFORT well'd.] *Shakespeare* without question wrote DISCOMFIT, i. e. rout, overthrow, from the Latin, *disconfectus*. And that was the case, at the first onset, till *Macbeth* turned the fortune of the day. *WARB.*

Discomfort is right, being the natural opposite to *comfort*. *Well'd*, for *flowed*, is *Thirlby's* emendation. The common copies have, *discomfort swell'd*.

* As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,

So thy redouble strokes upon the foe:] *Mr. Theobald* has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage by altering the punctuation thus :

————— they were

As cannons overcharg'd, with double cracks

So they redoubled strokes——

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a cannon charged with double cracks ; but surely the great authour will not pain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he redoubles strokes with double cracks, an expression

So they redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

⁹ Or memorize another *Golgotha*,

I cannot tell——

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy *Thane of Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes ?

¹ So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

pression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned than that which is rejected in its favour. That a *cannon is charged with thunder* or *with double thunders* may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance. and nothing else is here meant by *cracks*, which in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*.

The old copy reads,
They doubly redoubled strokes.

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks.] *Double* is here used for *great*, and not for *two*. He uses *double* in this sense in other places, as in *Love's Labour Lost*,

I understood you not, my griefs are double.

See note on the word in *Otello*.
Act 1. Scene 4. WARBURTON.

⁹ Or memorize another *Golgotha*,] *Memorize*, for make memorable. WARBURTON.

¹ *So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.*] The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange*. But *Rosse* neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them; *Lenox* only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said,

What haste looks thro' his eyes ?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

He looks like one that is big with something of importance; a metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse.

So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.] *i. e.* that seems as if he would speak.

WARBURTON.
Rosse.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,

Where the *Norweyan* banners² flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself, with numbers terrible,

Affisted by that most disloyal traitor

The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict.

'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,

³ Confronted him⁴ with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,

The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes-Kill-isle*,

Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom-int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;

And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt*.]

² flout the sky.] To flout is to dash any thing in another's face.

WARBURTON.

³ Confronted HIM with self-comparisons,] The disloyal *Cawdor*, says Mr. *Theobald*. Then comes another, and says, a strange forgetfulness in *Shakespeare*, when *Macbeth* had taken this *Thane* of *Cawdor* prisoner, not to know that he was fallen into the King's displeasure for rebellion. But this is only blunder upon blunder. The truth is, by him, in this verse, is meant *Norway*: as the plain construction of the *English* requires. And the assistance the *Thane* of

Cawdor had given *Norway* was underhand; which *Ross* 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 bidden help and 'vantage. WARBURTON.

The second blunderer was the present editor.

⁴ — with self comparisons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. **W**HERE hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailer's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give
me, quoth I.

5 Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *tyger* :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other.

5 Aroint thee—] *Aroint*, or
avaunt, be gone. POPE.

Aroint thee, witch!] In one
of the folio editions the reading
is *Aroint thee*, in a sense very
consistent with the common ac-
counts of witches, who are re-
lated to perform many superna-
tural acts by the means of un-
guents, and particularly to fly
through the air to the places
where they meet at their hellish
festivals. In this sense, *aroint*
thee, witch, will mean, *away*,
witch, to your infernal assembly.
This reading I was inclined to

favour, because I had met with the
word *aroint* in no other authour ;
till looking into *Hearne's* collec-
tions I found it in a very old
drawing, that he has published,
in which *St. Patrick* is represent-
ed 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.

And

* And the very points they blow ;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ship-man's card.——

I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
7 He shall live a man forbid ;
Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine ;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

3 1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt as homeward he did come ! [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum !

Macbeth doth come !

All. 3 The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

6 *And the very points they blow.*] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that *Shakespeare* wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

7 *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, *Aqua & Ignis interdicio* ; *i. e.* He was forbid the Use of Water and Fire, which imply'd the *Necessity of Banishment.*

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accurs'd*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment,

De is þis þæt bið 7 boðe, &c.
He is wise that prays and makes a-mends.

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.

8 *The weyward sisters, hand in hand,*] The *Witches* are here speaking of themselves : and it is worth an Enquiry why they

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.

SCENE

they should stile themselves the *wayward*, or *wayward Sisters*. This Word, in its general Acceptation, signifies, *perverse, forward, moody, obstinate, untractable, &c.* and is every where so used by our *Shakepear*. To content ourselves with two or three instances.

Fy, fy, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, &c.

Two Gent. of Verona.

This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy.

Love's Labour Lost.

And which is worst, all you've done is but for a wayward son.

It is improbable the *Witches* would adopt this Epithet to themselves, in any of these Senses, and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. When I had the first Suspicion of our Author being corrupt in this Place, it brought to my Mind the following Passage in *Chaucer's Troilus and Crésseïde*, lib. iii. v. 618.

But O Fortune, executrice of Wierdes.

Which Word the Glossaries expound to us by *Fates* or *Destinies*. I was soon confirmed in my Suspicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin's Cosmography*, where he makes a short Recital of the Story of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

These two, says he, *travelling together through a Forest, were met by three Fairies, Witches, Wierds. The Scots call them, &c.*

I presently recollected, that this Story must be recorded at more Length by *Hollingshead*, with whom, I thought, it was very probable, that our Author had traded for the Materials of his Tragedy, and therefore Confirmation was to be fetched from this Fountain. Accordingly, looking into his History of *Scotland*, I found the Writer very prolix and express, from *Heister Boethius*, in this remarkable Story; and, p. 170. speaking of these *Witches*, he uses this Expression,

But afterwards the common Opinion was, That these Women were either the weird Sisters; that is, as ye would say, the Goddesses of Destiny, &c.

Again, a little lower;

The Words of the three weird Sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto.

And in several other Paragraphs there this word is repeated. I believe, by this Time, it is plain, beyond a Doubt, that the Word *wayward* has obtained in *Macbeth*, where the *Witches* are spoken of, from the Ignorance of the Copyists, who were not acquainted with the *Scotch Term*; and that in every Passage,

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers, and other attendants.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*? — What are these,
So

sage, where there is any Relation to these *Witches* or *Wizards*, my Emendation must be embraced, and we must read *weird*.

THEOBALD.

The weyward sisters, hand in hand.] Mr. Theobald had found out who these *weyward sisters* were; but observed they were called in his authentic *Hollingshead, Weird sisters*; and so would needs have *weyward* a corruption of the text, because it signifies *perverse, froward, &c.* and it is improbable (he says) that the *witches* should adopt this epithet to themselves. It was hard that when he knew so much, he should not know a little more; that *weyward* had anciently the very same sense, as *weïrd*; and was, indeed, the very same word differently spelt; having acquired its latter signification from the quality and temper of these imaginary *witches*. But this is being a critic like him who had discovered that there were two *Hercules's*; and yet did not know that he had two next door neighbours of one and the same name. As to these *weyward sisters*, they were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of *Odin*. *Hæ norri-*

natur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad Prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & Parcaram minima Skullda; per æera & maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; & cædes in potestate habent. Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that *Shakespeare* makes them three; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land; and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the *Greek* and *Roman* superstitions; and puts *Hecate* at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning *witches*; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *stocking* in the natural world; as here, from every thing *aburd* in the moral. But

as

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
⁹ That man may question? You seem to understand
me

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* 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.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear,

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
¹ Are ye fantastical, or That indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And say, which Grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this. WARBURTON.

⁹ *That man may question?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of which it is lawful to ask questions?

¹ *Are ye fantastical,*—] By *fantastical* is no. meant, accord-

ing 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?

1 *Witch.*

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Less'er 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;

² By *Sinel's* death, I know, I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;

But how, of *Cawdor*? the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,

A prosp'rous gentleman; and, to be *King*,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,

With such prophetick Greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal

Melted, as breath, into the wind.—

'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we³ eaten of the insane root,

That takes the Reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too? went it not so?

Ban. To th' self same tune, and words; who's here?

² By *Sinel's death*,—] The learned note on these words; father of *Macbeth*. POPE. and, after much puzzling, he at

³ —eaten of the insane root,] length proves from *Heitor Boethius*, that this root was a berry.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal 'venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. * As thick as hail,
Came Post on Post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

* — *As thick as hail.*] This as a tale can travel with the post.
is Mr. Pope's correction. The Or we may read, perhaps yet
old copy has, better,

———— *As thick as tale* ————— *As thick as tale*
Can post with post; — Came post with post; —
which perhaps is not amiss, mean- That is, posts arrived as fast as
ing that the news came as thick they could be counted.

Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
 With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confes'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!* [Aside.
 The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To Angus.
 Do you not hope your children shall be Kings?

[To Banquo.
 When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 ' Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange;
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.
 Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To Ross and Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—
 [To Ross and Angus.

⁶ This supernatural Solliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
 Why hath it giv'n me the earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.
 If good, ⁷ why do I yield to that suggestion,

⁵ *Might yet enkindle you—*] opinion, incitement than information.
Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

⁶ *This supernatural Solliciting*] not for consent, but for to be subdued by. WARBURTON.

Solliciting, for information. WARBURTON. To yield is, simply, to give way to.

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature! ⁹ present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my ¹ single state of man, that ² Function
 Is smother'd in fume; and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance
 may crown me, [*Aside.*]
 Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him.
 Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

⁸ *Whose horrid image doth UN-*
 FIX my hair,] But horror
 does not unfix the hair, but
 makes it stand stiff and upright.
 We should read, UPPFIX. WARB.

To unfix is, to put in motion.

⁹ — present fears

Are less than horrible Imagin-
 ings.] *Macbeth*, while he
 is projecting the murder, is
 thrown into the most agonizing
 affright at the prospect of it:
 which soon recovering from,
 thus he reasons on the nature of
 his disorder. But *Imaginings* are
 so far from being more or less
 than *present fears*, that they are
 the same things under differ-
 ent words. *Shakespeare* certain-
 ly wrote,

—— present fears

Are less than horrible imagin-
 ings.

i. e. when I come to execute this
 murder, I shall find it much less
 dreadful than my frightened ima-
 gination now presents it to me.

A consideration drawn from the
 nature of the *imagination*.

WARBURTON.

Present fears are fears of things
present, which *Macbeth* declares,
 and every man has found, to be
 less than the *imagination* presents
 them while the objects are yet
 distant. *Fears* is right.

¹ — single state of man, —]

The *single state of man* seems to
 be used by *Shakespeare* for an *In-*
dividual, in Opposition to a *com-*
monwealth, or *conjunct body*.

² — Function

Is smother'd in fume; and
nothing it,

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.

Macb.

Macb. Come what come may, [Aside.

³ Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour. ⁴ My dull brain was wrought

With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn

[To *Rosse* and *Angus*.

The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'rd the King;

Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[To *Banquo*.

The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough. Come, friends.

[Exeunt.

³ Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.] I suppose every reader is disgusted at the tautology in this passage, *Time and the hour*, and will therefore willingly believe that *Shakespeare* wrote it thus,

Come what come may,

Time! on!—*the hour runs thro' the roughest day.*

Macbeth is deliberating upon the events which are to befall him, but finding no satisfaction from his own thoughts, he grows impatient of reflection, and resolves to wait the close without harrassing himself with conjectures.

Come what come may.

But to shorten the pain of suspense, he calls upon time in the usual stile of ardent desire, to

quicken his motion,

Time! on! —————

He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end,

— *the hour runs through the roughest day.*

This conjecture is supported by the passage in the letter to his lady, in which he says, *they referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, King that shalt be.*

³ *Time and the hour—*] Time is painted with an hour-glass in his hand. This occasioned the expression. *WARBURTON.*

⁴ — *My dull brain was wrought With things forgot—*] My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

King. **I**S execution done on *Cædor* yet?
Or not 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; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been * studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,

⁵ To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou'dst less deserv'd,

* — *studied in his death,*] Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science.

⁵ *To find the mind's construction in the face.*] The construction of the mind is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to *Shakespeare*; it

implies the frame or disposition of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill.

To find the mind's construction—] The metaphor is taken from the construction of a scheme in any of the arts of prediction. WARBURTON.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! Only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your Throne, and State, children and servants ;
7 Which do but what they should, 8 by doing every
thing,
Safe tow'rd your Love and Honour.

King.

7 Which do but what they should,
in doing every thing
Safe tow'rds your love and
honour.] Of the last line
of this speech, which is certainly,
as it is now read, unintelligible,
an emendation has been attempted,
which *Dr. Warburton* and *Mr. Theobald*
once admitted as the true reading.

————— *Our duties*

*Are to your throne and state,
children and servants,
Which do but what they should,
in doing every thing*

Fiefs to your love and honour.

My esteem for these critics inclines
me to believe that they cannot be
much pleased with the expressions
fiefs to love, or *fiefs to honour*,
and that they have proposed this
alteration rather because no other
occurred to them, than because they
approved of it. I shall therefore
propose a bolder change, perhaps
with no better success, but *sua
cuique placet*. I read thus,

————— *our duties*

*Are to your throne and state,
children and servants,
Which do but what they should,
in doing nothing,*

Save tow'rd your love and
honour.

We do but perform our duty
when we contract all our views
to your service, when we act
with *no other* principle than re-
gard to *your love and honour*.

It is probable that this passage
was first corrupted by writing
safe for *save*, and the lines then
stood thus :

————— *doing nothing*

*Safe tow'rd your love and
honour.*

which the next transcriber observing
to be wrong, and yet not being
able to discover the real fault,
altered to the present reading.

Dr. Warburton has since changed
fiefs to *fief'd*, and *Hammer*
has altered *safe* to *shap'd*. I am
afraid none of us have hit the
right word.

8 ——— *by doing every thing*

SAFE tow'rd your LOVE and
honour.] This nonsense,
made worse by ill pointing, should
be read thus,

————— *by doing every thing.*

FIEF'D tow'rd your LIFE and
honour.

i. e. their duties being FIEF'D,
or engaged to the support of, as
feu

King. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*; which honour must,
Not accompanied, invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labour, which is not us'd for
you ;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor* !

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland* !—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;

The

feudal Tenants to their Lord.
And it was an artful preparation
to aggravate the following murder
to make the speaker here
confess, that he was engaged the
protector of the King's life, as
bound by his *tenure* to preserve
it.

WARBURTON.

Let not LIGHT see my black

and deep desires ;] As the
Poets make the stars the lamps
of *Night*, and their fires for her
use, and not their own, I take it
for granted that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Let not NIGHT see, &c.

which mends both the expression
and sense. For *light* cannot well
be made a person; but *night* may :

an

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success; and
I have learn'd ' by the perfectest report, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I
burnt in desire to question them further, they made them-
selves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came *Missives* from the *King*, who
all-hail'd me, Thane of *Cawdor*; by which title, before,
these wayward 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 re-
joicing, by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd
thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

and the verb *see* relates to per-
sonality. The sense is finer, as
it implies, in this reading, an
unwillingness to trust even *Night*
with his design, tho' she be the
common Baud (as our author
somewhere calls her) to such kind
of secrets.

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus
objice nubem. *WARBURTON.*

This emendation is not at all
necessary; for when the present

reading gives an easy and com-
modious sense, it is not to be al-
tered, even though something
more elegant might be proposed.
[*by the perfectest report.*] By
the best intelligence. *Dr. War-*
burton would read, *perfected*, and
explains *report* by *prediction*.
Little regard can be paid to an
emendation that instead of clear-
ing the sense, makes it more dif-
ficult.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*———and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
 That which cries, *thus thou must do, if thou have it*;
 And *That which rather thou dost fear to do,*
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden Round,
 Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

† ——— Thou'dst have, great golden Round is the *Diadem*.

Glamis,

That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have it;

And *That, &c.*] As the object of *Macbeth's* desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read,

————— Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have me.

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 agent endeavours to bestow upon thee. The

Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal.] *Metaphysical* for supernatural. But *as it 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.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true; our *Thane* is coming,
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. + The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit. Mes.*
That

+ ——— *The raven himself is hoarse, &c.*] What sense can be made out of this I do not find. Had the expression been, *The raven is hoarse with croaking*, it might have signified her confidence that *Duncan's* entrance would be fatal; and her impatience to put the decrees of fate in execution: sentiments agreeable enough to her situation and temper. But had *Shakespeare* meant this, he would have expressed his meaning properly, as he knew so well how to do it. I suppose, therefore, the text to be corrupt, and that we should read,

The raven himself's not hoarse. The messenger tells her of one who has just brought the agreeable news of *Duncan's* coming. Give him tending (says she) *he brings great news*, i. e. treat him as the bringer of good news deserves. This is so very acceptable, that it would render the most shocking voice harmo-

nious, the most frightful bearer agreeable. A thought expressed in the most sublime imagery conceivable; and best adapted to the confidence of her views, For as the raven was thought a bird of omen, it was the properest to instance in, both as that imagination made its hoarse voice still naturally more odious, and as that was a notice of the designs of fate which she could confide in. But this effect of the dispositions of the mind upon the organs of sense our poet delighted to describe. Thus, in a contrary case, where the chaunting of the lark in *Romeo* and *Juliet* brings ill news, he makes the person concerned in it say,

'Tis said the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes:

Oh now I wot they have chang'd voices too. WARB.

The reading proposed by the learned commentator is so specious that I am scarcely willing to oppose it; yet I think the present

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
 That tend on ⁵ mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 Of direct cruelty ; make thick my blood,
 Stop up th' access and passage to Remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, ⁶ nor keep peace between
 Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 And * take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
 Where-ever in your sightless substances
 ' You wait on Nature's mischief.—Come, thick night !

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.

⁵ —mortal thoughts,—] This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, deadly, or destructive designs. So in Act 5th,

Hold fast the mortal sword.
 And in another place,
 With twenty mortal murders.

⁶ — nor keep peace between
 Th' effect, and it.—] The intent of lady *Macbeth* evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect ; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that *Shakespeare* wrote

differently, perhaps thus :

*That no compunctious visitings
 of nature*

*Shake my fell purpose, nor keep
 pace between*

Th' effect and it.—

To keep pace between may signify to pass between, to intervene. Pace is on many occasions a favourite of *Shakespeare*. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense, but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption ?

—nor keep peace between]
 Keep peace, for go between simply. The allusion to officers of justice who keep peace between rioters by going between them.

WARBURTON.

* — take my milk for gall.]
 Take away my milk, and put gall in the place.

⁷ You wait on nature's mischief.—] Nature, for human.

WARBURTON.

Nature's mischief is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness.

And

⁸ And pall thee in the dullest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
⁹ To cry *hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
¹ This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,

Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall Sun that morrow see ! ——

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,
Must be provided for ; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear :

To alter favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ *And pall thee———*] *i. e.* ble. wrap thyself in a pall. WARB.

⁹ *To cry, hold, hold!—*] On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*.

¹ *This ignorant present time.—*] *Ignorant*, for base, poor, igno-

WARBURTON.
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*.

S C E N E VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. THIS Castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd Mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle ;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

² *Unto our GENTLE SENSES.]* How odd a character is this of the air that it could recommend itself to all the senses, not excepting the sight and hearing? Without doubt, we should read,

Unto our GENERAL SENSE, meaning the touch or feeling: which not being confined to one part, like the rest of the senses, but extended over the whole body, the poet, by a fine periphrasis, calls the *general sense*. Therefore by the *air's recommending itself nimbly and sweetly*, must be understood that it was clear and soft, which properties recreated the fibres, and assisted their vibration. And surely it was a good circumstance in the air of

Scotland that it was soft and warm; and this circumstance he would recommend, as appears from the following words,

This guest of Summer,

The temple-haunting martlet—

General has been corrupted to *gentle* once again in this very play. See Note, Act 3. Scene 5.

WARBURTON,

All this coil is to little purpose. *Senses* are nothing more than *each man's sense*, as *noses* would have been each man's nose. *Gentle senses* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.

³ —*martlet.*—] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see! our honour'd Hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid god-yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We court him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To's home before us. Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.

—By your leave, Hostess. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ *How you should bid god yield* the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a cor-
us—] *To bid any one god yield* rupted contraction of *shield*. The
him, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the wish implōres not *reward* but
same as God reward him. *protection*.

WARBURTON. ⁵ *We rest your Hermits*] *Her-*
I believe *yild*, or, as it is in *mits*, for *Beadsmen*.^o WARE.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. * **I**F it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly; If th' affassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 † With its surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the Be-all and the End-all—*Here.*
 But *here*, upon this Bank and ⁶ Shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
 Bloody Instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor; this even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his Host,
 Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
⁷ Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd again
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, ⁸ or heav'n's cherubin hors'd

Upon

* *If it were done, &c.]* A man of learning recommends another punctuation.

If it were done when, 'tis done then, 'twere well.

It were done quickly. If, &c.

† *With its surcease, success;]* I think the reasoning requires that we should read,

With its success, surcease.—

⁶ — *Shoal of time.]* This is

Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *School*, and Dr. *Warburton* *Shelwe*.

⁷ *Hath borne his faculties so meek, —]* *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c.

WARBURTON.

⁸ — *or heav'n's cherubin hors'd Upon the sightless couriers of the air,]* But the cherubin is

the courier; so that he can't be said

said

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
 ° That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on th' other——

SCENE X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

said to be *bors'd* upon another courier. We must read, therefore, *couriers*. WARBURTON.

Courier is only runner. *Couriers of air* are winds, air in motion. *Sightless* is invisible.

° *That tears shall drown the wind*—] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower.

SCENE X.] The arguments by which lady *Macbeth* persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of *Shakespeare's* knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism *Macbeth* has for ever destroyed by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost.

*Idare do all that may become a man,
 Who dares do more, is none.*

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder *Duncan*, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument *Shakespeare*, whose plan obliged him to make *Macbeth* yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have 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.

Lady

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business. He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk, 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, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? ² Wouldst thou have That, Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem? Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*, ³ Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace. I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then, That made you break this enterprize to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place ⁴ Did then cohere, and yet you would make both; They've made themselves, and that their fitness now Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;

² — *Wouldst thou have That, Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem?*] In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read,

Or live a coward in thine own esteem.
Unless we choose rather,

— *Wouldst thou leave That.*
³ *Like the poor Cat i'th' adage.*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her foot,*

Catus amat Pisces, sed non vult tingere Plantas.

⁴ *Did then cohere,*—] *Cohere, for suit, fit.* WARD.
It is *advers* in the old copy.¹

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
5 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
6 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spongy officers, 7 who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.

5 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,] To convince is in *Shakespeare* to overpower or subdue; as in this play, —— Their malady convinces The great assay of art.

6 A limbeck only;——] That is,

shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours.

7 —— who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?] Quell is murder, *Manquebers* being in the old language the term for which *Murderers* is now used.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
 [Exeunt.]

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

* M A C B E T H ' S C A S T L E.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

B A N Q U O.

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 heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy fummions lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Pow'rs !

Restrain me in the curfed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest ? The King's a-bed.

* *Macbeth's Castle.*] 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, for *Banquo* sees the sky ; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shews : it must be in the inner court of the castle, which *Banquo* might properly cross in his way to bed.

He

He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great largesse to your officers ;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weyward sisters ;
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them,
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. ⁹ If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,

⁹ *If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,* Consent, my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As that 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' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;

¹ And on thy blade and dudgeon, ² gout of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—³ Now o'er one half the world

Na-

¹ And on THY blade AND
dudgeon, gout of blood,]
Certainly, if on the blade, then
on the dudgeon; for dudgeon sig-
nifies a small dagger. We should
read therefore,

And on THE blade of TH' dud-
geon, ————— WARB.

² —gout of blood,] Or drops,
French. POPE.

³ —Now o'er one half the
world

Nature seems dead,—] That is,
*over our hemisphere all action and
motion seem to have ceased.* This
image, which is perhaps the
most striking that poetry can
produce, has been adopted by
Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico.*

*All things are hush'd as Nature's
self lay dead,*

*The mountains seem to nod their
drowsy head;*

*The little birds in dreams their
songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the
night dews sweat.
Even lust and envy sleep!*

These lines, though so well
known, I have transcribed, that
the contrast between them and
this passage of *Shakespeare* may
be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two
great poets, but one describes a
night of quiet, the other of per-
turbation. In the night of *Dry-
den*, all the disturbers of the
world are laid asleep; in that of
Shakespeare, nothing but forcery,
lust and murder, is awake. He
that reads *Dryden*, finds himself
lull'd with serenity, and disposed
to solitude and contemplation.
He that peruses *Shakespeare*, looks
round

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecat's* offerings: and ⁴ wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
⁵ With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou found and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about;

And

round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other, of a murderer.

⁴ —wither'd Murder,
 —thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing sides
 tow'rd his design,

Moves like a ghost.—] This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of Mr. Pope, who for *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*, which Mr. Theobald has tacitly copied from him, tho' a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*,

that it has been in all ages represented to be, as *Milton* expresses it,

Smooth sliding without step.

This hemistich will afford the true reading in this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

—And wither'd Murder,
 —thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin* ravishing, slides
 tow'rd his design,
Moves like a ghost.—

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is, Now is the time in which every one is asleep, 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.

⁵ With *Tarquin's* ravishing
strides.] The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, will explain it.

6 And take the present horrour from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—

[A bell rings.

Words

Now stole upon the time, the
dead of night ;

When heavy sleep had clos'd up
mortal eye ;

No comfortable star did lend his
light,

No noise but owls and wolves
dead-boding cries ;

Now serves the season that they
may surprize

The silly lambs. Pure thoughts
are dead and still,

Whilst LUST and MURDER
wake to stain and kill.

WARBURTON.

6 And take the present horrour
from the time,

Which now suits with it.—]

i. e. Left the noise from the
stones take away from this mid-
night season that present horror
which suits so well with what is
going to be acted in it. What
was the horror he means? *Si-
lence*, than which nothing can be
more horrid to the perpetrator
of an atrocious design. This
shews a great knowledge of hu-
man nature. WARBURTON.

Of this passage an alteration
was once propos'd by me, of
which I have now a less favour-
able opinion, yet will insert it,
as it may perhaps give some hint
to other criticks.

And take the present horrour from
the time,

Which now suits with it.—] I
believe every one that has atten-
tively read this dreadful soliloquy
is disappointed at the conclusion,
which, if not wholly unintelli-

gible, is, at least, obscure, nor
can be explained into any sense
worthy of the author. I shall
therefore propose a slight altera-
tion.

—Thou sound and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way
they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my
where-about,

And talk—the present horrour of
the time !

That now suits with it.—

Macbeth has, in the foregoing
lines, disturbed his imagination
by enumerating all the terrors of
the night ; at length he is wrought
up to a degree of frenzy, that
makes him afraid of some super-
natural discovery of his design,
and calls out to the stones not to
betray him, not to declare where
he walks, nor to talk.—As he is
going to say of what, he disco-
vers the absurdity of his suspi-
cion, and pauses, but is again
overwhelmed by his guilt, and
concludes, that such are the hor-
rours of the present night, that
the stones may be expected to
cry out against him.

That now suits with it.

He observes, in a subsequent
passage, that on such occasions
stones have been known to move.
It is now a very just and strong
picture of a man about to com-
mit a deliberate murder under
the strongest convictions of the
wickedness of his design.

Whether to take horrour from
the

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
 made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!
 peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about
 it—
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their
 Poffets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
 And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed,
 Confounds us—hark—! I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss 'em.—⁷ Had he not resembled

My

the time means not rather to catch it as communicated, than to deprive the time of horror, deserves to be considered.

⁷ —Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had don't—] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and husband, it would

be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for tho' 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,

My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry, Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended!

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lies i'th' second chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Macb. This is a sorry fight. [*Looks on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd, *Murder!*

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them; But they did say their prayers, and address them Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear, I could not say. Amen, When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen? I had most need of blessing, and Amen Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought, After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

Macbeth *doth murder Sleep*; the innocent sleep; Sleep that knits up the ravel'd^s sleeve of care,

sions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity.

WARBURTON.

^s —sleeve of care,] A

skein of silk is called a *sleeve* of silk, as I learned from Mr. *Seaward*, the ingenious editor of *Beaumont and Fletcher*.

The

' The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.——

Lady. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *sleep no more*, to all the house ;
Glamis bath murder'd sleep. And therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more ; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more !

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd ? Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lye 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't on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll ' gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit*,

9 *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 with the rest, which is,

The Death of each day's life.—

I make no question but *Shake-*
speare wrote,

The birth of each day's life,—
The true characteristick of sleep,

which repairs the decays of la-
bour, and assists that returning
vigour which supplies the next
day's activity. The Player-ed-
itors seem to have corrupted it
for the sake of a silly gingle be-
tween *life* and *death*.

WARBURTON.

' —*gild the faces of the grooms
withal,*

For it must seem their guilt.]
Could *Shakespeare* possibly mean
to play upon the similitude of
gild and *guilt* ?

Knocks

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ! [Starting.
 How is it with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? hah ! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand ? no, this my hand will rather
 Thy multitudinous sea incarnardine,
 Making the green, One red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white ; I hear a knocking [Knock.
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy is it then ? Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking !

[Knock.
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be Watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. ² To know my deed, 'twere best not know
 myself.
 Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking. 'Would, thou
 couldst ! [Exeunt.

² *To know my deed, 'twere best
 not know myself.*] *i. e.* While
 I have the thoughts of this deed
 it were best not know, or be lost
 to, myself. This is an answer
 to the lady's reproof ;

——be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

But the *Oxford Editor*, perceiv-
 ing neither the sense, nor the
 pertinency of the answer, alters
 it to

*To unknow my deed, 'twere
 best not know myself.*

WARBURTON.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed; if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' other devil's name? Faith, ³ here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, ⁴ here's an *English* taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second

³ here's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake.] Meaning a Jesuit; an order so troublesome to the State in Queen Elizabeth and King James the First's times. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. WARBURTON.

⁴ here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose:] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

cock, and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery ; it makes him, and it mars^s 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 into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat o' me ; but I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took my legs some time, yet^s I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?
Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane* ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you :
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain ;
This is the door.

^s *I made a shift to cast him.*] tion is between *cast* or *throw*, as
To *cast* him up, to ease my sto- a term of wrestling, and *cast* or
mach of him. The equivoca- *cast* up.

Macd.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, ⁶ for 'tis my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to day ?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly ; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, ⁷ strange screams of death,
⁸ And prophesying with accents terrible

Of

⁶ —for 'tis my limited service.] Limited, for appointed. WARBURTON.

⁷ —strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustions, and confus'd events.

New hatch'd to the woful time.

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.

Some say, the earth was feu'rous and did shake.] These lines

I think should be rather regulated thus :

—prophesying with accents terrible,

Of dire combustions and confus'd events.

New-hatch'd to th' woful time, the obscure bird

Clamour'd the live-long night.

Some say the earth

Was feu'rous and did shake.

A prophecy of an event new hatch'd, seems to be a prophecy of an event past. The term new-hatch'd is properly applicable to a bird, and that birds of ill omen should be new-hatch'd to the woful 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.

⁸ AND prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to th' woful time :] Here are groans and

screams of death heard in the air. Thus far a strong imagination, armed with superstition, might go. But accents terrible of dire combustion, that is, prophesying of them, in articulate sounds or words, is a little too far. However, admit this, we are further told, that these prophecies are new hatch'd to th' woful time ; that is, accommodated to the present conjuncture. And this must needs have another author than the air inflamed with meteors. To be short, the case was this ; these signs and noises in a troubled heaven set the old women upon earth a prophesying, and explaining those imaginary omens, which brought back to their frighten'd imaginations those predictions in the mouths of the people, foretelling what would happen when such signs

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
 New hatch'd to th' woeful time :
 The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
 Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
 Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name
 thee——

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter ?

appeared. This he finely calls, *New hatching them to the woeful time.* Intimating that they had been often *hatched*, or adapted, before to the misfortunes of former times. *Shakeſpear* was well acquainted with the nature of popular ſuperſtition, and has deſcribed it ſo precifely to the point, in a beautiful ſtanza of his *Venus and Adonis*, that that will be the beſt comment on this paſſage.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd

At apparitions, ſigns and prodigies,

Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd

INFUSING THEM WITH DREAD-
 FUL PROPHECIES.

Here he plainly tells us, that ſigns in the heavens gave birth to propheſies on the earth ; and tells us how too : it was by infuſing fancies into the crazy imaginations of the people. His language likewiſe is the ſame ; he uſes *propheſies*, as in the paſſage in queſtion, to ſignify *forebodings*.

As this was the effect of ſuperſtition only, we may reckon to meet with it in antiquity ; of which the *Engliſh* reader may take the following account from *Milton. Hiſtory of England*, lib. 2. *Of theſe enſuing troubles many foregoing ſigns appeared, certain women in a kind of extaſy fore-told of calamities to come : In the council-houſe were heard by night barbarous noiſes ; in the theatre, hideous howling ; in the creek, horrid ſights, &c.* By this time I make no doubt but the reader is beforehand with me in conjecturing that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

AUNTS propheſying, &c.

i. e. Matrons, old women. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream* he ſays,

The wiſeſt AUNT telling the ſaddeſt tale.

Where, we ſee, he makes them ſtill employed on diſmal ſubjects, fitted to diſorder the imagination.

WARBURTON.

I believe that no reader will either go before or follow the commentator in this conjecture.

Macd.

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?—

Len. Mean you his Majesty?—

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
fight

With a new *Gorgon*.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves. Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell—murder! and treason!

Banquo, and *Donalbain*! *Malcolm*! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself—Up, up, and see

The great Doom's image—*Malcolm*! *Banquo*!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

To countenance⁹ this horror.—

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,

That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.

The repetition in a woman's ear

Would murder as it fell.—O *Banquo*! *Banquo*!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

⁹ —*this horror.*—] Here relation to the players. He has the old editions add, *ring the bell*, which *Theobald* rejected, as a di-
been followed by Dr. *Warburton*.

What,

¹ What, in our house?— —

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

² *Macduff*, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time, for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown, and Grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd; had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, upwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

¹ *What, in our house?—*] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering

that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself.

WARBURTON.

² In the folio, for *Macduff* is read *dear Duffe*.

Macb.

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, temp'rate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the paufer, Reason. ³ Here, lay *Duncan*;

⁴ His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

⁵ Unmannerly breach'd with gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Cou-

³ ——— Here, lay *Duncan*;
*His silver skin laced with his
golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like
a breach in nature*

*For Ruin's wasteful en-
trance*; —] Mr. *Pope* has
endeavour'd to improve one of
these lines by substituting *goary
blood* for *golden blood*; but it may
easily be admitted that he who
could on such an occasion talk
of *lacing the silver skin*, would
lace it with *golden blood*. No
amendment can be made to this
line, of which every word is
equally faulty, but by a general
blot.

It is not improbable, that
Shakespeare put these forced and
unnatural metaphors into the
mouth of *Macbeth* as a mark of
artifice and dissimulation, to
show the difference between the
studied language of hypocrisy,
and the natural outcries of sud-

den passion. This whole speech
so considered, is a remarkable in-
stance of judgment, as it consists
entirely of antithesis and meta-
phor.

⁴ *His silver skin laced with his
golden blood,*] The allusion
is so ridiculous on such an occa-
sion, that it discovers the de-
claimer not to be affected in the
manner he would represent him-
self. The whole speech is an
unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd
and common-place thoughts,
that shews him to be acting a
part. *WARBURTON.*

⁵ *Unmannerly breach'd with
gore.*—] An *unmannerly
dagger*, and a *dagger breach'd*, or
as in some editions *breach'd with
gore*, are expressions not easily to
be understood. There are un-
doubtedly two faults in this pas-
sage, which I have endeavour'd
to take away by reading,

Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [Seeming to faint.]

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
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, 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

————— *daggers*
Unmanly drench'd with gore:—
I saw drench'd with the King's
blood the fatal daggers, not only
instruments of murder but evidences
of cowardice.

Each of these words might
easily be confounded with that
which I have substituted for it by
a hand not exact, a casual blot,
or a negligent inspection.

UNMANNERLY BREECH'D
with gore.—] This non-
sensical account of the state in
which the daggers were found,
must surely be read thus,

UNMANLY REECH'D *with*
gore;—
Reech'd, soiled with a dark yel-
low, which is the colour of any
reechy substance, and must be so

of steel stain'd with blood. He
uses the word very often, as
reechy hangings, reechy neck, &c.
So that the sense is, that they
were unmanly stain'd with blood,
and that circumstance added,
because often such stains are most
honourable.

WARB.

Dr. Warburton has perhaps
rightly put *reech'd* for *breech'd*.

° *In the great hand of God I*
stand, and thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence
I fight

[*Of treas'nous malice.*] *Pretence*,
for act. The sense of the whole
is, My innocence places me un-
der the protection of God, and
under that shadow, or, from
thence, I declare myself an ene-
my to this, as yet hidden, deed
of mischief. This was a very

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice:

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinefs,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not confort with
them.

To shew an unfehl sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood;
The nearer bloody.

Mal. 'Tis this murtherous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left:

[*Exeunt.*]

natural speech for him who must
needs suspect the true author.

WARBURTON.

Pretence is not act, but *simulation*, a *pretence* of the traitor, whoever he might be, to suspect some other of the murder. I here fly to the protector of innocence from any charge which,

yet *undivulg'd*, the traitor may pretend to fix upon me.

'Tis this murtherous shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted;—] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person, has not yet taken effect.

S C E N E VI.

The Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old Man. **T**Hreescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time,
I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage. By th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A falcon, tawring ⁸ in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses, a thing most strange
and certain!
Beauteous and swift, the ⁹ minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

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 *Macduff*.

⁸ — in her pride of place,]
Finely expressed, for confidence in
its quality. **WARBURTON.**

⁹ *Theobald* reads,
—minions of the race,
very probably, and very poeti-
cally.

Enter Macduff.

—How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

* What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stoln away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;——

Thriftless ambition; that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like the fo-
vereignty

Will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-kill*,
The sacred storehouse of his 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 sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *What good could they pretend?*] *themselves, to set before themselves*
To pretend is here to propose to as a motive of action.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

THOU hast it now. King, *Cawdor, Glamis*, all,
 The weyward women promis'd; and, I fear,
 Thou plaid'st most foully for't. Yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy Posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
 'As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine,
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my Oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope. But, hush, no more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
 Command upon me; to the which, my Duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
 Your good advice, which still hath been both grave

'As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their
speeches shine,] Shine, for *Shine, for* *lustre of conspicuous truth.*
 prosper. WARBURTON.

And

And prosperous, in this day's council; but
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'xt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestowed
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 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,
Farewel. [*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone; till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us——To be thus, is
nothing; [*Exit Servant.*]

But to be safely thus.——Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose Being I do fear: and, under him,
 My Genius is rebuk'd; ² as, it is said,
Anthony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, Prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
³ For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to ⁴ the common enemy of man,

To

² ——— as, it is said,

Anthony's was by Cæsar.—] 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 insertion of some player, that having so much learning as to discover to what *Shakespeare* alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the authour's sense by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possess'd with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to him-

self. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of *Shakespeare* close together without any traces of a breach.

My Genius is rebuk'd. He chid the Sisters.

³ 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.*

⁴ — 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,

vil,

To make them Kings, the Seed of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather than so, ' come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance ! — Who's there ?

vil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that *Shakespeare* probably borrowed it from the first lines of the destruction of *Troy*, a book which he is known to have read.

That this remark may not appear too trivial, I shall take occasion from it to point out a beautiful passage of *Milton*, evidently copied from a book of no greater authority, in describing the gates of hell. Book 2. v. 879. he says,

— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.

In the history of *Don Bellianis*, when one of the knights approaches, as I remember, the castle of *Brandezar*, the gates are said to open grating harsh thunder upon their brasen hinges.

— come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance !] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi a l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat a l'outrance, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odi-

um internecinum, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is, *Let Fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.*

Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance ! —] This is expressed with great nobleness and sublimity. The metaphor is taken from the ancient combat *en champ clos*: in which there was a marshal, who presided over, and directed all the punctilios of the ceremonial. *Fate* is called upon to discharge this office, and champion him to th' utterance; that is, to fight it out to the extremity, which they called *combatre à outrance*. But he uses the Scotch word, utterance from *outrance*, extremity. **WARB.**

After the former explication, *Dr. Warburton* was desirous to seem to do something; and he has therefore made *fate* the marshal, whom I had made the champion, and has left *Macbeth* to enter the lists without an opponent.

Enter

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have 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 conf'rence, past in probation with you,
How you were borne in land; how cross; the instru-
ments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else that
might

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *thus did* Banquo.

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
O r point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? ⁶ are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever.

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one

⁶ — are you so gospell'd,] to the Lollards, the Puritans of
Are you of that degree of pre- early times, and precursors of
cise virtue? Gospeller was a name Protestantism.
of contempt given by the Papists

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 in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapes 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,
 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,
 7 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and ⁸ in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his Being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life; and though I could

7 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 read-
 ing expresses but half the idea;
 viz. of a man tugg'd and haled
 by fortune without making re-
 sistance. To give the compleat
 thought, we should read,

So weary with DISASTROUS
 TUGGS with fortune.

This is well expressed, and gives
 the reason of his being weary,

because fortune always hitherto
 got the better. And that *Shake-
 spear* knew how to express this
 thought, we have an instance in
The Winter's Tale,

Let myself and Fortune TUGG
 for the time to come.

Besides, to be tugg'd with For-
 tune, is scarce English. WARB.

Tugg'd with fortune may be,
 tugg'd or worried by fortune.

— in such bloody distance.]
 Distance, for enmity. WARB.

With

With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,
 Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this
 hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 ' Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the Palace: always thought,
 That I require a clearness: and with him,
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a part,
 'I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

' Acquaint you with the perfect
 spy o' th' time,] What is
 meant by *the spy of the time*, it
 will be found difficult to explain;
 and therefore sense will be cheap-
 ly gained by a slight alteration.
 —*Macbeth* is assuring the assas-
 sins that they shall not want di-
 rections to find *Banquo*, and
 therefore says,

I will——

Acquaint you with a perfect spy
 o' th' 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.

——*the perfect spy o' th' time,*]
i. e. the critical juncture. *WARB.*

How the *critical juncture* is the
spy o' th' time I know not, but
 think my own conjecture right.

Macb.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.
 { *Exeunt Murthurers.*

It is concluded.—*Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. IS *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content.
 'Tis safer to be That which we destroy,
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
 Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy
 Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb. We have 'scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
 it——

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,

—'scotch'd. *Mr. Theobald.*—Vulg. *scorb'd.*

Whom

Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace;
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
² In restless ecstasie. *Duncan* is in his Grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison;
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
 Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial, 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I Love; and so, I pray, be you;
 Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.

³ Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue.
 Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
 In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
 Vizors t'our hearts, disguising what they are!

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them ⁴ Nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
 Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
 His cloyster'd flight; ere to black *Hecat's* summons
⁵ The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck;

² *In restless ecstasie—*] *Ecstasie*,
 for madness. WARB.

³ *Present him Eminence,—*] *i. e.* do him the highest honours.
 WARBURTON.

⁴ *— Nature's copy's not eternal.]*
 The copy, the lease, by which
 they hold their lives from nature,

has its time of termination li-
 mited.

⁵ *The shard-born beetle—*] *i. e.* The beetle hatched in clefts
 of wood. So in *Anthony and*
Cleopatra: They are his shards,
and he their Beetle. WARB.

'Till thou applaud the Deed. ° Come, feeling night,
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
 Makes wing to th' rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
 Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Park ; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. ° **B**UT who did bid thee join with us ?

3 Mur. *Macbeth.*

2 Mur. He needs not our Mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

6 ——— *Come, feeling Night,*] Thus the common editions had it ; but the old one, *feeling*, i. e. blinding ; which is right. It is a term in Falconry WARE.

7 The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect spy*, mentioned by *Macbeth* in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them

the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement ; yet one of the murderers suborned suspects him of intending to betray them ; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by *Macbeth*, and needs not be mistrusted.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo *within.*] Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. Oh, slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. ⁸ **Y**OU know your own degrees, sit down :
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble Host ;
Our Hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll fit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murtherer, aside at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

⁸ *You know your own degrees, sit down :*

At first and last, the hearty welcome.] As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect, but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible, The numbers will be improved by reading,

*—sit down at first,
And last a hearty welcome.*

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading is,

*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.*

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's
good,
That did the like for *Fleance*; if thou didst it,
'Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good Lord. Safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [Exit *Murth'erer*.]

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's
place.*]

'Tis better thee without than
he within] The sense re-
quires that this passage should
be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than
him within.
That is, I am more pleas'd that

the blood of *Banquo* should be on
thy face than in his body.

The authour might mean, It
is better that *Banquo's* blood were
on thy face, than he in this room.
Expressions thus imperfect are
common in his works.

Macb.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

—Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's Honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present,
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
'Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it. Never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy friends. My Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[To Macbeth *aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady. * O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [Aside.
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which you said,

* ——— extend his passion.] is rather too long for the circum-
stances in which it is spoken. It
Prolong his suffering; make his
fit longer.. had begun better at, *Shame it, self!*

* O proper stuff!] This speech

Led you to *Duncan*. ² Oh, these flaws and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 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?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*
 Why, what care I? if thou can't nod, speak too.—
 If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
 Those, that we bury, back; our Monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady? What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
 time,

³ Ere human Statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay,

² —*Oh, these flaws and starts,* told by a woman over a fire on the
 Impostors to true fear, would authority of her grandam—
 would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's
 fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam.—] — *Oh, these flaws and starts,*
 Impostors to true fear,] *i. e.*
 these flaws and starts, as they are
 indications of your needless fears,
 are the imitators or impostors on-
 ly of those which arise from a
 fear well-grounded. WARB.
³ Ere human Statute purg'd the
 GENTLE weal;] Thus all
 the editions: I have reform'd the
 text, GEN'RAL weal: And it is
 a very fine *Periphrasis* to signify,
 ere civil Societies were instituted.
 For the early murders recorded
 in Scripture, are here alluded to:
 and *Macbeth's* apologizing for
 murder from the antiquity of the
 ex-

These symptoms of terror and
 amazement might better become
 impostures true only to fear, might
 become a censure at the recital of
 such falsehoods as no man could
 credit, whose understanding was
 not weaken'd by his terrors; tales

Ay, and since too, Murthers hath been perform'd
 Too terrible for th' 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 Murthers on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools; this is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
 I have a strange Infirmary, 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 th' general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
⁴ And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*]

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,
 Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers.
 But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

example is very natural. The
 term he uses again in *Timon*,
 —that his particular to forefend
Smells from the gen'ral weal.

WARBURTON.

The gentle weal, is, the peace-
 able community, the state made
 quiet and safe by human sta-
 tutes.

*Mollia securæ per agebant etia
 gentes.*

⁴ *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
hail to all, but I now think that
 the present reading is right.

Macb. What man, dare I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcan* tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,

And dare me to the Desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why so—Being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again. Pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good Meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. ⁶ Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? ⁷ You make me strange

⁵ *If trembling I inhabit.*] This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. Suppose we read,

If trembling I evade it.

⁶ *Macb.* CAN such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer's
cloud,

Without our special wonder?]

Why not? if they be only like a summer's cloud? The speech is given wrong; it is part of the Lady's foregoing speech; and, besides that, is a little corrupt. We should read it thus,

—CAN'T such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's
cloud,

Without our special wonder?

i. e. cannot these visions, without so much wonder and amazement, be presented to the dis-

turbed imagination in the manner that air visions, in summer-clouds, are presented to a *wanton* one: which sometimes shew a lion, a castle, or a promontory? The thought is fine, and in character. *Overcome* is used for *deceive*. WARBURTON.

The alteration is introduced by a misinterpretation. The meaning is not that *these things are like a summer-cloud*, but can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer-cloud passes over us.

⁷ *You make me strange*

Ev'n 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 authour intended to paraphrase.

Ev'n

Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such fights;
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear,

Rosse. What fights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once good night.

Stand not upon the Order of your Going.

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood.—They say, blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

^s Augurs, that understand relations, have

By mag-pies, and by coughs, and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person,

At our great bidding?

^s *Augurs, that understand relations,—*] 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.

Augurs, that understand relations,—] By *relations* is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to another. The ancient soothsayers of all

denominations practised their art upon the principle of *Analogy*. Which analogies were founded in a superstitious philosophy arising out of the nature of ancient idolatry; which would require a volume to explain. If *Shakespeare* meant what I suppose he did by relations, this shews a very profound knowledge of antiquity. But, after all, in his licentious way, by *relations*, he might only mean *languages*, i. e. the languages of birds.

WARBURTON.

Lady. Did you fend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will fend.
There's not a ⁹ *Thane* of them, but in his house
I keep a fervant feed. I will to-morrow,
Betimes I will unto the weyward sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. ¹ You lack the season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use,

² We're yet but young in Deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

¹ *Witch.* **W**HY, how now, *Hecat'*, you look
angerly.

Hec Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?
Saucy, and overbold! how did you dare
To trade and traffic with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I, the mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

⁹ *Thane.*] *Mr. Theobald.*— to all nature. *Indices somni vitæ
Vulg. one.* condimenti.

¹ *You lack the season of all na-
tures, Sleep.*] I take the
meaning to be, you want sleep,
which seasons, or gives the relish

² The editions before *Theo-
bald* read, we're yet but young in-
deed.

Was

Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our Art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a weyward son,
 Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now; get you gone,
 And at the pit of *Acheron*
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come, to know his destiny;
 Your vassels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside.
 I am for th' Air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal fatal end;
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the Moon
 There hangs a * vap'rous drop, profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by magic † flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear;
 And you all know, Security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [Music and a Song.
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
 back again. [Exeunt.

* —vap'rous drop, profound;] † — flights,] Arts; subtle
 That is, a drop that has profound, practices.
 deep, or hidden qualities.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a Chamber.

³ *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

Len. **M**Y former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further. Only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of *Macbeth*—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valoriant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom, you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it 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, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,

³ *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of *Shakespeare's*, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason, why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe therefore that in

the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction *Lenox* and *An.* for which the transcriber, instead of *Lenox* and *Angus*, set down *Lenox* and *another Lord*. The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence had he committed no errors of greater importance.

As,

As, an't please heav'n he shall not, they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father : so should *Fleance*.
 But peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. ⁴ The Son of *Duncan*,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,
 Lives in the *English* Court ; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Sirward* ;
 That by the help of these, with Him above
 To ratify the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
 Do faithful homage, ⁵ and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperated their King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff* ?

Lord. He did ; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, you'll rue the time,
 That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a care 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

⁴ The common editions have
sons. Theobald corrected it.

⁵ —and receive free honours,]
Free, for grateful. WARB.
 How can *free* be grateful? It may

be either honours *freely bestowed*,
 not purchased by crimes, or hon-
 ours *without slavery*, without
 dread of a tyrant.

May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. ⁶ S C E N E I.

A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

⁷ T H R I C E the brinded cat hath mew'd.

² *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

³ *Witch.* Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

¹ *Witch.*

⁶ SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment *Shakespeare* has selected all the Circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of *Shakespeare*, had a cat named *Rutterkin*, as the spirit of one of

⁷ *Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*] A cat, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this. When *Galinthia* was changed into a cat by the Fates, (*says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. Cap. 29.*) by Witches,

(*says Pausanias in his Bœotics*) Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate, herself too, when Typhon forced all the Gods and Goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So *Ovid, Fele soror Phœbi latuit.*

WARBURTON.

I *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.*

Toad,

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 *meow*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as *Shakespeare* has taken care to inculcate.

*Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.*

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of *Shakespeare's* witches.

Weary sew'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall be dwindle, peak and pine.

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. *Shakespeare* has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been killing swine, and *Dr. Harsenet* observes, that about that time, a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sul-

lens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.

*Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.*

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason *Shakespeare*, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits *Paddocke* or *Toad*, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When *Vaninus* was seized at *Tbolouse*, there was found at his lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus*, a great Toad shut in a Vial, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant*, charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.

*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

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got ;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

I Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;

they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King *James* examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that *Shakespeare*, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

*And now about the cauldron
sing—*

Black spirits and white,

Blue spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

And in a former part,

*—weyward sisters, hand in
hand,—*

Thus do go about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

*And thrice again to make up
nine!*

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from *Camden's* account of *Ireland*, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country. "When any one gets a
" fall, says the informer of *Cam-*
" den, he starts up, and *turn-*
" ing 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 wo-
" men that is skilled in that way
" to the place, where she says,
" I call thee from the east, west,
" north and south, from the
" groves, the woods, the rivers,
" and the fens, from the *fairies*
" red, black, white." There was likewise a book written before the time of *Shakespeare*, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which *Shakespeare* has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

Eye

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a Charm of pow'ful 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,
 Witch's mummy; maw, and gulf
 Of the ravening salt sea-shark;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew:
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i'th' gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes :
Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags ?

What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the ⁸ yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
⁹ Of Nature's Germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

⁸ ———*yeasty waves*] That is, This was substituted by *Theobald*
foaming or frothy waves. for *Nature's German.*

⁹ *Of Nature's Germins*——]

I *Witch*. Say, if th' had'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

I *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thyself and office deftly show.

} [*Thunder*.

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou 'unknown Power——

I *Witch*. He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Mac-*
duff!

Beware the *Thane of Fife*—disinifs me—enough.

[*Descends*.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. Bnt one word more—

I *Witch*. He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder*.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

[*Descends*.

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*; what need I fear of
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[*Thunders*..

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby brow ¹ the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam*-wood to *Dunsinane's* high hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
² *Rebellious* head rise never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much, shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,

¹ ——— the round

[*And top of Sovereignty?*] This *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it.

² *Rebellious* DEAD *risenever*,—]

We should read,

Rebellious HEAD ———

i. e. Let rebellion never get to a head and be successful till ———

and then—— WARBURTON.

Mr. *Theobald*, who first proposed this change, rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power.

—*Douglas and the rebels met, A mighty and a fearful head they are.*

And again,

His divisions ——— are in three heads.

Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this.

[Hautboys.

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo; the last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*. Down!

3 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—⁴ And thy air, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—

A third is like the former—Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eye!

What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,

⁵ That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.

Horrible sight! nay, now, I see, 'tis true;

³ *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 basin before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the *Italian*, *abacinare*, to blind.

⁴ In former editions:

— and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—

A third is like the former—] As *Macbeth* expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be sur-

prised 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.

⁵ *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*.
WARB.

For ⁶ the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 Witch, Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,
And shew the best of our delights;

I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,

While you perform your antick round,

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.

Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

⁶ — *the blood-bolter'd Banquo*] *Gildon* has ridiculously interpreted *blood-bolter'd*, in a thing he calls a *Glossary*, to signify *smear'd with dry blood*; he might as well have said with *extreme unction*. *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose

blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes thro' the holes of a sieve. *Shakespeare* used it to insinuate the barbarity of *Banquo's* murderers, who covered him with wounds.

WARBURTON.

Macb.

Macb. [*Afide.*] ⁷ Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
 done,

The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
 Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
 But no more sights.—Where are these gentlemen?
 Come bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. **W**HAT had he done, to make him fly
 the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
 His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
 babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly. He loves us not,
 He wants the ⁸ nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,

⁷ Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.] To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity. ⁸ — nat'ral touch; —] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection.

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Cousin,
I pray you, school yourself ; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, ' when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves : ' when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move—I take my leave of you ;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now ? how will you live ?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies ?

Son. On what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ? Thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

2 — *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.*

1 — *when we hold rumour*
From what we fear—] *To*
hold rumour, signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. *WARBURTON.*

Son. Why should I, Mother? poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead for all your Saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

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 enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly;

If you will take a homely man's advice,
 Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
² To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
 I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Mac. Whither should I fly?
 I've done no harm. But I remember now,
 I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
 Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
 Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say, I'd done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.]
 Young fry of treachery?

Son. He's kill'd me, mother.

Run away, pray you.

[Exit *L. Macduff*, crying *Murther*; *Murtherers*
purſue her.]

² *To do worse to you were fell
 cruelty.]* Who can doubt it?
 But this is not what he would
 say. A stranger, of ordinary
 condition, accosts a woman of
 quality without ceremony; and
 tells her abruptly, that her life
 and her children's lives are in im-
 minent danger. But seeing the
 effect this had upon her, he adds,
 as we should read it,

*To fright you thus, methinks, I
 am too savage;*

*To do worship to you were fell
 cruelty:*

That is, but at this juncture to
 waste my time in the gradual
 observances due to your rank,
 would be the exposing your life
 to immediate destruction. *To do
 worship* signified, in the phrase
 of that time, *to pay observance.*

WARBURTON.

To do worse is, to let her
 and her children be destroyed
 without warning.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to the King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. **L**ET us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. ³ Let us rather hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, ⁴ beset our down-falln birthdom. Each new morn, new widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows strike heaven on the face, that it rebounds

³ In former editions :

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword ;
and, like good men,

Beside our downfal birth-
dom :—] He who can

discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *beside* his downfal birth-doom, is at liberty to adhere to the present text ; but it is probable that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—like good men,

Beside our downfaln birth-
dom—

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground ; let us, like men who are to fight for what is

dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it, and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So *Falstaff* says to *Hal*.

When I am down, if thou wilt beside me, so.

Birthdom for *birth-right* 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.

⁴ *Beside our downfaln birth-*
dom :—] To protect it from utter destruction. The allusion is to the *Hyperaspists* of the ancients, who beset their fellows fallen in battle, and covered them with their shields.

WARBURTON.

As if it felt with *Scotland*,⁵ and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreis,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but some-
thing

* You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

⁷ A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell,
⁸ Though all things foul would bear the brows of
Grace,

Yet Grace must look still so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

⁵ —and yell'd out

Like syllables of dolour.] This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, shewed that Heaven sympathised with *Scotland*.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *You may discern of him through me,*—] By *Macduff's* answer it appears we should read,
—DESERVE of him—

WARBURTON.

⁷ *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.

⁸ *Though all things foul, &c.*]

This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this: *My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be often counterfeited by villainy.*

Mal.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
 9 Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
 Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee!—* Wear thou thy
 wrongs—

1 His title is appear'd.—Fare thee well, lord;
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
 There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:
 And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. 2 It is myself I mean, in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,

9 *Why in that rawness—*] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel.

* *Wear thou thy wrongs—*] That is, *Poor Country, wear thou thy wrongs.*

1 *His title is appear'd.—*] *Af-*

feared, a law term for confirmed. POPE.

2 *It is myself I mean, in whom I know*] This conference of *Malcolm* with *Macduff* is taken out of the chronicles of *Scotland*. POPE.

That,

That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' 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 hoodwink,
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that, were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge

³ Sudden, *malicious* —] *Sudden*, Rather violent, passionate,
den, for capricious. WARB. hasty.

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; ⁴ grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath ⁵ foysons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland!* *Scotland!*

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken,

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Of tner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!

⁴ —grows with more pernicious
root

Than summer-seeming lust;—]
Summer-seeming has no manner of
sense: correct,

Than summer-seeming lust;—

i. e. The passion, which lasts no
longer than the heat of life, and
which goes off in the winter of
age. WARRURTON.

⁵ —foysons—] Plenty.

POPE.
Theic

These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, 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. Develish *Macbeth*
By many of these trains hath fought to win me
Into his pow'r, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thousand warlike-men,
⁶ All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, ⁷ and the chance of goodness

Be

⁶ *All ready at A POINT,—*
At a point, may mean all ready
at a time; but *Shakespeare* meant
more: He meant both time and
place, and certainly wrote,

All ready at APPOINT,—
i. e. At the place appointed, at
the rendezvous. *WARBURTON*.

There is no need of change.

⁷ —and the chance of good-
ness

Be like our warranted quarrel!
The chance of goodness, as it is

commonly read, conveys no
sense. If there be not some
more important error in the
passage, it should at least be
pointed thus:

—and the chance, of goodness,
*Be like our warranted quar-
rel!*—

That is, may the event be, of
the goodness of heaven, [*pro
justitia divina*] answerable to the
cause.

But

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the King forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But, at his Touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. [Exit.]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he sollicit heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden Stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. ^s And 'tis spoken,

To

But I am inclined to believe that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—and the chance, O goodness,

Be like our warranted quarrel!——

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be, and O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now ap-

peal, may our fortune answer to our cause.

^s —and 'tis spoken,

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves

The healing Benediction——]

It must be own'd, that *Shakespeare* is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He

had

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
 The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
 That speak him full of Grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor Country,
 Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
 Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasie; the dead man's Knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps;
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
 Too nice, and yet too true!

had a mind to hint that the cure of the *Evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line in compliment to *James* the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to this gift: How then could it be at that time generally spoken of that the gift was hereditary? This he has solved by telling us that *Edward*

had the gift of prophecy along with it. WARBURTON.

⁹ *A modern ecstasie—*] 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*.

Mal.

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why well.—

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.—

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither. Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Sirward* 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 catch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a * fee-grief,
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.

Macd. If it be mine,

* —*fee-grief,*] A peculiar sorrow. The expression is, at
least to our ears, very harsh.

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!—

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? What all? Oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so,

But I must also feel it as a Man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief

¹ *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.

Con-

Convert to wrath. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;
Within my sword's length fet him, if he 'scape,
Then heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

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

An Ante-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

D O C T O R.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it
the last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,

H h 2

and

and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo, you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say—One; two; why then, 'tis time to do't—Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now. What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heav'n knows, what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit *Lady*.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds Do breed unnat'ral troubles, Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets. More needs she the Divine, than the Physician, God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.

² My mind she's mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [Exit.

² *My mind she's mated,—* Rather astonished, confound-
Conquer'd or subdued. POPE. ed.

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Field, with a Wood at distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. **T**HE *English* power is near, led on by
Malcolm,

His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

³ Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam-wood*

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming?

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not. I've a file
Of all the Gentry; there is *Siward's* son
And many unrough youths, that even now,
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* 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.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

³ Excite the mortified man.] the meaning, *Shakespeare* had not
Mr. *Theobald* will needs explain wrote the mortified man, but a
this expression. It means (says mortified man. In a word, by the
he) the man who has abandoned mortified man, is meant a Reli-
himself to despair, who has no gious; one who has subdued his
spirit or resolution left. And to passions, is dead to the world,
support this sense of mortified has abandoned it, and all the af-
man, he quotes mortified spirit in fairs of it: an Ascetic.

WARBURTON.

Now

Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
 Those, he commands, move only in command,
 Nothing in love ; now does he feel his Title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
 His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
 * When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself, for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
 Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
 To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
 Make up our March towards *Birnam*.

S C E N E III.

The Castle of Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. + **B**RING me no more Reports. I let them
 fly all ;
 'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm* ?
 Was he not born of woman ? Spirits, that know
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it,
Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false
Thanes,

* *When all that is within him* demnation.
does condemn

+ *Bring me no more Reports, &c.]*

Itself, for being there ?] That
is, when all the faculties of the
mind are employed in self-con-

Tell me not any more of desertions—
Let all my subjects leave me—I am
safe till, &c.

And mingle with the ⁵ *English* Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream'fac'd lown!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soul! ⁶ those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton*!—I'm sick at
heart,

When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: ⁷ my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf,

And

⁵ —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.

⁶ —those linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear.] The meaning is, they infect others who see them with cowardice.

WARBURTON.

⁷ —my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear.—] As there is no relation between the way of life, and fallen into the Sear, 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 authour has *May* in the same sense elsewhere.

——my way of life

Is fall'n into the Sear.—] An *Anonymus* would have it,

——my May of life:

But he did not consider that *Macbeth* is not here speaking of his
rule

And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curfes not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton ! —————

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported,

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
hackt ;

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour,
How do's your Patient, Doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of
it.

rule or government, or of any sudden change ; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from this line,

And that, which should accompany old age.

And *way* is used for course, progress.

WARBURTON.

Come,

—Come, put my armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
 Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
 The water of my Land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health ;
 I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
 That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—
 What rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these *English* hence ! Hear'st 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 hane,
 'Till *Birnam*-forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunfinane* away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Birnam-Wood.

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son,
 Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COUSINS, I hope the days are near at
 hand,
 That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
 Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, ^s but the confident tyrant
 Keeps

^s —but the CONFIDENT ty- spoil'd the measure in order to
 rant.] The editors have here give a tyrant an epithet that does
 not

Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope,
² For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldieriship.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
¹ What we shall say we have, and what we owe;
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue Strokes must ² arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

not belong to him; (namely *confidence*, or reposing himself securely in any thing or person) while they rejected the true one, expressive of a tyrant's jealousy and suspicion, and declarative of the fact. 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.

⁹ For where there is advantage to be given,

Both more and less have given him the Revolt;] The impropriety of the expression *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to

read,

—where there is a 'vantage to be gone,

Both more and less have given him the Revolt.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of *Shakespeare*, signified opportunity. He shut up himself and his soldiers, says *Malcolm*, in the castle, 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 India the more and the less,

¹ What we shall say we have, and what we owe:] i. e. property and allegiance.

WARBURTON.

² Arbitrate is determine.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Castle of Dunfinane.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums
and colours.*

Macb. **H** A N G 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 lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up ;
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[A cry within of women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek, and my ³ fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. ⁴ I have sapt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry ?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. ⁵ She should have dy'd hereafter ;

There

³ — fell of hair] My hairy part, my capillitium. Fell is skin.

⁴ — I have sapt full with horrors ;] The Oxford Editor alters this to,

—surfeited with horrors ;
And so, for the sake of a politer phrase, has made the speaker talk absurdly. For the thing we surfeit of, we behold with uneasiness and abhorrence. But

the speaker says, the things he sapt full of, were grown familiar to him, and he viewed them without emotion. WARBURTON.

⁵ She should have died hereafter ;

There would have been a time for such a word.] This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what word there would

There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day,
⁶ To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
⁷ 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,

would have been a *time*, and that there would or would not be a *time*, for any *word* seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport *Macbeth* into the following exclamation. I read therefore,

*She should have dy'd hereafter.
 There would have been a time
 for—such a world!—
 To-morrow, &c.*

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: *The Queen is dead. Macbeth. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she 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 de-*

parting 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*.

⁶ *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.

⁷ *The way to DUSTY death.—] We should read DUSKY, as appears from the figurative term lighted. The Oxford Editor has condescended to approve of it.*

WARBURTON.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has,

The way to study death— which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an error by an accidental transposition of the types.

Told

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.

Mef. My gracious Lord,
I should report That which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not, if thou dost for me as much.
—^s I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood
Do come to Dunfinane.*——and now a wood
Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I'gin to be weary of the Sun;
And wish, the state o'th' world were now undone.

^s *I pull in Resolution, and be-* read,
gin *I pall in Resolution,——*

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 with-
out either example, elegance or
propriety, it is surely better to

I languish in my constancy, my con-
fidence begins to forsake me. It is
scarcely necessary to observe how
easily *pall* might be changed in-
to *pull* by a negligent writer, or
mistaken for it by an unskilful
printer.

Ring

Ring the alarum Bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunfinane.

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army
with Boughs.*

Mal. **N**OW, 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. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:

Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,

Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[Alarums continued.]]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name,

Than any is in hell.

Macb.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves; or thou, *Macbeth*,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be—

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [Exit *Alarums.*]

Enter Malcolm and 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 professes itself yours,

And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes,

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. *Alarum.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. •

To him, 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've no words;
My voice is in my sword! Thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easie may'st thou the ² intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm!
And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That * palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

² — intrenchant air] That
is, air which cannot be cut.

* Palter with us] That shuf-
fe with ambiguous expressions.

Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be bated with the rabble's Curse.
Though *Birnam-wood* be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be 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 he, that first cries, *Hold, enough*.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roffe, Thanos, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Roffe. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead?

Roffe. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Roffe. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a
fairer death.

And

I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

Th' Ufurper's curf'd head. The time is free;

I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.

Hail, King of *Scotland!*

All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else

And so his knell is knoll'd.]

This incident is thus related from
Henry of Huntingdon by *Camden*
in his *Remains*, from which our
authour probably copied it.

When *Seyward*, the martial
earl of *Northumberland*, under-
stood that his son, whom he had

sent in service against the *Scotch-*
men, 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."

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 omnes.*

THIS play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character, the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not

whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in *Shakespeare's* time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. *Lady Macbeth* is merely detested; and though the courage of *Macbeth* preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

CORLIOLANUS

C. M A R-

That calls upon us, by the grace of God,
We will perform in measure, time and place,
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
What we require is now to be done.

C. M A R C I U S

C O R I O L A N U S .

Dramatis Personæ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, }
Cominius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, }
Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians,*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Litōrs, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the
Territories of the Volscians, and Antiates.

The whole history exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of *Coriolanus* in *Plutarch*. POPE.
Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623.

CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

I CITIZEN.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let it be done. Away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patriarchs, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they re-

lieved us humanely; ¹ but they think, we are too dear: The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. ² Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ³ ere we become Rakes; for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

² *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first. He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

² *Cit.* Consider you, what services he has done for his Country?

¹ *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

¹ *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft conſcienced Men can be content to say, it was for his Country, he did

¹ *But they think, we are too dear:]* They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth.

² *Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes;]* It was *Shakespeare's* design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here siffed a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us revenge this with forks ere we become rakes:* For *Pikes* then signified the same as *Forks* does now. So *Jezuel* in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christians ad furcas condemnare*, to,—*To condemn Christians to the pikes.* But the

Oxford Editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *Pitch forks.* WAREBURTON.

³ *ere we become Rakes;]* It is plain that, in our authour's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a Rake.* Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But this signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in *Islandick*, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *Rake*; *as lean as a Rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.

it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o'th' City is risen; why stay we prating here? To the Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What Work's, my Countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor Suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, Masters, my good Friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you. For your wants, Your sufferings in this Dearth, you may as well Strike at the heavens with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman State*; whose Course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbs
Of more strong Links afunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by Calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The Helms o'th' State, who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-
houses cramm'd with grain; make Edicts for Usury,
to support Usurers; repeal daily any wholesome Act
established against the Rich, and provide more pierc-
ing Statutes daily to chain up and restrain the Poor.
If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir——yet you must not think

4 —— I will venture

To SCALE'T a little more.]

Thus all the editions, as Mr. Theobald confesses, who alters it to *scale't*. And for a good reason, because he can find no sense (he says) in the common reading. For as good a reason, I, who can, have restored the old one to its place. *To scale't* signifying to weigh, examine and apply it. The author uses it again, in the same sense, in this very play,

SCALING his present bearing

with his past.

And so Fletcher in *The Maid in the Mill*,

What SCALE my invention before hand! you shall pardon me for that.

WARBURTON.

Neither of Dr. Warburton's examples afford a sense congruous to the present occasion. In the passage quoted, to *scale* may be to weigh and compare, but where do we find that to *scale* is to apply? If we *scale* the two criticks, I think Theobald has the advantage.

To fob off our ⁵ disgraces with a Tale.
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it;—
That only, like a Gulph, it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; ⁶ where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd.—

² *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
⁷ Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented Members, th' mutinous Parts,
That envied his receipt; ⁸ even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you——

² *Cit.* Your belly's answer——what!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
⁹ The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?—'Fore me, this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

² *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body—

Men. Well——what, then?

⁵ *Disgraces are hardships, injuries.*

⁶ *Where for whereas.*

⁷ *Which ne'er came from the lungs,—] With a smile not indicating pleasure but contempt*

⁸ *—even so most fitly,] i. e. exactly.* WARBURTON.

⁹ *The counsellor heart,—] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. Homo cordatus is a prudent man.*

2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this; good Friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd:
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he;
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to th' Court, the Heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this says the belly) mark
me——

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their Counsels, and their Cares, digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' Common, you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do You think?
You, the great toe of this Assembly?—

2 Cit. I the great toe? why, the great toe?

Men.

Men. For that, being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost :

¹ Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.——
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle ;
The one side must have bale.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Hail, noble *Marcius* !

Cor. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

² *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Cor. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
⁴ That like not peace, nor war ? The one affrights you,
The

¹ *Thou rascal, that art worst
in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some 'van-
tage—*] I think we may
better read, by an easy change,
*Thou rascal that art worst, in
blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win, &c.*

Thou that art the meanest by
birth, art the foremost to lead
thy fellows to ruin, in hope of
some advantage.

² *That LIKE NOT peace, nor
war ? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.—*
That they did not like war is
evident from the reason assigned,
of its *frighting* them ; but why

they should not like peace (and
the reason of that too is assigned)
will be very hard to conceive.
Peace, he says, made them *proud*,
by bringing with it an increase
of wealth and power, for those
are what make a people proud ;
but then those are what they *like*
but too well, and so must needs
like peace the parent of them.
This being contrary to what the
text says, we may be assured it
is corrupt, and that *Shakespear*
wrote,

*That LIKES NOT peace, nor
war?—*

i. e. Whom neither peace nor
war fits or agrees with, as mak-
ing

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
 Where foxes; geese; you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice, did it. Who deserves Greatness,
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most That
 Which would increase his evil. He, that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye——
 Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble, that was now your hate;
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in the several places of the city
 You cry against the noble Senate, who,
 Under the Gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another?—What's their Seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Cor. Hang 'em? they say.—
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to rise;

ing them either proud or cowardly. By this reading, *peace* and *war*, from being the accusatives to *likes*, become the nominatives. But the editors not understanding this construction, and seeing *likes* a verb singular, to *Curs* a noun plural, which they suppos'd the nominative to it, would, in order to shew their skill in grammar, alter it to *like*; but *likes* for *pleases* was common with the writers of this time. So

Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy;

What look likes you best? WAR.

That *to like* is *to please*, every one knows, but in that sense it is as hard to say why *peace* should not *like* the people, as, in the other sense, why the people should not *like* *peace*. The truth is, that *Coriolanus* does not use the two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

Who

Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeble such, as stand not in their Liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's Grain
enough?

Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, ³ I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
Fot though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Cor. They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs;
That *hunger broke stone walls*—that *dogs must eat*,—
That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the Gods send not
Corn for the rich men only*—With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a strange one,
To break ⁴ the heart of Generosity,
And make bold Power look pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Cor. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——s'death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the City,
Ere so prevail'd me! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Insurrection's arguing.

³ ——— I'd make a quarry

With thousands ———] Why a
quarry? I suppose. not because
he would pile them square, but
because he would give them for

carriage to the birds of prey.

⁴ ——— the heart of Generosity.]
To give the final blow to the
nobles. Generosity is high birth.

Men. This is strange.

Cor. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Marcius*?

Cor. Here. What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Cor. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders——

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1 Sen. *Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us.

The *Volscians* are in arms.

Cor. They have a Leader, *Tullus Aufidius*, that will put you to't, I sin in envying his Nobility, And were I any thing but what I am, I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Cor. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he

Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make Only my wars with him. He is a lion, That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy *Marcius*, Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars,

5—'tis true, that you have lately told us. *The Volscians are in arms.* *Cominius* had been but just told himself that the *Volscians* were in arms. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volscians is now verified; they are in arms.*

Com.

Com. It is your former promise.

Cor. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*,

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I
know,

Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on.

Follow, *Cominius*; we must follow you;

Right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius*——

Sen. Hence! To your homes. Be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Cor. Nay, let them follow.

The *Volsians* have much corn, take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful Mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Citizens steal away. *Manent* *Sicinius* and *Brutus*.

Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this *Marcius*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the Peo-
ple——

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to * gird the
Gods——

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon,——

⁶ *Your valour puts well forth;*] to gibe. So *Falstaff* uses the
Thatis, You have in this mutiny
shewn fair blossoms of valour. has a gird at me.

* ——to gird—] To sneer;

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud, to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcus*: Oh, if he
Had borne the business——

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on *Marcus*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come.
Half all *Cominius*' Honours are to *Marcus*,
Though *Marcus* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcus* shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. The present Wars devour him;
he is grown

Too proud, to be so valiant.]

Mr. Theobald says, This is obscurely expressed, but that the poet's meaning MUST certainly be this, that *Marcus* is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with PRIDE, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when *Shakespeare* had a mind to say, A man was eaten up with pride, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, He was eaten up with war. But our poet wrote at

another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. The present wars devour him, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, May he fall in these wars! The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the Republick. But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

Too proud of being so valiant.
And by that means takes away the reason the speaker gives for his cursing. WARBURTON.

Sic.

Sen. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
* More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our
Counfels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—These are the words—I think,
I have the letter here. Yes—here it is.

They have prest a Power, but it is not known

[Reading.]

*Whether for East or West. The Dearth is great,
The People mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you.
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our Army's in the Field.

* *More than his singularity, &c.*] his powers, and what is his ap-
We will learn what he is to do, pointment.
besides going himself, what are

We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appeared to *Rome*. By the discovery
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere, almost, *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they set down before's, ³ for the remove
Bring up your Army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If We and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you!

³ — FOR THE remove
Bring up your Army:—] The
first part of this sentence is with-
out meaning. The General had
told the Senators that the *Romans*
had prest a power, which was on
foot. To which the words in
question are the answer of a sen-
ator. And, to make them
pertinent, we should read them
thus,

—'FORE THEY remove
Bring up your Army:—
i. e. Before that power, already
on foot, be in motion, bring up

your army; then he corrects him-
self, and says, but I believe you
will find your intelligence ground-
less, the *Romans* are not yet pre-
pared for us. WARBURTON.

I do not see the nonsense or
impropriety of the old reading.
Says the senator to *Aufidius*, *Go*
to your troops, we will garrison
Corioli. If the *Romans* besiege
us, bring up your army to re-
move them. If any change should
be made, I would read,
—for their remove.

Auf.

Auf. And keep your Honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's House in Rome.

Enter Volunnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low stools, and sit.

Vol. **I** Pray you, Daughter, sing or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of King's entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely. Had I a dozen Sons each in my love

9 brows bound with Oak.] of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

K k 3 alike,

alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcus*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not.

Methinks, I hither hear your Husband's Drum;
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the *Volsces* shunning him.
Methinks, I see him stamp thus [*Stamping.*] and call
thus——

*Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.*

Vir. His bloody brow? Oh, *Jupiter*, no blood!—

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than Gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At *Grecian* swords contending. Tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heav'ns bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius*!

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship——

Val. How do you Both? You are manifest House-keepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship. Well, good Madam.

Vol.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the Father's Son. I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together——H'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his Fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it. Oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it?

Vol. One of's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble Child.

Vir. A Crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your Stichery. I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience. I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*. Yet they say, all the yarn, she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Ch, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam——

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a Senator speak it. Thus it is—The *Volsians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady. As she is now, she will but diseafe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think; she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not, I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Walls of Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers. *To them a Messenger.*

Cor. **Y**onder comes news. A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Cor. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Cor. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Cor. I'll buy him of you.

Lart

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him. Lend him
you, I will,

For half an hundred years.—Summon the town.

Cor. How far off lye these armies?

Mef. Within a mile and half.

Cor. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter two senators with others
on the Walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

Sen. No, ' nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our Youth. We'll break our Walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[*Alarum, far off.*

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Cor. Oh, they are at it!—

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Cor. They fear us not, but issue forth their City.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave
Titus,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts;

' —nor a man that fears you than he.
less than he,

Or more probably,

[*That's lesser than a little.—*]

—nor a man but fears you less
than he.

The sense requires it to be read,

than he.

—nor a man that fears you not

That's lesser than a little.

Which

Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum ; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Marcius.

Cor. All the Contagion of the south light on you,
You flames of *Rome!* you herd of——Boils and
plagues

Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!—You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves that apes would beat? *Pluto* and *Hell!*

All hurt behind. Backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to't, come on ;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds ;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in [He is shut in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcus*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!

2 Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, *Marcus*——

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to *3 Cato's* wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy founds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcus bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir——

Lart. O, 'tis *Marcus*.

Let's fetch him off, or *4* make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

2 Who, sensible, out-dares —]
The old editions read,

Who sensibly out-dares——

Thirlby reads,

*Who, sensible, out-does his
senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction.

3 In the old editions it was,
——*Calvus' wish,*] *Plutarch,*
in the Life of *Coriolanus,* relates

this as the opinion of *Cato* the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

4 —*make remain—*] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain.

HANMER.

Enter

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Cor. See here these Movers, that do^s prize their honours

At a crack'd drachm; cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them.
And hark, what noise the General makes!—To
him;—

There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*; then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the City;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Cor. Sir, praise me not.
My work hath not yet warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood, I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms

^s —prize their honours] In modern editor, who had made the first edition it is, such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity.
—prize their hours. I know not who corrected it. A

Mis-

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Cor. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Marcus*.

—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. **B**Reathe you, my friends. Well fought. We
are come off
Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our Stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our friends. ⁶Ye *Roman Gods*,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own;
That both our Powers, with smiling fronts encountring.

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcus* battle.
I saw our Party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,

⁶ —THE *Roman Gods*, &c.

That both our Powers——

May give you thankful sacri-
fice! This is an address

and invocation to them, there-
fore we should read,

——YE *Roman Gods*.

WARBURTON.

Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mef. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile. Briefly, we heard their drums. How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring the news so late ?

Mef. Spies of the *Volsians* Held me in chafe, that I was forc'd to wheel Three or four miles about ; else had I, Sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder, That does appear as he were fled ? O Gods ! He has the stamp of *Marcius*, and I have Before seen him thus.

Cor. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of *Marcius'* tongue From every meaner man.

Cor. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

Cor. h ! let me clip ye In arms as found, as when I woo'd ; in heart As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, How is't with *Titus Lartius* ?

Cor. As with a man buied about Decrees ; Condemning some to death, and some to exile, ⁷ Ransoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other ; Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,

⁷ Ransoming him, or pitying,—] i. e. remitting his ransom.

Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me, they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Cor. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth. But for our Gentlemen—
The common file; a plague!—Tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Cor. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. *Marcus*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Cor. How lies their battle? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust; o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Cor. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the Vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
' And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with ⁹ swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.—

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

* *And that you not delay the present,—* ⁹ *—swords advanc'd,—*] That is, swords lifted high.
WARBURTON.

Deny your asking; take your choice of those,
That best can aid your action.

Cor. Those are they,
That most are willing: If any such be here,
As it were sin to doubt, that love this Painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Let's for his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life;
And that his Country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or many, if so minded;
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,

[*Waving his hand.*]

And follow *Marcus*.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Oh! Me alone! Make you a sword of me.
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volsicians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number;
'Tho' thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed; I please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 — please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out
my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.]

I cannot but suspect this passage
of corruption. Why should they
march, that four might select
those [that were best inclin'd?]
How would their inclinations be
known? Who were the four that

should select them? Perhaps we
may read,

— please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out
of my Command,
Which men are least inclin'd.

It is easy to conceive that, by a
little negligence, fear might be
changed to four, and least to
best.

S C E N E X.

Changes to Corioli.

Titus Lartius, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius; Enter with a Lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. **S**O, let the Ports be guarded. Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those Sentries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come! To the *Roman* camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at several doors.

Cor. **I**'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:

Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy Fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.

Cor. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, *Marcus*,

Halloo me like a Hare.

Cor. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. ² Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, 'till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant!—* you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
I'th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the Gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!——
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

² Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your
bragg'd Progeny,] The Ro-
mans boasted themselves descend-
ed from the *Trojans*, how then
was *Hector* the whip of their pro-
geny? It must mean the whip
with which the *Trojans* scourg'd
the *Greeks*, which cannot be but
by a very unusual construction,
or the authour must have forgot-

ten the original of the *Romans*;
unless whip has some meaning
which includes advantage or su-
periority, as we say, *he has the*
whip-hand, for *he has the advan-*
tage.

* — you have sham'd me
[*In your condemned Seconds.*]
For condemned, we may read con-
temned. You have, to my shame,
sent me help which I despise.

Enter

Enter Titus Lartius, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,

³ Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld———

Cor. Pray now, no more. My Mother,
Who has ⁴ a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my Country.
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The Grave of your deserving. Rome must know
The value of her own; 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your Doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Cor. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. * Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Cor. I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take

³ Here is the steed, we the caparison.] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.

⁴ —a charter to extol—] A privilege to praise her own son.

* Should they not,] That is, not be remembered.

A bribe, to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius, Marcius!
cast up their caps and launces: Cominius and Lar-
tius stand bare.*

Cor. May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane,

Never found more! ^s When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let Hymns be made
An overture for the wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;

^s In the old copy:

—when drums and trumpets shall,
I' th' field, prove flatterers, let
COURTS AND cities

Be made ALL of false-fac'd
soothing.

When steel grows soft as the
parasite's silk,

Let him be made an overture for
th' wars:—] All here is
miserably corrupt and disjointed.

We should read the whole thus,

—when drums and trumpets
shall,

I' th' field, prove flatterers, let
CAMPS, AS cities,

Be made of false-fac'd soothing!
When steel grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let
HYMNS be made

An overture for the wars!

The thought is this, If one
thing changes its usual nature to
a thing most opposite, there is no
reason but that all the rest which
depend on it should do so too.
[If drums and trumpets prove
flatterers, let the camp bear the
false face of the city.] And if
another changes its usual nature,
that its opposite should do so too.
[When steel softens to the con-
dition of the parasite's silk, the
peaceful hymns of devotion should
be employed to excite to the
charge.] Now, in the first in-
stance, the thought, in the com-
mon reading, was entirely lost by
putting in courts for camps: and
the latter miserably involved in
nonsense, by blundering Hymns
into him. WARBURTON.

More

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us, that give you truly. By your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
 Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
 Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
 With all th' applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Bear th' addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.

I mean to stride your Steed, and at all time

⁶ To undercrest your good Addition,

⁷ To th' fairness of my Power.

Com. So. To our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To *Rome* of our successes. You, *Titus Lartius*,
 Must to *Corioli* back; send us to *Rome*

* The Best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The Gods begin to mock me.

I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take it. 'Tis yours. What is't?

⁶ To undercrest your good Addition,] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

⁷ To th' fairness of my Power.] Fairness, for utmost, WARB.

I know not how fairness can mean utmost. When two engage on equal terms, we say it is fair; fairness may therefore be equality; in proportion equal to my power.

* The Best,—] The chief men of *Corioli*.

Cor. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you,
To give my poor Host Freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, *Titus*.

Eart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By *Jupiter*, forgot.——
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XII.

Changes to the Camp of the Volsci.

*A Flourish. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody,
with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. **T**HE town is ta'en!
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Marcus*,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me,

⁸ *Being a Volscian, &c.*] It may mention it here, because here the
be just observed, that *Shakespeare* change has spoiled the measure.
calls the *Volsci*, *Volscos*, which the *Being a Volscie, be that I am.*
modern editors have changed *Condition?*
to the modern termination, I

And

And would't do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
 Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True Sword to Sword, I'll potch at him some way,
 Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle. My valour poi-
 son'd,
 With only suffering stain by him, ² for him
 Shall flie out of itself: ¹ Not sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarrments all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Marcus*. Where I find him, were it

² ——— for him

Shall flie out of itself:—] To mischief him my valour should deviate from its own native generosity.

¹ —not sleep, nor sanctury, &c.

EMBARRMENTS all of fury, &c.——] The dramatick art of this speech is great. For after *Aufidius* had so generously received *Coriolanus* in exile, nothing but the memory of this speech, which lets one so well into *Aufidius's* nature, could make his after perfidy and baseness at all probable. But the second line of this impious rant is corrupt. For tho', indeed, he might call the *assaulting Marcus* at any of those sacred seasons and places an *embarkment* of fury; yet he could not call *the seasons and places themselves*, so. We may

believe therefore that *Shakespeare* wrote,

EMBARRMENTS all of fury,
 &c.——

i. e. obstacles. Tho' those seasons and places are all obstacles to my fury, yet, &c. The *Oxford Editor* has, in his usual way, refined upon this emendation, in order to make it his own; and so reads, *Embankments*, not considering how ill this metaphor agrees with what is said just after of their *LIFTING up their ROTTEN privilege*, which evidently refers to a wooden *bar*, not to an earthen *bank*. These two Generals are drawn equally covetous of glory: But the *Volscian* not scrupulous about the means. And his immediate repentance, after the assassinate, well agrees with such a character. WARB.

* At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove.

I pray you,
('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

MENENIUS.

THE Augur tells me, we shall have news to
night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not *Marcus*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. ² Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians*
would the noble *Marcus*.

* *At home, upon my brother's guard,—*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

² *Pray you, &c.*] When the tribune, in reply to *Menenius's* remark on the people's hate of

Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, *Menenius* asks, *whom does the wolf love?* Implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people.

Bru.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You are two old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir;—

Men. In what enormity is *Marcus* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame *Marcus* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes³ towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as

³ towards the napes of your necks,] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him,

in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias*, fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; ⁴ one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*, if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your Worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcoim, follows it, that I am known well-enough too? what harm can your ⁵ *bisson* Conspicuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: ⁶ you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a Cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colick, you make faces like mummers,

⁴ *one that converses more, &c.*] Rather a late lier down than an early riser.

⁵ *bisson*, blind, in the old copies, is *leesome*, restored by Mr. Theobald.

⁶ *you wear out a good, &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that *Shakespear* mistook the office of *Præfectus urbis* for the Tribune's office. WARB.

7 set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber of the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a Grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Marcus* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the * herdsman of beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.*]

S C E N E II.

As Menenius is going out, Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcus* approaches. For the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcus* coming home?

7 set up the bloody flag against all patience.] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. * herdsman of Plebeians.] As kings are called *πρόμαχος λαῶν*.

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. ⁸ Take my Cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—
Hoo! *Marcus* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here's a letter from him, the State hath another; his wife, another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night. A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but empiric, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded; I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*. He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him

⁸ *Take my CAP, Jupiter, and I thank thee—*] Tho' *Menenius* is made a prater and a boon-companion, yet it was not the design of the poet to have him prophane, and bid *Jupiter* take his cap. *Shakespeare's* thought is very different from what his editors dream'd of. He wrote,

Take my CUP, Jupiter.

i. e. I will go offer a Libation to thee, for this good news: which

was the custom of that time. There is a pleasantry, indeed, in his way of expressing it, very agreeable to his convivial character. But the editors, not knowing the use of this *cup*, alter'd it to *cap*. *WARBURTON.*

Shakespeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that *Menenius* may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to *Jupiter*.

that.

that. If he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate ^o possess't of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow; waw.—

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good Worships. [*To the Tribuns.*] *Marcus* is coming home. He has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm. There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's Grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

^o *Possess't*, in our authour's language, is *fully informed*.

¹ *He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.*

Men. One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh: there's nine, that I know.] Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist *Menenius* in his Arithmetick. This is a

stupid blunder: but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the Cause of it, That directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one* as a needless repetition of the first and to make a numeral word of 100.

WARBURTON.

Vol. These are the ushers of *Marcus*; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
² Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

S C E N E III.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius*; between them *Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and soldiers, and a herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcus* did fight Within *Corioli's* gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*.
 Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*!

Cor. No more of this. It does offend my heart.

Pray, now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,——

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up.

My gentle *Marcus*, worthy *Caius*, and
 By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd;
 What is it? *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?
 But oh, thy wife——

Cor. ³ My gracious silence, hail!

² Which being advanc'd, declines,—] *Volumnia*, in her boasting strain, says, that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall.

³ My gracious silence, hail!] The epithet to silence shews it not

to proceed from reserve or fullness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman.

WARBURTON.

Wou'd'st

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! and y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy.—Wel-
come!

A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.—You are three,
That *Rome* should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*? Ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
+ But, with them, Change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,

+ *But, with them, Change of honours.*] So all the Editions read. But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute, charge. For *change*, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have

told the plain truth, and confessed that it communicated none at all to him: However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies variety of honours; as change of rayment, amongst the writers of that time, signified variety of rayment. WARB.

And the buildings of my fancy ; only there's one thing
wanting,

Which, I doubt not, but our *Rome* will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

S C E N E IV.

Brutus, and Sicinius, come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse

⁵ Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,

While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clambring the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, win-
dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

With variable complexions ; all agreeing

In earnestness to see him ; seild-shown *Flamins*

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames

⁶ Commit the War of white and damask, in

⁵ *Into a rapture—*] *Rapture*,
a common term at that time used
for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*
signified, *to be in a fit*. WARB.

⁶ *Commit the WAR of white
and damask, in*

Their nicely garwded cheeks,—] This
commixture of *white* and
red could not, by any figure of
speech, be called a *war*, because
it is the *agreement* and *union* of
the colours that make the beauty.

We should read,

—*the WARE of white and
damask—*

i. e. the commodity, the mer-
chandise. WARBURTON.

Has the commentator never
heard of roses *contending* with
lilies for the empire of a lady's
cheek ? The *opposition* of colours,
though not the *commixture*, may
be called a war.

Their

Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses; such a pother,
* As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our Office may;
During his Power go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temporarily transport his honours,
7 From whence he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In That there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they;
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little question
8 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless Vesture of Humility;
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. Oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' th' Gentry,
And the desire o' th' Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

* *As if that whatsoever God,]*
That is, *as if that God who leads*
him, whatsoever God he be.

7 *From where he should begin*
and end,——] Perhaps it
should be read,
From where he should begin t'an
end,——

8 *As he is PROUD to do't.]* I
should rather think the author
wrote PRONE: because the com-
mon reading is scarce sense or
English. WARBURTON.

Proud to do, is the same as,
proud of doing, very plain sense,
and very common *English.*

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep, will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That *Marcus* shall be Consul; I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and Maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the Nobles bended,
As to *Jove's* Statue; and the Commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,

And

And ⁹ carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* COME, come, they are almost here. How many stand for Consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, ' he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad as That, which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

⁹ —carry with us ears and crushing *Coriolanus*.

eyes, &c.] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of

' he wav'd] That is, he would wave indifferently.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Country, and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been ² supple and courteous to the People, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volsians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom We meet here, both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

² *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,*] The sense, I think, requires that we should read, *unbonnetted*. Who have risen only by pulling off their hats to the people. *Bonnetted* may relate to *people*, but not without harshness.

I Sen. Speak, good *Cominius* ;
 Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
 Rather our State's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' th' People,
 We do request your kindest ear ; and, after,
³ Your loving motion toward the common Body,
 To yield what pass'es here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing Treaty ; and have hearts
 Inclunable to honour and advance
⁴ The Theam of our Assembly

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be blest to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the People, than
 He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. ⁵ That's off, that's off.
 I would, rather you had been silent. Please you
 To hear *Cominius* speak ?

Bru. Most willingly ;
 But yet my caution was more pertinent,
 Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People.
 But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.
 Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

I Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus* ; never shame to hear

³ *Your loving motion toward the common Body.*] Your kind interposition with the common people.

⁴ *The Theam of our Assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression : And had it affected our Author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors ; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your Assembly*.

For 'till the *Lex Attinia* (the author of which is supposed by *Sigonius*, [*De Vetere Italiae Jure*] to have been contemporary with *Quintus Metellus Macedonicus*, the Tribunes had not the privilege of entering the Senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *That's off, that's off.*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honours' pardon.

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say, how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.——

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my Nthings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*]

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying spawn^o how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius.*

Com. I shall lack voice; the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the Flaver; if it be,
The Man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
* When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three Opposers; *Tarquin's* self he met,

^o —how can he flatter,] The
reasoning of *Menenius* is this:
How can he be expected to prac-
tise flattery to others, who ab-
hor it so much, that he cannot
hear it even when offered to him-

self.
* When *Tarquin* made a head
for *Rome*.—] When *Tar-*
quin, who had been expelled,
raised a power to recover *Rome*.

And

And struck him on his knee; in that day's feats,
 When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
 He prov'd th' best Man i' th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-entered thus, he waxed like a Sea;
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurcht all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
 Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home; he stopt the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so Men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern. His sword, death's stamp,
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
 'The mortal Gate o' th' City, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
 For by and by the din of war 'gain pierce
 His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and 'till we call'd
 Both Field and City our's, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

I Sen. ' He cannot but with measure fit the Ho-
 nours;

7 ——— every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries.—]

The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other.

* *The mortal Gate*—] The

Gate that was made the scene of death.

' He cannot but with measure fit the Honours,] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation.

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world; he covets less
¹ Than Misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, ² and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right Noble.

Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Mem. It then remains,

That

¹ *Than Misery itself would give,*—] *Misery*, for avarice; because a *Miser* signifies an Avaricious. WARBURTON.

² *Com.* —and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. *He's right noble.*] The last words of *Cominius's* speech are altogether unintelligible. *Shakespeare*, I suppose, wrote the passage thus,

————— and is content
To spend his time—————

Men. To end it, *He's right noble.*

Cominius, in his last words, was entering upon a new topic in praise of *Coriolanus*; when his warm friend *Menenius*, impatient to come to the subject of the honours designed him, interrupts *Cominius*, and takes him

short with,—to end it, i. e. to end this long discourse in one word, *he's right noble.* Let him be called for. This is exactly in character, and restores the passage to sense. WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote thus,

————— he rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time, to spend it.
To do great acts for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it.

³ *It then remains,*

That you do speak to th' People.] *Coriolanus* was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of *Manlius Torquatus* U. C.

That you do speak to th' People.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that Custom; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake to give their suffrages.
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't. Pray, fit you to the
Custom,

And take t'ye, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your Form.

Cor. It is a Part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you That?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,—
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't.
—We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the People,
Our Purpose. To them, and to our noble Consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornet. Then Exeunt.*]

393, the Senate chose, both the
Consuls: And then the people,
assisted by the seditious temper of
the Tribunes, got the choice of
one. But if he makes *Rome* a
Democracy, which at this time
was a perfect Aristocracy; he
sets the balance even in his *Ti-*
mon, and turns *Athens*, which
was a perfect Democracy, into
an Aristocracy. But it would be
unjust to attribute this entirely to
his ignorance; it sometimes pro-

ceeded from the too powerful
blaze of his imagination, which
when once lighted up, made all
acquired knowledge fade and
disappear before it. For some-
times again we find him, when
occasion serves, not only writing
up to the truth of history, but
fitting his sentiments to the nicest
manners of his peculiar subject,
as well to the *dignity* of his cha-
racters, or the *dictates* of nature
in general. WARBURTON.

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the People.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. On th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forum!

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* ⁴ **O**NCE; if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* ⁵ We have Power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to
put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them:
so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him
our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is mon-
strous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to
make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we

⁴ *Once*;] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *We have Power in ourselves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do*;] I am persuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the *Augustine* manner of defining *free-will* at that time in the schools. WARB.

A ridicule may be intended, but the sense is clear enough. *Power*: first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. *Darvies* has used the same word with great variety of meaning.

Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,

That gave thee power to do.—

being

being Members, should bring our selves to be monstrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once, when We stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the⁶ many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd; and truly, I think, ⁷ if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, and South; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o'th' Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge; my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, ⁸ the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks—You may, you may——

⁶ *many-headed multitude.*] Hammer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*.

⁷ *if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, &c.*] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. This meaning the *Oxford Editor* has totally discharged, by changing the text

thus,

——*issue out of our sculls.*

WARBURTON.

⁸ *the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.*] A fly satirical insinuation how small a capacity of wit is necessary for that purpose: But every day's experience of the Sex's prudent disposal of themselves, may be sufficient to inform us how unjust it is.

WARBURTON.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known the worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—I got them in my Country's service, when Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would, they would forget me, like the Virtues Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholsom manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir. 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble the Poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' Consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir? I pray, let me ha't. I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, Sir. What say you?

Both Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir. There's in all two worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An'twere to give again.—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul. I have here the customary Gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma ———

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have

have my cap than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. 9 I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
1 Why in this woolvish Gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless Voucher? Custom calls me to't—
What Custom wills in all things, should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high Office and the Honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

9 *I will not seal your knowledge*] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

1 *Why——should I stand here,*
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless Voucher?——]
Why stand I here in this ragged apparel to beg of *Hob* and *Dick*,

and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary votes. I rather think we should read,

Their needless vouches.

But *voucher* may serve, as it may perhaps signify either the act or the agent.

—*this woolvish Gown*] Signifies this rough hirsute gown.

Three

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.

Your voices—for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd; battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more; your
voices.

Indeed, I would be Consul.

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be Consul, the Gods give
him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation, and the Tri-
bunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Custom of request you have discharg'd;
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and knowing my self
again,

Repair to th' Senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

S C E N E VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves!

2 Cit. Amen, Sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He used us scornfully. He should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said, he'd wounds, which he could shew in
private;

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be Consul, say he, ² *aged Custom,*

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore. When we granted that,

Here was—*I thank you for your voices—thank you—*

² ——— *aged Custom,*] This consular government; for *Coriolanus* was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Your

*Your most sweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?*

Sic. Why, either, were you ³ ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no Power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy; still spake against
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal; and now arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rds you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature;
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,

³ ——— ignorant to see't?] The
Oxford Editor alters *ignorant* to
impotent, not knowing that *ig-*
norant at that time signified *impo-*
tent. WARBURTON.

That *ignorant* at any time has,
otherwise than consequentially,

the same meaning with *impotent*,
I do not know. It has no such
meaning in this place. *Were*
you ignorant to see it, is, did
you want knowledge to discern
it.

He did solicit you in ⁴ free contempt,
 When he did need your loves, and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
 On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They've chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their Liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
 And on a safer Judgment all revoke
 Your ignorant election. ⁵ Enforce his Pride,
 And his old hate to you; besides, forget not,
 With what contempt he wore the humble Weed;
 How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
 We labour'd, no impediment between,
 But that you must cast your election on him.

⁵ — free contempt,] That is,
 with contempt open and unre-
 strained.

⁵ — Enforce his Pride,] Ob-
 ject his pride, and enforce the
 objection.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our commandment,

Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble House of *Marcus*; from whence came
That *Ancus Marcus*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
Who, after great *Hostilius*, here was King;
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
⁶ And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so for twice being Censor,
⁷ Was his great Ancestor.

⁶ And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,] This verse I have supplied: a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of *Plutarch's* life of *Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

⁷ And *Censorinus*,——
Was his great Ancestor.] Now the first Censor was created U. C. 314. and *Coriolanus* was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this; the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from *Plutarch's* life of *Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of *Coriolanus*, takes notice both of his Ancestors and of his Posterity, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has

here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of *Holmedon*.

Mordack the Earl of Fife, and
eldest Son

To beaten Douglas——

But the Earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert Duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holingshead*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others werethese, Mordack Earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, Earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and Earl Douglas were one and the same person.

WARBURTON.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
* Scaling his present Bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so. Almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Plebeians.]

Bru. Let them go on,
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both † observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' th' people,
And this shall seem, as party 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

* *Scaling his present Bearing
with his past,*] That is,
*weighing his past and present be-
haviour.*

† — *observe and answer*

The vantage of his anger.]
Mark, catch, and improve the
opportunity which his hasty an-
ger will afford us.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Street in Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

CORIOLANUS.

Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was,
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the *Volsicians* stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On Safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volsicians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the Town. He is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there?
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth! I do despise them;
For they do *prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! what is that!

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on. No further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way. He shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, ^s why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility;
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot.

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,

* —prank them in authority]
Plumes display themselves.

^s —why rule you not their

teeth?] The metaphor is
from men's setting a Bull-dog or
Mastiff upon any one. WARB.

When

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the supplicants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. ⁹ Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? Beyond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of That,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on. ¹ This pal-
tring

Becomes not *Rome*; nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid * falsly
I' th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again——

Men. Not now, not now.

⁹ Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.] i. e.
likely to provide better for the
security of the commonwealth
than you (whose *business* it is)
will do. To which the reply is
pertinent,

Why then should I be Consul?
Yet the restless humour of refor-
mation in the *Oxford Editor* dis-

turbs the text to,

——better you.

WARD.

¹ ——*This paltring*
Becomes not Rome;—] That
is, this trick of dissimulation,
this shuffling.

Let these be no more believ'd

That palter with us in a double
sense. Macbeth.

* *Falsly for treacherously.*

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will.

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons ;
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,

² Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves ; I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd, and scat-
ter'd

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more——

Sen. No more words, we beseech you——

Cor. How !—no more !

Sen. As for my Country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force ; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' peop'le, as you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

Men. What, what, his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain ?

² Let them regard me, as I do
not flatter,
And there behold themselves ;]
Let them look in the mirror

which I hold up to them, a mir-
ror which does not flatter, and
see themselves.

Hear

Hear you this *Triton* of the ³ minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. ⁴ 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
⁵ The horn and noise o'th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
⁶ Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. ⁷ You're Plebeians,

³ —minnows?—] *i. e.* Small fry.

WARBURTON.

A *Minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*.

⁴ 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right.

⁵ The horn and noise.—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before.

WARB.

⁶ Then vail your ignorance;—] Ignorance, for impotence; because it makes impotent. The *Oxford Editor* not understanding this, transposes the whole sentence according to what in his fancy is accuracy. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's transposition deserves notice.

—If they have power,
Let them have cushions by you;
if none, awake

Your dang'rous lenity; if you
are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you
are not,

Then vail your ignorance. You
are Plebeians, &c.

I neither think the transposition of one editor right, nor the interpretation of the other. The sense is plain enough without supposing *ignorance* to have any remote or consequential sense. *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.*

⁷ —You're Plebeians,

If they be Senators; and they
are no less,

When, both your voices blended,
the great'st taste

Must palate theirs.—] These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction.

—they no less [than Senators]

When, both your voices blended,
the great'st taste

Must palate theirs.

When the taste of the great, the patricians, must palate, must please [or must try] that of the plebeians.

If

If they be Senators; and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
 Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate!
 And such a one as he, who puts his *skull*,
 His popular *shell*, against a graver Bench
 Than ever frown'd in *Greece*! By *Jove* himself,
 It makes the Consuls base; ⁸ and my soul akes
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon Confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
 The one by th' other.

Com. Well—On to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'th' store-house, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in *Greece*—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute
 Power:

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
 Was not our recompence; resting assur'd,
 They ne'er did service for't; being prest to th' war,
 Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
⁹ They would not thread the gates; this kind of ser-
 vice

Did not deserve corn *gratis*; being i' th' war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation,
 Which they have often made against the Senate,

⁸ — and my soul akes] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARB.

⁹ They would not thread the gates;] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley.

All cause unborn, ¹ could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this Bosom-multiplied digest
 The Senate's courtesie? let deeds express,
 What's like to be their words—*We did request it—*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands— Thus we debase
 The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
 The locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. ² No, take more;

What may be sworn by. Both Divine and Human
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 T' unstable slightness; ³ purpose so barr'd, it follows,

¹ —could never be the native]
Native, for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural
 birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause*
 of birth. But I would read *mo-*
tive, which, without any dis-

tortion of its meaning, suits
 the speaker's purpose.

² No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both
divine and human

Seal what I end withal!—
 The false pointing hath made
 this unintelligible. It should be
 read and pointed thus,

No, take more;

What may be sworn by. Both

Divine and Human

Seal what I end withal!—

i. e. No, I will still proceed, and
 the truth of what I shall say may
 be sworn to. And may both
 Divine and Human powers [*i.*
e. the Gods of Rome and Senate]
 confirm and support my conclu-

sion. WARBURTON.

³ —purpose so barr'd, it fol-
 lows,

Nothing is done to purpose,—
 This is so like *Polonius's* clo-
 quence, and so much unlike the
 rest of *Coriolanus's* language,
 that I am apt to think it spuri-
 ous.

WARBURTON.

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
 You that will be less fearful than discreet,
⁴ That love the fundamental part of State
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
 That's sure of death without; at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
⁵ Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
 Of that integrity ⁶ which should become it;
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,

⁴ *That love the fundamental part of State*

More than you doubt the change of't;—] i. e. Who are so wedded to accustomed forms in the administration, that in your care for the preservation of those, you overlook the danger the constitution incurs by strictly adhering to them. This the speaker, in vindication of his conduct, artfully represents to be his case; yet this pertinent observation the *Oxford Editor*, with one happy dash of his pen, in amending *doubt to do*, entirely abolishes.

WARBURTON.

To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the

danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government.

⁵ *Mangles true judgment,—] Judgment, for government.*

WARBURTON.

Judgment is *judgment* in its common sense, or the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong.

⁶ *—which should become it:] Become, for adorn.* WARB.

Integrity is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, to *suit*, to *besit*.

When

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, ⁷ it must be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason——

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! Let him be apprehended.

[*Ædiles enter.*

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

[*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

S C E N E II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens——what ho!——

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace. Stay, hold, peace!

⁷ ——it must be meet,] *Han-*
mer reads,

——it must be law.

And *Dr. Warburton* follows him
surely without necessity.

Men.

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath; Confusion's near, I cannot speak.—You Tribunes, *Coriolanus*, patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people—Peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties; *Marcus* would have all from you, *Marcus*, Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat; To bring the roof to the foundation, And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges, In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority, Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him; Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

All. Ple. Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your Country's friends,
And

And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redrefs.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are * very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; I'll dye here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come, try upon yourselves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword. Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcius*; help you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people are beat in.*]

S C E N E III.

Men. Go, get you to your house. Be gone, away,
All will be naught else,

2 Sen. Get you gone.

3 Cor. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore,

You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,

* ——— *very poisonous,*] I read,
are very poisons.

persuade him to retire. So *Co-*
minius presently after;

3 Com. Stand fast, &c.] This
speech certainly should be given
to *Coriolanus*; for all his friends

Come, Sir, along with us.

WARBURTON.

Though

Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol.
 Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
 ' One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace o'th' best of them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
 And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it stands
 Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
 Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
 What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
 I'll try, if my old wit be in request
 With those that have but little; this must be patcht
 With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away. [*Excunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

S C E N E IV.

1 Sen. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
 Or *Jove* for's power to thunder; his heart's his mouth,
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
 Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would, they were a bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tiber*—What, the
 vengeance,
 Could he not speak 'em fair?

' One time will owe another] will give us power in some other
 I know not whether to owe in time: or, *this time* of the people's
 this place means to possess by predominance will run them in
 right, or to be indebted. Either debt: that is, will lay them open
 fense may be admitted. *One time,* to the law, and expose them here-
 in which the people are seditious, after to more fervile objection.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands. He hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public Power,
Which he so sets at nought.

i Cit. He shall well know,
The noble Tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry *havock*, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. How comes it, you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults——

Sic. Consul?——What Consul?

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul?

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and your's, good
people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no other harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and to keep him here,

Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easie.
What has he done to *Rome*; that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,
Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce, he dropt it for his Country,
And what is left, to lose it by his Country;
Were to us all that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. ¹ This is clean kam.

Bru. Meerly awry. When he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

² *Sic.* The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tye leaden pounds t'its heels. Proceed by process,

¹ *This is clean kam.*] *i. e.* Awry. So *Cotgrave* interprets *Tout va à contrepoil*, *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *Kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder-leg. **WARB.**

² In former copies:

Men. *The service of the foot, &c.*] Nothing can be more evident than that this could never be said by *Coriolanus's* apologist, and that it was said by one of the Tribunes; I have therefore given it to *Sicinius*. **WARB.**

Left Parties, as he's belov'd, break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere so——

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our *Ædiles* smote; ourselves resisted? Come——

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. **L**ET them pull all about mine ears, present
me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. ³ I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of ⁴ my ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace or War. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go. —

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The Thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd

³ *I muse.* —] That is, I ⁴ — *my ordinance* —] My
wonder, I am at a loss. rank.

Ere

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too,

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
' Before he should thus stoop to th' Herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as physick
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when Extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant That, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush——

⁵ Before he should thus stoop to
ib' HEART—] This non-
sense should be reformed thus,

Before he thus should stoop to
ib' HERD, i. e. the people.

WARBURTON.

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy, how is't less, or worse,
That it should hold companionship in peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. ⁶ Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' People:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue; though ⁷ bastards,
and syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required,
I should do so in honour. ⁸ I am in this
Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles.—
And you will rather shew ⁹ our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

⁶ *Why force you—*] Why urge you.

⁷ ——— *bastards, and syllables*

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.] I read,

Of no alliance, ———
therefore *bastards.*

⁸ ——— *I am in this*

Your Wife, your Son: the Senators, the Nobles, ———

And You, &c.] The pointing of the printed copies makes stark nonsense of this passage. *Volumina* is persuading *Coriolanus*

that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that, in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the Senate, and body of the Patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.*

⁹ ——— *our general lowts*] Our common clowns.

Of

Of what * that Want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!

—Come, go with us, speak fair. You may save so

¹ Not what is dangerous present, but the loss

Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my Son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,

And thus far having stretch'd it, here be with them,

Thy knee bussing the stones; for in such business

Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant

More learned than the ears; ² waving thy head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,

That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

Thou art their Soldier, and being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,

* —*that Want*—] The *want* of their loves.

¹ *Not what*—] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*.

² —*waving thy head*,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.] But do any

of the ancient, or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often, thus, &c.*? These questions are sufficient to shew that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore,

—*waving thy hand*,

Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart.

This is a very proper precept of action suiting the occasion: Wave thy hand, says she, and soften

the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action shew the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper.

WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the authour's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety against the copies. I would read thus,

—*waving thy head*,

With *often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking thy breast*. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper.

In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd ; altho', I know, thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I've been i' th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong Party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence. All's in anger.

Men. Only, fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will.

—Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them³ my unbarbed sponce ?
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :
Yet were there but this⁴ single Plot to lose,
This mould of *Marcus*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' Market-place !
You've put me now to such a Part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet Son ; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a Soldier, so,

³ —*my unbarbed sponce* ?] The suppliant of the people used to present themselves to them in jorrid and neglected dresses. portion ; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase.

WARBURTON.

⁴ —*single plot*—] *i. e.* piece,

To have my praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't :

Away, my Disposition, and possess me
Some Harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin's voice
That Babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms ! I will not do't, —
Lest I surcease ⁷ to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then.

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, ⁸ let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list :
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me :
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.

Mother, I'm going to th' Market-place.
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going.

⁵ Which quired with my drum,]
Which played in concert with my
drum.

⁶ Tent in my cheeks,] To tent
is to take up residence.

⁷ —to honour mine own truth,]
Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα ἀισχύνω σαυτοῖ.

PYTHAGORAS.

⁸ ————let

Thy Mother rather feel thy pride,
than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness ; —]
This is obscure. Perhaps she
means, Go, do thy worst ; let me
rather feel the utmost extremity
that thy pride can bring upon us,
than live thus in fear of thy dan-
gerous obstinacy.

Com-

Commend me to my Wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you. Arm
Your self to answer mildly; for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. **I**N this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And, when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I'th' right and strength o' th' Commons, be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Banishment, then let them,
If I say Fine, cry *Fine*; if Death, cry *Death*;
Insisting on the old Prerogative
And Power⁹ i' th' truth o' th' Cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a Din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer,¹ and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chast, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and That is there,² which looks
With us to break his neck.

9 ——— i' th' truth o' th' Cause.] This is not very easily understood. We might read,

——— o'er th' truth o' th' Cause.

¹ ——— and to have his word

OF contradiction.—] The sense here falls miserably. He hath been used, says the speaker, ever to conquer—And what then?—and to contradict. We should read and point it thus,

——— And to have his word,

OFF contradiction.—

i. e. to have his opinion carry it without contradiction. Here the sense rises elegantly. He used ever to conquer; nay to conquer without opposition.

WARB.

To have his word of contra-

dition is no more than, he is used to contradict; and to have his word, that is, not to be opposed. We still say of an obstinate disputant, he will have the last word.

² ——— which looks

With us to break his neck.] A familiar phrase of that time, signifying *works with us*. But the Oxford Editor understanding the sense better than the expression, gives us here *Shakespeare's* meaning in his own words. WARB.

To look is to wait or expect. The sense, I believe, is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there to help us to break his neck.

Enter

Enter Coriolanus; Menenius and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume:—The honour'd
Gods

Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply with worthy men, ³ plant love amongst you,
Throng our large Temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience; peace, I
say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such Faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i' th' holy Church-Yard.

³ — plant love amongst you
Through our large Temples with
the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!]

We should read, *Throng our large
Temples.* The other is rank non-
sense. WARBURTON.

Cor.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move Laughter only.

Men. Consider further :

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier ; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds :
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather than ⁴ envy. You——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then. 'Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ⁵ season'd Office, and to wind
Yourself unto a Power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

Cor. How ? Traitor ?——

Men. Nay, temperately. Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious Tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers ; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

⁴ *Envy* is here taken at large office established and settled by
for malignity or ill intention. time, and made familiar to the
——season'd Office,] —All people by long use.

Beating your Officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with stroaks. and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of That, that know it.

Cor. You?——

Men. Is this the promise that you made your Mo-
ther?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing. Pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To hav't with saying, good morrow.

Sic. For that he has,

As much as in him lyes, from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their Power; * as now at last
Giv'n hostile stroaks, and that ⁶ not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' th' People,
And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we,
Ev'n from this instant, banish him our City;
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* Gates. I th' People's Name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away.
He's banish'd; and it shall be so.

* —— as now at last] Read
rather, has now at last.

⁶ —— not in the presence]
Not stands again for not only.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common
Friends——

Sic. He's sentenc'd. No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been Consul, and can shew for *Rome*
Her Enemies' Marks upon me. I do love
My Country's Good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
⁷ My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the People and his Country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I
hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fenns; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair. ⁸ Have the power still

⁷ *My dear wife's estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife.

⁸ ——*Have the power still*

To banish your Defenders, 'till at length,

Your ignorance, which finds not, 'till it feels, &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, 'till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative *Harrington*, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel*. It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our authour's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil.

To

To banish your Defenders, 'till at length,
 Your ignorance, which finds not, till it feels,
 Making but reservation of your selves,
 Still your own enemies, deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising then,
 For you, the City, thus I turn my back.
 There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo;
 hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
 As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let us see him out at the gates;
 come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes!——come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of ROME.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,
 Cominius, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIANUS.

COME, leave your tears. A brief farewell. The
 beast
 With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
 To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
 That

That common chances common men could bear ;
 That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns ! O heav'ns !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What ! what ! what !

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
 Droop not ; adieu. Farewel, my wife ! my mother !
 I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General,
 I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,

9 ——— *Fortune's blows*

*When most struck home, being
 gentle wounded, craves*

A noble cunning.—] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently awarded*, and Dr. *Warburton* has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When fortune

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strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first motions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

*They bore as heroes, but they
 felt as man.*

P P

My

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believ't not lightly, tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your Son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With ' cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. ² My first Son,
Where will you go? ' take good *Cominius*
With thee a while, determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth,
A Cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well.

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou' art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
³ My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years

1 *cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason.

2 *My first Son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, most eminent of men. WAR.

3 *My friends of noble touch;*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WAR.

From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home. He's gone; and we'll no
further.

Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our Power;
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient Strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his Mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your
way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met:

The hoarded plague o'th' Gods requite your love!

Men. Peace; peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To Brutus:*

Vir. [*To Sicin.*] You shall stay too. I would, I had
the power

To say so to my Husband.

* Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool. Is that a shame? Note but this fool. Was not a Man my Father? * Hadst thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, Than thou hast spoken words——

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words, And for Rome's good—I'll tell thee what—Yet go—Nay, but thou shalt stay too——I would, my son Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy Posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country As he began, and not unknit himself The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would, he had.

Vol. I would, he had!——'Twas you incens'd the rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.

* Sic. *Are you mankind?*

Vol. *Ay, fool. Is that a shame?*

Note but this fool.

Was not a Man my Father?—]

The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and

eager to shed blood. In this sense *Sicinius* asks *Volumnia*, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out,

——*Note but this fool.*

Was not a Man my Father?

* ——*Hadst thou foxship]*

Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish *Coriolanus*?

You've

You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this.
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you,
I wish, the Gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno* like. Come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me.
Your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you
are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you,

'but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the *Volsian* State to find you out there. You have well sav'd me a day's journey.'

Rom. There have been in *Rome* strange insurrections; the People against the Senators, Patricians and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

§ *but your favour is well APPEAR'D by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read,

— is well APPEAL'D,
i. e. brought into remembrance.

WARBURTON.

I should read,

— is well appear'd,
that is, strengthened, attested, a word used by our authour.

My title is appear'd. Macbeth. To repeal may be to bring to remembrance, but *appeal* has another meaning.

Rom.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The Centurions and their Charges distinctly billeted, * already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my Part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exit.]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium*.—City, 'Tis I, that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop; then know Me not, Lest that thy Wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir. Farewel. [Exit Citizen.]

* already in the entertainment,] entertain an army is to take them into pay. That is, though not actually encamped yet already in pay. To

° Oh, world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast-sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
 Are still together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a dissention of a dojt, break out
 To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And inter-join their issues. ° So, with me, —
 My birth place have I and my lovers left;
 This enemy's Town I'll enter; if he slay me,
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,
 I'll do his Country service.

[Exit.

° *Oh, world, thy slippery turns!*
 &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet makes him enter into with *Aufidius*: and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to *Rome*.

WARBURTON.

7 — So, with me; —

My country have I and my lovers left;

*This enemy's Town I'll enter;
 if he slay me, &c.]* He

who reads this would think that he was reading the lines of *Shakespeare*, except that *Coriolanus*, being already in the town, says, he *will enter it*. Yet the old edition exhibits it thus:

————— So, with me,

My birth-place have I, and my loves upon

This enemy town; I'll enter if he slay me, &c.

The intermediate line seems to be lost, in which, conformably to his former observation, he says, that *he has lost his birth-place and his loves upon a petty dispute*, and is trying his chance in *this enemy town*; he then cries, turning to the house of *Aufidius*, *I'll enter if he slay me*.

I have preserved the common reading, because it is, though faulty, yet intelligible, and the original passage, for want of copies, cannot be restored.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* WINE, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think, our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Serv.* Where's *Cotus*? my Master calls for him.
Cotus.

Enter Coriolanus,

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but
I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the
door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in be-
ing *Coriolanus*. [*Aside.*

Enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 *Serv.* Away? ——— Get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

Enter

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What Fellow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on. I cannot get him out o' th' house. Pr'ythee, call my Master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, Fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up some other Station, here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my Master, what a strange Guest he has here.

3 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second Serving-man.]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy.

3 Ser. Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I' th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 Ser. I' th' City of Kites and Crows? what an Ass it is! then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy Mistrefs. Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher. Hence.

[Beats him away.]

Enter

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2. Ser. Here, Sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. It, *Tullus*, yet thou know'st me not, and, seeing me,

Do not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't. Though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volsicians*,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My Sirname *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless Country, are requited
But with that Sirname; ^s a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me; only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

^s— *A good memory.*] The *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.
Oxford Editor, not knowing that

Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life, for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
 I'd have avoided thee; but in meer spite
 To be full quit of those my Banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those * maims,
 Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy Turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my canker'd Country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy Country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Marcus, Marcus,*

Each word, thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee all-noble *Marcus*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where-against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

⁹ *A heart of wreak in thee,*]
 A heart of resentment.

* ————mains
Of shame—] That is, dif-
 graceful diminutions of territory.

And scar'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Beside my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*! I tell thee,
 We have a Power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus*,
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leave of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for *Rome* itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thy own revenges, take
 One half of my Commission, and set down
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in.
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say

Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:

Yet, *Marcus*, that was much.—Your hand; most
welcome!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so; looking as it were—'would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six of him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 Ser. Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations. I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him. I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't. Before *Corioli*, he scotch't him and nocht him like a carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But, more of thy news; ———

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*; set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a Mistress of him, 'sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. ² He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will

¹ sanctifies himself with's hands,] Alluding, improperly, to the act of crossing upon any strange event.

² He'll — fowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.] That is I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Soulier*, French.

now

mow down all before him, and leave ³his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't. For, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not, look you, Sir, shew themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude? What's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To morrow; to day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Ser. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Ser. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and ⁴full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Ser. 'Tis so; and as war in some fort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Ser. 'Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Ser. Reason; because they then less need one

³ his passage poll'd.] That is, bared, cleared.

⁴ full of vent.] Full of rumour; full of materials for discourse.

⁵ because they then less need one another:] Shakespear when he

chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character. WARBURTON.

another. The wars, for my money. I hope, to see
Romans as cheap as *Volsicians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A publick Place in ROME.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. WE hear not of him, neither need we fear
him.

⁶ His remedies are tame i'th' present peace,
And quietness o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O he is grown most kind of
late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miss'd, but with

⁶ *His remedies are tame i'th' present peace,*] The old reading is,

His remedies are tame, the present peace.

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus, —neither need we fear him;

His remedies are ta'en, the pre-

sent peace, And quietness o'th' people.—— The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed according to our authour's custom, is this: *We need not fear him; the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.*

his Friends; the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing.
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all; good-e'en to you all.

Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours:

We wish'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Marcius* was

A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And ⁷ affecting one sole Throne,
Without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

⁷ — affecting one sole Throne, without *Assessors*; without any
Without assistance.] That is, other suffrage.

Enter

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the *Volscians* with two several Powers
Are entered in the *Roman* Territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcus*' Banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were in-shell'd when *Marcus* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcus* !

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volscians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be !
We have Record, that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But ^s reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Left you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house ; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;

^s ————*reason with the fellow*] him. In this sense *Shakespeare*
That is, have some talk with often uses the word.

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes. His raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mef. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcus*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Pow'r 'gainst *Rome*;
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely! ———

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish
Good *Marcus* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* ⁹ can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. You are sent for to the Senate;
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcus*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our Territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good Work.

Men. What news? what news?

⁹ ——— can no more atone.] is to reconcile, and is so used by
This is a very elegant expres- our authour. To atone here, is,
sion, and taken from unison in the neutral sense, to come to
strings giving the same tone or reconciliation. To atone is to
found. *WARBURTON.* unite.

To atone, in the active sense,

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples ¹ burned in their cement, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?
If *Marcus* should be joined with the *Volscians*,—

Com. If? He is their God; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapés man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
² The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit,
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do seemingly revolt? and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

¹ —burned in their cement,—] *Cement*, for cincture or inclosure; because *both* have the idea of holding together. *WARB.* ² *The breath of garlick eaters.*] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of *Span* knights, mentioned by *Guzmar*

Com. Who shall ask it ?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds ; his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, *Be good to Rome,* ³ they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease.* You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts ! you've crafted fair !

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How ? was it we ? we lov'd him ; but, like
beasts,
And coward Nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear,
⁴ They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make against them.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is *Aufidius* with him ?—You are they,
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast

³ *They charge him, &c.*] Their
charge or injunction would shew
them insensible of his wrongs,
and make them *shew like enemies.*
I read *shew*, not *shewed*, like *ene-*
mies.

⁴ *They'll roar him in again.—*]
As they *booted* at his departure,
they will *roar* at his return ; as
he went out with scoffs, he will
come back with lamentations.

Your

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' Exile. Now he's coming,
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
 If he should burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
 When I said, *banish him*; I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;
 and tho' we willingly consented to his Banishment,
 yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things. You voices!—

Men. You have made good work,
 You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [Exeunt.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
 These are a Side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us. Come, masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i'th' wrong, when
 we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. 'Would, half my wealth
 Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt Tribunes.]

SCENE VIII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. DO they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than, I thought, he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
I mean, for your particular, you had not
Join'd in Commission with him; but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you, he'll carry
Rome?

Auf.

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
 And the Nobility of *Rome* are his :
 The Senators and Patricians love him too :
 The Tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the Repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome*
⁵ As is the Osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
 A noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his Honours even ; ⁶ whether pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man, whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances,
 Whereof he was the Lord, or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing ; not moving
 From th' cask to th' cushion ; but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb,
 As he controll'd the war ; but one of these,
 As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd. But ⁷ he has merit
 To choak it in the utt'rance ; so our virtues
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time ;
⁸ And Power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath

⁵ *As is the Osprey—*] *Osprey*,
 a kind of eagle, *Ossifraga*. POPE.

⁶ *—whether pride,*

*Which out of daily fortune ever
 taints*

The happy man ; whether—] *Aufidius* assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of *Coriolanus*: pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success ; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories ; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the

cask or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair* of civil authority ; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

⁷ *—He has merit*

To choak it in the utt'rance ;—] He has merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it.

⁸ *And Power, unto itself most commendable.*

Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair

T' extol what it hath done.]

This is a common thought, but miserably

Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ft of all; then shortly art thou mine,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place in Rome.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go. You hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his General, who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o' that? Go you, that banish'd him,
A mile before his Tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *Tomb* in that *Chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations.

—unto itself most commendable. *i. e.* which hath a very high opinion of itself.

WARB. *9 Right's by right* FOULER,] This has no manner of sense. We should read,

Right's by right FOULED, Or, as it is commonly written in *English*, *foiled*, from the *French*, *fouler*, to tread or trample under foot.

WARBURTON. I believe *rights*, like *strengths*, is a plural noun. I read,

Rights by rights founder, *strengths by strengths* do fail. That is, by the exertion of one right another right is lamed.

Com.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name,
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of Nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so. You've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, ¹ that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
² It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well,
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And itill to nose, th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those, his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

¹ — *that have rack'd for*
Rome,] We should read
reck'd, *i. e.* been careful, provid-
ent for. In this insinuation of
their only minding trifles, he sa-
tirizes them for their injustice to
Coriolanus; which was like to end
in the ruin of their country. The
Oxford Editor seeing nothing of

this reads,

— *have sack'd fair Rome.*

WARBURTON.

² *It was a bare petition*—]
Bare, for mean, beggarly.

WARBURTON.

I believe rather, a petition un-
supported, unaided by names
that might give it influence.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our Country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Marcus*.

Men. Well, and say, that *Marcus*
Return'd me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard? what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

* He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We powt upon the morning, are unapt,
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd

These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,

³ *He was not taken well, he had not dined, &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. *WARBURTON.*

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. * I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his Injury
The Gaoler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, *rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
' Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
' So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his Country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

* I tell you, he does sit in gold:—] He is introned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χρυσόθρονος Ἡρῆ—Hom.

' Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:] This is apparently wrong. Sir *T. Hanmer*, and Dr. *Warburton* after him, read,

Bound with an oath not to yield to new conditions.

They might have read more smoothly,

to yield no new conditions.

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read,

—*What he would do,*

He sent in writing after, what he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.

Here is I think a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain.*

* *So that all hope is vain, unless his mother*

And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country.] Unless his mother and wife—do what? the sentence is imperfect. We should read,

FORCE mercy to his Country.—and then all is right. WARB.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Volscian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Watch. **S**TAY. Whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand and go back.

Men. You guard like men. 'Tis well. But, by your leave,

I am an officer of State, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 Watch. Whence?

Men. From *Rome*.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return; our
General
Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire,
before
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is ⁷ Lots to Blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back; the virtue of your
Name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover; I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
³ For I have ever verified my friends,

Of

⁷ ——*Lots to Blanks,*] A Lot here is a prize.

³ For I have ever VERIFIED my friends,

— with all the size that verity, &c.] *Shakespeare's* mighty talent in painting the manners, is especially remarkable in this

Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
 I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

I Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies
 in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
 you should not pass here; no, though it were as vir-
 tuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is
Menenius; always factionary of the Party of your
 General.

this place. *Menenius* here, and
Polonius in *Hamlet*, have much of
 the same natural character. The
 difference is only accidental. The
 one was a senator in a free state;
 and the other a courtier, and a
 minister to a King; which two
 circumstances afforded matter for
 that inimitable ridicule thrown
 over the character of *Polonius*.
 For the rest, there is an equal
 complaisance for those they fol-
 low; the same disposition to be
 a creature; the same love of
 prate; the same affectation of
 wisdom, and forwardness to be
 in business. But we must never
 believe *Shakespeare* could make
 either of them say, *I have veri-*
fied my friends with all the size of
verity; nay what is more extra-
 ordinary, *verified them beyond ve-*
riety. Without doubt he wrote,

For I have ever NARRIFIED my
friends,

i. e. made their encomium. This
 too agrees with the foregoing
 metaphors of *book, read,* and
 constitutes an uniformity amongst
 them. From whence the *Oxford*
Editor took occasion to read *mag-*

nified: which makes the absur-
 dity much worse than he found
 it: for, to *magnify* signifies to
 exceed the truth; so that this
 critic makes him say he *magni-*
fied his friend *within* the size of
 verity: *i. e.* he exceeded truth
 even while he kept within it.

WARBURTON.

If the commentator had given
 any example of the word *narrify*,
 the correction would have
 been not only received but ap-
 plauded. Now, since the new
 word stands without authority,
 we must try what sense the old
 one will afford. To *verify* is
 to establish by testimony. One may
 say with propriety, he brought
 false witnesses to verify his title.
Shakespeare considered the word
 with his usual laxity, as import-
 ing rather *testimony* than *truth*,
 and only meant to say, *I bore*
witness to my friends with all the
size that verity would suffer.

I must remark, that to *magni-*
fy signifies to exalt or enlarge,
 but not necessarily to enlarge be-
 yond the truth.

2 Watch.

2 *Watch*. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say, you have ; I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *Watch*. Are you a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy *General* is.

1 *Watch*. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very *Defender* of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, ⁹ the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the

⁹ *the virginal PALMS of your daughters,*] By *virginal palms* may be indeed understood the holding up the hands in supplication. Therefore I have altered nothing. But as this sense is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous idea ; and as the *passions* of the several intercessors seem intended to be here represented, I suspect *Shakespeare* might write PASMES OR PAMES, *i. e.* swooning fits, from the *French pasmer*, or *pâmer*. I have frequently used the liberty to give sense to an unmeaning passage by the introduction of a *French* word of the same sound, which I suppose to be of *Shakespeare's* own coining. And I am certainly justified in so doing, by the great number of such sorts of words to be found in the common text. But for a further justification of this liberty, take the following instance ; where all must agree that the common reading is corrupt by the Editors inserting an *English* word they understood, instead of

one coined by *Shakespeare* out of *French*, which they understood not. It is in his *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, where he is speaking of the office and empire of *Time*, and the effects it produces in the world,

Time's glory is——

To fill with worm-boles stately monuments,

To feed oblivion with decay of things ;

To blot old books and alter their contents ;

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings ;

To dry the old oak's sap, and
CHERISH springs.

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced ; which is concerning the *decays*, not the *repairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote,

To dry the old oak's sap, and
TARISH springs.

i. e. dry up springs, from the *French*, *tarir* or *tarissement*, *exarescere*,

the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

I Watch. Come. My Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

I Watch. My General cares not for you. * Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having. Back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

aresacere, exsiccatio: These words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note, because it contains an apology for many others. It is not denied that many *French* words were mingled in the time of *Elizabeth* with our language, which have since been ejected, and that any which are known to have been then in use may be properly recalled when they will help the sense. But when a word is to be admitted, the first question should be, by whom was it ever received? in what book can it be shewn? If it cannot be proved to have been in use, the reasons which can justify its reception must be stronger than any critick will often have to bring. Even in this certain emendation the new word is very liable to contest. I should read,

——and perish springs.

The verb *perish* is commonly

neutral, but in conversation is often used actively, and why not in the works of a writer negligent beyond all others of grammatical niceties?

* Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.] As these words are read and pointed, the sentence [that's the utmost of your having] signifies, you are like to get no further. Whereas the author evidently intended it to refer to the half pint of blood he speaks of, and to mean, that that was all he had in his veins. The thought is humourous; and to disembaras it from the corrupt expression, we should read and point it thus, Lest I let forth your half pint of blood: that's the utmost of your having. Back, back. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning never was mistaken, and therefore do not change the reading.

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you. You shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a *Jack-gardant* cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*; ¹guess but my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering. Behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others. ² Though I owe My revenge properly, remission lyes In *Volscian* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than Pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*]

¹ —*Guess but my entertainment with him;*] I read, *Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i'th' state of hanging.*

² —*Though I owe My revenge properly,*] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the *Volsicians* are conjoined.

And

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 Watch. Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 Watch. 'Tis a Spell, you see, of much power.
You know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear, how we are ³ shent for keeping
your Greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General.
For such things as you, I can scarce think there's
any, y'are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by
himself, fears it not from another; let your General do
his worst. For you, be what you are, long; and your
mifery increafe with your age! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away—— [Exit.

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt Watch.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our Host. My Partner in this action,
You must report to th' *Volscian* lords, ⁴ how plainly
I've born this business.

Auf. Only their Ends you have respected; stopt
Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*;
Never admitted private whisper, no,
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

³ Shent is brought to destruction.

⁴ —How plainly

[I've born this business.] That
is, how openly, how remotely
from artifice or concealment.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him : for whose old love, I have,
Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not——

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of Nature break !
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. [*Virgilia courtesies.*
What is that curt'sie worth ? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows.
(*Volumnia bows.*

As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod ; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries,—*Deny not.* Let the *Volsicians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy* ; I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct ; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome.*

Virg.

Virg. ⁵ The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull Actor now,
I have forgot my Part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For That, *forgive our* Romans.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

⁶ Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest;
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun,
Murdring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to Valeria.*

⁵ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*

Makes you think so.] *Virgilia* makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same,* meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes,* or other dispositions.

She lays hold on the word *eyes,* to turn his attention on their present appearance.

⁶ *Now by the jealous Queen of heaven,—* That is, by *Juno,* the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

Cor. ⁷ The noble sister of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaste as the isicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple. Dear *Valeria*!—

Vol. This is a poor ⁸ epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young Marcius.*

Which by th' interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
⁹ With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing ¹ every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* Mechanics. Tell me not,
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more.
You've said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but That

⁷ *The noble sister of Poplicola,*] *Valeria*, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

⁸ —*Epitome of yours.*] I read, *Epitome of you. An epitome of you which enlarged by the commenta-*

ries of time may equal you in magnitude.

⁹ *With the consent of supream Jove.*] This is inserted with great decorum. *Jupiter* was the tutelary God of *Rome*. WARB.

¹ —*every flaw,*] That is, every gust; every storm.

Which

Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the Blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volsicians,* mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy Exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
Make our Eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

² Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His Country's bowels out; and to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we must lose
The Country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the Country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign Recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our street; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune, 'till
These wars determine. If I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, than to tread

² Constrains them weep, and the eye to weep, and the heart to
shake—] That is, constrain shake.

(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see.
I've sat too long.—

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your Honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the *Volsicians*
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all hail to thee; and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this Peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The End of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son.
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
* And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

³—*the fine strains*—] The niceties, the refinements.

* *And yet to charge thy sulphur*—] We should read

charge. The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful.

Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you?
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he let's me prate
⁵ Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou'lt never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie;
 When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my Request's unjust,
 And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
 Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To's fir-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; down; and end;
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us.
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
⁶ Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother:
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.
 I'm hush't, until our City be afire;
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!——

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done? behold the heav'ns do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene,
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
 You've won a happy victory to *Rome*;
 But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it—

⁵ Like one i'th' Stocks.—] Keep me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose.

⁶ Does reason our petition—] Does argue for us and our petition.

Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come.—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat Compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me; for my part
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!—

Auf. I'm glad, thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of That I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions will have counter-scal'd.

3 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

7 ———— I'll work

My self a former fortune.] I
will take advantage of this con-
cession to restore myself to my
former credit and power.

8 *Cor.* ———— *Come, enter with
us; Ladies, you deserve, &c.*]

This speech beginning at, *Ladies, you deserve*—which is absurdly given to *Coriolanus*, belongs to *Aufidius*. For it cannot be supposed that the other, amidst all the disorder of violent and contrary passions, could be calm and disengaged enough to make so gallant a compliment to the ladies. Let us farther observe from this speech where he says,

————— all the swords

*In Italy, and her confederate
arms,*

And from that a little before,

————— *Let the Volscians*

*Plough Rome, and harrow
Italy;*————

That the poet's head was running on the later grandeur of *Rome*, when as at this time her dominion extended only a few miles round the city. WARB.

The speech suits *Aufidius* justly enough, if it had been written for him; but it may, without impropriety, be spoken by *Coriolanus*; and, since the copies give it to him, why should we dispossess him?

To

To have a Temple built you: all the swords
 In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this Peace. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The Forum in Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub. This *Marcus* is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than ⁹ an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. ¹ He sits in State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding.

⁹ *Than an eight years old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.*

WARBURTON.

¹ *He sits in state,*] In the fore-

going note he was said to sit in gold. The phrase *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to resemble Alexander.*

He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a' heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The *Roman Ladies* bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news. The Ladies have prevail'd.

The *Volsicians* are dislodg'd, and *Marcus* gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,

Art certain, this is true? Is it most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the Sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark
you;

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,

Ta-

Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
 Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
 Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
 A City full; of Tribunes, such as you,
 A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings; next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
 thanks.

Sic. They're near the City?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the stage;
 with other Lords.*

Sen. Behold our Patroness, the Life of *Rome*.

Call all our Tribes together, praise the Gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
 Unshout the noise, that banish'd *Marcus*;
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.

Cry, welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!—

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to a publick Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. **G**O tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here ;
 Deliver them this paper ; having read it,
 Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,
 The city-ports by this hath enter'd ; and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most
 welcome !

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 Con. How is it with our General ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impositon'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,

If yet you hold the same intent, wherein
 You wish'd us parties ; we'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference ; but the Fall of either
 Makes the Survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth ; who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends ; and to this end,

He

He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——

Auf. That I would have spoke of ;
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat ; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; holpe to reape the Fame,
Which he did make all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong ; 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
2 He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we looked
For no less Spoil, than Glory——

Auf. There was it,
3 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him ;
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action ; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noise.

2 He wag'd me with his countenance,—] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.

3 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd—] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

2 *Con.*

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him Glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his Tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easie fines; but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, ⁴ answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours;
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords. I am return'd, your soldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,

³ ——— answering us
With our own charge,] That
is, rewarding us with our own

expences; making the cost of the
war its recompence.

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
 Under your great Command. You are to know,
 That prosperously I have attempted, and
 With bloody passage led your wars, even to
 The gates of *Rome*. Our spoils, we have brought
 home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
 The charges of the action. We've made peace
 With no less honour to the *Antiates*,
 Than shame to th' *Romans*: and we here deliver, |
 Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
 Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords,
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
 He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

Cor. *Marcus*!

Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, *Caius Marcus*; dost thou think,
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli*?

You Lords and Heads o' th' State, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up
 For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*,
 I say, your city, to his wife and mother;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
 That Pages blush'd at him; and men of heart
 Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*!—

Auf. Name not the God! thou boy of tears!—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
Who wears my stripes imprest upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his Grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsians*; men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volsians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Crowd speak promiscuously.*]

He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—kill'd my cousin,—
He kill'd my father.——

2 *Lord.* Peace,—no outrage—peace——
The man is noble, and ' his Fame folds in
This Orb o' th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*;
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius*'s, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword——

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius,
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.

7 —his fame folds in

[*This orb o' th' earth.*—] His fame overspreads the world.

1 *Lord.*
8

1 *Lord.* O *Tullus*—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet ;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know, as in this rage
Provok'd by him you cannot, the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up :
Help three o' th' chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
March sounded.*]

THE Tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our authour's performances. The old man's merriment in *Menenius* ; the lofty lady's dignity in *Volumnia* ; the bridal modesty in *Virgilia* ; the patrician and military haughtiness in *Coriolanus* ; the plebeian malignity,

and tribunitian insolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make a very pleasing and interesting variety ; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

The END of the SIXTH VOLUME.















