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T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VIII.

P L A Y S

T. N. S.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
P L A Y S

THE FIRST PART

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

THE FIRST PART
OF THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARK
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
AS HE IS PERFORMED AT THE SWAN THEATRE
BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS
LONDON
Printed by I. B. for I. W. and J. S. at the Swan in St. Dunions Church
1616

T H E
P L A Y S
O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH,

CONTAINING,

ROMEO and JULIET.

HAMLET, PRINCE of DENMARK.

OTHELLO, the MOOR of VENICE.

** * * * **
J. M. D. 17
28

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

R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

VOL. VIII.

B

P R O L O G U E.

*T*WO Households, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parent's strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parent's rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage:
The which if you with patient Ears attend,
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.

Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Two Lords, Enemies to each other.*

Capulet, }

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*

Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.

Simon Catling, } *3 Musicians.*

Hugh Rebeck, }

Samuel Soundboard, }

Peter, *Servant to the Nurse.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona,

Plot from a Novel of Banello. *Pope.*

This novel is translated in *Painters's Palace of Pleasure.*

Editions of this Play.

1. 1597, John Danter.

2. 1599. Tho. Crede for Cuthbert Burby.

3. 1637. R. Young for John Smethwick.

4. No date. John Smethwick, I have only the folio.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, in Verona.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, (with swords and bucklers)
two servants of the Capulets.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, ¹ we'll not carry
coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll
draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of
the Collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

¹ *we'll not carry coals.*] A phrase then in use, to signify the bearing injuries. WARBURTON.

This is positively told us; but if another critic shall as positively deny it, where is the proof?

I do not certainly know the meaning of the phrase, but it seems rather to be *to smother anger*, and to be used of a man who *burns* inwardly with resentment, to which he gives no vent.

B 3

Sam.

Sam. A dog of the House of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir, and to be valiant, is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push *Montague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be ² cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee! —————

* *cruel with the maids,*] The first folio reads *civil* with the maids.

ROMEO and JULIET. 7

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

³ *Enter Benvolio.*

Greg. Say, *better*. Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

³ *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of *spear*, since we find it in that of this scene is added since the first the year 1599. POPE.
edition; but probably by *Shake-*

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the
word

As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee.

Have at thee, coward.

[*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues*!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? ⁴ give me my long sword,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch. Why call you for a
sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old *Montague* is come.
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not,
let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

⁴ give me my long sword.] The in war, which was sometimes
long sword was the sword used wielded with both hands.

With purple fountains issuing from your veins ;
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the Quiet of our streets ;
 And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
 Cast by their grave, befitting, ornaments ;
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate ;
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away,
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me ;
 And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment place :
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

S C E N E II.

La. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ;
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach ;
 I drew to part them : In the instant came
 The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo* ! Saw you him to day ?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of fycamour,
That westward rooteth from the City side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Tow'rds him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,

⁵ That most are busied when they're most alone,

Pursued my humour, not pursuing him ;

⁶ And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs ;

But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun

Should, in the furthest East, begin to draw

The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed ;

Away from light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself,

Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,

And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

⁷ *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends ;

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

⁵ *That most are busied, &c.]* Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other editions thus.

—by my own.

*Which then most sought, where
most might not be found,*

*Being one too many by my weary
self,*

Pursued my humour, &c. POPE.

⁶ *And gladly shunn'd, &c.]* The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599.

POPE.

⁷ *Ben. Have you importun'd, &c.]* These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599.

POPE.

Is to himself, I will not say, how true,
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the Air,
⁸ Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you, step aside,
 I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay
 To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!

—Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
 short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

⁸ Or dedicate his beauty to the
 Same.] When we come to
 consider, that there is some
 power else besides *balmy air*, that
 brings forth, and makes the ten-
 der buds spread themselves, I do
 not think it improbable that the
 Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more ob-

solete spelling, *Sunne*; which
 brings it nearer to the traces of
 the corrupted text. THEOB.

I cannot but suspect that some
 lines are lost, which connected
 this simile more closely with the
 foregoing speech; these lines, if
 such there were, lamented the
 danger that *Romeo* will die of
 his melancholy, before his virtues
 or abilities are known to the
 world.

Ben.

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see-path-ways⁹ to his will !
Where shall we dine ?—O me !—What fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

[*Striking his breast.*

¹ Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

Oh, any thing of nothing first create !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.*² Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest

With more of thine ; this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

⁹—*to his will!*] Sir T. Hammer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, to his *ill*. The present reading has some obscurity ; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should *find paths to ill* is no great wonder.

¹ *Why then, O brawling love, &c.*] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy, and to love one and

hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis.

² *Why such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness.

This line is probably mutilated, for being intended to rhyme to the line foregoing, it must have originally been complete in its measure.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
³ Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
⁴ Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewel, my cousin,

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here;
 This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. ⁵ Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no; but sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will?—
 O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man;—and she's fair, I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But, in that hit, you miss; she'll not be hit
 With *Cupid's* arrow; she hath *Dian's* wit:
 And, ⁶ in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor 'bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold.

³ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The authour may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read,

Being urg'd, a fire sparkling.
 Being excited and inforced. To urge the fire is the technical term.

⁴ *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this

line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhym'd to it, is lost.

⁵ *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*.

⁶ *in strong proof—*] In chastity of proof, as we say in armour of proof.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That when she dies, ⁷ with Beauty dies her Store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste?

⁸ *Rom.* She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge
waste.

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, ⁹ too wisely fair,
To merit blifs by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite in question more;
Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *with Beauty dies her Store.*] Mr. Theobald reads.

With her dies beauties store. and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of huma-

nity, that *her store*, or riches, can be destroyed by death, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty.

⁸ *Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing, &c.*] None of the following speeches of this scene in the first edition of 1597. POPE, ⁹ *too wisely fair.*] Hanmer, For, *wisely too fair.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my Lord, what say you to my Suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before;
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
¹ She is the hopeful lady of my earth,
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-acustom'd Feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
² Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light.

Such

¹ *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:]* This line not in the first edition. POPE.

The lady of his earth is an expression not very intelligible, unless he means that she is heir to his estate, and I suppose no man

ever called his lands his earth. I will venture to propose a bold change.

She is the hope and stay of my full years.

² *Earth-treading stars that make dark HEAVEN'S light.]* his nonsense

Such comfort as ³ do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads, ev'n such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
⁴ Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about,
 Through fair *Verona*; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there; and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

nonsense should be reformed
 thus,

*Earth-treading stars that make
 dark EVEN light.*

i. e. When the evening is dark
 and without stars, these earthly
 stars supply their place, and light
 it up. So again in this play,

*Her beauty hangs upon the cheek
 of night,*

*Like a rich jewel in an Etkiop's
 ear.* WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? Is any
 thing more commonly said, than
 that beauties eclipse the sun?
 Has not *Pope* the thought and
 the word?

*Sol through white curtains shot
 a tim'rous ray,*

*And open'd those eyes that must
 eclipse the day.*

Both the old and the new read-
 ing are philosophical nonsense,
 but they are both, and both e-
 qually poetical sense.

³ —do lusty young men feel,] To
 say, and to say in pompous
 words, that a young man shall feel

as much in an assembly of beau-
 ties, as young men feel in the month
 of *April*, is surely to waste sound
 upon a very poor sentiment. I
 read,

*Such comfort as do lusty yeomen
 feel.*

You shall feel from the sight and
 conversation of those ladies, such
 hopes of happiness and such
 pleasure, as the farmer receives
 from the spring, when the plenty
 of the year begins, and the prof-
 spect of the harvest fills him with
 delight.

⁴ Which on more view of many,
 mine, being one,

*May stand in number, tho' in
 reck'ning none*] The first of
 these lines I do not understand.
 The old folio gives no help; the
 passage is there, *Which one more
 view.* I can offer nothing bet-
 ter than this:

*Within your view of many,
 nine being one,*

May stand in number, &c.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
 —It is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle
 with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Last, the
 Fisher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets.
 But I am sent to find those Persons, whose names are
 here writ; and can never find what names the writing
 person hath here writ. I must to the Learned.—
 In good time,——

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burn-
 ing,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's Anguish,
 Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning,
 One desperate grief cure with another's Languish;
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
 is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipt and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

[*To the Servant.*

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, Sir, can you
 read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.

But, I pray,

Can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.—

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the list.]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; Count Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

——^s A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up. ——

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the House of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient Feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

^s A fair assembly; whither
should they come?

Serv. Up. ——

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.] Romeo
had read over the list of invited
guests; but how should he know
they were invited to supper?
This comes much more aptly

from the Servant's answer, than
Romeo's question; and must un-
doubtedly be placed to him.

WARBURTON.

When a man reads a list of
guests, he knows that they are
invited to something, and, with-
out any extraordinary good for-
tune, may guess, to a supper.

Rom.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires !
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! tut ! you saw her fair, none else being
by,
Herself pois'd with herself, in either eye ;
But in those crystal scales, ' let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn ;
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Change to Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter ? call
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years
old)

I bade her come ; what, lamb ! what, lady-bird !
God forbid !—where's this girl ? what, *Juliet* ?

6 — *let there be weigh'd*

*Your lady's love against some
other maid,]* But the com-
parison was not betwixt the love
that *Romeo's* mistress paid him,
and the person of any other
young woman ; but betwixt *Ro-*

meo's mistress herself, and some
other that should be match'd a-
gainst her. The poet therefore
must certainly have wrote ;

*Your lady-love against some
other maid.*

WARBURTON.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is you will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter——*Nurse*, give leave a while, we must talk in secret——*Nurse*, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet ⁷ to my teen be it spoken, I have but four ;) she's not fourteen ; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all christian souls !) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas*-eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd ; I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day ; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*.——Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-house——'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge ; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone ; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and

⁷ —to my teen] To my sorrow.

waddled

waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about.—I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé,* quoth he? and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

⁸ *Nurse.* Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone; a perilous knock; and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurs't.
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very
theam

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. ⁹ It is an hour that I dream not of.

⁸ *Nurse.* *Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse, &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE. I have restored the genuineword, which is more seemly from a girl to her mother. *Your, fire,* and such words as are vulgarly uttered in two syllables, are used as disyllables by *Shakespeare*.

⁹ *It is an hour.*] The modern editors all give *it is an* honour.

Nurse. An hour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the Gentle-
man?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast;
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris's* Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry sev'ral Lineament,
And see, how one another lends Content:
And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth share the Glory,
² That in gold clasps locks in the golden Story.
So, shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

¹ *La. Cap. What say you, &c.]* This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition.

POPE.

² *That in gold clasps locks in the golden Story.]* The golden story is perhaps the golden legend,

a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which *Canus*, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*.

Nurse.

Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A Street before Capulet's House.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. **W**HAT, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. ³ The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll

³ *The date is out of such prolixity.]* i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That *Shakespeare* was an enemy to these fooleries, ap-

pears from his writing none: and that his plays discredited such entertainments is more than probable. But in *James's* time, that reign

We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a *Tartar's* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies ⁴ like a crow-keeper :

⁶ Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our enterance.

But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me ; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So staves me to the ground, I cannot move.

⁶ *Mer.* You are a Lover ; borrow *Cupid's* Wings,
And soar with them above a common Bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his Shaft,
To soar with his light Feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe.
Under Love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burden Love,
Too great Oppression for a tender Thing !

Rom. Is Love a tender Thing ! It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with
Love ;

Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Case to put my visage in ?

[*Putting on his Mask.*

A Visor for a Visor !——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

reign of false taste as well as false politics, they came again in fashion : and a deluge of this affected nonsense overflowed the court and country. WARB.

⁴ —like a crow-keeper :] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *Lear*.

⁵ *Nor a without-book prologue* &c.] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition.

POPE.

⁶ *Mer. You are a Lover ; &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition.

POPE.

Here

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire-phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. ⁷ Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

⁸ Or, save your reverence, Love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom.

⁷ Tut! dun's the mouse, the
constable's own word; } This
poor obscure stuff should have an
explanation in mere charity. It
is an answer to these two lines of
Romeo,

For I am proverb'd with a
grandfire's phrase,
and

The game was ne'er so fair, and
I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers
the last line first. The thought
of which, and of the preceding,
is taken from gaming, *I'll be a
candle holder* (says *Romeo*) and
look on. It is true, if I could
play myself, I could never ex-
pect a fairer chance than in the
company we are going to: but,
alas! *I am done*. I have nothing
to play with; I have lost my
heart already. *Mercutio* catches
at the word *done*, and quibbles
with it, as if *Romeo* had said, The
ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am
dun, i. e. of a dark complexion.
And so replies, *Tut! dun's the
mouse*; a proverbial expression of

the same import with the *French*,
La nuit tous les chats sont gris.
As much as to say, You need not
fear, night will make all your
complexions alike. And because
Romeo had introduced his obser-
vation with,

I am proverb'd with a grand-
fire's phrase,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the
constable's own word*. As much
as to say, if you are for old pro-
verbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis
the constable's own word: whose
custom was, when he summoned
his watch, and assigned them
their several stations, to give
them what the soldiers call, *the
word*. But this night guard being
distinguished for their pacific cha-
racter, the constable, as an em-
blem of their harmless disposition,
chose that domestic animal for his
word: which, in time, might
become proverbial. WARB.

⁸ Or, save your reverence,
Love,] The word *or* ob-
scures the sentence; we should
read *O!* for *or Love*. *Mercutio*
having

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go:

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. —In bed asleep ; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. ⁹O, then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with
you.

She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and she comes

having called the affection with which *Romeo* was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O ! save your reverence, Love.

*9 O, then I see, Queen Mab
hath been with you.*

She is the FAIRIES' midwife.]
Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, *Queen Mab* the fairies' midwife ? What is she then Queen of ? Why, the fairies. What ! and their *midwife* too ? But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a Being that has great power over human imaginations. But then the title given her, must have reference to the employment she is put upon : First then, she is

called *Queen* : which is very pertinent ; for that designs her power : Then she is called the *fairies' midwife* ; but what has that to do with the point in hand ? If we would think that *Shakespeare* wrote sense, we must say, he wrote——the *FANCY'S midwife* : and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines :

——*I talk of dreams ;*

*Which are the children of an
idle brain,*

*Begot of nothing but vain fan-
tastie.*

These dreams are begot upon *fantastie*, and *Mab* is the midwife to bring them forth. And *fancy's mid-wife* is a phrase altogether in the manner of our author.

WARBURTON.

In

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart mens' noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this State she gallops, night by night,
 Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies strait ;
 O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;

And

³ Sometimes she gallops o'er a
 LAWYER'S nose,

And then dreams he of smelling
 out a suit ;]

The old editions have it, COURTIER'S nose ; and this undoubtedly is the true reading : and for these reasons. First, In the present reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech ; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait
 dream on fees :

Nor can it be objected that there

will be the same fault if we read *courtier's*, it having been said before.

On courtiers' knees, that dream
 on court'sies strait :

because they are shewn in two places under different views : in the first, their *soppery* ; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-solicitation was called simply, a *suit* : and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. *The King* (says an
 anonymous

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another Benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, ² *Spanish* blades,

anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir *William Cecil*) called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his Father to FIND [i. e. to smell out] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITER for the reversion of the Custos brevium office in the Common Pleas. Which the King willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life. Indeed our Poet has very rarely turned his satire against lawyers and law proceedings; the common topic of later writers. For, to observe it to the honour of the *English* judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after Chicane had over run all the other laws of *Europe*. *Philip de Commines* gives us a very frank description of the horrid abuses that had infected the courts of justice in *France*, so early as the time of *Lewis XI*. *Aussi desiroit fort qu' en ce Royaume on usast d' une coustume, d' un poix, d' une mesure: et que toutes ces coustumes fussent mises en françoys, en un beau Livre, pour eviter la cautelle & la pillerie des advocats: qui est si grande en ce Royaume, que nulle autre n'est semblable, & les nobles d' icy la doivent bien cognoistre.* At this time the administration of the law in *England* was conduct-

ed with great purity and integrity. The reason of this difference I take to be, that, 'till of late, there were few glossers or commentators on our laws, and those very able, honest, and concise. While it was the fortune of the other municipal laws of *Europe*, where the *Roman* civil law had a supplemental authority, to be, in imitation of that law, overloaded with glosses and commentators. And what corruption this practice occasioned in the administration of the *Roman* law itself, and to what a miserable condition it reduced public justice, we may see in a long and fine digression of the historian *Ammianus Marcellinus*; who has painted, in very lively colours, the different kinds of vermine, which infected their tribunals and courts of law: whereby the state of public justice became in a short time so desperately corrupt, that *Justinian* was obliged to new-model and digest the enormous body of their laws. WARB.

² *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a *Toledo*, from the excellence of the *Toletan* steel. So *Grotius*,

Ensis Toletanus
Unda Tagi non est ano celebranda metallo,
Utilis in civis est ibi lamna suos.

Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 3 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind ; who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
 selves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels ; and expire the term
 Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
 † Direct my suit ! On, lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*]

3 *And cakes the elf-locks, &c.*] *Plica Polonica.* WARBURTON.
 This was a common superstition ; † *Direct my suit !*] Guide the
 and seems to have had its rise *sequel* of the adventure.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Serv.* **W**HERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court cup-board, look to the plate; good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*.—*Anthony*, and *Potpan*——

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter all the Guests and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
5 You're welcome, Gentlemen. Come, musicians, play.
A ball, a ball. Make room. And foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, fit; nay, fit, 6 good cousin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

5 *You're welcome, Gentlemen.*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio.

6 *good cousin Capulet.*] This cousin *Capulet* is *unkle* in the paper of invitation, but as *Capulet* is described as old, *cousin* is pro-

bably the right word in both places. I know not how *Capulet* and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty.

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, fight;
 I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Montague*.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave
 Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
 To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm
 you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
 A villain, that is hither come in spight,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
 He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
 And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement.
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What, goodman boy——I say, he shall. Go to—
 Am I the master here, or you? go to——
 You'll not endure him? God shall mend my soul.
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests?
 You will fit cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man?

Tyb.

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy—is't so, indeed——

This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.

You must contrary me? Marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts:—You are a Princox, go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame—

I'll make you quiet——What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different Greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

Rom. 7 If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle Fine is this;

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

To smooth that rough Touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;

For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do:

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

7 *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

This holy shrine, the gentle Sin is this,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims,
&c.] All profanations are suppos'd to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone and pu-

nishment submitted to. So, *Romeo* would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stands ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote, —*the gentle Fine is this.* WARB.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take :

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ! O trespass, sweetly urg'd !
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ? *To her Nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal :
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet* ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

—Is it e'en so ? why, then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night :

More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my Rest.

[*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance ?

Nurse.

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate ;
Too early seen, unknown ; and known too late ;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.]

Nurse. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter * CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir ;
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would
die,

With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks :
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she, as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new-beloved any where :

* CHORUS.] This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

Chorus. The use of this chorus is not easily discovered, it conduces nothing to the progress

of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scenes will shew ; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment.

But Passion lends them power, Time means, to
meet ;

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit* Chorus.]

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

The S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

R O M E O.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wife,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.

Call, good *Mercutio.*

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ab me!* couple but *love* and *dove,*

Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,

One

One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir :
 (Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
 9 When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesns that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him,

Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him,
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
 That were some spight. My invocation is
 Honest and fair, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be comforted with the hum'rous night.
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night ; I'll to my truckle-bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep ;
 Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

9 *When King Cophetua, &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad. POPE.

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Capulet's Garden.**Enter Romeo.*

¹ *Rom.* **H**E jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder win-
dow breaks?

It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun!

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

² Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off——

³ It is my Lady; O! it is my Love;
O that she knew she were!——

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it——

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night:

¹ *He jests at scars,*] That is, votary to the moon, to Diana.
Mercutio jests, whom he over-
heard. ³ *It is my lady;—*] This line
and half I have replaced.

² *Be not her maid,*] Be not a

See,

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

4 Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he bestrides 5 the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo——wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
6 Thou art thyself, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

4 O, speak again, bright Angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the *Simile* seems to require,

As glorious to this Sight;

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. THEOBALD.

5 ——the lazy-pacing clouds.] Thus corrected from the first edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*.

POPE.

6 Thou art thyself, though not

a *Montague*] i. e. you would be just what you are, altho' you were not of the house of *Montague*. WARBURTON.

I think the true reading is, Thou art thyself, then not a *Montague*.

Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and hast none of the malignity of the family, from which thou hast thy name.

Hanmer reads,

Thou'rt not thyself so, though a *Montague*.

By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title ; *Romeo*, quit thy name ;
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
 Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in
 night,
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague* ?

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and where-
 fore ?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb ;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out ;
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
 eyes,

And

And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke——but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say, *ay* ;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee *no*,
So thou wilt woe ; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light ;
But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more ' coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

⁷ *coying to be strange.*] For *coying*, the modern editions have *cunning*.

Jul.

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as sweet Repose and Rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse. Sweet *Montague*, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good-night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within*: Madam.

I come, anon——but if thou mean'ft not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within*: Madam.] By and by,
I come ——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,———

Jul. A thousand times, good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their
books;

But love from love, tow'rds school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul.

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I fend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
—Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
forrow,

That I shall say good-night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. ⁸ **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
 And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
 From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.
 Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this osier-cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the ⁹ powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 Nor nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give,
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true Birth, stumbling on abuse.

⁸ *The grey-ey'd morn, &c.]* These four first lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of *Romeo* just before, when he was full of nothing but the

thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to *Romeo*, and once to the Friar.

⁹ —powerful grace,] Efficacious virtue.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime by action's dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
¹ Poison hath residence, and med'cine power,
 For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
² Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will :
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full-soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And, where care lodgeth, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature ;

¹ *Poison hath residence, and medicine power :*] I believe *Shakespear* wrote, more accurately, thus,

Poison hath residence, and medicinal power :

i. e. both the poison and the antidote are lodged within the rind of this flower. **WARBURTON.**

There is no need of alteration.

² *Two such opposed* **FOES**——] This is a modern Sophistication. The old books have it *opposed*—**KINGS.** So that it appears, *Shakespear* wrote, *Two such op-*

posed **KIN.** Why he calls them *Kin* was, because they were qualities residing in one and the same substance. And as the enmity of opposed *Kin* generally rises higher than that between strangers, this circumstance adds a beauty to the expression. **WARB.**

Foes is certainly wrong, and *kin* is not right. Two *kings* are two opposite powers, two contending potentates, in both the natural and moral world. The word *encamp* is proper to commanders.

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter Rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies;
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, rest homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
set

On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd; save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young mens' love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy saint *Francis*! what a deal of brine
Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt-water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears,
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love
 now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
 The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be?
 came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted, wench,
 that *Rosaline*,

Torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.

Ben.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt!

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. ³ More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the ⁴ courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick'd songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; ⁵ a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, ⁶ the, hay!—

Ben. The what?

³ More than prince of cats?—] Tybalt, the name given to the Cat, in the story-book of Reynold the Fox. WARBURTON.

⁴ —courageous captain of compliments;] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of unctilio.

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire;

Says our authour of Don Armado, the Spaniard, in Love's labour lost.

⁵ A gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause;]

i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See Note on *As you like it*, Act V. Scene 6.

WARBURTON.

⁶ The, hay!] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The hay is the word hai, y u have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, ha!

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents:—"A very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—⁷ Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, ⁸ these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? ⁹ O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berhyme her; *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipfy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbé* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* salutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the *contrefait* fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both; What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

⁷ *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire!*] Humourously apotrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

⁸ *These pardonnez-mois,*] *Pardonnez moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

⁹ *O, their bones! their bones!*] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their bon's! their bon's! *i. e.* How ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*. and being in extasies with every trifle; as he has just described them before.

- *a very good blade!* &c. THEOB.

Mer.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, ¹ then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,
Solely singular, for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or—I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp fauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's ² a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

¹ *then is my pump well flowered*] pinked pumps, that is, pumps Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that *Romeo* wore punched with holes in figures.

² *a wit of cheverel*] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse, and Peter her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly Geer; a Sail! a Sail!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurse. Peter, ———

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said. For himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you. But young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you

you fought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!—

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. ³ No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*,

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am

³ *No hare, Sir,*] *Mercutio* having roared out, *so ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they stait a hare; *Romeo* asks what he has found. And *Mercutio* answers,

No hare, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance,

⁴ none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

[To her man.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What will thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon:

And there she shall at friar *Laurence*' Cell
Be shriev'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

⁴ None of his skains-mates.] skains was some low play, and The word skains-mate. I do not skains-mate, a companion at such understand, but suppose th t play.

And bring thee cords, made ^s like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee! hark you,
Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—
O,—there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,
had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I
anger her sometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the
properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so,
she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal-World.
Doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a
letter?

⁶ *Rom.* Ay, nurse, what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is
for thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter;
and

⁵ —like a tackled stair,] Like
stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

⁶ *Rom.* Ay, nurse, what of
that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ay, mocker, that's the
dog's name. R is for the no, I
know it begins with no other let-
ter;] I believe, I have rectified
this odd stuff; but it is a little
mortifying, that the sense, when
found, should not be worth the
pains of relieving it.

—*Sp s'is indigna Theatris*

*Scr pta pudet recitare, & nugis
addere pondus.*

The *Nurse* is represented as a

prating silly creature; she says,
she will tell *Romeo* a good joke
about his mistress, and asks him,
whether *Rosemary* and *Romeo* do
not begin both with a letter: He
says, yes, an R. She, who, we
must suppose, could not read,
thought he had mock'd her, and
says, No, sure, I know better:
our dog's name is R. yours be-
gins with another letter. This is
natural enough, and in character.
R put her in mind of that sound
which is made by dogs when
they snarl: and therefore, I pre-
sume, she says, that is the dog's
name.

and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady — [*Exit Romeo.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter,* —

Pet. Anon ?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send
the nurse :

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him — That's not so —

Oh, she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours — and yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

name. R. in the schools, being called *the Dog's Letter*. Ben Johnson in his *Engl'sh grammar* says, *R. is the Dog's letter, and birreth in the sound.*

Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat. Lucil.

WARBURTON.

This passage is thus in the old

folio. *A mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter.*

In this copy the error is but small. I read, *Ab, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the nonce, I know it begins with another letter.* For the nonce, is for some design, for a sly trick.

She'd

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me;
 But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead,
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale, as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O good, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse,——

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily:

If good, thou shalt have the musick of sweet news,
 By playing 't to me with so sweet a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Fy, how my bones ache, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy
 news!

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak—Good, good nurse,
 speak.

Nurse. What haste? Can you not stay a while?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
 breath

To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

Th' Excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied. Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
 know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no, not he;
 though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs
 excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
 body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are

past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb—Go thy ways, wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before: What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' th' other side—O my back, my back: Beshrew your heart, for sending me about To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I 'faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? how odly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:—

Where is your mother?—

Nurse. Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow, Is this the poultice for my aking bones? Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence*' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church, I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's-nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go,

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune?—honest nurse, fare-
wel. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

Fri. SO smile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own delicioufness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth fo-
? Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

7. Too swift arrives] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his jour-
ney, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap.

Fri.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth
But my true love is grown to such Excess,
I cannot sum up fums of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET,

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
 ^s The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

^s *The day is hot,*] It is observed that in *Italy* almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling;

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with *Romeo*———

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that, shall make you dance. Come! consort!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure. I——

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower: Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford No better term than this; thou art a villain.———

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a Greeting. Villain I am none, Therefore, farewell. I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good *Capulet*, whose name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ah! *la Stoccata* carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. ⁹ Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*]

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*,—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen—for shame, forbear this outrage—

Tybalt—*Mercutio*—the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold, *Tybalt*,—good *Mercutio*. [Exit *Tybalt*.]

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague on both the houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.

Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for

⁹ Will you pluck your sword out of his PILCHER by the ears? signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard.
We should read PILCHE, which WARBURTON.

me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man: I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague on both your houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*, Or I shall faint. A plague on both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me. I have it, and soundly too. Plague o' your houses!
[*Exeunt* *Mercutio and Benvolio*]

S C E N E II.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter *Benvolio*.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead:
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. ' This day's black fate on more days does
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

' *This day's black fate on more days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.*
unhappy destiny hangs over the

Enter

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
 Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
 Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
 That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
 here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight, Tybalt falls.]

Ben. *Romeo*, away. Begone:
 The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain——
 Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken. Hence. Begone. Away.

Rom. ² Oh! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay? *[Exit Romeo.]*

S C E N E III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

² *Oh! I am fortune's fool.]* I play. *Thou art death's fool:* in
 am always running in the way *Measure for Measure.* See Dr.
 of evil fortune, like the fool in a *Warburton's Note.*

Cit. Up, Sir. Go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt*, my cousin! O my brother's
child!—

Prince, O—cousin—husband—O—the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman. Prince, ³ as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.
O! cousin, cousin.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tybalt*, here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did
slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
⁴ How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it. *Romeo* he cries aloud,

³ as thou art true,] As thou art just and upright. *petty.* So in the last Act.

⁴ How nice the quarrel—] How slight, how unimportant, how

The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import.

Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
 And as he fell, did *Romco* turn to fly.
 This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Montagues*,
 5 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's*
 friend;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 6 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
 But

5 Affection makes him false.] The charge of falshood on *Ben-tivolio*, though produced at hazard, is very just. The authour, who seems to intend the character of *Ben-tivolio* as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.

6 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,] Sir Th. Hanmer saw that this line gave no sense, and therefore put, by a very easy change, I have an interest in your heart's proceeding, Which is undoubtedly better than the old reading which Dr. Warburton has followed; but the

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
 Therefore use none; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence his body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. **G**ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Tow'rd *Phæbus'* mansion; such a wagger,
 As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
⁷ Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That Run-aways eyes may wink; and *Romeo*

Leap

sense yet seems to be weak, and perhaps a more licentious correction is necessary. I read therefore.

I had no interest in your heat's preceding.

This, says the Prince, is no quarrel of mine, I had no interest in your former discord; I suffer merely by your private animosity.

⁷ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,*

That runaways eyes may wink;]
 What runaways are these, whole

eyes *Juliet* is wishing to have stopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an invocation to Night much in the same strain,

—Come, feeling Night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, &c.

So *Juliet* would have Night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *Sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phæbus*, drawn in his carr with fiery-footed steeds, and posting thro' the heavens, she very probably calls him,

Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. ⁸ Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
 Hood my ⁹ unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown
 bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in
 night,
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
 night!
 Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to ¹ the gairish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,

him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *Runaway*.
 In the like manner our Poet speaks of the *Night* in the *Merchant of Venice*;
 For the close Night doth play the Runaway. WARB.
 I am not satisfied with this emendation, yet have nothing better to propose.
⁸ Come, civil night,] Civil is grave, decently solemn.
⁹ —unmann'd blood—] Blood

yet unacquainted with man.
¹ The gairish sun.] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*.
 Civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron. Shakespeare.
 Till civil-suited morn appear. Milton.
 Pay no worship to the gairish sun. Shakespeare.
 Hide me from Day's gairish eye. Milton.

As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence;
Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but, I;

² And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,

Nurse.

² And that bare vowel, ay, shall
poison more

Than the death-darting eye of
cockatrice.] I question much
whether the grammarians will
take this new vowel on trust
from Mr. Pope, without suspect-
ing it rather for a diphthong. In
short, we must restore the spelling
of the old books, or we lose the

Poet's conceit. At his time of
day, the affirmative adverb *ay*
was generally written, *I*: and
by this means it both becomes a
vowel, and answers in sound to
eye, upon which the conceit turns
in the second line. THEOB.

—death-darting eye of cocka-
trice.] The strange lines
that follow here in the common
books

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
(God save the mark,) here on his manly breast.

A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood. I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary!
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general Doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalt's*
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did. Alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

books are not in the old edition.

POPE.

The strange lines are these:

*I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or these eyes shot, that makes
thee answer I;*

*If he be slain, say I; or if not,
No;*

*Brief sound determine of my
weal or woe.*

These lines hardly deserve
emendation, yet it may be pro-

per to observe, that their mean-
ness has not placed them below
the malice of fortune, the two
first of them being evidently
transposed: we should read,

*That one vowel, I, shall poison
more,*

*Than the death-darting eye of
cockatrice,*

*Or those eyes shot that make
thee answer, I.*

I am not I, &c.

³ Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish rav'ning Lamb!
 Despised substance, of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
 O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the Spirit of a fiend
 In mortal Paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty, in men; all perjur'd;
 All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some *Aqua vitæ*—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
 Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd
 your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?

³ In old editions.

Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven, &c.] The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven, Wolvish ravening Lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *benesfichs* are inharmonious: But is there no such thing

as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the Poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coin'd out of *raven* and *ravening*; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images.

Dove feather'd Raven! wolvish-rav'ning Lamb!

THEOBALD.

Ah, poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;

And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband;

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than *Tybalt's* death,

That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;

But, oh! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!

That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

⁴ Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*. *Tybalt's* death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there;

Or if sou'r woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,

Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?

⁵ Which modern lamentation might have mov'd:

But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,

Romeo is banished——to speak that word,

Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead!——*Romeo is banished!*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

⁴ *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put *Tybalt* out of my mind as if out of being.

⁵ *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because

the editors did not remember that *Shakespeare* uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

Where

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corpse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Take up those Cords; — poor Ropes, you are be-
guil'd;

Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.

He made you for a high-way to my bed:

But I, a maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come, Cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-Bed:

And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.

Hark ye. Your *Romeo* will be here at night,

I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true
knight.

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R**OMEO, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sou'r company.
I bring the tidings of the Prince's doom?

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say, banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That banishment
Is death mis-term'd; calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heav'n is
here,

Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. ⁶ More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*; they may seize

6 —— *More validity,
More honourable state, more
courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Ro-
meo.* —] *Validity* seems here

to mean, *worth*, or *dignity*; and
courtship the state of a *courtier*
permitted to approach the high-
est presence.

On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
 Which ev'n in pure and vestal modesty
 Still blush, as thinking her own kisses sin.
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 But *Romeo* may not;—he is banished.

Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
 But banished to kill me? banished?

O Friar, the Damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.—

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished? hang up philosophy:
 Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
 Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more—

Fri. O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
 feel:

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
 An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished;
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
 hair,

And fall upon the ground as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

Fri.

Fri. Arise, one knocks. Good *Romeo*, hide thyself. [Knock within.]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick Groans, Mist-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes.

[Knock.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—
Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken—(stay a while)—stand up:

[Knocks.]

Run to my Study—(By and by)—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [Knock.]

Who knocks so hard; whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar, Where is my lady's Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case, O woful sympathy! Piteous predicament! ev'n so lies she, Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up;—Stand, an' you be a Man: For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, rise and stand.

° Why should you fall into so deep an——

Rom. Oh, *Nurse*!——

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir!——Death is the end of all.

7 So *Hanmer*. The other editions read,
Why should you fall into so deep an oh?

Rom.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
 Doth not she think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how does she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our ^s cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and
 weeps;

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up;
 And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name;
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman.—Tell me, Friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art.
 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
 Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
⁹ Unseemly Woman in a seeming Man!
 And ill-beseeming Beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

⁸ —*cancell'd love*?] The folio reads *conceal'd love*.

⁹ *Unseemly Woman, &c.*] This strange nonsense Mr. *Pope* threw out of his edition for desperate. But it is easily restored as *Shakespeare* wrote it into good pertinent sense.

Unseemly Woman in a seeming Man!

An ill-beseeming Beast in seeming GROTH!

i. e. you have the *ill-beseeming* passions of a brute beast in the

well-seeming shape of a rational creature. For having in the *first* line said, he was a woman in the shape of a man, he aggravates the thought in the *second*, and says, he was even a brute in the shape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is used in both places, for *seemly*. WARBURTON.

The old reading is probable. *Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.*

Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned Hate upon thyself?

¹ Why rail'st thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
 Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do
 meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
 Fy, fy! thou sham'st thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
 Which, like an Usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed,
 Which should bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.

Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
 Digressing from the Valour of a Man;
 Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow Perjury,
 Killing that Love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish.

Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
 Mis-shapen in the Conduct of them both,
 Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
 Is set on Fire by thine own Ignorance,

² And thou dismember'd with thine own Defense.
 What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

¹ *Why rail'st thou, &c.*] These were again thrown out by Mr. Pope, and for the same reason: But they are easily set right. We should read,

*Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three so meet,
 In thee ATONE; which then at once would lose.*

i. e. Why rail you at your Birth and at Heaven, and Earth, which are all *so meet*, or auspicious to you: And all three your friends, [*all three in thee atone*] and yet you would lose them all by one rash stroke. Why he said, — *Birth, Heaven, and Earth, all three atone* — was because Romeo was of noble birth, of virtuous dispositions, and heir to a

large patrimony. But by suicide he would disgrace the first, offend the second, and forego the enjoyment of the third. *Atone* is frequently used by *Shakespear* in the sense of, *to agree, be friendly together, &c.* So in, *As you like it*,

*Then is there mirth in Heav'n
 When earthly things made even
 ATONE together.* WARB.

The alteration makes no improvement. The meaning is the same in the common reading better expressed.

² *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons.

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt* ; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile ; there art thou happy ;
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set ;
 For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night
 long,

To hear good counsel. Oh, what Learning is !
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. ³ Go hence. Good night. And ⁴ here stands
 all your state ;

Either begone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day, disguis'd from hence.

³ Go hence. Good night, &c.]
 These three lines are omitted
 in all the modern editions.

⁴ —here stands all your state ;]
 The whole of your fortune de-
 pends on this.

Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here.
 Give me thy hand, 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. THINGS have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
 And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

I promise you, but for your Company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to wooe.
 Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. ' Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love. I think, she will be rul'd

In

⁵ SCENE VI.] Some few necessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions.

POPE.

⁶ *Sir Paris, I will make a DESPERATE tender*

Of my child's love.—] This was but an indifferent compliment.

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ment both to *Sir Paris* and his Daughter: As if there were small hopes of her ever proving good for any thing. For he could not call the *tender, desperate* on the little prospect there was of his performing his engagement, because he is sure, he says, that his daughter

G

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
 Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love,
 And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next,——
 But, soft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my Lord.

Cap. *Monday*? Ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,

On *Thursday* let it be. O' *Thursday*, tell her,
 She shall be married to this noble Earl.

—Will you be ready? Do you like this Haste?
 We'll keep no great a do——a friend or two——
 For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thursday* were tomorrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone——on *Thursday* be it then.

Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed. [*To Lady Cap.*
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
 Farewel, my Lord——Light to my chamber, ho!
 'Fore me.——It is so late, that we may call
 It early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

daughter will be ruled in all respects by him. We should read,

Sir Paris, I will make a SEPARATE tender.

i. e. I will venture *separately* on my own head, to make you a tender of my daughter's love without consulting her. For *Sir Paris* was impatient, and the mother had said,

Things have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter.

WARBURTON.

Desperate means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.*

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Juliet's Chamber looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day;

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it,
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but ⁷ the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.

⁸ I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; *Juliet* wills it so.

⁷ — the pale reflex—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon.

⁸ I have more care to stay, than

will to go.] Would it be better thus,

I have more will to stay, than care to go?

How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
Some say, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
' Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee up with huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and
dark our Woes.

9 O, now I would they had
chang'd voices too!] The
toad having very fine eyes, and
the lark very ugly ones, was the
occasion of a common saying
amongst the people, that *the
toad and lark had chang'd eyes.*
To this the speaker alludes. But
sure she need not have wished
that *they had changed voices too.*
The lark appear'd to her untu-
nable enough in all conscience:
As appears by what she said just
before,

*It is the lark that sings so out
of tune,*

*Straining harsh discords and
unpleasing sharps.*

This directs us to the right read-
ing. For how natural was it for
her after this to add,

*Some say the lark and loathed
toad change eyes.*

*O, now I wot they have
chang'd voices too.*

i. e. the lark sings so harshly
that I now perceive the toad and
she have changed *voices* as well
as *eyes.* WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and
lark I have heard expressed in a
rustick rhyme,

— *To hear'n I'd fly,*

*But the Toad beguil'd me of my
eye.*

' *Since arm from arm, &c.*]

These two lines are omitted in
the modern editions, and do not
deserve to be replaced, but as
they may shew the danger of
critical temerity. Dr. Warbur-
ton's change of *I would* to *I wot*
was specious enough, yet it is
evidently erroneous. The sense
is this, *The lark, they say, has lost
her eyes to the toad, and now I
would the toad had her voice too,
since she uses it to the disturbance
of lovers.*

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, —

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell; one Kifs, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband!
friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

O' by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
Than may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Romeo.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith; be fickle, fortune:

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause² procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with
tears?

An' if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief shews much of
Love;

But much of Grief shews still some want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the Loss, but not the
Friend

Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the Loss,

I cannot chuse but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do with all my Heart:

And, yet, no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the Traitor lives.

*Jul.*³ I, Madam, from the Reach of these my
hands——

Would, none but I might venge my Cousin's Death!

² —— procures her hither?] equivocations are rather too art-
Procures, for brings. *WARB.* ful for a mind disturbed by the

³ I, Madam, from—] *Juliet's* loss of a new lover.

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear thou not.

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an ⁴ unaccustom'd Dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfy'd.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him, dead——
Is my poor heart so for a Kinsman vext?
Madam, if you could find out but a Man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should upon Receipt thereof
Soon sleep in Quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him——
To wreak the Love I bore my Cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the Means, and I'll find such a
Man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child,

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, ⁵ in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

⁴ ——unaccustom'd Dram,] In vulgar language, Shall give him a Dram which he is not used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books unaccustomed signifies won-

derful, powerful, efficacious.

⁵ —in happy time,] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker.

Jul. Now, by St *Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he, that must be husband, comes to wooe.

I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet : and when I do,
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*.——These are news, indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your-
self,

And see, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the Air doth drizzle
Dew ;

But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son
It rains downright.——

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?

Evermore show'ring ? in one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind ;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds thy sighs,

Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calma will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife ?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir ; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her Grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How, will she none ? Doth she not give us thanks ?

Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul.

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now ! Chop Logick ? What is This ?

Proud ! and I thank you ! and I thank you not !
And yet not proud !—Why, Mistress Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter's* church :

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! Out, you baggage !
You Tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient
wretch !

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child ;
But now I see this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !——

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her !

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why ? my lady Wisdom hold your
tongue,

Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool ;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. It makes me mad: day, night, hour, tide,
work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been,
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesns, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To answer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love,——
I am too young,——I pray you, pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dun monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak 'a
word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O Nurse, how shall this be pre-
vented?

My Husband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth?——Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack,

Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems;
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurse. ———

Nurse. Faith, here it is:

Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands, as now it doth,
I think it best, you married with the Count.

Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ⁶ so keen, so quick, so fair an eye

As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,

⁷ As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my Soul too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much;

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O most wicked Fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

⁶ —so keen,] *Hanmer.* In the other editions, so green,

is at a distance, in banishment, but here may signify, in this world.

⁷ As living here,] *Sir T. Hanmer* reads, as living hence; that

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
 So many thousand times? Go, Counsellor,
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
 I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thursday*, Sir? The time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
 * And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
 Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rd's my cell.

* *And I am, &c.] His haste
 shall not be abated by my slowness.
 It might be read,*

And I am nothing slow to back

*his haste.
 That is, I am diligent to abet
 and enforce his haste.*

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, ⁹ my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hath slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion.

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rouze you;
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kifs.

[*Exit Paris.*

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so.
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past
help.

⁹ *my lady and my wife!*] As thou wrote thus,
these four first lines seem intend- — *my lady and my life!*
ed to rhyme, perhaps the au-

Fri.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the Compass of my Wits.
I hear, you must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou heard'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo's* seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
' Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the ² commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'ft with death himself, to 'scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'll give the remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;

¹ Shall play the umpire;] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses.

²—commission of thy years and art] Commission is for authority or power.

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
 Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me
 tremble,
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris* ; *Wednesday* is to-morrow ;
 To-morrow Night, look, that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
 Take thou this phial, being then in Bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit ; for no Pulse shall keep
 His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes : thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each Part, depriv'd of supple Government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death :
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.

³ Or chain me, &c.]
 Or walk in thievish ways, or
 bid me lurk
 Where serpents are, chain me
 with roaring bears,
 Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary.

POPE.

My edition has the words
 which Mr. Pope has omitted ; but
 the old copy seems in this place
 preferable, only perhaps we
 might better read,

Where savage bears and roaring
 lions roam.

Now

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
 Then, as the manner of our Country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; ⁴ and he and I
 Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
 And this shall free thee from this present Shame,
⁵ If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me. Tell me not of fear.
 [Taking the phial.]

Fri. Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
 In this Resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall
 help afford.
 Farewel, dear father! — [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three
 Servants.*

Cap. SO many guests invite, as here are writ;
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if
 they can lick their fingers.

⁴ ——— and he and I
 Will watch thy waking.] ⁵ If no unconstant toy,—] If
 These words are not in the no fickle freak, no light caprice,
 folio. no change of fancy, hinder the
 performance.

Cap.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

—What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well; he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your Behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall prostrate here, [*She kneels.*
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of Modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up;
This is as't should be.—Let me see the County;
Ay, marry—Go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me fort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go; nurse, go with her. We'll to Church to-morrow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. ⁶ We shall be short in our provision; 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night. Let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myself
To *County Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.
[Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
⁷ For I have need of many Orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

⁶ *We shall be short*—] That is, der the appearance of religion: perhaps *Shakespeare* meant to punish her hypocrisy.

⁷ *For I have need, &c.*] *Juliet* plays most of her pranks un-

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Farewel——God knows, when we shall meet
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, phial——what if this mixture do not work at
all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there——

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

——What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

——How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthfom air breathes in,

And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an antient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort.

Alas, alas ! ⁸ is it not like, that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks, like mandrake's torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.
 Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Invironed with all these hideous fears,
 And madly play with my fore fathers' joints.
 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shroud ?
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains ?
 O look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his Body
 Upon a Rapier's Point: Stay, *Tybalt*, stay !
Romeo, herè's drink ! *Romeo*, I drink to thee.
 [*She throws herself on the bed.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath
 crow'd,

⁹ The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :

Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.

Spare not for Cost.

⁸ — is it not like, that I.]
 This speech is confused and in-
 consequential, according to the
 disorder of *Juliet's* mind.

⁹ The curfeu bell—] I know
 not that the morning bell is call-
 ed the *curfeu* in any other place.

Nurse.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere
now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time,
But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood.
Now fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier
logs,
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said, a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with musick straight,

[*Play musick.*]

For so, he said, he would. I hear him near.
Nurse,—wife,—what, ho! what nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*. Hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bride-groom he is come already.
Make haste, I say,

[*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse, severally.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Juliet's Chamber, Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter Nurse.

Nurse. **M**istrefs,—what, mistrefs? *Juliet*—Fast, I warrant her.

Why, lamb—why, Lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed—
Why, love, I say—Madam—Sweet-heart—why?
Bride—

What, not a word!—You take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath set up his Rest,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me—
Marry, and amen!—How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed.
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your cloaths—and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady—
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vitæ*. Ho! my Lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look,——oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child; my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter

Enter Capulet,

Cap. For shame, bring *Juliet* forth. Her Lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead. Alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful Time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, there she lies,
Flow'r as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law.——

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. ' O woe! oh woful, woful, woful, day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:—
O Love, O Life,—not Life, but Love in Death!—

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead;
And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.

Fri. ² Peace, ho, for Shame! Confusion's Cure
lives not
In these Confusions: Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the Maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from Death;
But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal Life.

¹ [O woe! oh woful, &c.] This speech of exclamations, is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

² In former editions,
Peace, ho, for shame, confusions: Care lives not
In these confusions:] This speech, though it contains good Christian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar,

Mr. Pope has curtail'd to little or nothing, because it has not the sanction of the first old copy. But there was another reason: Certain corruptions started, which should have required the *indulging* his *private sense* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable labour. As I have reformed the passage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have restored our poet's text; and a fine sensible reproof it contains against immoderate grief. THEOB.

The most, you fought, was her Promotion ;
 For 'twas your Heaven, she should be advanc'd :
 And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himself ?
 Oh, in this Love you love your Child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing, that she is well.
 She's not well married, that lives married long ;
 But she's best married, that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your Rosemary
 On this fair Coarse ; and, as the Custom is,
 And in her best Array, bear her to Church.
³ For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament,
 Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

Cap. All Things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their Office to black Funeral ;
 Our Instruments to melancholy Bells,
 Our wedding Chear to a sad Funeral Feast ;
 Our solemn Hymns to sullen Dirges change,
 Our bridal Flow'rs serve for a buried Coarse ;
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him ;
 And go, Sir *Paris* ; ev'ry one prepare
 To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.
 The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some Ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high Will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

³ For tho' some Nature bid us all lament,] Some Nature? Sure, it is the general rule of Nature, or she could not bid us all lament. I have ventured to substitute an epithet, which, I suspect, was lost in the idle, corrupted word, *some*: and which admirably quadrates with the verse succeeding this. THEOB.

S C E N E VI.

Manent Musicians, and Nurse.

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease:*

Oh, an you will have me live, why, play *heart's ease.*

Mus. Why, *heart's ease?*

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, *my heart itself is full of woe.* ⁴ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me!

Mus. Not a dump-we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleeck. I will give you the Minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

² *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

⁴ O, *play me some merry dump, to comfort me!*] This is not in the folio, but the answer plainly requires it.

Pet.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger:—answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then musick with her silver sound——*

Why, *silver sound!* why *musick with her silver sound?*
What say you, *Simon Catling?*

1 *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest! What say you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Mus.* I say, silver sound, because musicians found for silver.

Pet. Pratest too! What say you, *Samuel Sound-Board?*

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *singer*, I will say for you. It is musick with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for founding.

Then musick with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit singing.

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this fame?

2 *Mus.* Hang him.—*Jack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT

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

M A N T U A.

Enter R O M E O.

I F I may trust the flattering Truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :

⁵ The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals.

⁶ *If I may trust the flattering*
TRUTH of sleep,] This man was of an odd composition to be able to make it a question, whether he should believe what he confessed to be true. Tho' if he thought Truth capable of Flattery, he might indeed suppose her to be turn'd apostate. But none of this nonsense came from Shakespear. He wrote,

If I may trust the flattering
RUTH of sleep,
i. e. Pity. The compassionate

advertisement of sleep. This was a reasonable question; and the epithet given to Ruth suits its nature. But, above all, the character which the poet always gives us of Sleep is here well described in this reading; that it is pitiful, compassionate, the

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,

Chief nourisher of life's feast.—

But because I had corrected it,
—the flattering Ruth of sleep,
the Oxford Editor would be even with me, and reads it,

—the flattery of sleep;

And he has done it. For tho' a reasonable man might make it a question, whether he should believe a compassionate advertisement, yet who would hesitate whether he should believe a flatterer.

WARBURTON.

This seems to be a favourite correction, but it is not necessary. The sense is, *If I may only trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery.

My

9 My bosom's Lord fits lightly on his throne,
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
 Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthasar*?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
 How doth my Lady? is my father well?
 How doth my *Juliet*? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you.
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, Stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging,—get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

9 *My bosom's Lord*—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does *Shakespeare* give *Romeo* this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-tokens of good and evil.

Rom.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd.
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter. Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty feeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself, I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,

1. A BEGGARLY account of empty boxes;] Though the boxes were empty, yet their titles, or the accounts of their contents, if like those in the shops of other apothecaries, we may be sure, were magnificent enough. I suspect therefore that *Shakespeare* wrote,

A BRAGGARTLY account of empty boxes;

Which is somewhat confirmed by

the reading of the old *Quarto* of 1597:

——whose needy shop is stufft
With beggarly accounts of empty boxes;

Not but *account* may signify number as well as contents; if the first, the common reading is right.

WARBURTON.

Beggarly is probably right; if the boxes were empty, the account was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
 —What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see, that thou art poor.
 Hold. There is forty ducats. Let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
 That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
 And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
 souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.——

Farewel,

Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
 To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. **H**OLY *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This fame should be the voice of *Friar John*.—
 Welcome from *Mantua*; what says *Romeo*?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 One of our Order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick;
 And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
 So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it; here it is again;
 Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice, but full of charge
 Of dear import; and the neglecting it
 May do much danger. *Friar John*, go hence,
 Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Law.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
 Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
 She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
 Hath had no notice of these accidents.
 But I will write again to *Mantua*,
 And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
 Poor living coarfe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and stand
 aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground,
 So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
 Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee. Go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*]

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
 strew [*Strewing flowers.*]

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,

² *Fair Juliet, that with an-* Mr. *Pope* has followed the best
gels, &c.] These four lines copy. The folio has these lines;
 from the old edition. POPE.

Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew:

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stone,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

The obsequies which I for thee will keep,

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave, and weep.

Accept this latest favour at my hand ;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The boy whistles.

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach. —

What curst foot wanders this way to-night.
 To cross my Obsequies, and true love's rite ?
 What, with a torch ? Muffle me, night, a while.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
 iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
 Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face ;
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In ³ dear employment. Therefore hence. Be gone :
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
 The time and my intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

³ —*dear employment.*] That were supposed to have great
 is, *action of importance.* Gems powers and virtues.

Balth.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me Friendship.—Take thou that.

Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit Balth.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking up the Monument.*]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty *Montague*,
That murder'd my love's cousin; with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair Creature dy'd,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*,
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say,
A madman's Mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the
Watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*.

[*Dies.*
Rom.]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face
Mercutio's kinsman; Noble County *Paris*!
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
 To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour Misfortune's book,
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
 A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth;
 For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting⁴ Presence full of Light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*

How oft, when Men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
 A Lightning before Death. ⁵ O, how may I
 Call this a Lightning!—Oh my love, my wife!
 Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his, that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

⁴ ——— *Presence*—] A *presence*
 is a publick room.

⁵ —O. how may I

Call this a lightning!] I think

we should read,

———O, now may I

Call this a lightning! ———

And

6 And never from this Palace of dim night
 Depart again : Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting Rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
 Come, bitter conduct ! come unfa'ry guide !
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary, bark.
 Here's to my love ? Oh, true apothecary !

[Drinks the poison.

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.

6 *And never from this Palace of dim night*

Depart again. (Come lie thou in my Arms :

Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick)] Mr. Pope's, and some other of the worser editions acknowledge absurdly the lines which I have put into *parenthesis* here ; and which I have expung'd from the text, for this reason : *Romeo* is made to confess the effect of the poison before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so favourable that the patient should chuse to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after these, we find him taking the poison in his hands, and making an *apostrophe* to it ; inviting it to perform its office at once ; and then, and not 'till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability

speak of its instant force and effects. Besides, *Shakespeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *health* of his dead Mistress. Though the first *quarto* in 1599, and the two old *folios* acknowledge this absurd stuff, I find it left out in several later *quarto* impressions. I ought to take notice, that tho' Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to stick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair transcriber ; for he has sunk upon us an hemistich of most profound absurdity, which possesses all these copies.

—Come, lie thou in my Arms ;
 Here's to thy Health, where
 e'er thou tumblest in.
 O true Apothecary ! &c.

THEOBALD.

I have no edition but the folio, which has all the passage here mentioned. I have followed Mr. *Theobald*.

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed! How oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir, — and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt, my master and another fought;
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and goary swords,
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo! oh pale! Who else? what *Paris* too?

And steep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?

I do remember well, where I should be;
And there I am. Where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too—Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good *Juliet*. I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a Restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy. Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Finding a dagger.*]

This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the
church-yard;

Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
 And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.
 Go tell the Prince. Run to the *Capulets*;
 7 Raise up the *Montagues*. Some others: search—
 We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lie:
 But the true ground of all these piteous Woes
 We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 *Watch*. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in
 the church-yard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes
 hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch*. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and
 weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's Rest?

7 *Raise up the Montagues.*
Some others; search—] Here
 seems to be a rhyme intended,
 which may be easily restored;

Raise up the Montagues. *Some*
others, go.

We see the ground whereon
these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all this
piteous woe

We cannot without circum-
stance descry.

Enter

Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, *Romeo*?

Some, *Juliet*; and some, *Paris*; and all run

With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet*, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! the sheath

Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,

The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath.

What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

What fear is this, which startles in your ears? Read, What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

lo! the sheath Lies empty—] The folio, —For, lo! his house Is empty on the back, &c.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
—Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected; as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she, there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was *Tybalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,

Friar.] It is much to be lamented that the Poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew.

To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me:
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy; but if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death,
 And then in post he came from *Mantua*
 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
 —Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
 Grave,
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*.

Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your disputes too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,

This is my daughter's jointure; for no more

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,

For I will raise her Statue in pure gold;

That, while *Verona* by that name is known,

There shall no figure at that rate be set,

As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his lady lye;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,

The Sun for Sorrow will not shew his head;

Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [Exeunt omnes.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our Author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistably affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with

such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of *Shakespeare* to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. *Mr. Dryden* mentions a tradition, which might

might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by *Shakespeare*, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to a poet.* *Dryden* well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. *Mercutio's* wit, gaiety and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of *Shake-*

speare to have continued his existence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of *Dryden*; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the Authour delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.

H A M L E T,

BOIRD OF JUDICIAL OFFICERS

The Board of Judicial Officers is composed of the following members: Chief Justice, Justices of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Appellate Court, and Justices of the Circuit Court.

H. A. M. L. P. H.

This document is a record of the proceedings of the Board of Judicial Officers, held on the 15th day of January, 1900.

PRINCE OF DENMARK

The Prince of Denmark is a member of the Board of Judicial Officers, and is known for his distinguished services to the country.

W. A. G. P. S.

Dramatis Personae

CLAUDIO, King of Denmark

FRANCISCO, Captain of the Guard

LEARNED MEN, Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, and Attendants

ROSEANDEL, a Gentleman

BOLEAS, a Gentleman

FRANCISCO, a Gentleman

FRANCISCO, a Gentleman

H A M L E T,

PRINCE of DENMARK.

Dramatis Personæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

} *Courtiers.*

Ofrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

} *two Soldiers.*

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

The Story is taken from the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus.

Of this Play the Editions are,

1. Quarto, 1605. J. R. for N. L.
2. 1611. W. S. for John Smethwicke.
3. 1637. R. Young, for John Smethwicke.
4. No date. W. S. for John Smethwicke.

* * I have only the third Quarto and Folio.

H A M L E T,

PRINCE of DENMARK.

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

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O,

W H O's there!

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

* This Play is printed both in the folio of 1623, and in the quarto of 1637, more co. rectly, than almost any other of the works of *Shakespeare.*

VOL. VIII.

K

Ber.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

¹ The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place. Give you good night.
[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*.

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

² *Hor.* A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appeared again to night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

¹ *The rivals of my Watch,---*] neighbouring lands, parted only
Rivals, for partners. WARB. by a brook, which belonged

By *Rivals of the Watch* are equally to both. HANMER.

meant those who were to watch
on the next adjoining ground. ² *Hor.* A piece of him.] But
Rival, in the original sense of why a piece? He says this as he
of the word, were proprietors of gives his hand. Which direction
should be marked. WARB.

That

That if again this apparition come,
He may³ approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
⁴ What we two nights have seen.—

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same Star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,
The bell then beating one,——

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure; like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like. It harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometime march? By Heav'n, I charge thee,
speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

³ —— approve our eyes,] Add
a new testimony to that of our
eyes.

⁴ What we two nights have
seen.] This line is by *Han-*
mer given to *Marcellus*, but
without necessity.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe;
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fleaded *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead
hour,
With martial stalk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know
not,

⁵ He smote the fleaded *Polack* on
the ice.] *Pole-ax* in the com-
mon editions. He speaks of a
Prince of *Poland* whom he slew in
battle. He uses the word *Polack*
again, *Act 2. Scene 4.* POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the
term for an inhabitant of *Poland*:
Polaque, French. As in a transla-
tion of *Passeratius's* epitaph on
Henry III. of France, published
by *Camden*:

*Whether thy chance or choice
thee hither brings,
Stay, passenger, and wail the
best of kings.*

*This little stone a great king's
heart doth hold,
Who rul'd the fickle French and
Polacks bold:
So frail are even the highest
earthly things.
Go, passenger, and wail the hap
of kings.*

⁶ — and JUST at this dead
hour,] The old quarto reads
JUMPE: but the following edi-
tions discarded it for a more fa-
shionable word. WARB.

The old reading is, *jump at
this same hour*: *same* is a kind of
correlative to *jump*; *just* is in the
oldest folio. The correction was
probably made by the authour.

But,

But, in the gross scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day,
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the fight: In which our valiant *Hamlet*
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*, ⁷ who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did

⁷ ——— who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law AND he-
raldry,] The subject spoken
of is a duel between two mo-
narchs, who fought for a wager,
and entered into articles for the
just performance of the terms
agreed upon. Two sorts of law
then were necessary to regulate
the decision of the affair: the
Civil Law, and the *Law of*
Arms; as, had there been a wa-
ger without a duel, it had been
the *civil law only*; or a duel
without a wager, the *law of arms*
only. Let us see now how our

author is made to express this
sense.

————— a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law AND he-
raldry.

Now *law*, as distinguished from
heraldry, signifying the *civil*
law; and this seal'd compact
being a *civil-law* act, it is as
much as to say, *An act of law*
well ratified by law, which is
absurd. For the nature of *rati-*
fication requires that which *rati-*
fies, and that which is *rati-*
fied, should not be one and the same,
but different. For these reasons

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his Lands,
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror;
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he been vanquisher; ⁸ as by that cov'nant,
 And carriage of the articles design'd,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
¹ Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
² That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
 As it doth well appear unto our State,
 But to recover of us by strong hand,
³ And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the Land.

I conclude *Shakespear* wrote,

— who by seal'd compact

Well ratified by law of he-
 raldry.

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms; which in our author's time, was called the Law of heraldry. So the best and exactest speaker of that age: *In the third kind, [i. e. of the Jus gentium] the LAW OF HERALDRY in war is positive, &c. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.* WARB.

⁸ — as by THAT COV'NANT,
 And carriage of the articles de-
 sign'd,] The old quarto reads,

— as by the same COMART;
 and this is right. *Comart* signifies a bargain, and *Carriage* of

the articles, the covenants entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we see the common reading makes a tautology. WARB.

⁹ And carriage of the articles design'd.] *Carriage*, is import: designed, is formed, drawn up between them.

¹ Of unimproved mettle—] *Unimproved*, for unrefined. WAR.

Full of unimproved mettle, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience.

² That hath a stomach in't:—] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for constancy, resolution.

³ And terms compulsative,—] The old quarto, better, *compulsatory*.
 WARBURTON.

Ber.

Ber. * *I think, it be no other; but even so
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
That was, and is, the question of these wars.*

Hor. *A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and ⁴ palmy State of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The Graves stood tenantless; and the sheeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
⁵ Disasters veil'd the Sun; and the moist Star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's Empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like ⁶ precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
⁷ And prologue to the omen'd coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.*

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
[Spreading his Arms.]

* These, and all other lines printed in the *Italick* letter, throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation.

⁴ — palmy State of Rome,] *Palmy*, for victorious; in the other editions, *flourishing*. POPE.

⁵ Disasters veil'd the Sun;—] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. WARB.

⁶ ---precurse of fierce events,] *Fierce*, for terrible. WARB.

⁷ And prologue to the omen coming on.] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely synonymous here. The Poet means, that these strange *Phænomena* are prologues and forerunners of the events *presag'd*: And such sense the slight alteration, which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives.

THEOBALD.

Omen, for fate. WARB.

Hammer follows *Theobald*.

^s If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh speak!——

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it. Stay, and speak—Stop it, *Marcellus*——

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here——

Hor. 'Tis here——

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,al,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
⁹ Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th³

^s If thou hast any sound,]
The speech of *Horatio* to the
spectre is very elegant and noble,
and congruous to the common
traditions of the causes of appa-
ritions.

⁹ According to the pneuma-

tology of that time, every ele-
ment was inhabited by its pecu-
liar order of spirits, who had
dispositions different, according
to their various places of abode.
The meaning therefore is, that
all spirits extravagant, wandering
out

¹ Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine; And of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mer. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no Spirit ² can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
³ No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon ⁴ high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are confined. We might read,

— And at his warning

Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies

To his Confine, whether in sea or air,

Or earth, or fire. And of, &c.

But this change, tho' it would smoothe the construction, is not

necessary, and being unnecessary, should not be made against authority.

¹ *Th' extravagant*—] *i. e.* got out of its bounds. WARB.

² Dares stir abroad. *Quarto.*

³ *No fairy takes*,—] No fairy strikes, with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this authour.

⁴ — *high eastern hill*—] The old quarto has it better *eastward*.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. **T**Hough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
T' imperial jointress of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message

^s Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared,

that he has no allies to support him but a *Dream*, with which he is *colleagu'd* or confederated.

WARBURTON.

Importing

Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him,
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
 His further gate herein; in that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full Proportions are all made
 Out of his Subjects; and we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allows.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty
Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty
King. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes*?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than to the throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My

⁶ *The HEAD is not more native
 to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to
 the mouth,
 Than is the Throne of Den-
 mark to thy father.] This is*

a flagrant instance of the first
 Editor's stupidity, in preferring
 sound to sense. But *head, heart*
 and *hand*, he thought must needs
 go together where an honest man
 was the subject of the encomi-

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France* ;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France* :
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
Wrung from me my slow leave ; and, at the last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine ;
And thy best Graces spend it at thy Will.

But

um ; tho' what he could mean by the *head's being NATIVE to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an honest man might, perhaps, in some sense, be said to be *native*, that is, allied to the heart. But the speaker is here talking not of a *moral*, but a *physical* alliance. And the force of what is said is supported only by that distinction. I suppose, then, that *Shakespeare* wrote.

The BLOOD is not more native to the heart, —

Than to the Throne of Denmark is thy father.

This makes the sentiment just and pertinent. As the blood is formed and sustained by the labour of the heart, the mouth supplied by the office of the hand, so is the throne of *Denmark* by your father, &c. The expression too of the *blood's being native to the heart*, is extremely fine. For the heart is the labo-

ratory where that vital liquor is digested, distributed, and (when weakened and debilitated) again restored to the vigour necessary for the discharge of its functions.

WARBURTON.

Part of this emendation I have received, but cannot discern why the *head* is not as much *native to the heart*, as the *blood*, that is, *natural* and *congenial* to it, *born with it*, and co-operating with it. The relation is likewise by this reading better preserved, the *Counsellor* being to the *King* as the *head* to the *heart*.

Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*,
time be thine,

And thy fair graces; spend it
at thy will.] This is the

pointing in both Mr. *Pope's* editions ; but the Poet's meaning is lost by it, and the close of the sentence miserably flatten'd. The pointing, I have restored, is that of the best copies ; and the sense, this : " You have my leave to
" go,

But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son——

Ham. ⁸ A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside.*]

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am ⁹ too much i' th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st, 'tis common: all, that live, must die;
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

“ go, *Laertes*; make the fairest
“ use you please of your time,
“ and spend it at your will with
“ the fairest graces you are mas-
“ ter of.”

THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——*Time is thine,
And my best graces; spend it at
thy will.*

⁸ *Ham.* *A little more than kin,
and less than kind.*] The
King had called him, *cousin Ham-*
let, therefore *Hamlet* replies,

A little more than kin,——

i. e. A little more than cousin;
because, by marrying his mo-
ther, he was become the *King's*
son-in-law; So far is easy. But
what means the latter part,

——*and less than kind?*

The *King*, in the present read-
ing, gives no occasion for this
reflection, which is sufficient to
shew it to be faulty, and that we
should read and point the first
line thus,

But now, my cousin Hamlet.——

KIND my son ——

i. e. But now let us turn to you,

cousin Hamlet. Kind my son, (or
as we now say, Good my son) lay
aside this clouded look. For thus
he was going to expostulate gen-
tly with him for his melancholy,
when *Hamlet* cut him short by re-
flecting on the titles he gave him;
*A little more than kin, and less
than kind,*

which we now see is a pertinent
reply. *WARBURTON.*

*A little more than kin, and less
than kind*] It is not un-
reasonable to suppose that this
was a proverbial expression,
known in former times for a re-
lation so confused and blended,
that it was hard to define it.

HANMER.

Kind is the Teutonick word for
Child. *Hamlet* therefore answers
with propriety, to the titles of
cousin and *son*, which the *King*
had given him, that he was
somewhat more than *cousin*, and
less than *son*.

⁹ ——*too much i' th' Sun.*] He
perhaps alludes to the proverb,
*Out of heaven's blessing into the
warm sun.*

Queen.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? 'nay; it is; I know not *seems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No; nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which passeth shew:
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature;

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, ¹ your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term;
To do ² obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
³ In obstinate condolment, is a course

¹ —*your father lost a father; That father, his; and the survivor bound.*] Thus Mr. Pope judiciously corrected the faulty copies. On which the editor Mr. Theobald thus discants; *This supposed refinement is from Mr. Pope, but all the editions else, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*

That father lost, lost his;—
The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe so: For when *explained in terms*

it comes to this; That father after he had lost himself, lost his father. But the reading is *ex fide Codicis*, and that is enough.

WARBURTON:

I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has so much of our authour's manner; that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies.

² —*obsequious sorrow.*] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies*; or funeral ceremonies.

³ *In obstinate condolment.*—] *Condolment*, for sorrow; because *sorrow* is used to be *condoled*.

WARBURTON.

Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
 It shews ⁴ a will most incorrect to heav'n,
 A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple, and unschool'd;
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 An any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
⁵ To Reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first course, 'till he that died to day,
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne;
⁶ And with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
⁷ Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our desire;
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I pr'ythee, stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;

⁴ —a will most incorrect—]
Incorrect, for untutor'd.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *To Reason most absurd*;—]
Reason, for experience. WARB.

Reason is here used in its common sense, for the faculty by which we form conclusions from arguments.

⁶ *And with no less nobility of love*,] *Nobility*, for Magnitude.

WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather generosity.

⁷ *Do I impart tow'rd you*—]
Impart, for profess. WARB.

I believe *impart* is, *impart myself*, communicate whatever I can bestow.

Be

Be as ourself in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
⁸ No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the King's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt;
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
⁹ Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; nor
 two——

¹ So excellent a King, that was, to this,

Hyperion

⁸ *No jocund health.*] The King's intemperance is very strongly impressed; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink.

⁹ *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd.*

His cannon 'gainst self slaughter!] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the Poet's thought were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his artillery, or arms of vengeance, against*

self-murder. But the word, which I restored, (and which was espous'd by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an edition of this Play;) is the true reading. i. e. *That he had not restrain'd suicide by his express law, and peremptory prohibition.*

THEOBALD.

¹ *So excellent a King, that was, to this,*

Hyperion to a Satyr:—] This similitude at first sight seems to be

Hyperion to a Satyr; so loving to my mother,
 2 That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember? ——— why, she would hang on
 him,

As if Increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month, ——
 Let me not think—E frailty, thy name is Woman!
 A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why she, ev'n she, ——
 O heav'n! 3 a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer——, married with mine
 uncle.

My father's brother; but no more like my father,

be a little far-fetch'd; but it has
 an exquisita beauty. By the *Sa-*
tyr is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*,
Apollo. *Pan* and *Apollo* were bro-
 thers, and the allusion is to the
 contention between those two
 Gods for the preference in musick.

WARBURTON.

2 In former editions,

That he permitted not the
winds of heav'n] This is a
 sophistical reading, copied from
 the players in some of the mo-
 dern editions, for want of un-
 derstanding the Poet, whose text
 is corrupt in the old impressions:
 All of which that I have had the
 fortune to see, concur in read-
 ing;

—— *So loving to my mother,*

That he might not beteene the
winds of heav'n

Visit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption with-
 out doubt, but not so inveterate
 as one, but that, by the change

of a single letter, and the sepa-
 ration of two words mistakenly
 jumbled together, I am verily
 persuaded, I have retrieved the
 Poet's reading.—*That he might*
not let e'en the winds of heav'n,
 &c.

THEOBALD.

3 —— *a beast, that wants dis-*
course of reason.] This is
 finely expressed, and with a phi-
 losophical exactness. Beasts want
 not *reason*, but the *discourse of*
reason: i. e. the regular infer-
 ring one thing from another by
 the assistance of universals.

WARBURTON.

Discourse of reason, as the
logicians name the third opera-
 tion of the mind, is indeed a
 philosophical term, but it is *fine*
 no otherwise than as it is proper;
 it cost the authour nothing, being
 the common language of his
 time. Of finding such beauties
 in any poet there is no end.

Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!—
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She married.—Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;

Horatio,—or I do forget my self?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you;

And ⁴ what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus!

Mar. My good lord——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; ⁵ good even, Sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it Truster of your own report
 Against yourself. I know, you are no truant;

⁴ —*what make you*—} A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*.

⁵ —*good even, Sir.*} So the copies. Sir *Th. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton* put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance; but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any

change. Between the first and eighth scene of this act it is apparent that a natural day must pass, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The King has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*.

But what is your affair in *Elsinoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

'Would, I had met my ⁶ dearest foe in heav'n,

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio*!

My father——methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Oh where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think, I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! whom?——

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. ⁷ Season your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father;
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pé*;
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their opprest and fear-surprised eyes,

⁶ *Dearest*, for *direst*, most
dreadful, most dangerous.

⁷ *Season your admiration*——
That is, temper it.

Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly ⁸ with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrefy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch ;
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your father :
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we
 watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

⁸ —with the ACT of fear,]
Shakspear could never write so
 improperly, as to call the *passion*
of fear, the *act of fear*. With-
 out doubt the true reading is,

—with TH' EFFECT of fear.

WARBURTON.

Here is an affectation of sub-
 tility without accuracy. *Fear* is
 every day considered as an *agent*.
Fear laid hold on him ; fear drove
him away. If it were proper to
 be rigorous in examining trifles,
 it might be replied, that *Shake-*

speare would write more errone-
 ously, if he wrote by the direc-
 tion of this critick ; they were
 not *distilled*, whatever the word
 may mean, *by the effect of fear* ;
 for that *distillation* was itself the
effect ; *fear* was the cause, the
 active cause, that *distilled* them by
 that force of operation which we
 strictly call *act* in voluntary, and
power in involuntary agents, but
 popularly call *act* in both. But
 of this too much.

Ham. In-

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Both. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What look'd, he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still:

⁹ *Let it be treble in your silence still.*] If treble be right, in propriety it should be read, *Let it be treble in your silence now,*

But the old quarto reads, *Let it be TENABLE in your silence still.* And this is right. WARB.

And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves; so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [Exeunt.]

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you, Farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt some foul play. Would, the night were
come!

'Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to an Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting:
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute:
No more. —————

Oph.

¹ *The perfume, and suppliance of a minute:] Thus the quarto: the folio has it,*

*— Sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance of a minute.*

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet, not lasting*. With the word *suppliance* I am not satisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
² And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmerch
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
 His Greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
 For he himself is subject to his Birth;
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
³ The sanity and health of the whole State:
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he's dead. Then, if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his peculiar act and place
 May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.

imagine to be right. I suspect that *soffiance*, or some such word, formed from the Italian, was then used for the act of fumigating with sweet scents.

² *And now no foil, NOR cautel, ———*] From *cautela*, which signifies only a prudent foresight or caution; but passing thro' French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies fraud, deceit. And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar*,

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous.

But I believe *Shakespear* wrote,

And now no foil OF cautel ———
 which the following words confirm,

——— doth besmerch

³ *The virtue of his will: ———*

For by *virtue* is meant the *simpli-*
city of his will, not *virtuous will*:
 and both this and *besmerch* refer
 only to *foil*, and to the foil of
 craft and insincerity. **WARB.**

Virtue seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*; and may be explained the *pure effect*.

³ *The SANCTITY and health of the whole State:]* What has the *sanctity* of the state to do with the prince's disproportioned marriage? We should read with the old quarto **SAFETY**.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very rightly, *san-*
nity. *Sanctity* is elsewhere printed for *sanity*, in the old edition of this play.

Then weigh, what loss your Honour may sustain;
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister;
 And ⁴ keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The charest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
 The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n;
⁵ Whilst, like a puff and careless libertine,

Himself

⁴ —keep within the rear, &c.]
 That is, do not advance so far
 as your affection would lead
 you.

⁵ Whilst, LIKE a puff and care-
 less libertine.] This reading
 gives us a sense to this effect, Do
 not you be like an ungracious
 preacher, who is like a careless
 libertine. And there we find,
 that he who is so like a careless
 libertine, is the careless libertine
 himself. This could not come
 from *Shakespeare*. The old quarto
 reads,

Whiles a puff and reckless li-
 bertine,
 which directs us to the right read-
 ing,

Whilst HE, a puff and reckless
 libertine.

The first impression of these plays
 being taken from the play-house
 copies, and those, for the better
 direction of the actors, being
 written as they were pronounced,
 these circumstances have occasi-
 oned innumerable errors. So a
 for be every where,

—'a was a goodly King,

'A was a man take him for all
 in all.

— I warn't it will,

for I warrant. This should be
 well attended to in correcting
Shakespeare. WARBURTON.

The emendation is not amiss,
 but the reason for it is very in-
 conclusive;

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And ⁶ recks not his own read:

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long;—but here my father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There;—
My Blessing with you;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
⁷ But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

conclusive; we use the same mode of speaking on many occasions. When I say of one, *he squanders like a spendthrift*, of another, *he robbed me like a thief*, the phrase produces no ambiguity; it is understood that the one is a *spendthrift*, and the other a *thief*.

⁶ —recks not his own read.]
That is, heeds not his own lessons.
POPE.

⁷ *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.*] The literal sense is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.*

Bear't

Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
 Give ev'ry man thine ear ; but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in *France* of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in That.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For Loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry,
 This above all ; to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

And it must follow, as the NIGHT the Day.] The sense here requires, that the similitude shou'd give an image not of two effects of different natures, that follow one another alternately, but of a cause and effect, where the effect follows the cause by a physical necessity. For the assertion is. Be true to thyself, and then thou must necessarily be true to others. Truth to himself then was the cause, truth to others, the effect. To illustrate this necessity, the speaker employs a similitude: But no similitude can illustrate it but what presents an image of a cause and effect ; and such a cause as that, where the effect follows by a physical, not a moral necessity: for if only, by a moral necessity the thing illustrating would not be more certain than the thing illustrated; which would be a great

absurdity. This being premised, let us see what the text says,

And it must follow as the night the Day.

In this we are so far from being presented with an effect following a cause by a physical necessity, that there is no cause at all: but only two different effects, proceeding from two different causes, and succeeding one another alternately. *Shakespear*, therefore, without question wrote,

And it must follow as the LIGHT the Day.

As much as to say, Truth to thyself, and truth to others, are inseparable, the latter depending necessarily on the former, as *light depends upon the day!* where it is to be observed, that *day* is used figuratively for the *Sun*. The ignorance of which, I suppose, contributed to mislead the editors.

WARBURTON.

Farewel ;

Farewel ; ⁹ my Blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. ¹ The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock't,
And you ² yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [Exit *Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelio*, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought !

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many
tenders

Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection ! puh ! you speak like a green girl,

⁹ —my Blessing season this in thee !] Season, for infuse.

WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuse*, it is to infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out.

¹ The time invites you ;] This reading is as old as the first folio ; however I suspect it to have been substituted by the players, who did not understand the term

which possesses the elder quarto's :

The time invests you ;

i. e. besieges, presses upon you on every side. To invest a town, is the military phrase from which our author borrowed his metaphor.

THEOBALD.

² —yourself shall keep the key of it.] That is, By thinking on you, I shall think on your lessons.

³ Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby,

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. ⁴ Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, ⁵ fashion you may call't: Go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my
Lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heav'n.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

³ Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.] Unsifted, for untried. Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined; unsifted, signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former. WARBURTON.

⁴—Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of
the poor phrase)

Wronging it thus, you'll tender
me a fool.] The parenthesis
is clos'd at the wrong place; and
we must make likewise a slight
correction in the last verse. *Polonius*
is racking and playing on
the word *tender*, 'till he thinks
proper to correct himself for the
licence; and then he would say
—not farther to crack the wind
of the phrase, by *twisting* and
contorting it, as I have done.

WARBURTON.

I believe the word *wronging*
has reference, not to the phrase,
but to *Ophelia*; if you go on
wronging it thus, that is, if you
continue to go on thus wrong. This
is a mode of speaking perhaps
not very grammatical, but very
common, nor have the best writ-
ters refused it.

To sinner it or saint it,
is in *Pope*. And *Rowe*,

———*Thus to coy it,*

To one who knows you too.

The folio has it,

—*roaming it thus,*—

That is, *letting yourself loose to
such improper liberty*. But *wronging*
seems to be more proper.

⁵ fashion you may call it:—]
She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and
he for a *transient practice*.

When

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my
daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scantier of thy maiden-presence,

⁶ Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a ⁷ larger tether he may walk,

Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that Die which their investments shew,
But mere implorers of unholy suits,

⁸ Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:

⁹ I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have

⁶ *Set your intreatments*—] *Intreatments* here means *company, conversation*, from the French *entréien*.

⁷ —*larger tether*—] A string to tie horses. POPE.

⁸ *Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds*.] On which the editor Mr. Theobald remarks, *Tho' all the editions have swallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surpris'd how men of genius and learning could let it pass without some suspicion. What ideas can we frame to ourselves of a breathing bond, or of its being sanctified and pious, &c.* But he was too hasty in framing ideas before he understood those already framed by the poet, and ex-

pressed in very plain words. Do not believe (says *Polonius* to his Daughter) *Hamlet's* amorous vows made to you; which pretend religion in them, (*the better to beguile*,) like those sanctified and pious vows [or bonds] made to heaven. And why should not this pass without suspicion?

WARBURTON.

Theobald for bonds substitutes *bawds*.

⁹ *I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,*

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,] The humour of this is fine. The speaker's character is all affectation. At last he says he will *speak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; his plain speech of *slandering a moment's*

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. **T**HE Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not. It then draws near the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of warlike musick within.]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and ⁱ the swagg'ring up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

ment's leisure being of the like
fustian stuff with the rest.

WARBURTON.

Here is another *fine* passage,
of which I take the beauty to be
only imaginary. *Polonius* says,
in plain terms, that is, not in lan-
guage less elevated or embellish-

ed than before, but *in terms* that
cannot be misunderstood: I would
not have you so disgrace your most
idle moments, as not to find better
employment for them than Lord
Hamlet's conversation.

ⁱ—the swagg'ring up-spring—
The blustering upstart.

But,

But, to my mind, though I am native here,
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

² *This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,*

³ *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*

So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin,

By the o'ergrowth of some ⁴ complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners; that these men
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or ⁵ fortune's scar,

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,

⁶ *As infinite as man may undergo,*

Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault.——⁷ *The dram of Base*

Doth

² *This heavy-headed revel east and west,*] *i. e.* This reveling that observes no hours, but continues from morning to night, &c. WARB.

I should not have suspected this passage of ambiguity or obscurity, had I not found my opinion of it differing from that of the learned critick. I construe it thus, *This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced east and west, and tax'd of other nations.*

³ *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The best and most valuable part of the praise

that would be otherwise attributed to us.

⁴ ——complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. WARB.

⁵ —fortune's scar,] In the old quarto of 1637, it is

——fortune's star:
 But I think *scar* is proper.

⁶ *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man.

⁷ —The dram of Base
*Doth all the noble substance of
 a Doubt,
 To his own scandal.*] I do not remember

*Doth all the noble substance of Worth out,
To his own scandal.*

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a ⁸ questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane* : oh ! answer me ;
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but ⁹ tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have

remember a passage throughout all our poet's works, more intricate and deprav'd in the text, of less meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticism in its aid. It is certain, there is neither sense nor grammar as it now stands : yet with a slight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those defects, and give a sentiment too, that shall make the poet's thought close nobly. The dram of *Base* (as I have corrected the text) means the least alloy or baseness or vice. It is very frequent with our poet to use the *adjective* of quality instead of the substantive signifying the thing. Besides, I have observed, that elsewhere, speaking of *worth*, he delights to consider it as a quality that adds *weight* to a person, and connects the word with that idea.

THEOBALD.

⁸ —questionable shape,] By *questionable* is meant provoking question. HANMER.

So in *Macbeth*,
*Live you, or are you aught
That man may question.*

⁹ ————tell,

*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed
in DEATH,*

Have burst their cearments ?]
Hamlet here speaks with wonder, that he who was dead should rise again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar superstition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one who had the *rites of sepulture* performed to him, should walk ; the want of which was supposed to be the reason of walking ghosts. *Hamlet's* wonder then should have been placed here : And so *Shakespear* placed it, as we shall see presently. For *hearsed* is used figuratively to signify

Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,

That

nify *reposit*ed, therefore the place where should be designed: but death being no place, but a *privation* only, *bear*sed in death is nonsense. We should read,

———tell,

*Why thy canoniz'd bones bear*sed
in EARTH

Have burst their cearments.

It appears, for the two reasons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for these two other reasons. First, From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant (as one would imagine) a compliment, for, *made holy* or *sainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of sepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murder'd with all his sins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be *sainted*. But if this licentious use of the word *canonized* be allowed, then *earth* must be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the essential parts of sepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *have burst their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the *Oxford Editor* to improve upon the emendation; so, he reads,

Why thy bones bears'd in canonized earth.

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I suppose for the sake of harmony, not of sense. For tho' the rites of sepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unless every funeral service be a new consecration. WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine this note period by period, tho' almost every period seems to me to contain something reprehensible. The critick, in his zeal for change, writes with so little consideration, as to say, that *Hamlet* cannot call his father *canonized*, because *we are told he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him*. He was not then told it, and had so little the power of knowing it, that he was to be told it by an apparition. The long succession of reasons upon reasons prove nothing, but what every reader discovers, that the King had been buried, which is implied by so many adjuncts of burial, that the direct mention of *earth* is not necessary, *Hamlet*, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, enquires of the spectre, in the most emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution,

That thou, dead corse, again, in compleat steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and¹ us fools of nature
 So horribly² to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you off to a removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not fet my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

cumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body. Why, says he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common state of departed mortals, *burst* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever? The whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

Had the change of the word removed any obscurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a struggle, but either reading leaves the sense the same.

If there be any asperity in this

controversial note, it must be imputed to the contagion of peevishness, or some resentment of the incivility shown to the *Oxford Editor*, who is represented as supposing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to say, That the *body* was deposited in *holy ground*, in ground consecrated according to the *canon*.

¹ —us fools of nature] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. WARBURTON.

² —to shake our disposition.] *Disposition*, for frame.

WARBURTON.

Being

Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it—

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his Base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might³ deprive your sov'reignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it.

⁴ *The very place*⁵ puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen —

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heav'n, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me —

³ —DEPRIVE your sov'reignty of reason,] *i. e.* deprive your sov'reignty of its reason. Nonsense. *Sov'reignty of reason* is the same as sovereign or supreme reason: Reason which governs man. And thus it was used by the best writers of those times. *Sidney* says, *It is time for us both to let reason enjoy its due soveraigntie.* *Arcad.* And *King Charles*, at once to betray the soveraignty of reason in my soul. *Εἰκὸν βασιλική.* It is evident that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—DEPRAVE your sov'reignty of reason.

i. e. disorder your understanding and draw you into madness. So afterwards. Now see that noble and most sovereign reason like sweet bells jangled out of tune.

WARBURTON.

I believe *deprive* in this place signifies simply to take away.

⁴ *The very place*] The four following lines added from the first edition. POPE.

⁵ —puts toys of desperation,] Toys, for whims. WARB.

I say, away.—Go on—I'll follow thee——

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow! 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. **W**HERE wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, 'confin'd to fast in fires;

⁶ —*confin'd to fast in fires;*] for the superlative *most*, or *very*.
We should read, WARBURTON.

———*too fast in fires.*

i. e. very closely confined. The *unremitted* and *unconsumed*. The
particle *too* is used frequently change is slight.

'Till

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh list !
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as
swift

⁷ As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

⁸ And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That

⁷ *As meditation or the thoughts of love,]* This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word, *meditation*, is consecrated, by the *mystics*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that *Hamlet*, considering with what to compare the swiftnes of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*.
WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is so ingenious, that I hope it is just.

⁸ *And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed*

That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf, &c.] *Shakespeare*, apparently through ignorance, makes *Roman Catholics* of these pagan *Danes*; and here gives a description of purgatory : But yet mixes it with the pagan fable of *Lethe's wharf*. Whether he did it to insinuate, to the

That roots itself in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear.
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Den-*
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble Youth,
 The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce! won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air——
 Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secret hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of curd hebenon in a viol,

zealous *Protestants* of his time,
 that the pagan and popish pur-
 gatory stood both upon the same
 footing of credibility; or whe-
 ther it was by the same kind of

licentious inadvertence that *Michael Angelo* brought *Charon's*
 bark into his picture of the last
 judgment, is not easy to decide.

WARBURTON.

And

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and allies of the body ;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body. —————

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at once dispatcht ;
 Cut off ev'n in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, ² disappointed, ³ unaneal'd :

No

9 —at once dispatcht ;] *Dispatcht*, for bereft. WARB.

¹ *Unhousel'd*,] Without the sacrament being taken. POPE.

² *Unanoointed*,] Without extreme unction. POPE.

³ *Unanel'd* :] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

Unhouzzeled, unanoointed, unaneal'd ;

The Ghost, having recounted the process of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the fact, from the circumstances in which he was surpris'd. But these, I find, have been stumbling blocks to our editors ; and therefore I must amend and explain these three compound adjectives in their order. Instead of *unhouzzel'd*, we must restore, *unhousel'd*, i. e. *without the sacrament taken* ; from the old Saxon

word for the sacrament, *housel*.

In the next place, *unanoointed* is a sophistication of the text : the old copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

Unhousel'd, unappointed, —

i. e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word ; but I must take the liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's explication of it, *viz.* No knell rung. The adjective formed from *knell*, must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no rule in orthography, for sinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What sense does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obsolete *English* terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unetus* ; from the Teutonick proposition *an*,
 M 4 and

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shews the *Matin* to be near,

And 'gins to pale his ⁺ unaffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [Exit.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what
else!

And shall I couple hell?—Oh, hold my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;

and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil*: so that *unanneal'd* must consequently signify, *unannointed*, not having the *extream unction*. The poet's reading and explication being ascertained, he very finely makes his *ghost* complain of these four dreadful hardships; that he had been dispatch'd out of life without receiving the *hoste*, or sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *absolv'd*; without the benefit of *extream unction*; or without so much as a *confession* made of his sins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the *Romish* church admits the efficacy of *praying* for the *dead*.

THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line.

I think *Theobald's* objection to the sense of *unanneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, must be owned to be very strong. I have not yet by my enquiry satisfied myself. *Hanmer's* explication of *unanneal'd* by *unprepared*, because to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague; there is no resemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practice of *annealing* metals.

Disappointed is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*; a man well furnished with things necessary for any enterprise, was said to be well *appointed*.

⁺ —*unaffectual fire*.] i. e. shining without heat. WARR.

But

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee ——
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ——
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n,
 O most pernicious woman!
 Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing*.
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me.
 I've sworn it ——

S C E N E IX.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord, ——

Mar. Lord Hamlet, ——

Hor. Heav'n secure him!

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy. ⁵ Come, bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh, wonderful!

⁵ —*Come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they

would have him come down to them. *Oxford Editor.*

Hor.

Hor. Good, my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n's

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret——

Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i' th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desires shall point you;
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, ' by St. Patrick, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,

⁶ *By St. Patrick,—]* How the poet comes to make *Hamlet* swear by *St. Patrick*, I know not. However at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from *Ireland*; to

which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes *Hamlet* a student of *Wittenberg*. *WARBURTON.*

As

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,

7 Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this which you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole, can't work i'th' ground so fast!

[7 Swear by my sword.] Here the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient *Danes*, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords. See *Bartholine, De causis contemp. mort. apud Dan.*

WARB.

I was once inclinable to this

opinion, which is likewise well defended by Mr *Upton*, but Mr. *Garrick* produced me a passage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt.

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. ⁸ And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come, Here, as before, never, (so help you mercy!) How strange or odd so'er I bear myself, As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet To put an antick disposition on, That you, at such time seeing me, never shall, With arms encumbred thus, or this head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As, *well*—*we know*—*or, we could, and if we would*— Or, *if we list to speak*—*or, there be, and if there might*— Or such ambiguous giving out, denote That you know aught of me; This do ye swear, So grace and mercy at your most need help you! Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,

With all my love do I commend me to you; And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is May do t'express his love and friending to you, God willing shall not lack. Let us go in together, And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. The Time is out of joint; oh, cursed spight! That ever I was born to set it right. Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.

⁸ *And therefore as a stranger* to say, *Keep it secret.* Alluding
give it welcome.] *i. e.* to the laws of hospitality.
 receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof: as much as
 WARBURTON.

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

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

P O L O N I U S.

G I V E him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo*.

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, Sir,

Enquire me first what *Danfers* are in *Paris*;
And how; and who; what means; and where they
keep;

What company; at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him.
As thus. I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord——

Pol. Ay, or ⁹ drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge ;
You must not put ¹ an utter scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

² A savageness in unreclaimed blood

³ Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift ;

And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You, laying these slight fullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i' th' working,

Mark you, your party in converse, he you'd sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence ;

⁴ Good Sir, or so, or Friend, or Gentleman,

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

Rey.

⁹ —drinking [fencing,] swearing,
ing,] Fencing, an interpolation.
WARBURTON.

I suppose, by *fencing* is meant
a too diligent frequentation of
the fencing-school, a resort of
violent and lawless young men.

¹ ——an utter——] In former
editions, *another*. The emen-
dation is *Theobald's*.

² A savageness—] *Savageness*,
for wildness. WARB.

³ Of general assault.] *i. e.*
such as youth in general is liable
to. WARBURTON.

⁴ Good sir, or so, or friend,
&c.] We should read,

——or SIRE, *i. e.* father.

WARBURTON.

I know not that *sire* was ever

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this ;
He does——what was I about to say ?

I was about to say something——where did I leave ?——

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence——Ay, marry.
He closes thus ;——I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, with such and such ; and, as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse ;

There falling out at tennis ; or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.——See you now ;

Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth ;

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of Byas,

By indirections find directions out ;

So by my former lecture and advice

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you. Fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord——

Pol. Observe his inclination ^s in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Exit.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

a general word of compliment as distinct from *sir* ; nor do I conceive why any alteration should be made. It is a common mode of colloquial language to use, or so, as a slight intimation of more of the same, or a like kind, that might be mentioned. We might read,

Good Sir, Forsooth, or Friend, or Gentleman.

Forsooth, a term of which I do not well know the original meaning, was used to men as well as to women.

^s ——*in yourself.*] *Hanmer* reads, *e'en yourself*, and is followed by *Dr. Warburton* ; but perhaps *in yourself* means, *in your own person*, not by spies.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd, No hat upon his head, ⁶ his stockings loose, Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle, Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, And with a look so piteous in purport, As if he had been loosed out of hell, To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so;

⁶ —his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle.] I have restored the reading of the elder quarto's —his stockings loose.—The change, I suspect, was first from the players, who saw a contradiction in his stockings being loose, and yet shackled down at ancle. But they, in their igno-

rance, blunder'd away our author's word, because they did not understand it;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred, i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldest copies; and, so his stockings were properly loose, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the ancle.

THEOBALD.

At

At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
 This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the Will to desp'rate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heav'n,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry ;
 What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I'm sorry, that with better speed and judgment
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he triff'd,
 And meant to wreck thee ; but beshrew my jealousy ;
 It seems, ⁸ it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come ; go we to the King.

⁷ *I had not QUOTED him.—*] The old quarto reads *coted*. It appears *Shakespeare* wrote NOTED. Quoted is nonsense. WARB.

To quote is, I believe, to reckon, to take an account of, to take the quotient or result of a computation.

⁸ ——— *it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our
 opinions,
 As it is common for the younger
 sort*

To lack discretion.—] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much-suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life cast commonly beyond themselves, let their cunning go further than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world.

This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, Lords,
and other Attendants.*

King. **W**ELCOME, dear *Rosincrantz*, and *Guildenstern*!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,

⁹ *This must be known; which, being kept close, might more
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love.] i. e.* This must be made known to the King, for (being kept secret) the hiding *Hamlet's* love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the Queen, than the uttering or revealing of it

will occasion hate and resentment from *Hamlet*. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet. WARB.

Harmer reads,

*More grief to hide hate, than
to utter love.*

So

So much as from occasions you may glean,
 If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
 you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
¹ To shew us so much gentry and good-will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
² For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sov'reign pow'r you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
 And here give up ourselves, ³ in the full bent,
 To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosin-*
crantz.

And, I beseech you, instantly to visit
 My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
 And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from *Norway*, my good
 Lord,
 Are joyfully return'd.

¹ To shew us so much gentry——] Gentry, for complaisance. WARBURTON. raised may be completed by the desired effect.

² For the supply, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has WARBURTON. ³ —— in the full bent,] Bent, for endeavour, application.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? assure you, my good
Liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not ⁴ the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. Oh, speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
My news shall be ⁵ the fruit of that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [Exit *Pol.*

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
good friends!

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires:
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*,
But, better look'd into, he truly found

⁴ — the trail of policy—] The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the sent. ⁵ — the fruit—] The dessert after the meat.

It was against your Highness : Whereat griev'd,
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
 On *Fontinbras* ; which he, in brief, obeys ;
 Receives rebuke from *Norway* ; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
 Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
 Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee ;
 And his Commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the *Polack* :
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet Pass
 Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
 On such regards of safety and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
 Go to your Rest ; 7 at night we'll feast together.
 Most welcome home ! [Exeunt Ambaf.]

Pol. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and Madam, 9 to expostulate

What

6 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;] This reading first obtain'd in the edition put out by the players. But all the old *quarto's* (from 1605, downwards) read, as I have reform'd the text. THEOB.

7 — at night we'll feast —] The King's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten.

8 My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate] The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. *Polonius's* character is

that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself in his wit :

*That he is mad, 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true ; A foolish figure ;
 But farewell it —*

What Majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were

And how exquisitely does the poet ridicule the *reasoning in fashion*, where he makes *Polonius* remark on *Hamlet's* madness;

Though this be madness, yet there's method in't:

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the most essential quality of a good discourse, would make amends for the madness. It was *madness* indeed, yet *Polonius* could comfort himself with this reflection, that at least it was *method*. It is certain *Shakespear* excels in nothing more than in the preservation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character*. (says our great poet in his admirable preface to *Shakespear*) *we must add the wonderful preservation of it*. We have said what is the character of *Polonius*; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and spirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by some to be grossly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *instructions* which *Shakespear* makes his statesman give to his son and servant in the middle of the *first*, and beginning of the *second act*. But I will venture to say, these criticks have not entered into the poet's art and address in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his scenes with those fine lessons of social life; but his *Polonius* was too weak to be the author of them, tho' he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough

to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of *Polonius's* instructions to his servant, he makes him, tho' without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

And then, Sir, does he this;

He does——what was I about to say?

I was about to say something?

——where did I leave?——

The servant replies,

At, closes in the consequence.

This sets *Polonius* right, and he goes on,

At, closes in the consequence.

——Ab marry,

He closes thus;——I know the gentleman, &c.

which shews they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of Character. WARB.

This account of the character of *Polonius* though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our authour. The commentator makes the character of *Polonius*, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired.

The

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief; you noble son is mad;
 Mad, call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go———

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
 That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true. A foolish figure,
 But farewell it; for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.--
 I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;

The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. *Polonius* is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is

knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of *Polonius*.

9 ——— 10 expostulate] To expostulate, for to enquire or discuss.

WARB.

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

¹ *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia* ——— That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear ——— *These to her excellent white bosom, these.* ———

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while. I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have

¹ *To the celestial, and my soul's idol; the most beautified Ophelia.*] I have ventur'd at an emendation here, against the authority of all the copies; but, I hope, upon examination it will appear probable and reasonable. The word *beautified* may carry two distinct ideas, either as applied to a woman made up of artificial beauties, or to one rich in native charms. As *Shakespeare* has therefore chose to use it in the latter acceptation, to express natural comeliness; I cannot imagine, that here, he would make *Polonius* except to the phrase, and call it a *vile one*. But a stronger objection still, in my mind, lies against it. As *celestial* and *soul's idol* are the introductory characteristics of *Ophelia*, what a dread-

ful anticlimax is it to descend to such an epithet as *beautified*? On the other had, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raises the image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman Catholick*, call it a *vile phrase*, *i. e.* favouring of profanation; since the epithet is peculiarly made an adjunct to the *Virgin Mary's* honour, and therefore ought not to be employed in the praise of a meer mortal. THEOBALD.

Both Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton* have followed *Theobald*, but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as *Polonius* calls it, a *vile phrase*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* seems to be a *vile phrase*, for the ambiguity of its meaning.

not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,
ob most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst

this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
And, ² more above, hath his folicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me :) what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think
³ If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,

² *More above, — is, more-over, besides.*

³ *If I had play'd the desk or table-book,*

Or giv'n my heart a working mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? —] i. e.

If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours,

[play'd the desk or table-book,] or had connived at it, only observed them in secret without acquainting my daughter with my discovery, [given my heart a mute and dumb working,] or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and over-looked it, [look'd upon this love with idle sight;] what would you have thought of me? WARB.

This

This must not be ; and then, I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens :
 † Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
 And he repulsed, † a short tale to make,
 Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this ?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know
 that,

That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

† Which done, SHE TOOK the
 fruits of my advice ;

AND he repulsed,—] The fruits
 of advice are the effects of ad-
 vice. But how could she be said
 to take them? the reading is
 corrupt. *Shakespeare* wrote,

Which done, SEE TOO the fruits
 of my advice ;

FOR, he repulsed, —

WARBURTON.

She took the fruits of advice
 when she obeyed advice, the ad-
 vice was then made fruitful.

‡ — a short tale to make,

Fell to a sadness, then into a
 fast, &c.] The ridicule of

this character is here admirably
 sustained. He would not only
 be thought to have discovered
 this intrigue by his own sagacity,
 but to have remarked all the
 stages of *Hamlet's* disorder, from
 his sadness to his raving, as re-
 gularly as his physician could
 have done ; when all the while
 the madness was only feigned.
 The humour of this is exquisite
 from a man who tell us, with a
 confidence peculiar to small po-
 liticians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though
 it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

WARB.

Within

Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;

Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter; If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

S C E N E V.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where, sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave.——How does my good Lord

Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. ' For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a God, kissing carrion——
Have you a daughter ?

Pol.

*6 For if the Sun breed maggots
in a dead dog,
Being a GOOD kissing carrion—
Have you a daughter ?]* The
editors seeing *Hamlet* counterfeit
madness, thought they might
safely put any nonsense into his
mouth. But this strange passage
when set right, will be seen to
contain as great and sublime a
reflexion as any the poet puts in-
to his Hero's mouth throughout
the whole play. We shall first
give the true reading, which is
this,

*For if the Sun breed maggots in
a dead dog,
Being a God, kissing carrion—*
As to the sense we may observe,
that the illative particle [for]
shews the speaker to be reasoning
from something he had said be-
fore : What that was we learn in
these words, *to be honest, as this
world goes, is to be one picked out
of ten thousand.* Having said
this, the chain of ideas led him
to reflect upon the argument
which libertines bring against
Providence from the circumstance
of abounding *Evil*. In the next
speech therefore he endeavours to
answer that objection, and vindi-
cate Providence, even on a sup-
position of the fact, that almost
all men were wicked. His ar-
gument in the two lines in ques-
tion is to this purpose, *But why
need we wonder at this abounding
of evil? for if the Sun breed*

*maggots in dead dog, which tho'
a God, yet shedding its heat and
influence upon carrion——* Here he
stops short, lest talking too con-
sequentially the hearer should
suspect his madness to be feign-
ed ; and so turns him off from
the subject, by enquiring of his
daughter. But the inference
which he intended to make, was
a very noble one, and to this
purpose, If this (says he) be the
case, that the effect follows the
thing operated upon [*carrion*]
and not the thing operating [*a
God* ;] why need we wonder,
that the supreme cause of all
things diffusing its blessings on
mankind, who is, as it were, a
dead carrion, dead in original
sin, man, instead of a proper
return of duty, should breed only
corruption and vices ? This is
the argument at length ; and is
as noble a one in behalf of pro-
vidence as could come from the
schools of divinity. But this
wonderful man had an art not
only of acquainting the audience
with what his actors *say*, but
with what they *think*. The sen-
timent too is altogether in cha-
racter, for *Hamlet* is perpetually
moralizing, and his circumstan-
ces make this reflexion very na-
tural. The same *thought*, some-
thing diversified, as on a differ-
ent occasion, he uses again in
Measure for Measure, which will
serve to confirm these observations:

The

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' Sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter?—

Yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fish-monger.

He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [Aside.]

I suffered much extremity for love; Very near this.—I'll speak to him again.

—What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. 'T Slanders, Sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with most weak hams. All which,

*The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt;
but it is I
That lying by the violet in the sun
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous season.—*

And the same kind of expression in *Cymbeline*,

Common-kissing Titan. WARB.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critick on a level with the authour.

'T Slanders, Sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old

men, &c.] By the satirical slave he means Juvenal in his tenth satire:

*Da spatium vitæ, multos da
Jupiter annos;*

*Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc &
pallidus optas.*

*Sed quàm continuis & quantis
longa senectus*

*Plena malis! deformem, & ter-
trum ante omnia vultum,*

Diffimilemque sui, &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for *Hamlet*, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

Sir,

Sir, tho' I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*]

Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.——

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air:——

How pregnant sometimes his replies are?

A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.

My honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet; there he is.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern?

Oh, *Rosincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy:

On

On fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, in privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true? she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the word's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord!

Ham. *Denmark's* a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me, it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite space; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious it merely⁸ the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

⁸ *The shadow of a dream.*] that the state of humanity is
Shakespeare has accidentally in- *οὐκ ἔστιν ὄντα*, the dream of a shadow.

Rof. Truly, and I hold ambition of fo airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. ° Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ftretch'd heroes, the beggar' shadows. Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the reft of my fervants; for, to fpeak to you like an honeft man, I am moft dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elfinoor*?

Rof. To vifit you, my Lord; no other occafion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and fure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not fent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Come, deal juftly with me; Come, come; Nay, fpeak.

Guil. What fhould we fay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpofe. You were fent for; and there is a kind of confeffion in your looks, which your modefties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have fent for you.

Rof. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muft teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the confonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preferved love, and by what more dear, a better propofer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no?

Rof. What fay you? [To Guilden.]

° *Then are our beggars, bodies;*] againft wealth and greatness, that
Shakespeare feems here to defign feem to make happinefs confift
a ridicule of thefe declamations in poverty.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you : if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. * I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a God ! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals ! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me.—Nor woman neither ; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me ?

Rof. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you ; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome. His Majesty shall have tribute of me ; the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target ; the lover shall

* *I have of late, &c.*] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thickness of blood ; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause

of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies.

WARBURTON.

not sigh *gratis*; the humorous man, ² shall end his part in peace; and ³ the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Rof. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Rof. ⁴ I think, their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did, when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Rof. No, indeed, they are not.

* *Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

“ *Rof.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted
“ pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children,
“ ⁵ little Eyases, that ⁶ cry out on the top of question;

² *shall end his part in peace;*] After these words the folio adds, *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere.*

WARBURTON.

This passage I have omitted, for the same reason, I suppose, as the other editors. I do not understand it.

³ *the lady shall, &c.*] *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse.*

⁴ *I think, their inhibition*] I fancy this is transposed: *Hamlet* enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their innovation, that is, their new practice of strolling, comes by the means of the late inhibition.*

* The lines marked with commas are in the folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I suppose, in any of the quartos.

⁵ *little Yases, that cry out on*

the top of question;] The poet here steps out of his subject to give a lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the establish'd theatres. But why are they call'd *little Yases*? As he first calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's nest; there is not the least question but we ought to restore—*little Eyases*; i. e. Young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg.

THEOBALD.

An Aiery of children,] Relating to the play-houses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c. play'd by the children of his Majesty's chapel. POPE.

⁶ *cry out on the top of question;*] The meaning seems to be, they ask a common question in the highest notes of the voice.

“ and

“ and are most tyrannically clapt for’t ; these are now
 “ the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (so
 “ they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid
 “ of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

“ *Ham.* What, are they children ? who maintains
 “ ’em ? how are they ⁷escoted ? ⁸ will they pursue
 “ the Quality, no longer than they can *sing* ? will they
 “ not *say* afterwards ? If they should grow themselves
 “ to common players, as it is most like, if their
 “ means are no better : their writers do them wrong
 “ to make them exclaim against their own succession.

“ *Ros.* Faith, there has been much to do on both
 “ sides ; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them
 “ on to controversy. There was, for a while, no
 “ mony bid for argument, unless the poet and the
 “ player went to cuffs in the question.

“ *Ham.* Is’t possible ?

“ *Guil.* Oh, there has been much throwing about
 “ of brains.

“ *Ham.* Do the Boys carry it away ?

“ *Ros.* Ay, that they do, my Lord, ⁹ *Hercules* and
 “ his load too.

Ham. ¹ It is not strange ; for mine uncle is King of
Denmark ; and those, that would make mowes at him
 while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an
 hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There
 is something in this more than natural, if philosophy
 could find it out.

[*Flourish for the Players.*

⁷ *Escoted*] Paid.

⁸ *will they pursue the Quality
 no longer than they can sing ?*
 Will they follow the *profession* of
 players, no longer than they keep
 the voices of boys ? So after-
 wards he says to the player,
*Come, give us a taste of your
 quality ; Come, a passionate speech.*

⁹ *Hercules and his load too.*
i. e. They not only carry away

the world, but the world bearer
 too: Alluding to the story of
Hercules's relieving *Atlas*. This
 is humorous. WARE.

¹ *It is not strange ; for mine
 unkle*] I do not wonder that the
 new players have so suddenly
 risen to reputation, my uncle
 supplies another example of the
 facility with which honour is con-
 ferred upon new claimants.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfinoor*. Your hands. Come then. The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; ² let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, ³ I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern*; and you too, at each ear a hearer. That great Baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it. You say right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

When *Roscious* was an Actor in *Rome* ———

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

² *Hammer* reads, *Let me compliment with you.*

³ *I know a hawk from a hand-saw* } This was a common proverbial speech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from a kernshaw.* As if the

other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people. So that this critick's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression.

WARB.

Ham.

Ham. ⁴ Buzze, buzze ———

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. ⁵ Then come each Actor on his ass——

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical pastoral, scene undividable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. ⁶ For the law of writ, and the Liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Oh, *Jephtha*, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why, one fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot—and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was: ⁷ the first

⁴ *Buzze, buzze*] Meer idle talk, the *buzze* of the vulgar

⁵ *Then came, &c.*] This seems to be a line of a ballad.

⁶ *For the law of writ, and the Liberty, these are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of wit, and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of writ, I believe rightly. Writ, for writing, composition. Wit* was not, in our authour's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or *both together*, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend and judge*. Those who wrote of the human mind distinguished its primary powers into *wit and will. Af-*

cham distinguishes boys of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*.

⁷ *the first row of the rubrick.*] It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chansons*. *Hamlet* is here repeating ends of old songs.

POPE.

It is *pons chansons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the *rubrick* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubrick* may stand for *marginal explanation*.

row of *the rubrick* will shew you more. For, look, where ⁸ my abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What! my young lady and mistress? b'erylady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, ⁹ be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't ¹ like friendly falconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

¹ *Play.* What speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas ² *Caviare* to the general; but it was as I receiv'd it, and others whose judgment in such matters ³ cried in the top of mine, an excellent Play; well digested in the scenes, ⁴ set down with as much modesty as cun-

⁸ *my abridgments*] He calls the pl yers afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *those who will shorten my talk.*

⁹ *be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for use.* This is said to a young player, who acted the parts of women.

¹ *like friendly falconers,*] *Hammer,* who has much illustrated the allusions to falconry, reads, *like French falconers,* but gives

no reason for the correction.

² *Caviare to the general;*] *Caviare* was a kind of foreign pickle, to which the vulgar palates were, I suppose, not yet reconciled.

³ *cried in the top of mine,*] *i. e.* whose judgment I had the highest opinion of. WARB.

I think it means only that *were higher than mine.*

⁴ *set down with as much modesty*] *Modesty,* for simplicity.

WARBURTON.

ning.

ning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, ⁵ that might indite the author of affection; ⁶ but call'd it, an honest method, *as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.* One speech in it I chiefly lov'd! 'twas *Æneas's* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrceanian* beast,—It is not so;—it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whose fable arms,
 Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble
 When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
 Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
 With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
 Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
 That lend a tyrannous and damned light
 To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him,
 Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword.
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,

⁵ that might indite the author] Indite, for convict. WARE.

⁶ but call'd it an honest method.] *Hamlet* is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. One said, there was no

salt in the lines, &c. but call'd it an honest method. The authour probably gave it, But I called it an honest method, &c.

an honest method.] Honest, for chaste. WARBURTON.

Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide ;
 But with the whif and wind of his fell sword,
 Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his Base ; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i' th' air to stick :
 So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* stood ;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region : So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a work,
 And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall
 On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding sword
 Now falls on *Priam*.——

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune ! all you Gods,
 In general synod take away her power :
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
 As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard.
 Pr'ythee, say on ; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry,
 or he sleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh ! who, had seen 7 the mobled
 Queen,——

7 ——the mobled Queen,——] that no more is to be seen of them
 Mobled or mabled, signifies veiled. than their eyes. Travels.
 So *Sandys*, speaking of the Turk- WARBURTON.
 ish women, says, their heads and Mobled signifies, huddled, grossly
 faces are MABLED in fine linen, covered.

Ham.

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames

With biffon rheum! a clout upon that head;
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a play tomorrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzaga*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, [*to Ros. and Guild.*] I'll leave you 'till night. You are welcome to *Elfsnoor*.

Ros. Good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, so, God b'wi'ye. Now I am alone. Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this Player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That, from her working, ⁸ all his visage wan'd: Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting, With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing? For *Hecuba*? What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and ⁹ the cue for passion, That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

⁸ *all his visage* WARM'D:] This might do, did not the old *Quarto* lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is, — *visage* WAN'D: *i. e.* turn'd pale, or *wan*. For

so the visage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not *warm'd* or flushed. *WARB:* ⁹ — *the cue for passion,*] The hint, the direction.

And

And cleave ¹ the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculty of ears and eyes.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like *John-a-dreams*, ² unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing. No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property and most dear life

³ A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, ⁴ kindless vil-
 lain!

Why, what an afs am I? this is most brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drab,

A Scullion. Fy upon't! foh!

⁵ About, my brain! I've heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a Play,

Have by the very cunning of the Scene

¹ ——*the general ear*——] The ears of all mankind. So before, *Caviare to the general*, that is, to the *multitude*.

² ——*unpregnant of my cause*,] *Unpregnant*, for having no due sense of. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a*

new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.

³ *A damn'd defeat was made.*] *Defeat*, for *destruction*. WARB.

Rather, *dispossession*.

⁴ ——*kindless*——] *Unnatural*.

⁵ *About, my brain!*] *Wits*, to your work. *Brain*, go about the present business.

Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these Players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
 I'll ⁶ tent him to the quick, ⁷ if he but blench,
 I know my course. This Spirit, that I have seen,
 May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
⁸ More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [*Exit.*]

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

The PALACE.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz,
 Guildenstern, and Lords.*

K I N G.

AND can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
 With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

⁶ —tent him—] Search his wounds.

⁷ —if he but blench,] If he shrink.

⁸ More relative than this:]

Relative, for convictive. WARB.

Convictive is only the consequential sense. *Relative* is, nearly related, closely connected.

Rof.

Rof. He does confefs, he feels himfelf diftracted ;
But from what caufe he will by no means fpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded ;
But with a crafty madnefs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to fome confeffion
Of his true ftate.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Rof. Moft like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his difpofition.

Rof. ⁹ Niggard of queftion, but of our demands
Moft free in his reply.

Queen. Did you affay him to any paftime ?

Rof. Madam, it fell out, that certain Players
We * o'er-raught on the way ; of thefe we told him ;
And there did feem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court ;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moft true :

And he befecch'd me to entreat your Majefties
To hear and fee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much con-
tent me
To hear him fo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpofe into thefe delights.

⁹ Niggard of queftion, but of
our demands

Moft free in his reply.] This is
given as the description of the
converfation of a man whom the
fpeaker found not forward to be
founded ; and who kept al of when
they would bring him to confeffion :
But fuch a description can never
pafs but at crofs-purpofes. Shake-
fpear certainly wrote it juft the
other way,

Moft free of queftion, but of
our demands

Niggard in his reply,

That this is the true reading
we need but turn back to the
preceding fcene, for Hamlet's
conduct, to be fatisfied. WARB.

* O'er-raught on the way ;]
Over raught is, over-reached, that
is, over-took.

Rof.

Rof. We shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too ;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
' Affront *Ophelia*.

Her father, and myself, lawful Espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet*'s wildness ! So shall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit *Queen.*

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here.—Gracious, so please
ye,
We will bestow ourselves——Read on this book ;
[To *Oph.*

That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
² 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
[*Aside.*

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not ³ more ugly to the thing that helps it,

¹ *Affront Ophelia.*] To affront
is only to meet directly.

² 'Tis too much prov'd,——] It
is found by too frequent experi-
ence.

³ —— more ugly to the thing
that helps it,] That is, com-
pared with the thing that helps
it.

Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ⁴ To be, or not to be? that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

⁴ *To be, or not to be?—*] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress*, it is necessary to decide, whether, *after our present state, we are to be or not to be.* That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently, or to take arms against*

them, and by opposing end them; though perhaps with the loss of life. If to die, were to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were devoutly to be wished; but if to sleep in death, be to dream, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must pause to consider, in that sleep of death what dreams may come. This consideration makes calamity so long endured; for who would bear the vexations of life which might be ended by a bare bodkin, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of resolution, checks the vigour of enterprise, and makes the current of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered *Ophelia*.

Or

5 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die——to sleep——
 To sleep? perchance, to dream. Ay, there's the
 rub;

For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this 6 mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,
 That makes Calamity of so long life.

For who would bear 7 the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The

5 Or to take arms against A
 SEA of troubles,] Without
 question *Shakespear* wrote,

——against ASSAIL of troubles.
i. e. assault. WARB.

Mr. *Pope* proposed *siege*. I
 know not why there should be so
 much solicitude about this meta-
 phor. *Shakespear* breaks his me-
 taphors often, and in this deful-
 tory speech there was less need of
 preserving them.

6 ——mortal coil,] *i. e.* tur-
 moil, bustle. WARB.

7 ——the whips and scorns OF
 TIME,] The evils here com-
 plained of are not the product of
 time or duration simply, but of a
 corrupted age or manners. We
 may be sure, then, that *Shake-
 spear* wrote,

——the whips and scorns OF
 TH' TIME.

And the description of the evils
 of a corrupt age, which follows,
 confirms this emendation.

WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the corrup-
 tion of this passage is not more
 than the editor has suspected.
Whips and *scorns* have no great
 connection with one another, or
 with *time*; *whips* and *scorns* are
 evils of very different magnitude,
 and though at all *times* *scorn* may
 be endured, yet the *times* that
 put men ordinarily in danger of
whips, are very rare. *Fal-
 stoff* has said, that the *courtiers*
would whip him with their quick
wits; but I know not that *whip*
 can be used for a *scoff* or *insult*,
 unless its meaning be fixed by
 the whole expression.

I am afraid lest I should ven-
 ture too far in correcting this
 passage. If *whips* be retained,
 we may read,

For who would bear the whips
 and scorns of tyrants.

But I think that *quip*, a *sneer*, a
sarcasm, a contemptuous jest, is
 the proper word, as suiting very
 exactly with *scorn*. What then
 must

The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
^s To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action——Soft you, now!

[*Seeing Ophelia with a book.*

The fair *Ophelia*? ⁹ Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,

How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,

must be done with *time*, it suits
 no better with the new reading
 than with the old, and *tyrant* is
 an image too bulky and serious.
 I read, but not confidently,

*For who would bear the quips
 and scorns of title.*

It may be remarked, that
Hamlet, in his enumeration of
 miseries, forgets, whether pro-
 perly or not, that he is a prince,
 and mentions many evils to
 which inferior stations only are
 exposed.

⁸ *To groan and sweat—*] All
 the old copies have, *to grunt and
 sweat*. It is undoubtedly the
 true reading, but can scarcely be
 born by modern ears.

⁹—*Nymph, in thy orisons, &c.*] This is a touch of nature. *Ham-
 let*, at the sight of *Ophelia*, does
 not immediately recollect, that
 he is to personate madness, but
 makes her an address grave and
 solemn, such as the foregoing me-
 ditation excited in his thoughts.

That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well;
you did;

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich; that perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
—There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My Lord,

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd;
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its
likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the
time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For vir-
tue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall re-
lish of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why shouldst thou
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent ho-

¹ *That if y u be honest and fair,
you should admit no discourse to
your beauty.*] This is the reading
of all the modern editions, and
is copied from the *quarto*. The
folio reads, your honesty *should*
admit no discourse to your beauty.

The true reading seems to be
this, *If you be honest and fair,
you should admit your honesty to
no discourse with your beauty.*
This is the sense evidently re-
quired by the process of the con-
versation.

nest;

nest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences² at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, farewell; or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers restore him!

*Ham.*³ I have heard of your painting too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you

² at my beck,] That is, always ready to c me about me.

With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.] What is the meaning of thoughts to put them in? A word is dropt out. We should read,

— thoughts to put them in
NAME.

This was the progress. The offences are first conceived and

named; then projected to be put in act, then executed. WARB.

To put a thing into thought, is to think on it.

³ I have heard of your painting too, well enough, &c.] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for painting, has prattlings, and for face, has pace, which agrees with what follows, you jig, you amble. Probably the authour wrote both. I think the common reading best.

lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and ⁴ make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, foldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and ⁵ the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers! Quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sov'reign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

S C E N E III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,

⁴ make your wantonness your ignorance.] You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

⁵ — the mould of form,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.

With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. [Exit *Ophelia*.]

My Lord, do as you please.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs; let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
To *England* send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so.
Madness in Great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[Exeunt.]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you; as I pro-
nounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if
you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as
lieve, the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do
not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use
all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as
I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must ac-
quire and beget a temperance that may give it smooth-
ness. Oh it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very
rags, to split the ears of ⁶ the groundlings: who for

⁶ *the groundlings:*] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who not well understand- ing poetical language, were some- times gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue.

the most part are capable of nothing but ⁷ inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er doing ⁸ *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*. Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of Nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very ⁹ age and body of the time, his form and ¹ pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, ² not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us,

⁷ *inexplicable dumb shews,*] I believe the meaning is, *shew*, without words to explain them.

⁸ *Termagant;*] *Termagant* was a Saracen Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities.

Mr. PERCY.

⁹ *age and body of the time,*] The *age* of the *time* can hardly pass. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did the authour write, the *page*? The *page* suits

well with *form* and *pressure*, but ill with *body*.

¹ *pressure,*] Resemblance as in a print.

² *not to speak it profanely,*] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*.

Ham.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered. That's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a Man,
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord, ———

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since⁴ my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

³ ——— the pregnant hinges of ready, prompt.
th. knee,] I believe the sense

⁴ — my dear soul —] Perhaps, my dear soul.

And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
 5 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to-night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
 Ey'n with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle; if his occult guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As *Vulcan's Stithy*. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join,
 In censure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.

If he steal aught, the whilst this Play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

5 *Whose blood and judgment—*] and the due mixture of the hu-
 According to the doctrine of mours made a perfect character.
 the four humours, *desire* and *con-* 6 — *Vulcan's Stithy.* —]
confidence were seated in the blood, *Stithy* is a smith's anvil.
 and *judgment* in the phlegm,

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a flourish.

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, of the camelion's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, ⁷ nor mine now.—My Lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say? [*To Polonius.*

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was killed i' th' Capitol. *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, ⁸ they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

⁷ nor mine now,] A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keep them unspoken.

⁸ they stay upon your patience.]

May it not be read more intelligible, *They stay upon your pleasure.* In *Macbeth* it is,

Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Ham.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord,

Ham. ° Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord!

Ham. Nothing,

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh! your only jig-master; what should a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black,

° *Do you think, I meant country-matters?*] I think we must read, *Do you think, I meant country manners?* Do you imagine that I meant to sit in your lap, with such rough gallantry as clowns use to their lassies?

¹ *nay, then let the Devil wear black, FOR I'll have a suit of fables.*] The conceit of these words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's cheerful looks: Two months was long enough in conscience to make any dead husband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonsensical blunder, have made *Hamlet* say just the contrary.

That the Devil and he would both go into mourning, tho' his mother did not. The true reading is this, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black, 'FORE I'll have a suit of sable.* 'Fore, i. e. before. As much as to say, Let the Devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* despises an emendation so easy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ERMINE.* And you could expect no less, when such a critic had the dressing of him. But the blunder was a pleasant one. The senseless editors had wrote *sables*, the fur so called, for *sable*, black.

black, for I'll have a fuit of fables. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a Great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he ² suffer not thinking on, with the hobby horse; whose epitaph is, *For ob, for ob, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

black. And the critick only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people say, *You rejoice the cockles of my heart, for the muscles of my heart*; an unlucky mistake of one shell-fish for another. **WARB.**

I know not why our editors should, with such implacable anger, persecute our predecessors. *Οὐ νεκροὶ μὴ δάκνυσιν*, the dead it is true can make no resistance, they may be attacked with great security; but since they can neither feel nor mend, the safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure; nor perhaps would it much misbeseem us to remember, amidst our triumphs over the nonsensical and the senseless, that we likewise are men; that *debe-mur morti*, and as *Swift* observed to *Burnet*, shall soon be among the dead ourselves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonsense, nor why *Hamlet*, when he laid aside his dress of mourning, in a country where it was bitter cold, and the air was nipping and eager, should not have a *fuit of fables*. I suppose it is well enough known, that the fur of fables is not black.

² *suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse*;] Amongst the country may-games, there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and balladmakers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads *Hamlet* quotes a line or two.

WARBURTON.

This may be true, but seems to be said at hazard.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

3 *Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. She kneels; and he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and Exit. The Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Dutchess with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What mean this, my Lord?

Ham. 4 *Marry, this is miching Malicho; it means mischief.*

Oph.

3 *Enter a King and Queen very lovingly.]* Thus have the blundering and inadvertent editors all along given us this stage direction, tho' we are expressly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the story of this introduced interlude is the murder of *Gonzago Duke of Vienna*. The source of this mistake is easily to be accounted for, from the stage's dressing the characters. *Regal coronets* being at first order'd by the poet for the *Duke and Dutchess*, the succeeding players, who did not strictly observe the quality of the persons

or circumstances of the story, mistook 'em for a King and Queen; and so the error was deduced down from thence to the present times. THEOBALD.

I have left this as I found it, because the question is of no importance. But both my copies have, *Enter a King and Queen very lovingly*, without any mention of *regal coronets*.

4 *Marry, this is miching MALICHO; it means mischief.]* The *Oxford Editor*, imagining that the speaker had here englished his own cant phrase of *miching maliche*,

Oph. Belike, this show imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow; the Players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the Play.

Prol. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your bearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

malicho, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *Malicho* is the Spanish *Malheco*; whereas it signifies, *Lying in wait for the prisoner*. Which, the speaker tells us, was the very purpose of this representation. It should therefore be read MALHECHOR Spanish, the prisoner. So *Mich* signified, originally, to keep hid and out of sight; and, as such men generally did it for the purposes of *lying in wait*, it then signified to rob. And in this sense *Shakespeare* uses the noun, a *micher*,

when speaking of Prince *Henry* amongst a gang of robbers. *Shall the blessed Sun of Heaven prove a micher? Shall the Son of England prove a thief?* And in this sense it is used by *Chaucer*, in his translation of *Le Roman de la rose*, where he turns the word *lierre*, (which is *larron, voleur*,) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

I think *Hanmer's* exposition most likely to be right. *Dr. Warburton*, to justify his interpretation, must write, *niching* for *malechor*, and even then it will be harsh.

Enter

Enter Duke, and Dutchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus'* Carr gone
round

Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus'* orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd ^s sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, ^o ev'n as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
⁷ And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. 'Faith, I must leave thee, Love, and shortly
too:

My operant powers their functions leave to do,

⁵ — *sheen*.] Splendour. lustre.

⁶ — *ev'n as they love*.] Here seems to be a line lost, which should have rhymed to *love*.

⁷ *And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so*.] Mr. Pope says, I read *fix'd*; and indeed, I do so: because, I observe, the *quarto* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *ciz'ß*; the *folio* in 1622, *fix*; and that in 1623, *fix'd*: and because, besides, the whole tenour of the context demands this reading:

For the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear; not of their continuance, duration, or stability. *Cleopatra* expresses herself much in the same manner, with regard to her grief for the loss of *Antony*.

—our Size of Sorrow,
Proport on'd to our Cause, must
be as great
As that which makes it.

THEOBALD.

And

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Hönuur'd, below'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

Dutch. Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!——

Dutch,^s The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves⁹ what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
¹ The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That ev'n our loves should with our fortune's change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.

³ *The instances.] The motives.*
⁹ *—what to ourselves is debt:]*
The performance of a resolution
in which only the *resolver* is in-
terested, is a debt only to him-
self, which he may therefore re-
mit at pleasure.

¹ *The violence of either grief or joy.*
Their own enactures with them-
selves destroy.] What grief
or joy *enact* or determine in their
violence, is revoked in their
abatement. *Enactures* is the word
in the quarto; all the modern
editions have *enactors*.

The

The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who, not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think, thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven
 light

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night !
To desperation turn my trust and hope !

² *An Anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !*
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet that I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife !
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn ; Sweet, leave me here a
 while ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no
 offence in't ?

² *An Anchor's cheer in prison be my scope* [] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchorete*.

Ham.

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouse-Trap*. Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzaga* is the Duke's name, his wife's ³ *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love; If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. ⁴ So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come. The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black; hands apt; drugs fit, and time agreeing,

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecat's* ban thrice blasted; thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into his ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate. His

³ *Baptista* is, I think, in *Italian*, the name always of a man.

⁴ So you mistake your husbands.]

Read, So you must take your husbands; that is, for better for worse.

name's *Gonzaga*; the story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzaga's* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play?

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me, ⁵ with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in ⁶ a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

“ For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,

“ This realm dismantled was

“ Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here

“ ⁷ A very, very,——Peacock.

Hor.

⁵ *with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes,]* When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered into the form of a rose. So in an old song,

*Gil-de-Roy was a bonny boy,
Had roses tull his shoon.*

Rayed shoes, are shoes braided in lines.

⁶ *a cry of Players,]* Allusion to a pack of hounds. *WARB.*

⁷ *A very, very Peacock.]* This alludes to a fable of the birds choosing a King, instead of the eagle a peacock. *POPE.*

The old copies have it *Pai-cock,*

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Oh; ha! come, some musick. Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;

* Why, then, belike;—He likes it not, perdy.

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

cock, Paicocke, and Pajocke. I substitute *Paddock* as nearest to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as *Mr. Pope* says, been willing to substitute any thing in the place of his *Peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds chusing a King; instead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is said, the birds being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our *Shakespeare*, there is not the least mention made of the *eagle* in antithesis to the *peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that *Jove* himself stands in the place of his *bird*. I think,

Hamlet is setting his father's and uncle's characters in contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his father's death the state was stripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous animal that could be: a meer *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD*, *buso*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of *Hamlet's* own substituting. The verses, repeated, seem to be from some old ballad; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the last verse ran thus;

A very, very, — Afs.

THEOBALD.

* *Why, then, belike,*] *Hamlet* was going on to draw the consequence when the courtiers entered.

Q 2

Guil.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd—

Ham. ° With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more rich, to signify this to his Doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir.—Pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more but to the matter. My mother, you say——

Ros. Then thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

° With drink, Sir?] Hamlet
uncle's love of drink shall not be
takes particular care that his forgotten.

Ham.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any ¹ further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, ² by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but *while the grass grows*—the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guil. ³ Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ⁴ ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

¹ *further trade*] Further business; further dealing.

² *by these pickers, &c.*] By these hands.

³ *Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the King

makes me press you a little, my love to you makes me still more importunate. If that makes me bold, this makes me even unmannerly.

⁴ *ventages*] The holes of a flute. WARBURTON.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you would make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.——God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a *Camel*?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *Ouzle*.

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle*.

Ham. Or, like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—
s they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood,

^s They fool me to the top of my bent.] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer.

And

• And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, but not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never my soul consent!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter King, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow

⁶ *And do such BITTER business as the day*

Would quake to look on—] The expression is almost burlesque. The old quarto reads,
And do such business as the BITTER day

Would quake to look on.——
This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer *Shakespeare's* words, who wrote,

—— BETTER day,
which gives the sentiment great force and dignity. At this very

time (says he) hell, breathes out contagion to the world, whereby *night* becomes polluted and execrable; the horror therefore of this season fits me for a deed, which the *pure* and *sacred day* would quake to look on. This is said with great classical propriety. According to ancient superstition, *night* was prophane and execrable; and *day*, pure and holy. WARBURTON.

⁷ *To give them seals—*] *i. e.* put them in execution. WARB.

⁸ Out of his Lunacies.

Guil. We will provide ourselves ;
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many, many Bodies, safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance ; but much more,
⁹ That spirit, on whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh ; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself

⁸ *Out of his Lunacies.*] The
old *quarto's* read,

Out of his Brows.

This was from the ignorance of
the first editors ; as is this unne-
cessary *Alexandrine*, which we
owe to the players. The poet,
I am persuaded, wrote,

————— as death hourly grow

Out of his Lunas.

i. e. his *madness, frenzy.* THEOB.

I take *Brows* to be, properly
read, *Frows*, which, I think, is
a provincial word, for *perverse*
humours ; which being, I sup-
pose, not understood, was chang-
ed to *Lunacies*. But of this I
am not confident.

⁹ *That spirit, on whose weal—*
So the *quarto*. The folio gives,
On whose *spirit*.

To hear the proces. I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech, ¹ of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldest, curse upon't;
A brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
² Though inclination be as sharp as 't will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.

¹ *Of vantage.*] By some opportunity of secret observation.

² *Though inclination be as sharp as will;*] This is rank nonsense. We should read,

Tho' inclination be as sharp as TH' ILL;

i. e. tho' my inclination makes me as restless and uneasy as my

crime does. The line immediately following shews this to be the true reading,

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent. WARB.

I have followed the easier emendation of *Theobald*, received by *Hanmer*.

3 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ey'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try, what repentance can. What can it not?
 4 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

Oh

3 *May one be pardon'd, and retain th' OFFENCE;*] This is a strange question; and much the same as to ask whether his offence could be *remitted* while it was *retain'd*. Shakespear here repeated a word with propriety and elegance which he employed two lines above,

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' EFFECTS?

i. e. of his murder, and this was a reasonable question. He uses the word *offence*, properly, in the next line but one, and from thence, I suppose, came the blunder.

WARBURTON.

I see no difficulty in the present reading. He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The King kept the crown from the right heir.

4 *Yet what can it, when one CANNOT repent?*] This nonsense even exceeds the last. Shakespear wrote,

Yet what can it, when one CAN BUT repent?

i. e. what can repentance do without restitution? a natural

and reasonable thought; and which the transcribers might have seen, was the result of his preceding reflections.

—*Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be, since I am still
 possess*

*Of those effects, for which I
 did the murder,*

*My Crown, my own Ambition,
 and my Queen.*

*May one be pardon'd, and retain
 th' effects?*

besides, the poet could never have made his speaker say, *he could not repent*, when this whole speech is one thorough act of the discipline of contrition.

And what was wanting was the matter of restitution: this, the speaker could not resolve upon; which makes him break out,

*Oh limed soul, that, struggling
 to get free,*

Art more engaged! —

For it is natural, while the restitution of what one highly values is projected, that the fondness for it should strike the imagination with double force. Because the man,

Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of
 steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [The King retires and kneels.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heav'n.
 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd.
 A villain kills my father, and for that
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send

To

man, in that situation, figures to himself his condition when deprived of those advantages, which having an unpleasing view, he holds what he is possessed of more closely than ever. Hence, the last quoted exclamation receives all its force and beauty, which on any other interpretation is mean and senseless. But the *Oxford Editor*, without troubling himself with any thing of this, reads,

Try what repentance can. What can it not?

Yet what can aught, when one cannot repent?

Which comes to the same nonsense of the common reading, only a little more round about. For when I am bid to try one

thing, and I am told that *nothing* will do; is not that one thing included in the negative? But, if so, it comes at last to this, that *even repentance will not do when one cannot repent.*

WARBURTON.

The sense of the received reading is, I think, so plain, that I am afraid lest it should be obscured by any attempt at illustration. *What can repentance do for a man that can not be penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment.*

⁵ I, his sole son, do this same villain send] The folio reads *sole son*. This will lead us to the true reading, which

is,

To heav'n. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 ' Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *Hent*;
 When he is drunk-asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 ' As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
 This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

is, *fa'n son*, i. e. disinherited. This was an aggravation of the injury; that he had not only murder'd the father, but ruin'd the son. WARBURTON.

The folio gives a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his only son*, who am bound to punish his murder.

⁶ In the common editions, *Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid time.*] This is a sophisticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. *Pope* says, I read conjecturally;

— a more horrid *Bent*.

I do so; and why? the two oldest *quarto's*, as well as the two elder *folio's*, read; — a more horrid *Hent*. But as there is no such *English* substantive, it seems

very natural to conclude, that with the change of a single letter, our author's genuine word was, *Bent*; i. e. *drift, scope, inclination, purpose, &c.* THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton*; but *Hent* is probably the right word. To *bent* is used by *Shakespeare* for, to seize, to catch, to lay hold on. *Hent* is therefore, hold, or seizure. Lay hold on him, sword, at a more horrid time.

⁷ *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This speech, in which *Hamlet*, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.

The King rises, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. **H**E will come straight ; look, you lay home
to him ;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with ;

And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. * I'll silence me e'en here ;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother. —

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

* — I'll silence me e'en here ;

Pray you, be round with him.]

Sir T. Hanmer, who is followed
by Dr. Warburton, reads,

— I'll sconce me here.

Retire to a place of security. They

forget that the contrivance of Polonius to overhear the conference, was no more told to the Queen than to Hamlet. — I'll silence me e'en here, is, I'll use no more words.

Ham.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the *Queen*, your husband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not so!—You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge.

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
me?

Help, ho. [*Behind the Arras.*]

Pol. What ho, help.

Ham. How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.
[*Hamlet kills Polonius.*]

Pol. Oh, I am slain.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and blood deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mo-
ther,

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
[*To Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands; peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff:

If

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; ⁹ takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh, such a deed,
As ¹ from the body of Contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rhapsody of words. ² Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

⁹ —takes off the rose] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. See a note on a passage in *King John*.

WARBURTON.

¹ —from the body of Contraction—] *Contraction*, for marriage-contract. WARB.

² —Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.] If any sense can be found here, it is this. The Sun glows [and does it not always] and the very solid mass of earth has a tristful visage, and is thought-sick. All this is sad stuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's sense.

Heav'n's face does glow;—
O'ER this solidity and compound mass,

With heated visage, as against the doom

Is thought sick at the act.

From whence it appears that Shakespear wrote,

Heav'n's face doth glow

O'ER this solidity and compound mass

With tristful visage; AND, as 'gainst the doom.

Is thought-sick at the act.

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect, The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom. WARB.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*,

Queen. ' Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himself;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A station, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This *was* your husband,——Look you now, what
follows;

Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,

is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revival. I believe the whole passage now stands as the authour gave it. *Dr. Warburton's* reading restores two improprieties, which *Shakespeare*, by his alteration, had removed. In the first, and in the new reading: *Heav'n's face glows with tristful visage*, and, *Heav'n's face is thought-sick*. To the common reading there is no just objection.

³ *Queen.* *Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders
in the index?* This is a strange answer. But the old quarto brings us nearer to the poet's sense, by dividing the lines thus;

Queen. *Ah me, what act?*

Ham. *That roars so loud, and
thunders in the Index.*

Here we find the *Queen's* answer very natural. He had said the Sun was *thought-sick at the act*, She says,

Ah me? what act?

He replies, (as we should read it)

*That roars so loud, it thunders
TO the INDIES.*

He had before said *Heav'n was shocked at it*; he now tells her, it resounded all the world over: This gives us a very good sense where all sense was wanting.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is, *What is this act*, of which the *discovery*, or *mention*, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour?

The

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this. ⁴ *Sense, sure, you have,*
Else could you not have notion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. — What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you a hoodman blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,

If

⁴ In former editions,
 — *Sense, sure, you have,*
Else could you not have MOTION: —] But from
 what philosophy our editors learnt
 this, I cannot tell. Since *motion*
 depends so little upon *sense*, that
 the greatest part of *motion* in the
 universe, is amongst bodies de-
 void of *sense*. We should read
Else could you not have NO-
 TION,
i. e. intellect, reason, &c. This
 alludes to the famous peripatetic
 principle of *Nil fit in INTEL-*
LECTU, quod non fuerit in SEN-
SU. And how fond our author
 was of applying, and alluding
 to, the principles of this philo-
 sophy, we have given several in-
 stances. The principle in particu-
 lar has been since taken for the
 foundation of one of the noblest
 works that these latter ages have
 produced. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *rebellious hell,*
If thou canst mutiny in a ma-
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tron's bones, &c.] Alluding
 to what he had told her before
 that her enormous conduct shew-
 ed a kind of possession.

— *What Devil was't,*
That thus hath, &c. —
 And again afterwards,
For use can almost change the
stamp of Nature,
And master ev'n the Devil, or
throw him out
With wondrous potency —

But the Oxford Editor, not ap-
 prehending the meaning, alters
 it to

— *rebellious heat,*
If thou canst, &c.
 And so makes nonsense of it. For
 must not *rebellious lust* mutiny
 wherever it is quartered? That
 it should get there might seem
 strange, but that it should do its
 kind when it was there seems
 to be natural enough.

WARBURTON:
 I think the present reading
 right, but cannot admit that Han-
 R mer's

If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And ⁶ Reason panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more,
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very foul,
 And there I see such black and ⁷ grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an ⁸ incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty sty!

Queen. Oh, speak no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!——
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord. A ⁹ Vice of Kings?——
 A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
¹ That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

mer's emendation produces nonsense. May not what is said of *beat*, be said of *bell*, that it will mutiny wherever it is quartered?

⁶ —*Reasons panders Will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defensible;

—*Reason pardons Will.*

⁷ —*grained*—] Died in grain.

⁸ —*incestuous bed*,] The folio has *enseamed*, that is, *greasy* bed.

⁹ —*Vice of Kings*;] A low mimick of Kings. The Vice is the fool of a farce; from whom the modern *Punch* is descended.

¹ *That from a shelf, &c.*] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARB.

Enter

Enter Ghost.

Ham. ² A King of shreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[Starting up.]
You heav'nly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That's, ³ laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, ⁴ like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

² *A King of shreds and patches.*] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *Vice of Kings*. The *Vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches.

³ ——laps'd in time and passion,—] That having suf-

fered time to slip, and passion to cool, lets go, &c.

⁴ ——like life in excrements,] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation: yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. POPE.

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look, how it steals
away!

My father in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What Ecstasy?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heav'n;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;

⁵ —do not spread the compost, indulgence, heighten your former
[Do not, by any new in- offences.

For, in the fatness of these purisy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, ⁶ curb and woe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
 twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed,
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

⁷ *That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits, Devil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence; the next, more easy;
 For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
 And master ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll Blessing beg of you.—For this same Lord,*
 [*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heav'ns have pleas'd it so,
⁸ To punish this with me, and me with this
 That I must be their scourge and minister.

⁶ —curb—] That is, bend and truckle.

⁷ That monster custom, who all sense doth eat.

Of Habit's Devil, is angel yet in this:] This passage is left out in the two elder folio's: It is certainly corrupt, and the players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. Habit's Devil certainly arose from some conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was necessary, in contrast to Angel. The emendation of the text I owe to

the sagacity of Dr. Thirlby. That monster custom, who all sense doth eat, Of habits evil, is angel, &c.

THEOBALD.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editors have followed it; Angel and Devil are evidently opposed.

⁸ To punish this with me, &c.] This is Hammer's reading; the other editions have it,

To punish me with this, and this with me.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. ¹ *There's Letters sealed, and my two school-*
fellows,

Whom I will trust, as I will ² adders fang'd;

¹ *Let the fond King—*] The old quarto reads,

Let the bloat King—
i. e. bloated, which is better, as more expressive of the speaker's contempt. WARBURTON.

² *There's Letter seal'd, &c.]*
The ten following verses are added out of the old edition.

POPE.

² *—adders fang'd;]* That is, Adders with their *fangs*, or *poisonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs.

*They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work.
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petard ; and 't shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet !
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good-night, mother.*

[Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

K I N G.

THERE's matter in these sighs ; these profound
 heaves
 You must translate ; 'tis fit, we understand them.
 Where is your son ?

* This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the Acts. The division is modern and arbitrary ; and is here not very happy, for the

pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the Scenes.

R 4

Queen.

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Ros. and Guild. who go out.*]

Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and ³ out of haunt,
This mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, ⁴ like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. O *Gertrude*, come away.

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! *Guildenstern!*

³ —*out of haunt,*] I would seem to think *ore* to be *Or*, that
rather read, *out of harm*, is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no

⁴ —*like some ore*] *Shakespeare* less than precious.

Enter

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid ;
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. Pray you, hast in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,
 And let them know both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done. *For, haply, Slander,*
's Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot ; may miss our Name,

's Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.—

O, come away!] Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I* replace some verses that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a modern date, seem to be genuine;) by inserting two words. But to see, what an accurate and faithful collator he is; I produced these verses in my SHAKESPEARE restored, from a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that quarto. Upon the strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the lines modern, tho' they were in the quartos of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The

verses carry the very stamp of *Shakespeare* upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminished, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. I am far from affirming, that, by inserting the words, *For, haply, Slander,* I have given the poet's very words; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive pow'rs of *slander*, in another of his plays.

No, 'tis slander ;

Whose edge is sharper than the sword,
whose tongue

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile,
whose breath

Rides on the posting winds,
and doth bely

All corners of the world.

Cymbeline.

THEOBALD.

And.

And hit the woundless air.—O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.——

Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham.—What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what re-
plication should be made by the son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sokes up the King's counte-
nance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do
the King best service in the end; he keeps them, ° like
an apple, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to
be last swallow'd. When he needs what you have

° *Like an apple,*] The quarto
has *apple*, which is generally fol-
lowed. The folio has *ape*, which
Hanmer has received, and illus-
trated with the following note.

“ It is the way of monkeys
“ in eating, to throw that part

“ of their food, which they take
“ up first, into a pouch they are
“ provided with on the side of
“ their jaw, and then they keep
“ it, till they have done with the
“ rest.”

glean'd,

glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. ⁷ The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. ⁸ Of nothing. Bring me to him. ⁹ Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter King.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him; He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes: And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases, desp'rate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

⁷ *The body is with the King,*] This answer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it should be, *The body is not with the King, for the King is not with the body.*

⁸ *Of nothing.*] Should it not be read, *Or nothing?* When the courtiers remark, that *Hamlet*

has contemptuously called the *King a thing*, *Hamlet* defends himself by observing, that the King must be *a thing*, or *nothing*.

⁹ *Hide fox,*] There is a play among children called *Hide fox*, and all after. HANMER.

Enter

Enter Rosincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, *Guildestern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildestern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a
certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him.
Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat
all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for
maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but
variable service, two dishes but to one table. That's
the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. *A man may fish with the worm that bath eat
of a King, eat of the fish that had fed of that worm.*

King. *What doth thou mean by this?*

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a King may
go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your mes-
senger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place
yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within
this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs
into the lobby.

King.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast down, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub, that sees them. But come.
For *England*! Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother. Father and mother is man and
wife; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, My Mo-
ther. Come. For *England*. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot. Tempt him with speed
aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haste.
[Exeunt Ros. and Guild.

And, *England*! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly² set by
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

¹ —the wind at help,] I suppose it should be read,

The bark is ready, and the
wind at helm.

² ——— set by

Our sovereign process,] So
Hammer. The others have only
set.

By letters conjuring to that effect,
 The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*:
 For like the hec'tick in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
³ Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

A Camp, on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. **G**O, Captain, from me greet the *Danish*
 King,
 Tell him, that, by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his Majesty would aught with us,
 We shall exprefs our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit Fortinbras with the Army.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
 Or for some frontier?

³ *Howe'er my hap, my joys will
 ne'er begin.*] This being the
 termination of a scene, should,
 according to our authour's cus-

tom, be rhymed. Perhaps he
 wrote,

*Howe'er my hopes, my joys are
 not begun.*

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That bath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not abate the question of this straw;
 This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b' w' ye, Sir.

Rof. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you strait. Go a little before.

[Exeunt.]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
 If his ⁴ chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, he that made us with such ⁵ large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
 A thought, which, quarter'd, bath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward, I do not know

⁴ — chief good and market—]
 If his highest good, and that for
 which he sells his time, be to
 sleep and feed.

⁵ ——— large discourse,] Such
 latitude of comprehension, such
 power of reviewing the past, and
 anticipating the future.

Why

*Why yet I live to say this thing's to do ;
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me ;
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Ev'n for an egg-shell. ⁶ Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When Honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
⁷ Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their Graves like beds ; fight for a Plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain ? O, then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.*

⁶ — Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stir without, &c.]
 This passage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. Theobald had regulated it thus,
 — 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly, &c.
 The sentiment of Shakespeare is partly just, and partly romantick.
 — Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stir without great argument,

is exactly philosophical.
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour is at stake,
 is the idea of a modern hero. But then, says he honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we must find cause of quarrel in a straw.
⁷ Excitements of my reason and my blood,] Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Palace.**Enter Queen, and Horatio.**Queen.* I Will not speak with her.*Hor.* She is importunate,
Indeed, distract. Her mood will needs be pitied.*Queen.* What would she have?*Hor.* She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears,
There's tricks i'th'world; and hems, and beats her
heart;Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt;
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move,
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought;

⁸ Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.⁹ 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
strow

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit. Hor.]

⁸ *Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily,*] i. e. tho' her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *'Twere good she were spoken with,—*] These lines are given to the *Queen* in the folio, and to *Horatio* in the quarto. I have followed *Hanmer's* regulation.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each Toy seems prologue to some great Amis;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Horatio, with Ophelia, distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another
 one?

By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sandal shoon.

[Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

*He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

O ho!

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

*By his cockle hat and staff,
 and by his sandal shoon.]*

This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell

hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

WARBURTON.

White

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers :
Which bewept to the Grave did go
With true love Showers.*

King. How do ye, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you ! They say, ² the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but we know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon your father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this :

*To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths,
³ And dupt the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

² the owl was a baker's daughter.] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice. WARB.

³ And dupt the chamber door ;] To dup, is to do up ; to lift the latch. It were easy to write,

And op'd—

⁴ *By Gis, and by St. Charity,
Alack, and fy for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay him i' th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach. Good night; ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]

This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesom in their thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius'* death; We've done ⁵ but greenly,
⁶ In hugger mugger to interr him; poor *Ophelia,*

⁴ *By Gis,——*] I rather imagine it should be read,

By Cis,——

That is, By *St. Cecil.*

⁵ *——but greenly,*] But *unwisely*; with *greenness*, that is, without maturity of judgment.

⁶ *In hugger mugger to interr him;——*] All the modern editions that I have consulted give it,

In private to interr him;——

That the words now replaced

are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is sufficient that they are *Shakespeare's*: If phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskillfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning.

Divided

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;
 Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts :
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from *France* ;
 7 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
 8 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
 9 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death ! [A noise within.
Queen. Alack ! what Noise is this ?

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers* ? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter ?

Mes Save yourself, my Lord.

1 The ocean, over-peering of his list,

7 Feeds on his wonder,—] The folio reads,

Keeps on his wonder,—

The quarto,

Feeds on this wonder, —

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. *Hanmer* reads unnecessarily,

Feeds on his anger.—

8 Wherein necessity, &c.] *Hanmer* reads,

Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd.

He seems not to have understood

the connection. *Wherein*, that is, in which pestilent speeches, necessity, or, the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick, &c.

9 Like to a murdering piece,—] Such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. *WARB.*

1 The ocean, over-peering of his list,] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass.

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
 O'er-bears your officers. The rabble call him Lord;
 And as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
² The ratifiers and props of every Ward;
 They cry, "Chuse we *Laertes* for our King."
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
 " *Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!

³ Oh, this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter Laertes, with a Party at the Door.

King. The doors are broke.

² *The ratifiers and props of every word;*] The whole tenour of the context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken reading. What can antiquity and custom, being the props of words, have to do with the business in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly the poet wrote;

The ratifiers and props of every ward;

The messenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the King's officers, and then subjoins, that antiquity and custom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every ward, i. e. of every one of those securities that nature and law place about the person of a King. All this is rational and consequential.

WARBURTON.

With this emendation, which was in *Theobald's* edition, *Hannmer* was not satisfied. It is indeed harsh. *Hannmer* transposes the lines, and reads,

They cry, Chuse we Laertes for our King;

The ratifiers and props of every word,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

I think the fault may be mended at less expence, by reading,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every weal.

That is, of every government.

³ *Oh, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.*] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards.

Laer.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*]

Laer. I thank you. Keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*. [*Laying hold on him.*]

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Ev'n here, between the chaste and unsmirch'd brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so giant-like?
—Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd? — Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! yows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms,

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level ⁴ to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now, what noise is that?

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest with straws and
flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of *May*;
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

⁴ —to you- judgment 'pear,] So —to your judgement pierce,
the quarto; the folio, and all the less intelligibly.
latter editions, read,

“ Nature is fine in love ; and, where ’tis fine,
 “ It sends some precious instance of itself
 “ After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac’d on the bier,
 And on his Grave rain’d many a tear ;
 Fare you well, my dove !*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade Re-
 venge,

*s Nature is FINE in love ; and
 where ’tis FINE,
 It sends some precious instance of
 itself*

*After the thing it loves.] This
 is unquestionably corrupt. I sup-
 pose Shakespear wrote,*

*Nature is fal’n in love, and
 where ’tis fal’n.*

The cause of Ophelia’s madness
 was grief, occasioned by the vio-
 lence of her natural affection for
 her murder’d father ; her bro-
 ther, therefore, with great force
 of expression, says,

Nature is fal’n in love, —

To distinguish the passion of na-
 tural affection from the passion of
 love between the two sexes, *i. e.*
Nature, or natural affection is
fal’n in love. And as a person in
 love is accustomed to send the
 most precious of his jewels to the
 person beloved (for the *love-*
tokens which young wenches in
 love send to their sweethearts, is
 here alluded to) so when *Nature*
 (says *Laertes*) *falls in love,* she
 likewise sends her love-token to
 the object beloved. But her most
 precious jewel is *reason* ; she
 therefore sends that : And this he
 gives as the cause of *Ophelia’s*
 madness, which he is here en-
 deavouring to account for. This

quaint sentiment of *Nature’s fal-
 ling in love,* is exactly in *Shake-
 spear’s* manner, and is a thought
 he appears fond of. So in *Ro-
 meo and Juliet,* *Affliction* is re-
 presented as *in love* ;

*Affliction is enamour’d of thy
 parts,
 And thou art wedded to cala-
 mity.*

Nay Death, a very unlikely sub-
 ject one would think, is put into
 a love fit ;

— *I will believe*

*That unsubstantial death is amo-
 rous, &c.* WARB.

These lines are not in the
 quarto, and might have been
 omitted in the folio without great
 loss, for they are obscure and af-
 fected ; but, I think, they require
 no emendation. *Love,* says *La-
 ertes,* is the passion by which *na-
 ture is most exalted and refined,*
 and as substances *refined* and sub-
 tilised, easily obey any impulse,
 or follow any attraction, some
 part of nature, so purified and
refined, flies off after the attrac-
 ting object, after the thing it loves.

*As into air the purer spirits
 flow,*

*And separate from their kindred
 dregs below,*

So flew her soul. —

It

It could not move thus.

Oph. *You must sing, down-a-down, and you call him a-down-a.*

⁶ O how the wheel becomes it! it is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. ⁷ There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray, love, remember. And there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines.

⁸ There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We

⁶ O how the WHEEL becomes it!] We should read WEAL. She is now rambling on the ballad of the steward and his lord's daughter. And in these words speaks of the state he assumed.

WARBURTON.

I do not see why *weal* is better than *wheel*. The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to *spin*.

⁷ *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensees*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered.

⁸ *There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may cull it herb of grace o' Sundays:] Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *Rue*. And the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the po-

tion which the *Romish* priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a *Sunday*, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we call it *herb of grace o' Sundays*. *Sandy* tells us that at *Grand Cairo* there is a species of rue much in request, with which the inhabitants perfume themselves, not only as a preservative against infection, but as very powerful against evil spirits. And the cabalistic *Gaffarel* pretends to have discovered the reason of its virtue, *La semence de Ruë est faite comme une Croix, & c'est par aventure la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possédez, & que l'Eglise s'en sert en les exorcisant*. It was on the same principle that the *Greeks* called *sulphur*, Θείον, because of its use in their superstitious purgations by fire. Which too the *Romish* priests employ to fumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it. WARB.

may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays*. You may wear your rue with a difference; there's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd. They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his soul!

And on all christian souls! God b'wi'ye. [*Exit Oph.*]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods!

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but a-part.
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,

No

9 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
 No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall :

1 And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
 I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, Sir. They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him — There's a letter for you, Sir. It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

9 *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment:—*] It was the custom, in the times of our authour, to hang a sword over the grave of a Knight.

1 *And where th' offence is, let*

the great AX fall.] We should read,

——let the great TAX fall.
i. e. penalty, punishment.

WARBURTON.

Fall corresponds better to *ax*.

Horatio

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were too days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light² for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come. I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

² *for the bore of the matter.] The matter, says Hamlet, would carry heavier words.*
The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel.

And

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love³ the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
⁴ Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again;
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Who has, ⁵ if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come:

³ — *the general gender* —]
The common race of the people.

⁴ *Would, like the spring* —]
This simile is neither very reasonable in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately applied. If the *spring* had

changed base metals to gold, the thought had been more proper.

⁵ — *if praises may go back again.*] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.

King.

King. Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*.

These to your Majesty. This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not.
They were given me by *Claudio*; he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them. Leave us,
all—— [Exit Messenger.]

HIGH and Mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your Kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount th' occasion of my sudden return.
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* character;

Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says)

Alone. Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord. But let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,

As how should it be so?——how, otherwise?——

Will

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay; so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
 6 As liking not his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it, I will work him
 To an exploit now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
 And for his death no wind of Blame shall breathe;
 But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it accident.

Laer. *I will be rul'd,
 The rather, if you could devise it so,
 That I might be the organ.*

King. *It falls right.
 You have been talkt of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's Hearing, for a quality
 Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,
 As did that one, and that in my regard
 7 Of the unworthiest siege.*

Laer. *What part is that, my Lord?*

King. *A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
 8 Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy.—
 I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,*

6 *As liking not his voyage,—]* The folio,

As choking at his voyage.—

7 *Of the unworthiest siege.]* Of the lowest rank. *Siege, for seat, place.*

8 *Importing HEALTH and graveness.—]* But a warm-furr'd gown rather implies sickness than health. *Shakespear wrote.*

Importing WEALTH and graveness.—

i. e. that the wearers are rich burghers and magistrates.

WARBURTON:

Importing here may be, not *inferring* by logical consequence; but *producing* by physical effect. A young man regards show in his dress, an old man, health.

And

And they can well on horse-back but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat ;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
 With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought,
 That I ⁹ in forgery of shapes and tricks
 Comé short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The same.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch, indeed,
 And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise ¹ in your defence ;
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
 If one could match you. ² The Scrimers of their na-
 tion,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd 'em.—Sir, this Report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
 That he could do nothing, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
 Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my Lord ?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you,
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your fa-
 ther;

⁹ —in forgery of shapes and tricks] I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform.

¹—in your defence ;] That is, in the science of defence.

²——The Scrimers—] The fencers.

But that I know, love is begun by time,
 And that I see ³ in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
⁴ *For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,*
Dies in his own too much. What we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would changes,
And bath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
⁵ *And then this should is like a spend-thrift sigh*
That hurts by easing. But to th' quick o' th' ulcer——
 Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
 To shew yourself your father's Son indeed
 More than in words?

³ —in passages of proof,] In transactions of daily experience.

⁴ *For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,*] I would believe, for the honour of *Shakespeare*, that he wrote *plethory*. But I observe the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from *πλευρά*, but from *plus, pluris*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *And then this should is like a spend-thrift's* SIGH

That hurts by easing; ——]

This nonsense should be read thus,

And then thi should is like a spendthrift's SIGN

That hurts by easing; ——

i. e. tho' a spendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a present relief from his straits, yet it ends in much greater distresses. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity

now, when it may be done with ease and safety, time may throw so many difficulties in your way, that, in order to surmount them, you must put your whole fortune into hazard. WARB.

This conjecture is so ingenious, that it can hardly be opposed, but with the same reluctance as the bow is drawn against a hero, whose virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what *Voltaire* writes to the Empress:

*Le genereux François—
 Te combat & t' admire.*

Yet this emendation, however specious, is mistaken. The original reading is, not a *spend-thrift's* sigh, but a *spendthrift* sigh; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers.

Laer.

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise,
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine to-
gether,

And wager on your heads. ⁶ He being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
⁷ A sword unbated, and in ⁸ a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
⁹ May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,

⁶ — *He being remiss,*] He *insidious stratagem*, or *privy* trea-
being not vigilant or cautious. son, a sense not incongruous to

⁷ *A sword unbated,*—] *i. e.* this passage, where yet I rather
not blunted as foils are. Or as believe, that nothing more is
one edition has it *embaited* or en- meant than a *thrust for exercise*.
venomed. POPE. ⁹ *May fit us to our shape.*] May

⁸ — *a pass of practice*] Prac- *enable us to assume proper charac-*
tice is often by *Shakespeare*, and *ters*, and to act our part.

And that our drift, look through our bad performance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should 'blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning's.
I ha't——

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd
him

A Chalice for the nonce; wheron but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

S C E N E X.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sifter's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows a-slant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them;)

There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious sliker broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

¹ —*blast in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, sometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blast*.

Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread
wide,

And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick: Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my Lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude*.

How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

² Which time she chaunted
snatches of old tunes,] *Fletcher*,
in his *Scornful Lady*, very
invidiously ridicules this incident.

*I will run mad first, and if that
get not pity,
I'll drown myself to a most dis-
mal ditty.* WARB.

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

A C H U R C H.

Enter two clowns, with spades and mattocks.

I C L O W N.

IS she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is, therefore ³ make her Grave straight. The crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and ⁴ an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. *Argal*, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Deever*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Clown, here lies the water; Good: here stands the man; Good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself.

³ *make her Grave straight.]* Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant.

⁴ *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform;]* Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference.

WARBURTON.

Argal,

Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than 5 their even christian. Come. My spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

“ 2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

“ 1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms?” I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? ——

5 *their even christian*] So all old *English* expression for fellow-
the old books, and rightly. An christians. Dr. THIRLBY.

1 *Clown.* ⁶ Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker. The houses, he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to *Yaughan*, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*]

He digs, and sings.

7 In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought, it was very sweet;

To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,

Oh, methought, there was ⁸ nothing so meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

⁶ *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] *i. e.* when you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with these riddles. The phrase taken from husbandry. WARB.

7 In youth, when I did love &c.] The three stanza's, sung here by the *grave digger*, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love:*

written by *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*, who flourished in the reign of King *Henry VIII.* and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason.

THEOBALD.

The song was written by Lord *Vaux.* MR. PERCY.

⁸ ——— *nothing so meet.*] *Hammer.* The other editions have, ——— *nothing meet.*

Clown

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of ¹ a politician, ² which this ains o'er-

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.]*

This stanza is evidently corrupted; for it wants what is found in the other two, an alternate rhyme. We may read thus, till something better shall occur:

*But age, with his stealing hand,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath shifted me into his land,
As though I had never been such.*

¹ a politician,—one that would circumvent God,] This character is finely touched. Our great historian has well explained it in an example, where speaking of the death of Cardinal *Mazarine*, at the time of the Restoration, he says, *The Cardinal was probably struck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd-of prosperity of our King's affairs; as if*

he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart that God Almighty would bring such a work to pass in Europe without his concurrence, and even against all his machinations. *Hist. of the Rebellion*, Book 16.

WARBURTON.

² which this ains o'er-offices;] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were so over-bearing, that *Shakespeare* speaking of insolence at the height, calls it *Insolence in office*. And *Donne* says,

*Who is he
Who officers' rage and suitors'
misery*

Can write in jest—— Sat.

Alluding to this character of ministers and politicians, the speaker observes, that this insolent officer is now o'er-officer'd by the Sexton, who, knocking his scull about with his spade, appears to be as insolent in his office as they were in theirs. This is said with much humour. WARBURTON.

In the quarto, for over-offices is, over-reaches, which agrees better

o'er offices ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "good-morrow, sweet Lord ; how dost thou, good Lord ?" This might be my Lord such a-one's, that prais'd my Lord such a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so ; ³ and now my lady *Worm's* ; chapless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to ⁴ play at loggats with 'em ? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For,—and a shrowding sheet !
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? where be his quiddits now ? his quilletts ? his cascs ? his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he

better with the sentence : It is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an *A/s* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*.— I believe both the words were *Shakespeare's*. An authour in revising his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new observations have produced new sentiments, easily introduces

images which have been more newly impressed upon him, without observing their want of congruity to the general texture of his original design.

³ *and now my lady Worm's ;*]
The scull that was *my lord such a one's*, is now *my lady Worm's*.

⁴ *play at loggats*] A play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl.

suffer

suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir——

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown.

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? We must speak⁵ by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, ⁶ the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to 't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

⁵ *by the card,*] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described. *To do any thing by the card,* is, *to do it with nice observation.*

⁶ *the age is grown so picked,*] So *smart*, so *sharp*; says *Hanner*,

very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* shoe, that is, a *shoe*, with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion.*

Ham.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarces now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was *Yorick's* scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come? make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor.

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the ⁷ winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, a while—here comes the King,

S C E N E II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords, and Priests, attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such ⁸ maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. It was ⁹ some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth. Mark—

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been so far enlarg'd

⁷ ——— *winter's flaw.*] Winter's blast.

⁸ — *maimed rites?*—] Imperfect obsequies.

⁹ ——— *some estate.*] Some person of high rank.

As we have warrantry ; her death was doubtful ;
 And but that great Command o'erflows the order,
 She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
 'Till the last Trump. For charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her ;
 Yet here she is ¹ allow'd her virgin rites,
 Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home
² Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
 To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth ;
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ? I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia* !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my *Hamlet's* wife ;

¹ *allow'd her virgin RITES,*] The old quarto reads *virgin CRANTS*, evidently corrupted from *CHANTS*, which is the true word. A *specific* rather than a *generic* term being here required, to answer to *maiden-strewments*. WARBURTON.

I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is the *German* word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the *Saxons*. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the authour, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it, and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction.

² *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

I thought

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms.

[*Laertes leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile pour dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat—
For though I am not splenitive and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

³ Woo't drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?

I'll do't.—Do'st thou come hither but to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her Grave;

Be buried quick with her; and so will I;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning Zone;

Make *Ossa* like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madness;

And thus a while the Fit will work on him:

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

⁴ Ere that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

³ *Woo't, drink up Eisel, eat a crocodile?*] This word has thro' all the editions been distinguished by *Italick* characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in *Denmark*; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yffel*, from which the province of *Overyffel* derives its title in the *German Flanders*. Besides, *Hamlet* is not proposing any impossibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature? and, behold; I am as resolute. I am persuaded, the poet wrote;

Wilt drink up Eisel, eat a crocodile?

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar*? The proposition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as distasteful and unfavoury, as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an *Anticlimax*: and the lowness of the idea is in some measure remov'd by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

Hanmer has,

Wilt drink up Nile; or eat a crocodile?

⁴ WHEN *that* her golden couplets—] We should read, *E'ER that*—for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation, that is here spoken of. The Pigeon generally sits upon two eggs; and her young, when first disclosed, are covered with a yellow down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it should be,

Ere yet—

Yet and yet are easily confounded.

His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——

Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.

[*Exit. Hor.*]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

[*To Laertes.*]
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son.

This Grave shall have a living Monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to a HALL, in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, Sir. Now shall you see
the other.

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fight-
ing,

That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes. ⁵ Rashly,
And

⁵ —mutines in the Bilboes],
Mutines, the French word for se-
ditionous or disobedient fellows in
the army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the
ship's prison.

⁶ ————Rashness
(*And prais'd be rashness for it*)
lets us know; [us well,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves
When, &c.] The sense in this
reading

And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach
us,

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will:

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
7 With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;

reading is, *Our rashness lets us know that our indiscretion serves us well, when, &c.* But this could never be *Shakespeare's* sense. We should read and point thus,

—————*Rashness*
(*And prais'd be rashness for it*)
lets us know;

OR *indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

When, &c.] i. e. Rashness acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots. **WARB.**

Both my copies read,
—————*Rashly,*

And prais'd be rashness for it,
let us know.

Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying,

That he *rashly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I *rashly*—praised be rashness for it—*Let us not think these events casual, but let us know, that is, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity.* The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life.

7 *With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;]* *With such causes of terrour, arising from my character and designs.*

That on the supervize, ⁸ no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure;

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. ⁹ Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play: I fate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:

⁸ ———no leisure bated,] *Bated*, for allowed. To *abate* signifies to deduct; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for allowed.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *Being thus benetted round with Villains,*

(*Ere I could MAKE a prologue to my BRAINS,*

They had begun the Play:—]

The second line is nonsense.

The whole should be read thus,

Being thus benetted round with Villains,

Ere I could MARK THE prologue to my BANE,

They had begun the Play.

i. e. they begun to act to my destruction, before I knew there was a Play towards. *Ere I could mark the Prologue.* For it appears by what he says of his foreboding, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villany, which set him upon *fingering their packet.* *Ere I could make the Pro-*

logue, is absurd: Both as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one; and because his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *Plot*. WARBURTON.

In my opinion no alteration is necessary. *Hamlet* is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he could make a *prologue to his Brains, they had begun the play.* Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to himself what should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning.

I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service. - Wilt thou know
 Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them, like the palm, might flourish,
 As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a Comma 'tween their amities;

And

*As Peace should still her
 wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a COMMA 'tween
 their amities;*] Peace is here
 properly and finely personalized
 as the Goddess of good league
 and friendship; and very classically
 dress'd out. *Ovid* says,

*Pax Cererem nutrit, Pacis a-
 lumna Ceres.*

And *Tibullus*,

*At nobis, Pax alma! veni,
 spicamque teneto.*

But the placing her as a *Comma*,
 or stop, between the *amities* of
 two kingdoms, makes her rather
 stand like a cypher. The poet
 without doubt wrote,

*And stand a COMMERE 'tween
 our amities.*

The term is taken from a traf-
 ficker in love, who brings people
 together, a procurer. And this
 Idea is well appropriated to the
 satirical turn which the speaker
 gives to this wicked adjuration
 of the King, who would lay the
 foundation of the peace of the
 two kingdoms in the blood of
 the heir of one of them. *Periers*

in his Novels, uses the word
Commere to signify a she-friend.
*A tous ses gens, chacun une Com-
 mère.* And *Ben Johnson*, in his
Devil's an Ass, englishes the
 word by a *middling Gossip*.

*Or what do you say to a mid-
 dling Gossip*

*To bring you together, WARB.
 Hammer read,*

And stand a cement——

I am again inclined to vindicate
 the old reading. That the word
Commere is *French*, will not be
 denied; but when or where was
 it *English*?

The expression of our authour
 is, like many of his phrases, suf-
 ficiently constrained and affected,
 but it is not incapable of expla-
 nation. The *Comma* is the note
 of *connection* and continuity of
 sentences; the *Period* is the note
 of *abruption* and disjunction.
Shakespeare had it perhaps in his
 mind to write, That unless *Eng-
 land* complied with the mandate,
*war should put a period to their
 amity*; he altered his mode of
 diction, and thought that, in an

And many such like ² *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shiving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinaunt;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* seal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impressiion, plac'd it safely,
³ The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.

“*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this
employment.”

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
⁴ Doth by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points,
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now
upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,

opposite sense, he might put,
That Peace should stand a Com-
ma between their amities. This
is not an easy style; but is it not
the style of *Shakespeare*?

² — *As's of great charge;*]
Asses heavily loaded.

³ *The changeling never known;*]

A *changeling* is a *child* which the
fairies are supposed to leave in
the room of that which they
steal.

⁴ *Doth by their own insinua-
tion grow:*] *Insinuation*, for
corruptly obtruding themselves
into his service. — *WARBURTON.*

“ To

“ To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,

“ To let this canker of our nature come

“ In further evil?

“ *Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from *England,*

“ What is the issue of the business there.

“ *Ham.* It will be short.

“ The *Interim's* mine; and a man's life's no more

“ Than to say, one.

“ But I am very sorry, good *Horatio,*

“ That to *Laertes* I forgot myself;

“ For by the image of my cause I see

“ The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;

“ But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

“ Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. ⁶ Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at

⁵ To quit him—] To requite him; to pay him his due. upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or

⁶ —Dost know this waterfly?] A waterfly skips up and down reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler.

the King's meffe. ⁷ It is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord. It is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how.—My Lord, his Majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Ofr. Nay, in good faith. For mine ease. In good faith.—*Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes; believe me, an absolute Gentleman, ⁸ full of most excellent Differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is ⁹ the card or kalendar of gentry; ¹ for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*

⁷ *It is a chough;*] A kind of jackdaw.

⁸ *full of most excellent Differences,*] Full of distinguishing excellencies.

⁹ *the card or kalendar of gentry;*] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *kalendar* by which he is to chuse his time, that what he does

may be both excellent and seasonable.

¹ *for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent.*

Ham,

Ham. ² Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; ³ and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be ⁴ a Soul of great article; and his infusion ⁵ of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?—Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir,——

Hor. ⁶ Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.

² Sir, his definement, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon, amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows. WARB.

³ and yet but RAW neither] We should read SLOW. WARB.

I believe raw to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; raw signifies unripe, immature, thence unformed, imperfect, unskilful. The best account of him would be imperfect, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase quick sail was, I suppose, a

proverbial term for activity of mind.

⁴ a Soul of great article;] This is obscure. I once thought it might have been, a Soul of great altitude; but, I suppose, a Soul of great article, means a Soul of large comprehension, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called articles.

⁵ of such dearth.] Dearth is dearness, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity.

⁶ Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.] Of this interrogatory remark the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, Might not all this be understood in plainer language. But then, you will do it, Sir, really, seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, Is't possible not to be understood in a mother tongue? You will do it, Sir, really.

Ham.

Ham. *What imports the nomination of this gentleman?*

Ofr. *Of Laertes?*

Hor. *His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.*

Ham. *Of him, Sir.*

Ofr. *I know, you are not ignorant,——*

Ham. *I would you did, Sir. Yet, in faith, ⁷ if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.*

Ofr. *You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.*

Ham. ⁸ *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himself.*

Ofr. *I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them, ⁹ in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.*

Ham. *What's his weapon?*

Ofr. *Rapier and dagger.*

Ham. *That's two of his weapons; but well.*

Ofr. *The King, Sir, hath wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he has ¹ impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.*

⁷ *if you did, it would not much approve me.] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To approve, is to recommend to approbation.*

⁸ *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him, &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is*

the utmost extent of human wisdom.

⁹ *in his Meed,] In his excellence.*

¹ *impon'd,] Perhaps it should be, deponed. So Hudibras,*

I would upon this cause depone, As much as any I have known. But perhaps imponed is pledged, imparwoned, so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering *Eng'ish* words with *French* pronunciation.

Ham.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the Margent, ere you had done.

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be ² more germane to the matter, if we would carry 'cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on; six *Barbary* horses against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett against the *Danish*. Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. ³ The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall. If it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. [*Exit.*]

² more germane] More a-kin.

³ The King, Sir, hath laid,] This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there

can be twelve to nine. The passage is of no importance; it is sufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the passage as it stands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine.*

Ham.

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. ⁴ This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. ⁵ He did compliment with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he, and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, ⁶ a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through

⁴ *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. *Osric* did not run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing ran away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.*

⁵ *He did so, Sir, with his dug, &c.*] What, run away with it? The Folio reads, *He did COMPLY with his dug.* So that the true reading appears to be, *He did COMPLIMENT with his dug, i. e. stand upon ceremony with it, to shew he was born a courtier.* This is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

Hammer has the same emendation.

⁶ *a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most FOND and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.*] The metaphor is strangely mangled by the intrusion of the word FOND, which undoubtedly should be read FANN'D; the allusion being to corn separated by the Fan from chaff and dust. But the Editors

seeing, from the character of this yesty collection, that the opinions, through which they were so currently carried, were false opinions; and fann'd and winnow'd opinions, in the most obvious sense signifying tried and purified opinions, they thought fann'd must needs be wrong, and therefore made it fond, which word signified in our author's time, foolish, weak or childish. They did not consider that fann'd and winnowed opinions had also a different signification: For it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men separated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is separated from the chaff. This yesty collection; says *Hamlet*, insinuates itself into people of the highest Quality, as yest into the finest flower. The courtiers admire him, but when he comes to the trial, &c. WARBURTON.

This is a very happy emendation, but I know not why the crick should suppose that fond was printed for fann'd in consequence of any reason or reflection. Such errors, to which there is no temptation but idleness, and of which there was no cause

through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and ⁷ do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some ⁸ gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

cause but ignorance, are in every page of the old Editions. This passage in the quarto stands thus. They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and renowned opinions. If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our authour wrote, *the most sane and renowned opinions, which is better than fanned and winnowed.*

The meaning is, *these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carried*

them through the most select and approved judgement. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men.

Who has not seen this observation verified?

⁷ do but blow them, &c.] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a milt; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects.

⁸ gentle entertainment.] Mild and temperate conversation.

Hor.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so. Since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. ⁹ Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE

⁹ Since no man HAS OUGHT OF WHAT he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? This the editors called reasoning. I should have thought the premises concluded just otherwise: For since death strips a man of every thing, it is but fit he should shun and avoid the despoiler. The old Quarto reads, *Since no man, of ought he leaves, KNOWS, what is't to leave betimes. Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect. *It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it; and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them: Therefore come what*

will I am prepared. But the ill pointing in the old book hindered the editors from seeing *Shakespeare's* sense, and encouraged them to venture at one of their own, though, as usual, they are come very lamely off.

WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus, *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think *Dr. Warburton's* interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this, *Since no man knows aught of the state of life*

S C E N E V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and lords, Ofrick, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[King puts the hand of Laertes into the hand of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir. I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never, Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

life which *he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I

cannot fall but by the direction of providence.

Hammer has, Since no man owes aught, a conjecture not very reprehensible. Since no man can call any possession certain, what is it to leave?

[Give me your pardon, Sir.—] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood.

His

His madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy.
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
 To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
 I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
 'Till by some elder masters of known honour
 I have a voice, and precedent of peace,
 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.
 Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
 Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
 Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
² Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
 But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a
 length? [Prepares to play.]

² *Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker side.*] Thus *Hammer*. All the others read, *Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker side.*

When the odds were on the side of *Laertes*, who was to hit *Hamlet* twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the author's slip.

Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If *Hamlet* give the first, or second Hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
 The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
 3 And in the cup an Union shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive Kings
 In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the cups;
 And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
 The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
 Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come. Begin.
 And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir,

Laer. Come; my Lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit!

Laer. Well ——— again ———

King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is
 thine,

³ In some editions,
*And in the cup an Onyx shall
 be throw,]*

This is a various reading in several of the old copies; but *Union* seems to me to be the true word. If I am not mistaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *Union* is the finest sort of Pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. Besides, let us consider what the King says on *Hamlet's*

giving *Laertes* the first hit.

Stay, give me Drink! Hamlet, this Pearl is thine:

Here's to thy health.

Therefore, if an *Union* be a *Pearl*, and an *Onyx* a Gemm, or Stone quite differing in its nature from *Pearls*; the King saying, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *Pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonstration that it was an *Union-Pearl*, which he meant to throw into the cup.

THEOBALD.

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile.

[*They play.*]

Come. Another hit. What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The *Queen* carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord. I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup. It is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam. By and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*. You but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid, ⁴ you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they
change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the *Queen* there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my
Lord?

Ofr. How is't, *Laertes*?

⁴ —— you make a *Wanton* of *Imogen* says,
[*ene.*] A *Wanton* was, a man feeble I am not so citizen a *wanton*,
and effeminate. In *Cymbeline*, To die, ere I be sick.

Laer.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Ofrick;

I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——

Oh my dear *Hamlet*.—The drink, the drink,——

I am poison'd—— [*Queen dies.*]

Ham. Oh villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out——

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*. Thou art slain,
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it. I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*. Wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,

^s *That are but mutes or audience* or at most only *mute performers,*
to this act,] That are either that fill the stage without any
mere *auditors* of this *catastrophe,* part in the action.

Had I but time, as this fell Serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest, oh, I could tell you——
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*.
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go ; by heav'n, I'll hav't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this ?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come from
Poland,
To the Ambassadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio* :
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do prophesy, the election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or less,
⁶ Which have sollicitated.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

⁶ Which have sollicitated——.] *Sollicitated*, for brought on the event.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet Prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy Rest!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. 'Tis this quarry cries on havock. Oh proud Death!

What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The fight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrantz* and *Guildenstern* are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack Wars*, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,

⁷ *This quarry cries on havock.*] I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure
Hanmer reads, ——— cries out, havock. was, to cry, Havock.
To cry on, was to exclaim against.

How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more ;
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a soldier, to the Stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The Soldiers' musick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more.]
This is the reading of the old
Quarto's, but certainly a mistaken
one. We say, a man will no
more draw breath ; but that a
man's voice will draw no more, is,
I believe, an expression without
any authority. I chuse to espouse
the reading of the elder *folio* ;

And from his mouth, whose voice will draw on more.
And this is the poet's meaning.

Hamlet, just before his death,
had said ;

But I do prophesy, th' election lights

On *Fortinbras* : He has my dy-
ing voice ;

So tell him, &c.

Accordingly, *Horatio* here de-
livers that message ; and very
justly infers, that *Hamlet's* voice
will be seconded by others, and
procure them in favour of *For-*
tinbras's succession. THEOB.

Take

Take up the body. Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of
Ordnance is shot off.*]

If the dramas of *Shakespeare* were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations, and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of *Hamlet* causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the sop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cause,

for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats *Ophelia* with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole play, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to punish him, and his death is at last effected by an incident which *Hamlet* has no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have been formed, to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Laertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

ACT II. SCENE VII. Page 199.

The rugged Pyrrhus be, &c.]
 The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that *Shakespear* produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that *Hamlet's* commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, First, From the Character *Hamlet* gives of the Play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, From the passage itself. And Thirdly, From the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character *Hamlet* gives of it: *The Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas Caviar to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affec-*

tion; but called it an honest method. They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strangest irony that ever was written. *It pleas'd not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however ironical the rest be. Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And *Fletcher* wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that, therefore, it took not with the multitude. *Hamlet* presently tells us what it was that displeas'd them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeas'd because of the bombast, that those whom it displeas'd should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of *Hamlet's* speech supposing it to be ironical: but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpose: *The Play, I remember,*

remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient Drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgment I have the highest esteem, it was an excellent Play, *well digested in the scenes, i. e.* where the three unities were well preserved. *Set down with as much modesty as cunning, i. e.* where not only the art of composition, but the simplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into Farce. But these qualities, which gained my esteem, lost the public's. For I remember one said, *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury, i. e.* there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, i. e.* nor none of those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honest method, i. e.* he owned, however *tasteless* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek Drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it appears farther from what we find added in the old Quarto, *an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by*

very much more HANDSOME than FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of false art.

2. A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself: which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely *Ilium* and *Priam's* falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

—*The bellish Pyrrhus, &c.*

To, *Repugnant to command.*

Tb' unnerved father falls, &c.

To,—*So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up as to have well deserved a place in *Virgil's* second Book of the *Æneid*, even tho' the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman Poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. *Hamlet*, his best character, approves it; the Player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish *Polonius* tired with it. We have said enough before of *Hamlet's* sentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and *Horace* both instructed him,

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me
infortunia lædent,

Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI

MANDATA LOQUERIS,

Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And

And it may be worth observing, that *Horace* gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For, in the lines just before, he gives this rule,

*Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper
& exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.*

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in very bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes.

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home: The spectators, in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as *Hamlet* says,

*What's Hecuba to him, or he
to Hecuba?*

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The Tragedies of *Banks* will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say,

that *Shakespear* intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must appeal to *Hamlet*, that is, to *Shakespear* himself, in this matter? who on the reflection he makes upon the Player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or indjudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the Actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise.

————— *this Player here,*

*But in a fiction, in a dream of
passion,*

*Could force his soul so to his
own conceit,*

*That from her working all his
visage wan'd:*

*Tears in his eyes, distraction in
his aspect,*

A broken voice, &c.

And indeed had *Hamlet* esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As *Shakespear* has here shewn the effects which a fine description of Nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent Player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man, *Polonius*; by nature, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, tho' commonly enough joined in life; yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes

eyes to be together; and which an ordinary Poet durst not have brought so near one another] by *discipline*, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and by *trade* a Politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom *Shakespear* has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, *Polonius* cries out, *this is too long*; on which *Hamlet*, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It shall to the barber's with thy beard*. [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard.] *Pr'ythee, say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry*, [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he sleeps, say on*. And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled Queen is good*. On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the Play, by *Hamlet*, cannot be ironical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the

effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, should have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the Actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance *Hamlet* ought to assume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this passage, is the turgid expression in some parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We shall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines most obnoxious to censure, and see how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their conclusion.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in
rage strikes wide,
But with the whif and wind of
his fell sword
Th' unnerved Father falls.*

And again,

*Out, out, thou strumpet For-
tune! All you Gods,
In general Synod, take away
her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies
from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down
the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.*

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question; but whether *Shakespear* esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expression, in his best plays, and given them to

to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrains the execution of *Pyrrhus's* sword, in the character he gives of *Hector's*,

*When many times the captive
Grecians fall*

Ev'n in the fan and wind of
your fair sword,

You bid them rise and live.

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at Fortune in the same manner.

*No, let me speak, and let me
rail so high,*

That the false huswife Fortune
break her wheel,

Provok'd at my offence.

But another use may be made of these quotations; a discovery of the Author of this recited

Play; which, letting us into a circumstance of our Author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the Play in dispute was *Shakespear's* own: and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chastness and regularity of the ancient Stage; and therefore composed this Tragedy on the model of the *Greek* Drama, as may be seen by throwing so much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitless; and the raw, unnatural taste then prevalent, forced him back again into his old *Gothic* manner. For which he took this revenge upon his Audience. WARE.

O T H E L L O,

O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR of VENICE.

Dramatis Personæ.

D U K E of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*

Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor.*

Cassio.

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Rodorigo, *a Gentleman.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of
Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*

Herald.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *Mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and
Attendants.*

SCENE, *for the First Act, in Venice; during the
rest of the Play, in Cyprus.*

Of this Play the Editions are,

1. Quarto, — Preface by Thomas Walkely.
2. 1622. N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. 1630. A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. 1650. for William Lenk.
5. Folio, 1623.

* * I have the folio, and the third Quarto collated with the second,
and the fourth.

O T H E L L O,

O T H E L L O,

The Moor of V E N I C E.

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

A Street in V E N I C E.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

R O D O R I G O.

NEVER tell me. I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

¹ *Othello, the Moor of Venice.*] The story is taken from *Cyn-*
thio's Novels. POPE.

Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man;
 I know my price, I'm worth no worse a Place:
 But he, as loving his own pride and purpose;
 Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
 And, in conclusion,
 Non-suits my mediators. " Certes, says he,
 " I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, ² a *Florentine*,
 A fellow almost damn'd ³ in a fair wife;

² ——— a *Florentine*,] It appears from many passages of this play; (rightly understood) that *Cassio* was a *Florentine*, and *Iago* a *Venetian*.

HANMER.

³ ——— in a fair wife;] In the former editions this hath been printed, a fair wife; but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part of the play, that *Cassio* was an unmarried man: On the other hand, his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule. I read therefore,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz.

HANMER.

————— a *Florentine*,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;] But it was *Iago*, and not *Cassio*, who was the *Florentine*, as appears from *Act 3. Scene 1*. The passage therefore should be read thus,

————— (a *Florentine's*
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;—)

These are the words of *Othello*, (which *Iago* in this relation repeats) and signify, that a *Florentine* was an unfit person for command, as being always a slave to a fair wife; which was the case of *Iago*. The *Oxford Editor*, supposing this was said by *Iago* of *Cassio*, will have *Cassio* to be the *Florentine*; which, he says, is plain from many passages in the Play, rightly understood. But because *Cassio* was no married man, (tho' I wonder it did not appear he was, from some passages rightly understood) he alters the line thus,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair Phyz.

A *White-friers'* phrase. WARB.

This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose. I cannot think it very plain from *Act III. Scene 1*. that *Cassio* was or was not a *Florentine*.

That

That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,
 4 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he. Meer prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. He had th' election;
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, 5 must be belee'd and calm'd
 By *Debitor* and *Creditor*. This *Counter-caster*
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, Sir, (bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's An-
 cient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of ser-
 vice!

Preferment goes 6 by letter and affection,
 7 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood

4 *Wherein the tongued Consuls* —] So the generality of the impressions read; but the oldest *quarto* has it *toged*; the Senators, that assisted the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*. — But let me explain, why I have ventured to substitute *Counsellors* in the room of *Consuls*: The *Venetian* nobility constitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a part of the administration; and summon'd to assist and counsel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the Senate. So that they may very properly be called *Counsellors*. Tho' the Government of *Venice* was democraick at first, under *Consuls* and *Tribunes*; that form of power has been totally
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abrogated, since *Doges* have been elected. THEOBALD.

Wherein the toged Consuls —] *Consuls*, for couns'ors. WARB.

5 — *must be LED and calm'd*] So the old *Quarto*. The first Folio reads *belee'd*: but that spoils the measure. I read LET, hindered. WARBURTON.

Belee'd suits to *calmed*, and the measure is not less perfect than in many other places.

6 — *by letter* —] By *recommendation* from powerful friends.

7 *And not by old gradation*, —] What is *old gradation*? He immediately explains *gradation* very properly. But the idea of *old* does not come into it,

Y — *where*

Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,

^s If I in any just term am affin'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender; and when he's old, ca-
shier'd;

Whip me such ⁹ honest knaves. Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

And, throwing but shows of service on their Lords,

Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their
coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*.

In following him, I follow but myself,

Heav'n is my judge!—Not I, for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end.

—where each second

Stood heir to th' first.—

I read therefore.

Not (as of old) gradation—

i. e. it does not go by gradation, as it did of old. WARBURTON.

Old gradation, is gradation established by ancient practice.

Where is the difficulty?

³ *If I in any just term am affin'd*] *Affined* is the reading

of the third quarto and the first folio. The second quarto and all

the modern editions have *assign'd*.

The meaning is, *Do I stand with- in any such terms of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?*

⁹ —*honest knaves.*—] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt.

For

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart

¹ In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at. I'm not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen;
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
² As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

¹ *In compliment extern,—*] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility.

² *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*

Is spied in populous cities.] This is not sense, take it which way you will. If *night and negligence* relate to *spied*, it is absurd to say *the fire was spied by negligence*. If *night and negligence* refer only to the time and occasion, it should then be *by night, and thro' negligence*. Otherwise the particle *by* would be made to signify *time* applied to one word, and *cause* applied to the other. We should read therefore, *Is SPRED*, by which all these faults are avoided. But what is of most weight, the si-

militude, thus emended, agrees best with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to *Brabantio* before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire just *spied*, as soon as it was begun. But being given after the parties were bedded, it was more fitly compared to a fire *spred by night and negligence*, so as not to be extinguished.

WARBURTON.

The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a woman of reason!

Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! Thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags.
Thieves! thieves!

S C E N E II.

Brabantio appears above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd. For shame, put on your
Gown.

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I. What are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worser welcome.

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee; and now in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power

To

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is *Venice*,

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians. You'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have couriers for cousins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. † What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

* *If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly, I find, it is, that your fair daughter,
At ³ this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a Gondelier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.*

† *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense *Shakespeare* often uses the word *profane*.

¶ The lines printed in *Italicks*

are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623.

3 —*this odd ev n*—] The *even* of night is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into even parts,

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That from the sense of all civility
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
 Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
 To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the State
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper. Call up all my people.
 This accident is not unlike my Dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light! I say, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
 Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
 However this may gall him with ⁴ some check,
 Cannot with safety ⁵ cast him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
 Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fadom they have none,
 To lead their business. In which regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love:
 Which is, indeed, but sign. That you may surely
 find him,
 Lead to the *Sagittary* the rais'd search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

⁴ —some check,] Some re- miss him; reject him. We still
 buke. say, a cast coat, and a cast serv-

⁵ —cast him.—] That is, dis- ing man.

S C E N E III.

Enter Brabantio, and servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is;
 6 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
 Where didst thou see her?—Oh unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, saidst thou?—Who would be a fa-
 ther?—

How didst thou know 'twas she? Oh, thou deceiv'it
 me

Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more
 tapers,

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms,

7 By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

⁶ *And what's to come of my*
 DESPISED time,] Why de-
 spised time? We should read,
 ———DESPITED time,

i. e. vexatious. **WARBURTON.**
Despised time is easily explain-
 ed; it is *time of no-value*; time
 in which

*There's nothing serious in mor-
 tality,*

*The wine of life is drawn, and
 the meer dregs*

Are left, this vault to brag of.
 Macbeth.

⁷ *By which the property of youth
 and maidhood*

May be abus'd?] *By which the
 faculties of a young virgin may
 be infatuated, and made subject
 to illusions and to false imagina-
 tion.*

Wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep. Macbeth.

Bra. Call up my brother.—Oh, 'would you had had her.

—Some one way, some another——Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry house I'll call, I may command at most. Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of might.

On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to another STREET, before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

Iago. **T**H O' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very ^s stuff o' th' con-
science

To do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.—Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour;

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,

^s —stuff o' th' conscience] word of great force in the Teu-
tonick languages. The elements
This expression to common read- are called in Dutch, *hoefd stoffen*,
ers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the or *head stuffs*.
conscience is, *substance*, or *essence*,
of the conscience. *Stuff* is a

That

That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 9 As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
 Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
 The law, with all his might t'enforce it on,
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:
 My services, which I have done the Signory,

9 As double as the Duke's:—] Rymer seems to have had his eye on this passage, amongst others, where he talks so much of the impropriety and barbarity in the style of this play. But it is an elegant Grecism. As double signifies as large, as extensive; for thus the Greeks use διπλῆς. *Diosc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the same manner and construction, the Latins sometimes used duplex. And the old French writers say, *La plus double*. Dr. Bentley has been as severe on Milton for as elegant a Grecism,

Yet *Virgin of Proserpina from Jove. lib. 9. ver. 396.*

'Tis an imitation of the Παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμῳ of Theocritus for an unmarried virgin. WARB.

This note has been much censured by Mr. Upton, who denies, that the quotation is in *Dioscorides*, and disputes, not without reason, the interpretation of *Theocritus*.

All this learning, if it had even been what it endeavours to be thought, is, in this place, superfluous. There is no ground of supposing, that our author copied or knew the Greek phrase; nor

does it follow, that, because a word has two senses in one language, the word which in another answers to one sense, should answer to both. *Manus*, in Latin, signifies both a band and troop of soldiers, but we cannot say, that the captain marched at the head of his hand; or, that he laid his troop upon his sword. It is not always in books that the meaning is to be sought of this writer, who was much more acquainted with naked reason and with living manners.

Double has here its natural sense. The president of every deliberative assembly has a double voice. In our courts, the chief justice and one of the inferior judges, prevail over the other two, because the chief justice has a double voice.

Brabantio had, in his effect, tho' not by law yet by weight and influence, a voice not actual and formal, but potential and operative, as double, that is, a voice that when a question was suspended, would turn the balance as effectually as the Duke's. Potential is used in the sense of science; a caustick is called potential fire.

Shall

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that Boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my Life and Being
From ¹ men of royal siege; and my demerits
May ² speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my ³ unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
⁴ For the sea's worth. But look, what light comes
yonder?

S C E N E V.

Enter Cassio, with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

¹ —men of royal siege;—]
Men who have sat upon royal
thrones. The quarto has,
———men of royal height.

²—speak, UNBONNETTED,—]
Thus all the copies read. It
should be UNBONNETTING, *i. e.*
without putting off the bonnet.

POPE.

———and my demerits
May speak unbonnetted to as
proud a Fortune

As this that I have reach'd—]
Thus all the copies read this pas-
sage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*,
is to speak *with the cap off*, which
is directly opposite to the poet's
meaning. *Othello* means to say,
that his birth and services set
him upon such a rank, that he
may speak to a senator of *Venice*

with his hat *on*; *i. e.* without
shewing any marks of deference,
or inequality. I, therefore, am
inclined to think, *Shakespeare*
wrote;

May speak, and bonnetted, &c.

THEOBALD.

I do not see the propriety of
Mr. Pope's emendation, though
adopted by *Dr. Warburton*. *Un-*
bonnetting may as well be, *not*
putting on, as *not putting off*, the
bonnet. *Hanmer* reads *e'en bon-*
netted.

³ —unhoused—] Free from
domestick cares. A thought na-
tural to an adventurer.

⁴ *For the sea's worth.*] I
would not marry her, though she
were as rich as the *Adriatick*,
which the Doge annually marries.

My

My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.
—The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
⁶ And many of the Council, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
⁷ The senate hath sent out three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

⁵ By *Janus*, I think, no.] There is great propriety in making the double *Iago* swear by *Janus*, who has two faces. The address of it likewise is as remarkable, for as the people coming up appeared at different distances to have different shapes, he might swear by *Janus*, without suspicion of any other emblematical meaning.

WARBURTON.

⁶ And many of the Consuls
rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already—]
Thus all the editions concur in

reading; but there is no such character as a *Consul* appears in any part of the play. I change it to *Counsellors*; i. e. the *Grandees* that constitute the great *Council at Venice*.

THEOB.

Hammer reads, *Council*.

⁷ The Senate hath sent out—]
The early quarto's, and all the modern editors, have,

The Senate sent above three several quests.

The folio,

The Senate hath sent about, &c.
that is, about the city.

Iago.

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded ⁸ a land-carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General, ⁹ be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent,

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*! come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

⁸ —a land-carrack;] A carrack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call, a galleon.
⁹ —be advis'd;] That is, be cool; be cautious; be discreet.

If she in chains of magick were not bound,
 Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
 So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
¹ The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight?

² Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
³ Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
 That weaken Notion. — I'll hav't disputed on;
⁴ 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

¹ The wealthy CURLED dar-
 -lings of our nation.] I read
 CULLED, i. e. select, chosen.
 Shakespear uses this word very
 frequently,

*These CULL'D and choice drawn
 Cavaliers from France.*

Henry V.

Curled was an improper mark of
 difference between a Venetian and
 a Moor, which latter people are
 remarkably curl'd by nature.

WARBURTON.

Curled is elegantly and ostenta-
 -tiously dressed. He had not the
 hair particularly in his thought.

² Judge, me, the world, &c.]
 The five following lines are not
 in the first edition. POPE.

³ Abus'd her delicate youth with
 drugs, or minerals,

That weaken Motion.] Bra-
 -bantio is here accusing Othello of
 having used some foul play, and
 intoxicated Desdemona by drugs
 and potions to win her over to his
 love. But why, drugs to weaken
 motion? How then could she
 have run away with him volunta-

rily from her father's house? Had
 she been averse to chusing Othello,
 tho' he had given her medicines
 that took away the use of her
 limbs, might she not still have re-
 -tain'd her senses, and oppos'd the
 marriage? Her father, 'tis evi-
 -dent, from several of his speeches,
 is positive, that she must have been
 abused in her rational faculties;
 or she could not have made so
 preposterous a choice, as to wed
 with a Moor, a Black, and refuse
 the finest young gentlemen in
 Venice. What then have we to
 do with her motion being weak-
 -en'd? If I understand any thing
 of the poet's meaning here, I
 cannot but think, he must have
 wrote;

*Abus'd her delicate youth with
 drugs, or minerals,*

That weaken Notion.

i. e. her apprehension, right con-
 -ception and idea of things, under-
 -standing, judgment, &c. THEOB.

Hammer reads with equal pro-
 -bability,

That waken motion. —

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

—Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the State,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? Bring them away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
+ Bond-slaves, and Pagans, shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Bond-slaves, and Pagans—*] Mr. Theobald alters *Pagans* to *Pageants*, for this reason, *That Pagans are as strict and moral all the world over, as the most regular Christians in the preservation of private property.* But what then?

The speaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important discovery, so much to the honour of paganism, was first made by our editor.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Senate House.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. ⁵ **T**HERE is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

¹ Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

² Sen. And mine, two hundred ;
But though they jump not on a just account,

⁶ As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence ; yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailors within.] What hoa ! what hoa ! what hoa !

⁵ *There is no composition—*] *Composition*, for consistency, concordancy.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *As in these cases, where THEY aim reports,*] These *Venetians* seem to have had a very odd sort of persons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they should report ; for this is the sense of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without question, is,

—where *THE* aim reports.

i. e. where there is no better ground

for information than conjecture :

Which not only improves the sense, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expression.

WARBURTON.

The folio has,

—*the* aim reports.

But, *they aim reports*, has a sense sufficiently easy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and *conjecture*.

Enter

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now?—What's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*.
So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
⁷ By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
 Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
 And let ourselves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
 So may he with more ⁸ facile question bear it;
⁹ For that it stands not in such ¹ warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
 We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest which concerns him first;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
 Have there injointed them with an after-fleet——

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

⁷ By no assay of reason.] Bring it to the test, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the assay, it will be found counterfeit by all trials.

⁸ —— facile question—] Question is for the act of seeking. With more easy endeavour.

⁹ For that it stands not, &c.] The seven following lines are added since the first edition.

POPE.
¹ —— warlike brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to brace on the armour.

Mes.

Mef. Of thirty fail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
² And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*. *Marcus Luc-*
cicos,

Is he not here in town?

¹ *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte.
Deſpatch.

¹ *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

S C E N E VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago,
Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ
you,

Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior, [*To Brab*
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the ³ general
care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief

² *And prays you to believe him.] the truth of this intelligence.*

The late learned and ingenious.
Mr. Thomas Clark of Lincoln's
Inn, read the paſſage thus,

And prays you to relieve him.

But the preſent reading may
ſtand. *He intreats you not to doubt*

³ *—general care.] The word*
care, which encumbers the verſe,
was probably added by the play-
ers. *Shakespeare* uſes *the general*
as a ſubſtantive, though, I think,
not in this ſenſe.

Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! —

Sen. Dead? —

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
+ By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, nor lame of sense;
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper Son
5 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it seems,
Your special mandate for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

+ *Ryfel's and medic'nes, bought of mountebanks;*] Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming (both for its weaknets and superstition) the gravity of the accuser, and the dignity of the tribunal: But his criticism only exposes his own ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be insisted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving Love-potions was very criminal, as *Shakespeare* without question well understood. Thus the Law, *Dei maleficii & herba-*

rie, cap. 17. of the Code intitled, *Della proibition del maleficio. Statuto eriamdio, che-se a-cun homo, o femina hara fatto maleficii, equali se diman. a. o vulgarmente amatorie, overamente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina se havevson in odio, sia frusta & billato, & che hara consigliado patisca simile pena.* And therefore in the preceding Scene, *Brabanzio* calls them,

— *Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.* WARBURTON.

5 Stood in your action.] Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation.

All.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?
[To Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
⁶ The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
⁷ And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years Pith,
⁸ Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-
tience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter with.

⁶ *The very head and front of my offending*] The main, the whole unextenuated.

⁷ *And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;*] This apology, if addressed to his mistress, had been well expressed. But what he wanted, in speaking before a Venetian Senate, was not the soft blandishments of speech, but the art and method of mascu-

line eloquence. The old Quarto reads it, therefore, as I am persuaded *Shakespeare* wrote,

— the SET phrase of peace;
WARBURTON.

Soft is the reading of the folio.

⁸ *Their dearest action—*] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is *action* performed at *great expence*, either of ease or safety.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at itself; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess, ^o Perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
 Without more certain and more ¹ overt test,
 Than these ² thin habits and poor likelihoods
 Of modern Seeming do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, *Othello*, speak;
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

^o —Perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature;]
Perfection erring, seems a contradiction *in terminis*, as the schoolmen call it. Besides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his daughter out for a thing of absolute perfection; he only says, she was indued with such an extreme innate modesty, that for her *to fall in love* so preposterously, no sound judgment could allow, but it must be by magical practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our author wrote;

That will confess, Affection so could err, &c.

This is entirely consonant to what *Brabantio* would say of her;

and one of the senators, immediately after, in his examination of the *Moer*, thus addresses himself to him;

—But, *Othello*, speak;
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections, &c.

THEOBALD.

The objection is childish; *perfection* is used here, as almost every where else, for a high degree of excellence.

¹ —overt test,] *Open proofs*, external evidence.

² —thin habits—

Of modern seeming—] Weak shew of slight appearance.

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
place. [Exit *Iago.*

And till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present,
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
³ And portance in my travel's history:

Wherein

³ *And portance, &c.]* I have
restored,

*And with it, all my travel's
history:*
from the old edition. It is in the
rest,

*And portance in my travel's his-
tory.*

Rymur, in his criticism on this
play, has changed it to *portents*,
instead of *portance*. POPE.

4 Wherein of ^s antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
heav'n,

6 It was my hint to speak; such was the process;

And

Mr. *Pope* has restored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the authour's word in some revised copy. I read thus,

*Of being—sold
To slavery, of my redemption
thence,
And portance in't; my travel's
history.*

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it.

4 *Wherein of antres vast, &c.*] Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the *Bastard Fauconbridge*, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The *fashion* then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that *Rymer*, who professedly ridicules this whole circumstance, and the noble author of the *Characteristics*, who more obliquely sneers it, only expose their own ignorance.

WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of histo-

ry, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity.

Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old editions; But Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change the epithet. *Desarts idle*; in the former editions; (says he) *doubtless, a corruption from wilde.*— But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so *doubtless*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has observed it, but I know that *Shakespeare*, especially in descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon word, in a poetick latitude. And *idle*, in several other passages, he employs in these acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated, &c.* THEOB.

Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else *Pope* could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful.

5 ———antres—] *French, Grottoes.* POPE,

Rather *caves* and *dens*.

6 *It was my HINT to speak;—*] This implies it as done by a trap laid

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
 The *Anthropophagi*; and 7 men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a pray'r of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains ⁸ a world of sighs:
 She swore, "In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 "'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"——
 She wish'd, she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd,
 That heav'n had made her such a man.—She thank'd
 me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,

laid for her: But the old Quarto
 reads HENT, i. e. use, custom.

WARBURTON.

Hent is not *use* in *Shakespear*,
 nor, I believe, in any other au-
 thour; *hint*, or *cue*, is common-
 ly used for occasion of speech,
 which is explained by, *such was*
the process, that is, the course of
 the tale required it. If *hent* be
 restored, it may be explained by
handle. I had a *handle*, or op-
 portunity to speak of Cannibals.

7 ————— *men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoul-
ders.———] Of these men

there is an account in the inter-
 polated travels of *Mandeville*, a
 book of that time.

⁸ ————— *a world of sighs* :] It
 was *kisses* in the later editions:
 But this is evidently the true
 reading. The lady had been
 forward indeed to give him a
world of kisses upon the bare re-
 cital of his story; nor does it agree
 with the following lines. POPE.

And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them :
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
 too.

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mistress,
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where you most owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty ;
 To you I'm bound for life and education,
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you. You're the Lord of duty ;
 I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother shew'd
 To you, preferring you before her father ;
 So much I challenge, that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you. I have done.
 Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
 Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart,
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
 I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. ⁹ Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
 "Into your favour" ————— *
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile;
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
¹ But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
 But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.

⁹ *Let me speak like YOUR self;*] It should be, *like OUR self*, i. e. Let me meditate between you as becomes a prince and common father of his people: For the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to *Brabantio's* sentiment. **WARBURTON.**

Hanmer reads,

Let me now speak more like your self.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is specious; but I do not see how

Hanmer's makes any alteration. The Duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like *Brabantio*, that he will speak sententiously.

* The passages marked thus (") are wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto.

¹ *But the free comfort which from thence he hears;*] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence.

But

² But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a mighty preparation makes
for *Cyprus*. *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you; and though we have there a substitute
of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you;
you must therefore be content to stubber the gloss of
your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boi-
sterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My ³ thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
⁴ I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place, and exhibition,

With

² But words are words; I never
yet did hear,

That the bruis'd heart was
pierced through the ear.]

The Duke had by sage sentences
been exhorting *Brabantio* to pa-
tience, and to forget the grief of
his daughter's stol'n marriage, to
which *Brabantio* is made very
pertinently to reply to this effect:
*My lord, I apprehend very well the
wisdom of your advice; but tho'
you would comfort me, words are
but words; and the heart, already
bruis'd, was never pierc'd, or
wounded, through the ear. It is
obvious that the text must be re-
stor'd thus,*

That the bruis'd heart was
pieced through the ear.

i. e. That the wounds of sorrow
were ever cur'd, or a man made
heart-whole meerly by words of
consolation. WARBURTON.

³ — *thrice-driven bed of down.*]
A *driven bed*, is a bed for which
the feathers are selected, by *dri-
ving* with a fan, which separates
the light from the heavy.

⁴ I crave fit disposition for my
wife,

*Due reference of place, and ex-
hibition, &c.*] I desire that
a proper *disposition* be made for
my wife, that she may have pre-
cedency, and revenue, accom-
modation,

With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find ⁵ a charter in your voice
T'assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
⁶ My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord ;
⁷ I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me :
And I a heavy interim shall support,
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

modation, and company, suitable to her rank.

For reference of place, the old quarto's have *reverence*, which *Hanmer* has received. I should read,

Due preference of place.—

⁵ —a charter in your voice]

Let your favour privilege me.

⁶ My down-right violence AND STORM OF fortunes] But what violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor? We should read,

My down-right violence TO FORMS, MY fortunes. WARB.

There is no need of this emendation. *Violence* is not *violence* suffered, but *violence* acted. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *scorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading.

⁷ I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind.] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form.

Oth.

Oth. Your voices, Lords. 'Beseech you, let her will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my defunct and proper Satisfaction;

But

³ *Nor to comply with heat the young affects,*

In my defunct and proper satisfaction;] As this has been hitherto printed and stopp'd, it seems to me a period of as stubborn nonsense, as the editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakespeare* throughout his works. What a preposterous creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in love with, and marry, a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction* are dead and defunct in him! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically :) But if we may take *Othello's* own word in the affair, he was not reduc'd to this fatal state.

— or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years; yet
That's not much.

Again, Why should our poet say, (for so he says, as the passage has been pointed;) that the young affect heat? Youth, certainly, has it, and has no occasion or pretence of affecting it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral epithet as *proper*? But, *affects* was not designed there as a verb, and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have, by reading *distinct*

for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from absurdity; and this I take to be the tenour of what he would say; "I do not beg her company with me, merely to please myself; nor to indulge the heat and affects (i. e. affections) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction; but to comply with her in her request, and desire, of accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our author in several other passages uses. THEOB.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects.

In my defunct and proper satisfaction;] i. e. With that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. *Theobald's* emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by *Hanmer*, who reads thus,

Nor to comply with heat, affects the young

In my distinct and proper satisfaction.

Dr. *Warburton's* explanation is not

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneis
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
 And speed must answer it. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you,
 And such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
 A man he is of honesty and trust,
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

not more satisfactory: what
 made the difficulty; will conti-
 nue to make it. I read,

—*I beg it not,*

*To please the palate of my ap-
 petite,*

*Nor to comply with heat, (the
 young affects*

*In me defunct) and proper satis-
 faction;*

*But to be free and bounteous to
 her mind.*

Affects stands here, not for *love*,
 but for *quality*, for that by which
 any thing is affected. *I ask it not*,
 says he, *to please appetite, or sa-
 tisfy loose desires*, the passions
 of youth which I have now out-
 lived, or for any particular grati-
 fication of myself, but merely that
*I may indulge the wishes of my
 wife.*

Duke.

Duke. Let it be so;
 Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
 9 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor. Use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see.
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke, with Senators.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
 My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
 I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring her after in the best advantage.
 Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matter and direction
 To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago ———

Iago. What sayest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment;
 and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
 our physician.

9 If virtue no DELIGHTED
 beauty lack, } This is a sense-
 less epithet. We should read BE-
 LIGHTED beauty. i. e. white and
 fair. WARBURTON.

Hammer reads, more plausibly,
 delighting. I do not know that
 belighted has any authority. I

should rather read,

If virtue no delight or beauty
 lack

Delight, for delectation, or power
 of pleasing, as it is frequently used.

— best advantage.] Fairest
 opportunity.

Iago.

Iago. O villainous ! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of ² a *Guinea*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettice ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a Set or scien.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put mony in thy purse ; follow thou these wars ; ³ defeat thy favour with an

² a *Guinea-hen*,] A showy bird with fine feathers.

³ DEFEAT *thy favour with an usurped beard* ;] This is not *English*. We should read DISSEAT thy favour. *i. e.* turn it out of

its seat, change it for another. The word *usurped* directs us to this reading.

WARB.

It is more *English*, to defeat, than *diffeat*. To defeat, is to undo, to change.

usurped beard. I say, put mony in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor—Put mony in thy purse—nor he his to her. ⁴ It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration.—Put but mony in thy purse—These Moors are changeable in their wills.—Fill thy purse with mony. The food, that to him now is ⁵ as luscious as lohocks, shall shortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put mony in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, ⁶ betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make mony.—

⁴ *It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,*] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *It was a violent conjunction, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel.*

⁵ *As luscious as locusts,*] Whether you understand by this the insect or the fruit, it cannot be

given as an instance of a delicious morsel, notwithstanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lohocks*, a very pleasant confection introduced into medicine by the *Arabian* physicians: and so very fitly opposed both to the bitterness and use of *Coloquintida*. WARB.

⁶ *betwixt an ERRING Barbarian*] We should read ERRANT, that is a vagabond, one who has no house nor country. WARB.

Hanmer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either.

I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go. Provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. "Go to, farewell, put mony enough in your purse" ——— [Exit *Rodorigo*.

S C E N E XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now; ———
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery ——— How? how? ——— Let's see ———
After some time t' abuse *Othello's* ear,

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A a

That

That he is too familiar with his wife——
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
 As asses are.
 I hav't—it is engender'd—Hell and Night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
 [Exit.]

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

The capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano, Governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.

M O N T A N O.

WHAT from the cape, can you discern at sea?
 1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought
 flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The

The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
 main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 7 And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
 Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd ;
 It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lads, our wars are done :
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
 That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice*
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 Of most part of the fleet.

Mont. How ! is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
 A *Veronese* ; *Michael Cassio*,
 Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
 Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't ; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of
 comfort
 Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

7 *And quench the guard of th' ever fixed pole.*] Alluding to the
 star *Arctophylax*.

Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be :
 For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
 As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
 Ev'n till we make the main and th' aerial blue
 An indistinēt regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iste,
 That so approve the Moor : oh, let the heav'ns
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well-shipp'd ?

Cas. ⁸ His bark is stoutly timber'd ; and his pilot
⁹ Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

⁸ *His bark is stoutly timber'd—
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeit-
 ed to death,*

Stand in bold cure.] I do not
 understand these lines. I know
 not, how *hope* can be *surfeited to
 death*, that is, *can be encreased,
 till it is destroyed* ; nor what it is,
to stand in bold cure ; or why *hope*
 should be considered as a disease.
 In the copies there is no varia-
 tion. Shall we read,

Therefore my fears, not surfeited

to death,

Stand in bold cure ?

This is better, but it is not well.
 Shall we strike a bolder stroke,
 and read thus ?

*Therefore my hopes, not forfeit-
 ed to death,*

Stand bold, not sure.

⁹ *Of very expert and approv'd
 allowance ;]* I read,

*Very expert, and of approv'd
 allowance.*

Cas.

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy.
Our friends, at least. [Sound of Cannon.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately : He hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blaz'ning pens,
1 And in th' essential vesture of creation
2 Does bear all excellency——

1 *And in th' ESSENTIAL vesture of creation.*

Does bear all excellency——] It is plain that something very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it stands ? Why this, that in the essence of creation he bore all excellency. The expression is intolerable, and could never come from one who so well understood the force of words as our Poet. The *essential vesture* is the same as *essential form*. So that the expression is nonsense. For the *vesture of creation* signifies the *forms* in which created beings are cast. And *essence* relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. *Shakespeare* certainly wrote,

And in TERRESTRIAL vesture of creation.

And in this lay the wonder,

That all created excellence should be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARB.

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The authour seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*.

2 *Does bear all excellency——*]

Such is the reading of the quartos, for which the folio has this.

And in th' essential vesture of creation

Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus,

Does tire th' ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the authour substituted in his revisal.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel;
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Cap-
tain,

Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*:
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
" And bring all *Cyprus* comfort——

S C E N E V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Æmilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round,

Des.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*.

What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark, a sail!

Within. A sail, a sail! [Sound of Cannon.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
[To *Æmilia*.

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [Kisses her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep.
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of
doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
³ Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds!

Des. O, fy upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

³ When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shou'dst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't, For I am nothing, if not ⁴ critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ah, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, invention Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours, And thus she is deliver'd,

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd. How if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. ⁵ *She never yet was foolish, that was fair;
For ev'n her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

⁴ —critical.] That is, *cen-
sorious.*

⁵ *She never yet was foolish, &c.]*

We may read;

*She ne'er was yet so foolish that
was fair,*

*But ev'n her folly help'd her to
an heir.*

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: The law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolish-est woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish.

Iago.

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones
do.*

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-
serving woman indeed? ⁶ one, that in the authority
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very ma-
lice itself?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;*

⁶ One, that in the authority of her
merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself?] Tho' all
the printed copies agree in [this
reading, I cannot help suspecting
it. If the text should be genu-
ine, I confess, it is above my un-
derstanding. In what sense can
merit be said to put on the vouch
of malice? I should rather think,
merit was so safe in itself, as to
repel and put off all that malice
and envy could advance and af-
firm to its prejudice. I have ven-
tur'd to reform the text to this
construction, by writing *put
down*, a very slight change that
makes it intelligible. THEOB.

One, that in the authority of
her merit, did justly put on the
vouch of very malice itself?] The
editor, Mr. Theobald, not un-

derstanding the phrase, *To put on
the vouch of malice*, has alter'd it
to *put down*, and wrote a deal of
unintelligible stuff to justify his
blunder. *To put on the vouch of
any one*, signifies, to call upon
any one to vouch for another.
So that the sense of the place is
this, One that was so conscious
of her own merit, and of the au-
thority her character had with
every one, that she durst venture
to call upon malice itself to vouch
for her. This was some com-
mendation. And the character
only of the clearest virtue; which
could force malice, even against
its nature, to do justice. WARB.

To put on the vouch of malice,
is to assume a character vouched
by the testimony of malice it-
self.

She

*She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and ne'er look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were——*

Des. To do what?

Iago. ⁷ To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane ⁸ and ⁹ liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said. Whisper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do. ¹ I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed, If such tricks as these strip

⁷ *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] In this line there seems to be more humour designed, than I can easily discover or explain. Why should she suckle fools? Perhaps, that these to whom nature had denied wit, might derive it from a lady to whom it was given in so much superfluity. She would be a wight to chronicle small beer, in allusion, I suppose, to the Roman practice, of marking the jars with the name of the Consul. The appearance of such a woman would make an æra; but as the merit of the best woman is but small, that æra might be properly applied to the distinction of the different ages of small beer.

⁸ *profane*] Gross of language,

of expression broad and brutal, So *Brabantio*, in the first act, calls *Iago*, profane wretch.

⁹ liberal counsellor?]. *Liberal*, for licentious. WARB.

How say you, *Cassio*? Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor? But in what respect was *Iago* a counsellor? He caps sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of advice, but description: what he says, is, Reflexions on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote censurer. THEOB.

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that gives counsel, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly. A talker.

¹ *I will gyve thee*] *i. e.* catch, shackle. POPE.

you

you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good, ² well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy; 'tis so, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clister pipes for your sake. [Trumpet.

The Moor. I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. Oh my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heaven's forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

² well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy! Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies. This I think should be printed, well kissed! an excellent

Oth.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy,
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now;
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle!
Honey, you shall be well-desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet.
³ I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou ⁴ the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

S C E N E VII.

Manent Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour,
Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; as, they say, base
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
tures, more than is native to them. Lift me, the lieu-
tenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. First,

³ *I. prattle out of fashion,—* ⁴ *—the master—*] The pilot
Out of method, without any of the ship.
settled order of discourse.

I must tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. ⁵ Lay thy finger thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? ⁶ When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and give Satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position, who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt

⁵ Lay thy finger thus;] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man.

⁶ When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite; loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties.] This, 'tis true, is the reading of the generality of the copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and spirits are dull'd and exhausted with sport, to raise and recruit them

by sport: for *sport* and *game* are but two words for the same thing. I have retriev'd the pointing and reading of the elder *quarto*, which certainly gives us the poet's sense; that when the blood is dull'd with the exercise of pleasure, there should be proper incentives on each side to raise it again, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and disposition: which are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Desdemona's* passion. THEOB.

and

and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of warm occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and ⁷ green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most bless'd ⁸ condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor. Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and *obscure* prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night. For the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or ⁹ tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden ¹ in choler:

⁷ *green minds*] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed.

⁸ *condition.*] Qualities, disposition of mind.

⁹ *tainting*] Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

¹ *sudden in choler.*] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent.

and,

and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny, ² whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin;
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect, the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
Doth, ³ like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,

² whose qualification shall come, &c.] Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness. The phrase is

harsh, at least to our ears.

³ —like a poisonous mineral,—] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion.

Till I am even with him, wife for wife.
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At last into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. ⁴ Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of *Venice*, ⁵ whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
⁶ I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,
 For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,

⁴ ————Which thing to do,
 If this poor Trash of Venice,
 whom I trace

For his quick hunting, stand the
 putting on.] A trifling, in-
 significant fellow may, in some
 respects, very well be call'd
trash; but the metaphor is not
 preserved. For what agreement
 is there betwixt *trash*, and quick-
 hunting, and standing the putting
 on? The allusion to the chase,
Shakespear seems to be fond of
 applying to *Rodorigo*, who says
 of himself towards the conclusion
 of this *Act*;

*I follow her in the chase, not
 like a hound that hunts, but one
 that fills up the cry.*

I suppose therefore that the
 poet wrote,

If this poor brach of Venice,—
 which is a low species of *bounds*
of the chace, and a term generally
 us'd in contempt: and this com-
 pleats and perfects the metapho-
 rical allusion, and makes it much
 more satirical. *Vlitius*, in his
 notes on *Gratius*, says, *Racha*
Saxonibus canem significabat, unde
Scoti hodie Rache pro cane femina
habent, quod Anglis est Brache.
Nos verò (he speaks of the *Hol-*
landers.) *Brach non quemvis canem*

sed sagacem vocamus. So the
French, Braque, espece de chien de
chasse. *Menage Etimol.* *WARB.*

⁵ ———whom I do TRACE
 For his quick hunting, ———]
 Just the contrary. He did not
 trace him, he put him on, as he
 says immediately after. The old
Quarto leads to the true reading:

——whom I do CRUSH
 For his quick hunting, ——
 Plainly corrupted from *CHERISH*.
WARBURTON.

——whom I do TRACE] It is a
 term of hunting or field-sport;
 to trace sometimes signifies to
 follow, as *Hen. VIII. Act. iii.*
scene 2.

Now all joy trace the conjunc-
 tion;
 and a dog or a man traces a hare;
 but to trace a dog, in those sports,
 is to put a trace, or pair of couples,
 upon him, and such a dog is said
 to be traced. The sense, then, of

——whom I do trace
 For his quick hunting ——
 is this, Whom I do associate to
 me for the purpose of ruining
Cassio the sooner. *T. Row.*

⁶ I'll have our *Michael Cassio*
 on the hip.] A phrase from
 the art of wrestling.

Make

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 7 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
 General, that upon certain tidings now ar-
 riv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish*
 fleet, every man put himself into triumph, some to
 dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what
 sport and revels his mind leads him; for, besides this
 beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials.
 So much was his pleasure, should be proclaimed. All
 offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting,
 from this present hour of five, till the bell have told
 eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Gene-
 neral *Othello*!

S C E N E X.

The CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. GOOD Michael, look you to the guard to-
 night.
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable step,

7 *Knavery's plain face is never
 seen—*] An honest man
 acts upon a plan, and forecasts
 his designs; but a knave de-

pends upon temporary and local
 opportunities, and never knows
 his own purpose, but at the time
 of execution.

Not to out-sport discretion.

Caf. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest.

Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To Desd.*
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
—Good-night. [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome, *Iago*. We must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o' th' clock. ⁸ Our General cast us thus early for the
love of his *Desdemona*, whom let us not therefore
blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with
her, and she is sport for *Jove*.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds a
parley to provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right
modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not ⁹ an alarum to
love?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets. Come, lieu-
tenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are
a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a
measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

⁸ Our General cast us.] That actor his proper part.
is, appointed us to our stations. To ⁹ an alarum.] The voice may
cast the play, is, in the stile of found an alarm more properly
the theatres, to assign to every than the eye can sound a parley.

Caf. Not to-night, good *Iago*. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified; and behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door. I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,

As my young mistress' dog.—

Now, my sick fool, *Rodorigo*,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.

Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

² The very elements of this warlike isle,

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of

drunkards,

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action

That may offend the isle. But here they come.

³ If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE

¹ *craftily qualified;*] Slily mixed *mina rerum*; as quick in opposition with water. as fire and water.

² *The very elements—*] As ³ *If consequence do but approve my Dream.*] All the printed

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one. Not past a pint, as I am a foldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago sings.

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where, indeed, they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German* and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*,——Drink, ho!——are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

copies concur in this reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the poet's intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If consequence do but approve my Deem,

i. e. my opinion, the judgment I have form'd of what must happen. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*;

Cres. I true? how now? what

wicked Deem is this?

THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by the succeeding editions, I rather read,

If consequence do but approve my scheme.

But why should *dream* be rejected? Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

Mon.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

⁴ *King Stephen was an a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six-pence all too dear.
With that he call'd the tailor ⁵ lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any man of quality ; I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this. Let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins. Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my Ancient. This is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

⁴ *King Stephen, &c.*] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, in-

titled, *Relics of Ancient Poetry, consisting of old heroic Ballads, Songs, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo.

⁵ — *lown*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters. Come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before? He is a foldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*, And give direction. And do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtues a just equinox, The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him; I fear, the Trust *Othello* puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep, ⁶ He'll watch the horologue a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well, The General were put in mind of it: Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*, And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*!
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.]

⁶ *He'll watch the horologue a double set.*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours.

Mont.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own Second,
With one of an ⁷ ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?
[*Within, help! help!*]

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the
knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the
mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry a mutiny.
[Exit Rodorigo.

Nay, good Lieutenant—Alas, Gentlemen——

Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch, indeed—

Who's that, who rings the bell—diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.

The town will rise. Fy, fy, Lientenant! hold.

You will be sham'd for ever.

⁷—*ingraft infirmity*:] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant—Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen——

Have you forgot⁸ all sense of place and duty?

The General speaks to you. Hold, hold, for shame---

Oth. Why, how now, ho? From whence ariseth
this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell; ⁹ it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know. Friends all, but now, even
now

¹ In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now

As if some planet had unwitted men,

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And, 'would, in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

⁸ So *Hanmer*. The rest,
—all place of sense and duty.

⁹ —it frights the isle
From her propriety.—] From

her regular and proper state.

¹ In quarter.—] in their
quarters; at their lodging.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil,
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
² That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ³ spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger.
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless ⁴ self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment cholerd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And ⁵ he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety?

² *That you unlace*] Slacken,
or loosen. Put in danger of drop-
ping; or perhaps strip of its or-
naments.

³ *—spend your rich opinion,—*]
Throw away and squander a re-
putation so valuable as yours.

⁴ *—self charity—*] Care
of one's self.

⁵ *—he, that is approv'd in this
offence.*] He that is convicted
by proof, of having been en-
gaged in this offence.

'Tis

'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose. I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
For this was brief, I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up,
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well. Here, Sweeting, come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

[*To Montano.*

Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My re-
putation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you
had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more sense
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and
most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man?
There are ways to recover the General again. You
are but now ⁶ cast in his mood, a punishment more in

⁶ *cast in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger.

policy

policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. *Drunk, ⁷ and speak Parrot, and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?* oh thou invisible spirit of wine; if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It has pleas'd the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To

7 And speak Parrot,] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So *Skelton*,

These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,

Freshly they dress and make sweete my boure,

With spake parro: I pray you full courteously thei saye.

WARBURTON.

be

be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!——Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, * for that he hath devoted and giv'n up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning

* For that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces.] I remember, it is said of *Antony*, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he, who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war,

—now bends, now turns,
The office and devotion of their
views

Upon a strumpet's front.

This is finely express'd; but I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one devoted himself to the devotement of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turn'd upside down at press.

THEOBALD.

I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night; lieutenant; I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest *Iago*. [Exit *Cassio*.]

S C E N E XV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain?

When ⁹ this advice is free I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the ¹ free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetted to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counsel *Cassio* ² to this parallel course,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now.—For while this honest fool

⁹ —*this advice is free*—] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will.

¹ —*free elements*—] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

² —*to this parallel course*,] Parallel, for even; because parallel lines run even and equidistant.

WARBURTON.

Parallel course; i. e. a course level, and even with his design.

Plies

Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
 3 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 4 That she repeals him from her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 5 That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo*!

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
 6 Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,

Yet

3 I'll pour this pestilence——]
 Pestilence, for poison. WARB.

4 That she repeals him ——]
 That is, recalls him.

5 That shall enmesh them all.]
 A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

6 Tho' other things grow fair
 against the Sun,

Yet fruits, that blossom first,
 will first be ripe.] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.
Content thyself a while. In troth, 'tis morning,
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.

Away, I say. Thou shalt know more hereafter.

—Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rodorigo.]

Two things are to be done;

My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:

I'll set her on:—

Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find

Solliciting his Wife,—ay, that's the way:

Dull not Device by coldness and delay. [Exit.]

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

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

C A S S I O.

MASTERS, play here,---I will content your
pains,---

Something that's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, Ge-
neral.

[Musick plays; and enter Clown from the House.]

with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to despair of slow events any more than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow fair against

the Sun. *Hanmer* has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment, for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first ripe.

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to *Hanmer*.

Clown.

Clown. ⁷ Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's mony for you: and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you of all loves to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear musick the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, ⁸ for I'll away. Go. Vanish into air. Away. [*Exeunt Mus.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither. I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Cas. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

⁷ Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. ⁸ for I'll away.] *Hammer* reads, and hie away.

Iago. You have not been abed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.

I have made bold to fend in to your wife;

My suit to her

Is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently;

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

[*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will, sure, be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it:

And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,

And great affinity; and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he

loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,

“ To take the first occasion by the front

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works.
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. **B**E thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do. I know, it grieves my
husband

As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow. Doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my
Lord;

You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Thank in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,

⁹ That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio's* suit; therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

S C E N E V.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Hah! I like not that. ———

Oth. What dost thou say?

⁹ *That policy may either last so long.]* He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-ad-

mission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

¹ *I'll watch him tame,—]* It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep.

Iago.

Iago. Nothing, my Lord ; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife ?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord ? no, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
² His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, ³ and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.

I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. I'footh, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona* ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. Not to night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home.

I meet the Captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn,

² *His present reconciliation* TAKE.] *Cassio* was to be reconciled to his General, not his General to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We should read MAKE. WARB. be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled.

³ ——— and not in cunning,] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply. WARB.

To take his reconciliation, may

Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn,
 I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
 Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent,
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
 Save that, they say, ⁴ the wars must make examples
 Out of their best, is not almost a fault
 T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
 Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,
 What you should ask me, that I would deny,
 Or stand so mummering on? What? *Michael Cassio*!
 That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
 To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he
 will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon.

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
 Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
 To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;
 Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? No. Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*; I'll come straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come. Be as your fancies teach you:
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.]

⁴ ——the wars must make ex-
 amples

Out of their best, ——] The
 severity of military discipline

must not spare the best men of the
 army, when their punishment
 may afford a wholesome example.

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. ⁵ Excellent Wretch!—Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee; and ⁶ when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord,——

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

⁵ *Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my soul,*

But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, I think, it is very reasonably to be suspected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with admiration and rapturous fondness: but *Wretch* can scarce be admitted to be used, unless in compassion or contempt. I make no question, but the poet wrote;

Excellent Wench!—Perdition catch my soul, &c.

It is to be observ'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE'S time, *Wench*, *Lass*, and *Girl*, were not used in that low and vulgar acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with dignity.

THEOBALD.

The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally under-

flood. It is now, in some parts of *England*, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. *Othello*, considering *Desdemona* as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent Wretch*. It may be expressed,

Dear, harmless, helpless Excellence.

⁶ ——when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion.

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with
it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in
that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!—

Oth. Think, my Lord! why dost thou echo
me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn? Thou dost mean some-
thing:

I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that*,—
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost:

And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They're

7 They're close dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

8 Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think, *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this ;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts!——Why, say, they're vile and
false ;

7 *They're cold dilations working from the heart, That passion cannot rule.] i. e.* these stops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a secret, which men of phlegmatic constitutions, whose hearts are not sway'd or govern'd by their passions, we find, can do : while more sanguine tempers reveal themselves at once, and without reserve. But the *Oxford Editor* for *cold dilations*, reads *distillations*.
WARBURTON.

I know not why the modern editors are satisfied with this reading, which no explanation can clear. They might easily have found, that it is introduced without authority. The old copies uniformly give, *close dila-*

tions, except that the earlier quarto has *close denotements* ; which was the authour's first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilation*, for *cold* is read in no ancient copy ; nor, I believe, to *close dilations*, but to *close delations* ; to *occult and secret accusations*, working involuntarily from the heart, which tho' resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment.

8 *Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!]*
There is no sense in this reading. I suppose *Shakespear* wrote,

——'would they might seem
KNAVES. WARB.

I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer seem*, or bear the shape of men.

As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
⁹ Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
 With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
¹ Though, I——perchance, am vicious in my guesses,
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
 From one that so ² improbably conceits,
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
 Lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

⁹ *Keep leets and law-days,—*] *i. e.* govern. A metaphor, wretchedly forced and quaint. *WARB.*

Rather *visit* than *govern*, but visit with authoritative intrusion.

¹ *THOUGH I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd. I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though* I am vicious in my guesses. For his being an ill guesser was a reason why *Othello* should not be

uneasy: in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, *though I am not vicious, or because I am vicious*. It appears then we should read,

I do beseech you,

THINK I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses.

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect. *WARBURTON.*

² *——imperfectly conceits,*]

In the old quarto it is,
——improbably conceits,
 Which I think preferable.

Who

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster, ³ which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. Oh misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
⁴ But riches fineless is ⁵ as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

³ —— which doth mock

The meat it feeds on.——] *i. e.* loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, *Iago* bids him beware of it. The *Oxford Editor* reads,

—— which doth make

The meat it feeds on—— implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as appears from what follows,

That cuckold lives in bliss, &c. In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable* but a *miserable* state, and this plunges

him into it, as we see by his reply, which is only

Oh misery !

WARB.

I have received the emendation; because to *mock*, does not signify to *loath*; and because, when *Iago* bids *Othello* beware of *jealousy, the green eyed monster*, it is natural to tell why he should beware, and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy often creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery.

⁴ *But riches fineless.*——] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures.

⁵ —— as poor as winter,] Finely expressed: *Winter* producing no fruits. WARB.

Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason

⁶ *To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,*] This odd and far-fetch'd word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before *Hanmer's*, by being printed, *exsufficate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles blown into a wide extent, have only an empty shew without solidity, or that in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife.

⁷ *Where virtue is, these ARE MOST virtuous.*] But how can a virtuous conduct make the indifferent actions of such a character, virtuous, or most virtu-

ous? The old Quarto reads, a little nearer the truth,

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

But *Shakespear* wrote,

Where virtue is, these MAKE more virtuous.

i. e. where virtue is, the civil accomplishments of polite life make that virtue more illustrious, as coming off victorious from all the temptations which such accomplishments throw in the way.

WARBURTON.

The old reading will, I think, approve itself to every understanding that has not an interest in changing it. An action in itself indifferent, grows virtuous by its end and application.

To

To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof,
 Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
 Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure.
 I would not have your free and noble nature
⁸ Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't;
 I know ⁹ our country-disposition well;
 In *Venice* they do let heaven see the pranks,
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-
 science
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
¹ And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then;

She, that, so young, could give out such a Seeming
² To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——

⁸ *Out of self-bounty be abus'd;*] *Self-bounty*, for inherent generosity.

WARBURTON.

⁹ —our country-disposition—

In *Venice*——] Here *Iago* seems to be a *Venetian*.

¹ *And when she seem'd*] This and the following argument of *Iago* ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of force against the imprudent

generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.

² *To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak*——] There is little relation between *eyes* and *oak*. I would read,

She seal'd her father's eyes up close as owls.

As blind as an owl, is a proverb.

He thought, 'twas witchcraft——But I'm much to blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you

Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits:

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear, it has:

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see, you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
³ To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
⁴ My speech would fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
friend.

My Lord, I see, you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think
so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point; as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends,
Foh! one may smell, in such, a ⁵ will most rank,

³ *To grosser issues, —] Issues,*
for conclusions. WARB.

⁴ *My speech would fall into
such vile success,] Success,*
for succession, *i. e.* conclusion;
not prosperous issue.

WARBURTON.

I rather think there is a de-
pravation, and would read,

*My speech would fall into such
vile excess.*

If *success* be the right word, it
seems to mean consequence or
event, as *successo* is used in *Italian*.

⁵ *—will most rank,] Will is for
wilfulness. It is so used by Af-
cham. A rank will, is self-will
overgrown and exuberant.*

Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
 But, pardon me, I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear,
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell;
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
 Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry? —
 This honest creature, doubtless,
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would, I might entreat your
 honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time;
 Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
 For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;
 Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
⁶ You shall by that perceive him, and his means.
 Note, if your lady ⁷ strain his entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 As worthy cause I have to fear, I am;
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. ⁸ Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

⁶ *You shall by that perceive him, and his means;*] You shall discover, whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the sollicitation of your lady.

Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers.

⁸ *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion.

⁷ —strain his entertainment]

S C E N E VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, ⁹ with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. ¹ If I prove her haggard,
² Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings;
³ I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, yet that's not much;
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to-loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad;
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For other's use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
 Ev'n then, this ⁴ forked plague is fated to us,

⁹ ———with a learned spirit,] *Learned*, for experienced.

WARBURTON.

The construction is, *He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings.*

¹ ———If I prove her haggard,] A *haggard* hawk, is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable.

² Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

³ I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind

To prey at fortune.—] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *prey'd at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark.

⁴ ———forked plague—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infix'd, cannot be extracted.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. Mr. PERCY.

When

When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes!

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia:

If she be false, oh, then heaven mocks itself:
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

[*She drops her handkerchief.*]

Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And giv't *Iago*;
What he'll do with it, heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing know, but for his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, 's to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here 'tis,

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with 't, you have been so
earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. ' Be not you known on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit Æmil.*]

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something,

⁵ —to th' advantage, &c.—] I
being opportunely here, took it up.

⁶ Be not you known on't:]
Should it not rather be read,

Be not you known in't?

The folio reads,

Be not unknown on't.

The sense is plain, but of the
expression I cannot produce any
example.

The Moor already changes with my poisons:
 Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to mistake;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandra-
 gora,

Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the world,
 ' Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet Sleep,
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! False? To me! to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? No more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'lt fet me on the rack.
 I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stoll'n hours or lust?
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
 I slept the next night well; was free, and merry;
 I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips:
 He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stoll'n,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,

⁷ *Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,*

Which thou HADST yesterday.]

The old quarto reads,

Which thou OWEDST yesterday.
 And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading; not to sleep, being finely called defrauding the day of a

debt of nature. WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our authour, oftener to *posses*, than to *be indebted*, and such was its meaning here; but as that sense was growing less usual, it was changed unnecessarily by the editors to *hadst*; to the same meaning, more intelligibly expressed.

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
 Farewel the tranquil mind, farewell content,
 Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
 That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewell!
^s Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel! *Othello's* Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

^s *Farewel the neighing steed,
 and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, th'
 EAR PIERCING fife,]* The
 attributes to the *trumpet* and *fife*,
 in the present reading, seem to
 be too much alike for the rich-
 ness and variety of *Shak. Spear's*
 ideas. Besides, as the *steed* and
trumpet in the one line where de-
 signed to be characterized by
 their sounds; so the *drum* and
fife, by their effects on the hear-
 ers; as appears in part from the

epithet given to the drum of *spi-
 rit stirring*: I would read then,

*The spirit-stirring drum, th'
 FEAR-SPERSING fife,*

i. e. the fear-dispersing. WARB.

Ear-piercing is an epithet so
 eminently adapted to the *fife*,
 and so distinct from the shrillness
 of the trumpet, that it certainly
 ought not to be changed. Dr.
Warburton has been censured for
 this proposed emendation with
 more noise than honesty. for he
 did not himself put it in the text.

Never

Never pray more; ⁹ abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heaven defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
 God be w' you. Take mine office.—O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
 Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
 I'll love no friend, fith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest——

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
 And loses what it works for.

Oth. ¹ *By the world,*
I think, my wife is honest; and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just; and think, thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't. 'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, your are eaten up with passion;
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my
 Lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd?

⁹ —abandon all remorse;] Re-
 morse, for repentance. WARB.

I rather think it is, Let go all
 scruples, throw aside all restraints.

¹ *By the world, &c.]* This
 speech not in the first edition,

POPE.

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,

² Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might hav't.

Oth. ³ Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. ———

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Cassio*:

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—"Oh sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kiss, and then
Cry, "Curfed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

² *Were they as prime as goats,*] *Prime*, is *prompt*, from the *C. Lic* or *Brittish* PRIM. HANMER.

³ *Give me a living reason—*] *Living*, for speaking, manifest. WARBURTON.

Oth. But this denoted ⁴ a foregone conclusion ;
⁵ 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise ; ⁶ yet we see nothing done ;
 She may be honest yet.—Tell me but this,
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief,
 (I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
 See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

⁷ Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, *Iago*,

All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n :

'Tis gone ;——

⁴ —— a foregone conclusion ;]
 Conclusion, for fact. WARB.

⁵ Othel. 'Tis a shrewd doubt,
 &c.] The old Quarto gives this
 line with the two following to
Iago; and rightly, WARB.

I think it more naturally
 spoken by *Othello*, who, by
 dwelling so long upon the proof,
 encouraged *Iago* to enforce it.

⁶ —yet we see nothing done;]
 This is an oblique and secret
 mock at *Othello's* saying, Give
 me the ocular proof.

WARBURTON.

⁷ Now do I see 'tis TRUE.—]

The old Quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis TIME.—

And this is *Shakspear's*, and has
 in it much more force and solemn-
 nity, and preparation for what
 follows; as alluding to what he
 had said before,

——No, *Iago*!

I'll see before I doubt, when I
 doubt, prove;

And, on the proof, there is no
 more but this,

Away at once with love or jea-
 lousy.

This time was now come.

WARBURTON.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy ⁸ hollow cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and ⁹ hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ¹swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* ² Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Iago kneels.

⁸ —*hollow* hell!] This is a poor unmeaning epithet. The old quarto reads,

*Arise black vengeance from thy
HOLLOW cell!*

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, alter'd it as above. It should be read thus,

*Arise black vengeance from th'
UNHALLOW'D cell!*

Meaning the infernal regions.

WARBURTON.

⁹ —— HEARTED throne]

Hearted throne is strange nonsense. The old Quarto reads,

——and harted throne:

Which the editors took for a word *mis-spelt*, whereas it was a word *miscalled*. We should read,

*Yield up, oh love, thy crown and
PARTED throne,*

PARTED throne,

2

i. e. thy throne which was parted between me and *Desdemona*: This presents us with a fine image. The union of *Othello* and *Desdemona* was so perfect, that love divided his throne between them: which he is now bid to resume, and give to hatred.

WARBURTON.

Hearted throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*. *Parted* throne has no meaning.

¹ ——*swell, bosom, &c.*] *i. e.* *swell*, because the fraught is of poison.

WARBURTON.

² ——*Like to the Pontick Sea, &c.*] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place.

POPE.

Witness,

Witness, ye ever-burning lights above!
 Ye elements, that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd *Othello's* service. ³ Let him command,
 And to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
 What bloody business ever.

Oth,

³ — Let him command,
 And to obey, shall be in me Re-
 morse,
 What bloody business ever.]

Thus all the old copies, to the
 manifest depravation of the po-
 et's sense. Mr. *Pope* has at-
 tempted an emendation, but with
 his old luck and dexterity,

Not to obey, shall be in me Re-
 morse, &c.

I read, with the change only of
 a single letter;

Nor, to obey, shall be in me Re-
 morse, &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever
 so bloody, Remorse and Compas-
 sion shall not restrain me from
 obeying them.

THEOBALD.

— Let him command,
 And to obey, shall be in me Re-
 morse,

What bloody business ever.]

Thus the old copies read, but
 evidently wrong. Some editions
 read, *Not to obey*; on which the
 editor Mr. *Theobald* takes occa-
 sion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*;
 and thought he had much mend-
 ed matters. But he mistook the
 sound end of the line for the cor-
 rupt; and so by his emendation,
 the deep-designing *Iago* is fool-
 ishly made to throw off his mask,

when he had most occasion for it;
 and without any provocation,
 stand before his Captain a villain
 confessed; at a time, when, for
 the carrying on his plot, he
 should make the least show of it.
 For thus Mr. *Theobald* forces him
 to say, *I shall have no remorse to
 obey your commands, how bloody
 soever the business be.* But this
 is not *Shakespeare's* way of pre-
 serving the unity of character.
Iago, till now, pretended to be
 one, who, tho' in the trade of
 war he had slain men, yet held it
 the very stuff of th' conscience to
 do no contriv'd murder; when, of
 a sudden, without cause or occa-
 sion, he owns himself a ruffian
 without remorse. *Shakespeare* wrote
 and pointed the passage thus,

— Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me. RE-
 MORD

What bloody business ever.

i. e. however the business he sets
 me upon may shock my honour
 and humanity, yet I promise to
 go through with it, and obey
 without reserve. Here *Iago*
 speaks in character, while the
 sense and grammar are made bet-
 ter by it. So *Skelton*,

And if so him fortune to write
 and plaine,

As

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous;
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn
her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

As sometimes he must vices REMORDE.

And again,

Squire, Knight, and Lord,

Thus the Church REMORDE.

WARBURTON.

Of these two emendations, I believe, *Theobald's* will have the greater number of suffrages; it has at least mine. The objection against the propriety of the declaration in *Iago* is a cavil; he does not say that he has no principle of remorse, but that it shall not operate against *Othello's* commands. *To obey shall be in me, for I will obey you*, is a mode of expression not worth the pains here taken to introduce it; and the word *remorde* has not in the

quotation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *censure*; nor do I know that it is used by any of the contemporaries of *Shakespeare*.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unnecessary, but it is very harsh and violent. *Iago* devotes himself to *wrong'd Othello*, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness*, to obey him; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow *Pope's* reading, as it is improved by *Theobald*.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*Another Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.*

Des. DO you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

⁴ *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come higher; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Æmilia?

⁴ *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.] This *Clown* is a Fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one; he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt, we should read; and bid them answer: i. e. the world; those, whom he questions. WARB.

Æmil.

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of ⁵ Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was
born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is 't with you, my Lord?

S C E N E X,

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] Oh, hardness
to dissemble!

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my
lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

⁵ —*Cruzadoes.*—] A *Portu-
guese* coin, in value three shil-
lings Sterling. Dr. GREY.—

So called from the Cross stamped
upon it.

Oth.

Oth. A liberal hand. ⁶ The hearts, of old, gave hands :

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now your promise.

⁶ — *The hearts, of old, gave hands ;*

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.] It is evident that the first line should be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts : Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart :

Not so, says her husband : *The hands of old indeed gave hearts : But the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after *James* the First came to the Crown, he created the new dignity of *Baronets* for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a *HAND* *gules* in an *Escutcheon argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author : By which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts* ; that is, *mony* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress *Elizabeth*. For *James's* pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of *Ulster*, and other parts

of *Ireland* ; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of *Ulster*. Now the method used by *Elizabeth* in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who employed their *steel* and not their *gold* in this service, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compar'd to her successor in this point of view ; Nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of *James's* reign. So *Fletcher*, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna i' th' East Indies for pepper.* The other replies, *To Amboyna ? so I might be pepper'd.* Again, in the same play, a sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd Canvas, the time was we have known them lined with Spanish Ducats.* WARB.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal* ; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart* ; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

Oth.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a ⁷ salt and sorry Rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?—

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling, like pour precious eye;
To lose't, or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A *Sybil*, that had ⁸ numbred in the world
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the Work:

⁷ —salt and sorry Rheum—]
The old quarto has,
—salt and sullen Rheum—
That is, a Rheum obstinately
troublesome. I think this better.

⁸ —numbred—

The Sun to course—] i. e. num-
ber'd the Sun's courses: Badly

expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very in-
frequent; we say, *I counted the
clock to strike four*; so the num-
bred the sun to course, to run, two
hundred compasses, two hundred
annual circuits.

The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly, and ' rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' th'
way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind mis-
gives.

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. I pray talk me of *Cassio*.

Oth. The handkerchief.—

Des. A man, that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! —

[*Exit Othello*]

' ——— rash?] Is vehement, violent.

S C E N E XI.

Manent Desdemona and Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way. 'Tis she must do't.
And lo, the happiness. Go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with
you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love;

¹ 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man:] From this line it may be conjectured, that the authour intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at *Cyprus*, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a year or two, or even a month or two, could be put. On

the night of *Othello's* arrival, a feast was proclaimed; at that feast *Cassio* was degraded, and immediately applies to *Desdemona* to get him restored. *Iago* indeed advises *Othello* to hold him off a while, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama.

Whom

Whom I, with all ² the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again;
³ But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
⁴ And shoot myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he ⁵ in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood ⁶ within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you,

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

² —the office of my heart,]
The elder quarto reads,
—the duty of my heart.

The authour used the more proper word, and then changed it, I suppose, for fashionable diction; but, as fashion is a very weak proteſtress, the old word is now ready to resume its place.

³ But to know so, must be my benefit.]

Si neque placidas affari Cæsaris aures,

Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.

⁴ And shoot myself up——]

This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,

And shut myself up——

⁵ —in favour,——] In look, in countenance.

⁶ —within the blank of his displeasure,] Within the shot of his anger.

And, like the Devil, from his very arm
 Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
 Something of moment then. I will go meet him.
 There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Caffio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do fo.—Something, fure, of State,
 Either from *Venice*, of ⁷ some unhatch'd practice,
 Made here demonftrable in *Cyprus* to him,
 Hath puddled his clear fpirit; and, in fuch cafes,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n fo.
⁸ For let our finger ake, and it endues
 Our other healthful members with a fenfe
 Of pain. Nay, we muft think, men are not Gods;
 Nor of them look for fuch obfervance always,
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was, ⁹ unhandfome warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his unkindnefs with my foul;
 But now I find, I had fuborn'd the witnefs,
 And he's indited falſely.

⁷ — *some unhatch'd practice* }
 Some treason that has not taken
 effect.

⁸ For let our finger ake, and it
 endues

Our other healthful members
 with a fenſe

Of pain —] Endue with a
 fenſe of pain, is an expreſſion,
 which, though it might be en-
 dured, if it were genuine, can-
 not deſerve to be introduced by
 artifice. The copies, both quarto
 and folio, read, *Endue our other*
healthful members even to a fenſe

of pain. I believe it ſhould be
 rather, *SUBDUE our other health-*
ful members to a fenſe of pain.

⁹ — *unhandfome WARRIOR as*
I am.] How this came to
 be fo blundered, I cannot con-
 ceive. It is plain *Shakeſpear*
 wrote,

— *unhandfome WRANGLER as*
I am.

So *Antony and Cleopatra*,

— *ſhe wrangling Queen.*

WARBURTON.

Unhandfome warrior, is evi-
 dently *unfair aſſailant.*

Æmil.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be
State-matter, as you think ; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for a cause ;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from *Othello's*
mind !

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia at one
door ; Cassio, at the other.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Cassio, meeeting Bianca.

Bian. SAVE you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca* ?

Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.

What ? keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eightscore eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial, eightscore times ?

Oh weary reck'ning !

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca* :

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest ;

But I shall in a ¹ more convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.
² Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman,
Throw your vile guesses in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good truth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither. I found it in my cham-
ber;

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

¹ ——— more convenient time]

The folio has,
————— more continue time,
time less interrupted, time which
I can call more my own. It
gives a more distinct image than
convenient.

4

² Take me this work out.] The
meaning is not, Pick out the
work and leave the ground plain;
but, Copy this work in another
handkerchief.

Cas.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

I A G O.

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the Devil:

They

³ —*I must be circumstanc'd.*] *i. e.* your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?*

[*It is hypocrisy against the Devil.*] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that *Iago* had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to *Othello*; as that tho' the parties had been even found in

bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the *Romish* Saint, *Robert D'Arbriffel* and his nuns. To this we must suppose *Othello* here replies; and like a good Protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, *Shakespear* little heeds how those sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the Devil,
E e 3 means

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
 5 The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven,

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord; and, being
 hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. 6 She is protectress of her honour too;
 May she give that?

Iago.

means Hypocrisy to cheat the Devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet live wickedly, these men would cheat the Devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit.

5 *The Devil their virtue tempts, AND they tempt heav'n.*] It is plain, from the whole tenour of the words, that the speaker would distinguish this strange fantastical presumption from other lesser kinds of indiscretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not distinguish it from any other, it being true of all who run into temptation, that *the Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.* The true reading, therefore, without question, is this,

The Devil their virtue tempts NOT; they tempt heav'n.

i. e. they do not give the Devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way: they seek them out themselves, and so tempt heav'n by their presumption. This is a just character of the extravagance here condemn-

ed, and distinguishes it from other inferior indiscretions. WARB.

6 *She is protectress of her honour too;*] This is plainly intended an answer to *Iago's* principle, *That what a man is propertied in he may give to whom he pleases,* by shewing the falshood of it, in the instance of a woman's honour, which he says she is *protectress* of. But this is strange logic that infers from the acknowledged right of my alienating my property, that I may alienate my trust, for that *protectress* only signifies. Had *Iago* caught him arguing thus, we may be sure he would have exposed his sophistry. On the contrary he replies, on a supposition that *Othello* argued right from his principles, and endeavour'd to instance in a property that could not be alienated; which reduces him to this cavil, that the property instanced in was of so fantastic a nature, that one might and might not have it at the same time,

*Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
 They have it very oft that have it not.*

From

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.

But for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it ;
Thou saidst,—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected house,
7 Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
8 Convinc'd or suppl'd them, they cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my Lord ; but be you well assur'd,

From all this I conclude that
Shakespear wrote,

She is PROPERTIED *of her ho-*
nour too :

May she give that ?

And then *Othello's* answer will
be logical, and *Iago's* reply per-
tinent. *Shakespear* uses the same
word again in *Timon*,

———*subdues and* PROP-
ERTIES *to his love.* WARB.

Shakespeare confounds words
more different than *proprietor*
and *protector*, therefore this
emendation is not necessary, and
if not necessary, should not be
received, for it is very unhar-
monious.

7 *Boding to all—*] Thus all
the old copies. The moderns,
less grammatically,

Boding to ill ——

8 Convinc'd or supplied *them,*]
I cannot understand the vulgar
reading. I read, *convinc'd or*
suppl'd. My emendation makes
the sense of the passage easy and
intelligible : that there are some
such long tongu'd knaves in the
world, who, if they thro' the
force of importunity extort a fa-
vour from their mistress, or if
thro' her own fondness they make
her pliant to their desires, cannot
help boasting of their success.
To *convince*, here, is not, as in
the common acceptation, to
make sensible of the truth of any
thing by reasons and arguments ;
but to *overcome, get the better of,*
&c. THEOBALD.

Convinc'd] *Convinc'd*, for con-
quer'd, subdued. WARB.

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did,——I know not what he did——

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief—handkerchief—[⁹ to confess, and be hang'd for his labour—First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess—] I tremble at it—Nature would not invest herself in such * shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that

⁹ —to confess, &c.] The words between the hooks seem to be the player's trash.

I have as little value for these words as any other commentator; but whether they are the author's or player's I cannot determine.

* Shadowing passion] The modern editions have left out *passion*.

without some instruction.] The starts and broken reflexions in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing INSTRUCTION for INDUCTION (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to

fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the Sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the induction or bringing over of the Moon between it and the Sun. This being the allusion the reasoning stands thus, *My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution for no cause. There must be an INDUCTION of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy, therefore must be grounded on matter of fact.* Shakespear uses this word in the same sense, Richard III.

Adire

*shake me thus—pish—noses, ears, and lips—is't possible!
—confess!—handkerchief!—oh devil—*

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste Dames ev'n thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, *Othello*,—

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fal'n into an Epilepsy.
This is the second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,

A dire INDUCTION am I witness to.

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*,
Plots ha' you laid? INDUCTIONS dangerous!

WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its authour. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he disco-

vers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, instruction, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of Nature and of life. *Othello* says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without instruction.* It is not words that *shake me thus*. This passion which spreads its clouds over me is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities.

The

The lethargy must have his quiet course :
 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
 He will recover straight ; when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, General ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you not, by heaven ;
 Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous
 city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man ;
 Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd,
 May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
 That nightly lie ² in those unproper beds,
 Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
 Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
 To lip a Wanton in a secure couch ;
 And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
 Confine yourself but in a patient ³ list.
 Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
 A passion most unsuiting such a man,
 Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasy ;
 Bad him anon return, and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. Do but ⁴ encave yourself,

² — in those unproper beds] of listening.
 Unproper, for common. WARB.

³ — list] For attention ; act

⁴ — encave yourself,] Hide
 yourself in a private place.

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody?

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

⁵ Or I shall say, you are all in
all in spleen,] I read,

Or shall I say, you're all in all
a spleen.

I think our authour uses this ex-
pression elsewhere.

⁶ And his unbookish jealousy.]
Unbookish, for ignorant. WARB.

Iago.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca's* power,

[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Caf. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Caf. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, he loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to, well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. ⁷ Do you triumph, *Roman*, do you triumph?
[*Aside.*

Caf. I marry her!—What? ⁸ a customer? pr'y-
thee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so
unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so; they laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. ⁹ Have you scor'd me? well. [*Aside.*

⁷ *Do you triumph; ROMAN? do you triumph?*] Never was a more ridiculous blunder than the word *Roman*. *Shakespeare* wrote,

Do you triumph, ROGUE?—Which being obscurely written the editors mistook for *Rome*, and so made *Roman* of it. *WARB.*

Of this I am in doubt. *Othello* calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a *Roman* ce-

remony, brought *Roman* into his thoughts. *What*, says he, *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman.*

⁸ *A customer.*] A common woman, one that invies custom.

⁹ *Have you scor'd me?*] Have you made my reckoning, have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads, *scor'd* me. Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up?

Caf.

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

Caf. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, "Oh dear *Cassio*, as it were:" his gesture imports it.

[*Aside.*

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluckt him to my chamber. Oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

[*Aside.*

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who

[*Fitchew!*] A polecat.

POPE.

Shakespeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this

animal. He tells *Iago*, that she is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better scent, the *polecat* being a very stinking animal.

left

left it there. This is some minxe's token, and I must take out the work? there —— give it your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*Aside.*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. You sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come. Will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*!——

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature——She might lie by an Emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is—so delicate with her needle.—An admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition!—

Iago. Ah, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it,
Iago——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good.

The justice of it pleases. Very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker.
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Ludovico*
Come from the Duke. And, see, your wife is with him.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from the Palace.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. [Gives him a letter.]

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?—

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [Reads,

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T' ² atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

² atone them—] Make them one; reconcile them.

Oth.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil! ——— [Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear, I saw't. 'Tis very much.
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

³ If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay t' offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress, ———

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, Sir—Oh well-painted passion!——
I am commanded home——Get you away,
I'll fend for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.——Hence, avant!

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my Place. And, Sir, to-night

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——

Goats and Monkies!

[Exit.]

³ If that the earth could teem, new animals were supposed pro-
&c.] If womens tears could im- ducible by new combinations of
pregnate the earth. By the doc- matter. See *Bacon*.
trine of equivocal generation,

S C E N E VII.

Manent Lodovico, and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? + whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

4 ———— *whose solid virtue*
The shot of accident nor dart of
chance

Could neither graze nor pierce.]
But 'tis no commendation to the
most solid virtue to be free from
the attacks of fortune: but that
it is so impenetrable as to suffer
no impression. Now to *graze*
signifies, only *to touch the super-*
ficies of any thing. That is the
attack of fortune: And by that
virtue is try'd, but not discredit-
ed. We ought certainly there-
fore to read,

Can neither raze nor pierce.

i. e. neither lightly touch upon,
nor pierce into. The ignorant
transcribers being acquainted with
the Phrase of a *bullet grazing*,
and *shot* being mentioned in the
line before, they corrupted the
true word. Besides, we do not
say, *graze* a thing; but *graze*
on it. WARBURTON.

I have ventured to attack an-
other part of this sentence, which
my ingenious friend slip'd over.
I cannot see, for my heart, the
difference betwixt the shot of *ac-*
cident and dart of *chance*. The

words, and things, they imply,
are purely synonymous; but that
the Poet intended two different
things, seems plain from the *dis-*
cretive adverb. *Chance* may
afflict a man in some circum-
stances; but other distresses are to
be accounted for from a different
cause. I am persuaded, our au-
thor wrote;

The shot of accident, nor dart
of change, &c.

And, in a number of other pla-
ces, our Poet industriously puts
these two words in opposition to
each other. THEOBALD.

To *graze* is not merely to
touch superficially, but to strike
not directly, not so as to bury the
body of the thing striking in the
matter struck.

Theobald trifles as is usual. *Ac-*
cident and *Chance* may admit a
subtle distinction; *Accident* may
be considered as the *act*, and
Chance as the *power* or *agency* of
Fortune; as, It was by *chance*
that this *accident* befel me. At
least, if we suppose all corrupt
that is inaccurate, there will be
no end of emendation.

Lod.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure;

What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For if she be not honest, chaste and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.* She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet lock and key of villainous secrets; And yet she'll kneel, and pray. I've seen her do't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function, mistress; Leave procreants alone, and shut the door, Cough, or cry, *hem*, if any body come. Your mystery, your mystery.—Nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*]

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import? I understand a fury in your words,

^s *But not your words.*

^s *But not your words.*] This line is added out of the first edition.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; left, being like one

Of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.

Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona!* away, away, away——

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heavens

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of fores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at——

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have ⁶garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

⁶——garner'd up my heart,] and the fountain are improperly
That is, treasured up; the garner conjoined.

To knot and gender in—⁷ Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
 Ay, here, look grim as hell.

Des. I hope, my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'it so sweet,
 That the sense akes at thee——

? Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
 Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cynders burn up modesty,
 Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear 't. What committed? — Impudent
 strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my Lord
 From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
 That married with *Othello*——

⁷ — *Turn thy complexion there,*
 &c.] At such an object do thou,
Patience, thyself change colour; at
 this do thou, even thou, *rosy che-*
rub as thou art, *look grim as hell*,

The old editions and the new
 have it,

I here look grim as hell.

I was written for aye, and not
 since corrected.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Def. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my
Lord?

Def. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, madam!

Def. *Who is thy Lord?*

Æmil. *He that is yours, sweet lady.*

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets — Remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! *[Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might sicken
* The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

* *The small'st opinion on my least misuse?* The old quarto reads, *The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.* Which I think is better.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those, that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such, as, she said, my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? Would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his
bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her com-
pany?

What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base & notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

Oh heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world,

Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some such 'squire he
was,

That turn'd your wit ² the feamy side without;
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord again?

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. *Here I kneel;* [Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them on any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, though he do shake me off

¹ — notorious——] For *gross*, clamour so as to be heard beyond
not in its proper meaning for the house.

known. ² — the feamy side without;]

¹ *Speak within door.*] Do not That is, *inside out.*

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the State does him offence,
 "And he does chide with you."

Des. If 'twere no other,——

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets,
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Roderigo, to Iago.

How now, *Roderigo*?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost'st me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from
 me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least
 advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure
 it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what
 already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Roderigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and
 performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself
 out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,

to

to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well; go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fob'd in it.

Iago. very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to *Desdemona*; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful sollicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now——

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what, I protest, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see, there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But *Roderigo*, if thou hast That in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there's is special commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. *I will bear further reason for this.*

Iago. *And you shall be satisfied.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh *Desdemona!*——

Des. My Lord.

Oth.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be return'd forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look, it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incōtinent; And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*, Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu. We must not now displeasē him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That ev'n his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,— Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good Father! how foolish are our minds?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*, She was in love; ³ and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a song of *willow*, An old thing, 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night

³— and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

And did forsake her:—] We should read,

— and he, she lov'd, forsook her,

And she prov'd mad:—

WARBURTON.

I believe that *mad* only signifies, *wild, frantick, uncertain.*

Will not go from my mind; ⁴ *I've much ado,*
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Æmil. *Shall I go fetch your night-gown?*

Des. *No, unpin me here.*

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. *A very handsom man.*

Des. *He speaks well.*

Æmil. *I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.*

Des. ⁵ *'The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,*

' Sing all a green willow: [Singing.

' Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

' Sing willow, willow, willow:

*' The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans;*

' Sing willow, &c.

' Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones;

' Sing willow, &c. (Lay by these)

' Willow, willow, &c.

(Pr'ythee, bye thee, he'll come anon)

' Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

' Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

' Nay that's not next—Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. *It's the wind.*

⁴ — *I've much ado,*

But to go hang my head —]
I have much ado to do any thing
but hang my head. We might
read,

Not to go hang my head.

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by

the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. *Desdemona* can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it.

⁵ This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector.

Des.

Des. ⁶ I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch, Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. Oh these men, these men!

Des. Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*, That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light:

I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing,

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think, thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;

⁶ I call'd my love false love;—] rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman.
This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man

and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your own world, and you might quickly make it
right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmilia. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage,
as would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,

If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us;

Or scant ⁷ our former Having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections?

Desires for sports? and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night; ⁸ heaven me such
usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — *our former Having* —]
Our former allowance of expence.

⁸ — *heav'n me such uses send,*]
Such is the reading of the folio,
and of the subsequent editions;

but the old quarto has,

— *such usage send,* —

Usage is an old word for *custom*,
and, I think, better than *uses*.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

I A G O.

HERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us : think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons.

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword. He dies.
[*Stands apart.*]

Iago. ⁹ I've rubb'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or

⁹ In some editions,
I've rubb'd this young Gnat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.] The
rubbing a Gnat to sense, is, I believe, an experiment that never even was communicated to the *Royal Society*. The least friction, on the contrary, would not only

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rub him out of all sense, but out of life into the bargain. The old quartos have it, *Quat*: a word, which, I confess, I am absolutely a stranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.
The *Knat*, or *Knot*, is a small bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnshire*

G g

Or *Cassio* him, or each to kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain. Live *Roderigo*,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
 As gifts to *Desdemona*.
 It must not be.—If *Cassio* do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril.
 No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain thou diest.
 [*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
 I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the Leg, and exit.*
 [*Then Roderigo and Cassio fall.*]

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder,
 murder!

colnshire and *Lancashire*; which took its name, as *Cambden* says, from its being a delicious morsel with King *Canute*, who was likewise called *Knout*. This bird, being once taken, as *Gesner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this respect it sorts with *Roderigo's* character, an easy, manageable, Cully. THEOB.

This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *Quab*, a *Gudgeon*; not that a *Gudgeon* can be rubbed to much sense, but that a man grossly deceived is often

called a *Gudgeon*. Mr. *Upton* reads *Quail*, which he proves, by much learning to be a very choleric bird. Dr. *Warburton* retains *Gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quarto's.

A *Quat* in the midland counties is a pimple, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. *Roderigo* is called a *Quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *Scab*. To rub to the sense, is to rub to the quick.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*.—*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon!—

Oth. 'Tis he. Oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted,

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit Othello.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ludovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! No watch? No passage? Murder,
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is² a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark—

¹—No passage?—] No passengers? No body going by?
²—a heavy night;] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid.

Gra. Here one comes in his shirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? Whose noise is this, that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here. For heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago?* oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout; And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

[*To Lod. and Gra.*

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! oh villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' th' dark? Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town? ho, murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?* _____

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! Here's *Cassio*, hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio?*

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho, who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:

I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash,
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*. Come, come,
Lend me a Light. Know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no: Yes, sure: yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon.
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh, a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. Oh, that's well said. The
chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
 I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
 [To Bianca.

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
 Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To *Bian.*] What, look you pale ?—Oh, bear
 him out o' th' air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress ?
 Do you perceive the gashness of her eye ?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
 Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;
 Do you see, gentlemen ? Nay, guiltiness
 Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

S C E N E V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter ?

What is the matter, husband ?

Iago. *Cassio* hath there been set on in the dark
 By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd :
 He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good *Cassio* !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
 Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to-night.

What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake
 not.

Iago. Oh, did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fy upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I ? fy upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress'd.
 Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia,

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
 And tell my Lord and lady what hath happ'd.
 Will you go on afore?—This is the night,
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt, Iago following.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. ³ **I**T is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars!
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.
⁴ Put out the light, and, then—Put out the light?
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,

Should

³ *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;*

Let me not name it—] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning I think is this. *I am here, says Othello in his mind, overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause.*

⁴ *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*]

This, I conceive, to have been the poet's meaning. *Othello*, struck in part with remorse at the murder he's going to do, thinks it best to do it⁴ in the dark; this compunction of nature, in the hurry and perturbation of thought, and those remains of tenderness still combating in his bosom, strikes him into an instant reflexion, that if he puts out the light he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the light of *her life*, that will be extinguish'd for ever.

Should I repent: but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excell'ing nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
 That can thy light re-lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
 It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree;
 [*Kissing her.*

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword?—One more; one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after—One more; that's the last.
 So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears. ⁵ This sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and grace,

While he is busied in this con-
 templation, he throws his eyes
 towards her; and then, sooth'd
 with her beauteous appearance,
 sets down the light, to go and
 kiss her. Upon this, *Desdemona*
 wakes; and they continue in
 discourse together till he stifles
 her. THEOB.

Put out the light, and then—

Put out the light?—] So it
 should be printed. The mean-
 ing is, I will put out the light,
 and then proceed to the execution
 of my purpose. But the expres-
 sion of *putting out the light*,
 bringing to mind the effects of
 the extinction of the light of life,

he breaks short, and questions
 himself about the effects of this
 metaphorical extinction, intro-
 duced by a repetition of his first
 words, as much as to say, But
 hold, let me first weigh the re-
 flexions which this expression so
 naturally excites. WARB.

⁵—*This Sorrow's heavenly;*
 This tenderness, with which I
 lament the punishment which
 justice compels me to inflict, is a
 holy passion.

I wish these two lines could
 be honestly ejected. It is the fate
 of *Shakespeare* to counteract his
 own pathos.

Solicit

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack; my Lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,

No, heavens forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guilt I know not; yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ft.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ft *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul. Send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong conception

That

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*, But with such general warrant of heaven, As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand. Oh perjurd woman! thou dost stone my heart, And mak'st me call, what I intend to do, ° A murder, which I thought a sacrifice. I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then; I never gave it him. Send for him hither, Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee—

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd. Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. My fear interprets then. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

° *A murderer, which I thought a sacrifice.*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast harden'd my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.*

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quarto's reads, *thou dost stone thy heart*; which I

suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the murdered without preparation for death, when I intended that thy punishment should have been a sacrifice atoning for thy crime.*

I am glad that I have ended my revival of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured.

Oth.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

S C E N E VII.

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*.—By and by—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;

The noise was high.—Ha, no more moving?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again. No. What's the best?

If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife?

My wife! my wife! What wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of

Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
Oh, good my Lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft. By and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, called *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd! ———

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I myself. Farewel;
Command me to my kind Lord. Oh, Farewel. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say, herself, it was not I.

Æmil.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I, that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was ⁷ false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did tup her: ask thy husband else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*. Had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another World,

Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband.

Æmil. *Oh mistress!* ⁸ *villainy has made mocks with
love.*

My husband say, she was false!

Oth. *He, woman;*

I say, thy husband; do'st understand the word?

⁷ —*false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression.

⁸ —*villainy has made mocks with love.*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion.

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lyes o' th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!—

Æmil. Do thy worst.
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. ⁹ Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Montano Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck:

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;

⁹ *Thou hast not half that power
to do me harm,*

As I have to be hurt:—] *Power*
for *will*: For *will* signifying
both ability and inclination, and
power signifying ability, he uses
power for inclination. But the
Oxford Editor, not understand-
ing his author's phraseology any
better when he had ended than
when he had begun with him, al-

*ters, As I have to be hurt, to,
As I have to bear hurt: which*
yet does not mend the matter,
had the poet here used *power* in
the sense of ability. WARB.

The *Oxford* editor saw well the
meaning of his authour, but
weakened his expression. She
means to say, *I have in this cause
power to endure more than thou
hast power to inflict.*

He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false :
I know, thou didst not ; thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more,
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lye ; an odious, damned, lye
Upon my soul, a lye ; a wicked lye.

She false with *Cassio* ? Did you say, with *Cassio* ?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress. Go to. † Charm your
tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue ; I'm bound to
speak ;

My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.

All. *Oh heavens forefend !*

Æmil. *And your reports have set the murderer on.*

Oth. *Nay, stare not, masters. It is true, indeed.*

Gra. *'Tis a strange truth.*

Mon. *Oh monstrous act !*

Æmil. *Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !*

I think upon't — I think — I smell't — Oh villainy !

I thought so then ; I'll kill myself for grief, —

Oh villainy, villainy !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you
home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh ! oh ! oh ! [*Othello falls on the bed.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar :

[*Charm your tongue.*] improbable, that *Shakespeare*
I know not whether I have read, wrote *clam* your tongue ; to *clam*
or whether my own thoughts a bell is to cover the clapper
have suggested, an alteration of with felt, which drowns the blow,
this passage. It seems to me not and hinders the sound.

For

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul! [Rising.]
I scarce did know you, Uncle. There lies your Niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad, thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* had the act of shame
²A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it;
And she did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I hold my peace?
Sir! no!

No, I will speak as liberal as the North;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab his wife.]

Gra. Fy, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! That handkerchief,
thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

² *A thousand times committed --*] comprised in the action of this
This is another passage which play than the scenes include.
seems to suppose a longer space

For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She gave it *Cassio*?—alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*The Moor runs at Iago, who breaks through and wounds his wife; then runs out.*]

Oth. ³ Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has killed his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exeunt *Mon.* and *Gra.*]

S C E N E IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

³ *Are there no stones in heav'n,*
BUT WHAT SERVE FOR *the*
thunder?—] What occa-
sion for other, when those would
serve his purpose? For he want-
ed a thunderbolt for *Iago*. With-
out question, *Shakespeare* wrote,
and pointed the line thus,

Are there no stones in heav'n?
FOR WHAT THEN SERVES *the*
thunder?—

i. e. are there no bolts in heaven
for this villain? for what pur-
pose then serves the thunder,
that instrument of its vengeance?

WARBURTON.

Æmil. *What did thy Song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou bear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. Willow, Willow, Willow——*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to blifs, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia dies.]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, ⁴ the *ice-brook's* temper;
Oh, here it is. Uncle I must come forth.

Gra. [within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
What can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
*Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,*

⁴ —the icebrook's temper;] In the first edition it is, *Isebroke's temper*. Thence corrupted, to *Ice-brook's*.—*Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of *Spain*, are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the

world are the *Catalonian fuses*.

POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd Wench!
 Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
 Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye Devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight;
 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
 Oh *Desdemona!* *Desdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

S C E N E X.

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and Iago prisoner, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello*. Here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down 'tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither. I'd have thee live,
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
 Fall'n⁶ in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
 An honourable murd'rer, if you will,
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

⁵ —*tow'rds his feet;*—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven.

⁶ —*in the practice*—] In the snare, by the stratagem.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy.
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you
know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook

By *Roderigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t' have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, *Iago*⁷ in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but ev'n now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

⁷ — in the interim] The revival, that *nick* was too fami-
first copies have, in the nick. It liar.
was, I suppose, thought upon

Cas. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast. And even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with
us;

Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
⁸ Speak of me, as I am; Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extrem; ⁹ of one, whose hand,
Like the base *Judean*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued
eyes,

Albeit

⁸ *Speak of me as I am;—*] The early copies read, *Speak of them as they are*. The present reading has more force.

⁹ ——— of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe;] I have restored *Judian*, from the

elder *Quar'io*, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occasioned probably by the word tribe just after:*

I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gums. Set you down this.
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and reduc'd the State,

know the estimation of a pearl, beyond that of a barley corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had design'd to reflect on the ignorance of the *Indian* without any farther reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observ'd, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means a *fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: But has *Shakespeare* never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Marianne* was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of *Herod* and *Othello*? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the Lady Elizabeth Carew published a Tragedy, call'd *MARIAM, the fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only

add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean* (if that should be alledg'd as any objection) instead of *Judean*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of *Euphrates* in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by *Spencer*, of whom our author was a studious imitator.

THEOBALD.

Like the *base INDIAN*, threw a pearl away.] The elder quarto reads *JUDIAN*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant *Herod*, whose usage to *Mariamne* is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described,

————— to out-herod Herod.

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

There she lies a PEARL. ———

And again,

Why she is a PEARL whose price, &c. WARBURTON.

I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but
this, [Falling upon Desdem.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kifs. [dies.]

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no wea-
pon,

For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [To Iago.]

This is thy work; the object poisons fight, —

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you. ¹ To you, Lord Gover-
nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,

The

¹ ——— *To you, lord Governor, Remains the censure of this hellish villain:*] *Rymer*, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength of judgment to make a critic, as appears from his *Edgar* and his *Remarks on Shakespeare*, had yett just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticisms on the *Poets of the last age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the *French commentators on Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on *Shakespeare*, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon *Iago's* character,

which he thus censures. *To entertain the audience* (says he) *with something new and surprising, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature and Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.

says *Horace*. But how has our

The time; the place; the torture; oh! inforce it.
 Myself will straight aboard; and to the State
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate*. [Exeunt.

critic applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been *Iago*, the rule had been transgressed, and *Rymer's* censure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery; which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery, and all, excepting *Iago*, represented, as open, generous, and brave. From *these*, the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from *Iago*, who is brought as an exception to it, unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception: or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus *Shakespeare* stands clear of this impertinent criticism.

WARB.

* The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader,

that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of *Othello*, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of *Iago*, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of *Desdemona*, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of *Shakespeare's* skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which *Iago* makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger lest wickedness conjoined with abilities should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of *Iago* is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous

spicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness but their strength. *Cassio* is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. *Roderigo's* suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires, to a false friend; and the virtue of *Æmilia* is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small

crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The Scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of *Othello*.

Had the scene opened in *Cyprus*, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

A P P E N -

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

A P P E N D I X

I
In the Appendix to the History of the City of Boston, the following are the names of the persons who have been Mayor of the City, from the first settlement to the present time. The names are given in the order in which they held the office, and the years in which they were elected are also given. The names of the persons who have been Mayor of the City, from the first settlement to the present time, are as follows:—

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A P P E N D I X

IN the prosecution of this work I received many remarks from learned Friends, which came sometimes too late for insertion, and some of my own remarks either more mature reflection or better information has disposed me to retract. An Appendix therefore became necessary, that I might omit nothing which could contribute to the explanation of my author. I do not always concur with my friends in their opinion, but their abilities are such as make me less confident when I find myself differing from them, and the publick might justly complain if I suppressed their sentiments either by pride or timidity. From the *Revisal* of *Shakespeare* lately published, I have selected some just remarks, and from *Dr. Gray* some valuable illustrations. I am far at last from supposing my work perfect, but do not think any thing which I am likely to add to it of value enough to justify longer delay.

NOTES to the FIRST VOLUME.

P. 3. I remember to have been told by my friend Mr. *William Collins*, that great part of this Play was founded on an *Italian* chemical Romance, called *ORELIA* and *ISABELLA*; in which there was a spirit like *Ariel*. The chemistry of the dark ages was full of these spiritual agents. Mr. *WARTON*.
P. 10.

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P. 10. —*Key*.] This doubtless is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinette or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is used as well to strike down the iron pins whereon the strings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 22. *Mir. Abhorred slave*—] The modern editions, take this speech from *Miranda*, and give it to *Prospero*; tho' there is nothing in it but what she may speak with great propriety: especially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of *Caliban* to enable him to make the attempt complained of. Mr. *Dryden*, in the alteration made by him and Sir *William Davenant*, in this play, led the way to this change: which Mr. *Theobald* calls judicious, vol. i. p. 18. n. 10. and adds, "it would be very indecent for *Miranda* to reply to what was last spoke:" but it is probable the Poet thought otherwise, and that it was not only decent, but necessary, for her to clear her character, by shewing how the monster acquired an opportunity of making the attack. The Poet himself shews he intended *Miranda* should be his tutress, in the latter end of the second scene of the second act, when he makes *Caliban* say "I've seen thee in her, my Mistress shewed me thee and thy dog and thy brush," to *Stephano*, who has just assured the monster, he was the man in the moon when—Time was.

Mr. HOLT.

P. 45. For *spatter* read *utter*.

REVISAL.

P. 48. *Young scamels from the rocks*.—] *Theobald* substitutes *shamois*, for *scamels*; which last word, he says, has possessed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *scamels*: For in an old Will, dated 1593, I find the bequest of "a bed of *scammel-colour*," i. e. of the colour of an animal so called, whose skin was then in use for dress or furniture. This, at least, shews the existence of the word at that time, and in *Shakespeare's* sense.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 74. *Weak masters though ye be*.] The *Revisal* reads, *weak ministers*, probably, but without necessity. The meaning may be, Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers, though you possess them but in a low degree.

P. 86. It is observed of the *Tempest* that its plan is regular; this the *Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by the authour.

P. 94. *Beteem*—] Or pour down upon them.

POPE.

P. 104. For *through bush*, &c. read in all the places *thorough*.

P. 106. —*that shrewd, and knawish sprite,*

Call'd Robin-goodfellow: are you not he,

That fright the maidens of the villageree,

Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,

And bootless make the breathless huse-wife chern:

And

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And sometime make the drink to
bear no harm,

Mislead night-wand'ers, laugh-
ing at their harm?] This

account of *Robin-goodfellow* cor-
responds, in every article, with
that given of him in *Harsenet's*
Declaration, ch. 20. p. 135.

“And if that the bowle of
curdes and creame were not
duly sett out for *Robin-goodfel-
low*, the frier, and sisse the dairy
maid—why then either the pot-
tage was burnt to next day in
the pot, or the cheeses would not
curdle, or the butter would not
come, or the ale in the fat ne-
ver would have got head. But
if a pater-noster, or an housle-
egge were returned, or a patch
of tythe unpaid—then beware
of bull beggars, spirits, &c.” He
is mentioned by *Cartwright*, as
a spirit particularly fond of dis-
concerting and disturbing dome-
stic peace and œconomy.

“Saint *Francis* and Saint *Be-
nedight*,

“Blesse this house from wick-
ed wight;

“From the night-mare, and
the goblin,

“That is hight GOOD-FEL-
LOW ROBIN.

“Keep it, &c.”

Cartwright's Ordinary, act
iii. sc. i. v. 8.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 118. *It is not night, &c.*]
Tu noxie vel atra

*Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba
locis.*

P. 120. Queen. *Come now, a
roundel, and a fairy song.*]

From round comes roundel, and
from roundel, roundelet. The first,
the form of the figure, the se-

cond, the dance in the figure, the
last, the song or tune to the
dance. *Anon.*

“And song in all the roundell
lustily.”

Chaucer's Knight's Tale, 1531.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 136. Snowt. *Byrlaken a
parlous fear.*] By our lady-
kin, or little lady, as *ifakins* is a
corruption of *by my faith*. These
kind of oaths are laughed at, in
the first part of *Henry the Fourth*,
act iii. sc. iii. When *Hotspur* tells
lady *Percy*, upon her saying *in
good sooth*, “You swear like a
“comfit-maker's wife, and give
“such farcenet surety for your
“oaths, as if you never walked
“farther than *Finsbury*.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 132. There are but three
fairies that salute *Bottom*, nor
does he address himself to more,
though four had entered before
whom the queen had called by
name, and commanded to do
their courtesies. In short, I can-
not tell what is become of mon-
sieur *Moth*, unless he be pru-
dently walked off, for fear of
Cavalero Cobweb: for we hear
no more of him either here, or
in the next act, where the queen,
Bottom and *fairies* are introduced
again. *Anon.* Dr. GRAY.

P. 134. *And at our stamp—*]
I apprehend the stamp of a fai-
ry's foot might operate to the full
as strongly on this occasion, as the
stump of a tree. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 147. In the note, for a-
buy read *aby*.

P. 150. *Bottom. Nothing,
good monsieur, but to help Cavalero
Cobweb to scratch.*] Without
doubt it should be *Cavalero
Pease-*

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Peaseblossom: as for *Cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. *Anon.* Dr. GRAY.

P. 161. Thef.—[*Call Philostrate.*] Call *Egeus*, edit. 1632, and *Egeus* answers to his name there, and every where else in that old edition.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 162. *The thrice three muses mourning for the death*

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that *Shakespeare* here, perhaps, alluded to *Spenser's* poem, entitled, *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldest edition of this play, now known, is dated 1600. If *Spenser's* poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this play? But, however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it serves to bring the play below 1591.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 176. Of this play, wild and fantastical as it is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the authour designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar; and *Spenser's* poem had made them great.

P. 189. *Lucetta. Indeed I bid the base for Protheus—*] *Bidding the base* was a country diversion, not unlike what is called *barly break* in the North, where some pursue others in order to take them prisoners.

“ Ne was *Satyrane* her far be-
“ hind

“ But with like fierceness did
“ ensue the chace:

“ Whom when the giant saw,
“ he soon resign'd

“ His former suit, and from
“ them fled apace;

“ They after both, and boldly
“ bad him base.—”

Fairy Queen, book iii. canto ii. v.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 190. *Julia. I see you have a month's mind to them.*] A month's mind was an anniversary in times of popery; or, as Mr. *Ray* calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a year's mind, and a week's mind. See *proverbial phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. VII. “ Whether there are any month's minds, and anniversaries?” *Strype's Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 354.

“ Was the month's mind of
“ Sir *William Laxton*, who died
“ the last month (July 1556)
“ his herse burning with wax,
“ and the morrow mass cele-
“ brated, and a sermon preach-
“ ed, &c.” *Strype's Memorial*, vol. iii. p. 305. Dr. GRAY.

A month's mind in the ritual sense signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance, yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression.

P. 197. *Oh! excellent motion, &c.*] I think this passage requires a note, as every reader does not know, that *motion*, in the language of *Shakespeare's* days, signifies

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signifies *puppet*. In *Ben. Johnson's Bartholomew Fair*, it is frequently used in that sense, or rather, perhaps, to signify a puppet shew; the matter whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors: the speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that *Silvia* is a puppet, and that *Valentine* is to interpret to, or rather, *for* her.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 198. Here *Silvia* calls her lover *servant*.—And again, below, she calls him *gentle servant*; this was the language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when *Shakespeare* wrote, and as the word is no longer used in that sense, would it not be proper to fix it by a note on this passage? Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 227. —*St. Nicholas be thy Speed.*] That this Saint pre-
fided over young scholars, may be gathered from *Knighi's* life of Dean *Colet*, p. 362. For by the statutes of *Paul's* school, there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service, at the cathedral, on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this faint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. At *Salisbury* cathedral is a monument of a boy bishop, and it is said, that a custom formerly prevailed there, of chusing, from among the choristers, a bishop, who actually performed the pastoral functions, and disposed of such prebends as became vacant during his episcopacy, which

lasted but a few days: it is thought the monument above-mentioned was for some boy that died in office.—See the *post-humous works of Mr. John Gregory*, 4to. Oxon.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 234. —*awful men.*] This, I think, should be *lawful*, in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 276. For *zenith*, in the note, read *youth*.

P. 281. Lucio.—'tis my familiar sin,

With maids to seem the lap-wing, and to jest.

Tongue far from heart—] The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lap-wing's* hovering and fluttering flying. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is, —*and to jest.* (See *Ray's Proverbs.*) “The *lap-wing* cries, “*Tongue far from heart,*” most, farthest from the nest, *i. e.* She is, as *Shakespeare* has it here,

Tongue far from heart.

“The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or, perhaps, all tongue.” Mr. SMITH.

Shakespeare has an expression of the like kind, *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. iii. p. 246.

*Adr. Far from her nest, the lap-wing cries away,
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.*

We meet with the same thought in *John Lilly's* comedy, intitled,

Cam-

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

Compaspe, (first published in 1591, act ii. sc. ii.) from whence *Shakespeare* might borrow it.

Alexander to *Hephestion*.

Alex. "Not with *Timoleon*
" you mean, wherein you resemble
" the lapwing, who crieth most
" where her nest is not, and so
" to lead me from espying your
" love for *Compaspe*, you cry
" *Timoclea*." Dr. GRAY.

P. 318. — *And follies doth
emmetw*

As faulcon doth the fowl.] Qu.
faulconer. Dr. GRAY.

P. 328. Lucio. — *ha? what
say'st thou trot?*] It should
be read, I think, *what say'st
thou to't?* the word *trot* being
feldom (if ever) used to a man.

Old *trot* or *trat*, signifies a
decrepit old woman, or an old
drab. In which sense it is used
by *Gawin Douglas*, *Virgil's Æ-
nead*, book iv.

"Out on the old trat, agit
" wyffe, or dame."

Dr. GRAY.

Trot, or as it is now often
pronounced *honest trout*, is a fa-
miliar address to a man among the
provincial vulgar.

P. 331. *Clackdish*.] The beg-
gars, two or three centuries ago,
used to proclaim their want by a
wooden dish, with a moveable
cover, which they clacked, to
shew that their vessel was emp-
ty. Their appears in a passage
quoted on another occasion by
Dr. Gray.

P. 336. The *Revisal* reads
thus,

*How may such likeness trade in
crimes,*

Making practice on the times,

*To draw with idle spider's
strings*

*Most ponderous and substantial
things;*

meaning by *ponderous* and *sub-
stantial* things, pleasure and
wealth.

P. 342. Clown. Sir, it is a
mystery, &c.] If Mr. *Warburton*
had attended to the argument by
which *Bawd* proves his own pro-
fession to be a mystery, he would
not have been driven to take re-
fuge in the groundless supposi-
tion, "that part of the dialogue
" had been lost or dropped."

The argument of the *Hang-
man* is exactly similar to that of
the *Bawd*. As the latter puts
in his claim to the whores, as
members of his occupation, and,
in virtue of their painting, would
enroll his own fraternity in the
mystery of painters; so the for-
mer equally lays claim to the
thieves, as members of his occu-
pation, and, in their right, en-
deavours to rank his brethren,
the hangmen, under the mystery
of fitters of apparel, or taylors.
The reading of the old editions
is therefore undoubtedly right;
except that the last speech, which
makes part of the *Hangman's* ar-
gument, is by mistake, as the
reader's own sagacity will readily
perceive, given to the *Clown* or
Bawd. I suppose, therefore, the
poet gave us the whole thus:

"Whor. Sir, it is a mystery.

"Clown. Proof—

"Whor. Every true man's
" apparel fits your thief: If it be
" too little for your thief, your
" true man thinks it big enough.
" If it be too big for your thief,
" your

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“ your thief thinks it little enough,
 “ so every true man’s apparel fits
 “ your thief.”

I must do Mr. Warburton the justice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman’s argument. REVISAL.

P. 345.—*that spirit’s possess with haste,*

That wounds the unfixing portal with these strokes.] Such is the reading of the original copy, from which later editors have coined *unresisting*, and *unresting*. I believe that the true word is *unlistening*, the deaf portal.

P. 349. *Tie the beard*] The *Revisal* recommends Mr. Simpson’s emendation, *die the beard*; the present reading may well stand.

P. 369. *Informal women*] I think, upon further enquiry, that *informal* signifies *incompetent*, not *qualified to give testimony*.

Of this use I think there are precedents to be found, though I cannot now recover them.

P. 323. —*there is the Count Palatine.*] I make no doubt but the *Count Palatine* was some character notorious in *Shakespeare’s* time. When Sir *Epicure Mammon*, in the *Alchemist*, is promising *Face* what great things he will do for him, he says, *he shall be a Count*, and adds sily, *ay, a Count Palatine*. The editor of *Johnson* has taken no notice at all of the passage, nor observes that the latter part of the line should be spoken aside, which the character of Sir *Epicure* would have justified him in doing.

Mr. STEEVENS.

VOL. VIII.

P. 406.—*Try conclusions.*] Two of the quarto’s read *confusions*, which is certainly right, because the first thing *Launce* does, is to *confuse* his father by the directions he gives him.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 408. —*Your child that shall be.*] *Launce*, by *your child that shall be*, means, that his duty to his father shall, for the future, shew him to be his child. It was rather become necessary for him to say something of that sort, after all the tricks he had been playing him.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 416. *Laun. Then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last.*] *Black Monday* “ is a moveable “ day, it is *Easter Monday*, and “ was so called on this occasion. “ In the 34th of *Edward III.* “ (1360) the 14th of *April*, “ and the morrow after *Easter-* “ *day*, king *Edward*, with his “ host, lay before the city of “ *Paris*; which day was full “ dark of mist and hail, and so “ bitter cold, that many men “ died on their horses backs “ with the cold. Wherefore, “ unto this day, it hath been “ called the *Blacke-Monday*.” *Stowe*, p. 264—6. Dr. GRAY.

P. 424.—*Your mind of love.*] This imagināry corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. Mr. LANGTON.

P. 446. *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love.*] “ *An* “ *egal yoke of love.*” Fol. 1632. *Egal*, I believe, in *Shakespeare’s* time, was commonly used for *equal*.

So it was in *Chaucer’s*.

I i

“ *Aye*

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

“ Aye to compare unto thyne
 “ excellence,
 “ I will presume hym so to
 “ dignifie,
 “ Yet be not *egal*!”

Prologue to the Remedy of Love.
 So in *Gorbodac*.

“ Sith all as one do bear you
 “ *egall* faith.” Dr. GRAY.

P. 454. Read thus;

—cannot contain their urine.

For affections,

*Masters of passion, sway it to
 the mood*

Of what it likes or loaths.

As for *affection*, those that know to operate upon the passions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it.

P. 454. *Woolen bagpipe.*]

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swoln bagpipe*; which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 488. *The Merchant of Venice.*] The antient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been mentioned in *Observations on the Fairy Queen*, l. 129. *Shakespeare's* track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular stories of the times, from which he manifestly derived most of his plots. Historical songs, then very fashionable, often suggested and recommended a subject. Many of his incidental allusions also relate to pieces of this kind; which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwise have been deservedly forgotten. A ballad is still remaining on the subject of *Romeo*

and *Juliet*, which, by the date appears to be much older than *Shakespeare's* time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the story in *Bandello*, are found in this ballad. But it may be said, that he copied this story as it stands in *Paynter's Pallace of Pleasure*, 1567, where there is the same variation of circumstances. This, however, shews us that *Shakespeare* did not first alter the original story for the worse, and is at least a presumptive proof that he never saw the *Italian*.

Shakespeare alludes to the tale of king *Copbetua* and the beggar, more than once. This was a ballad; the oldest copy of which, that I have seen, is in “*A crown garland of golden roses gathered out of England's royall garden*, 1612.” The collector of this miscellany was *Richard Johnson*, who compiled, from various romances, THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS. This story of *Copbetua* was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in *Love's Labour lost*, Act iv. sc. i. As likewise from *John Marston's* Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed 1598, viz.

Go buy some ballad of the
 fairy king,

And of the BEGGAR WENCH
 some rogie thing. Sign. B. 2.

The first stanza of the ballad begins thus,

I read, that once in *Africa*

A prince that there did
 raine,

Who had to name *Copbetua*,

As poets they do faine, &c.

The

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

The prince, or king, falls in love with a female beggar, whom he sees accidentally from the windows of his palace, and afterwards marries her. [*Sign. D. 4.*] The song, cited at length by the learned *Dr. Gray*, on this subject, is evidently spurious, and much more modern than *Shakespeare's* time. The name *Cophetua* is not once mentioned in it. *Notes on Shak.* vol. ii. p. 267.

However, I suspect, there is some more genuine copy than that of 1612, which I before mentioned. But this point may be, perhaps, adjusted by an ingenious enquirer into our old *English* literature, who is now publishing a curious collection of antient ballads, which will illustrate many passages in *Shakespeare*.

I doubt not but he received the hint of writing on king *Lear* from a Ballad of that subject. But in most of his historical plays he copies from *Hall*, *Hollinshhead*, and *Stowe*, the reigning historians of that age. And although these chronicles were then universally known and read, he did not scruple to transcribe their materials with the most circumstantial minuteness. For this he

could not escape an oblique stroke of satire from his envious friend, *Ben Johnson*, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Ass*, Act ii. sc. iv.

“ *Fitz-dot.* Thomas of Woodstock, I'm sure, was duke: and he was made away at Calice, as duke *Humsfrey* was at Bury. And *Richard the Third*, you know what end he came to.

“ *Meer-er.* By my faith, you're cunning in the *Chronicle*.

“ *Fitz-dot.* No. I confess, I ha't from the *play-books*, and think they're more authentic.”

In *Antony Wood's* collection of ballads, in the *Asbmolean Museum*, I find one with the following title. “ The lamentable and tragical historie of *Titus Andronicus*, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars with the *Goths*, with the murder of his daughter *Lavinia*, by the empresses two sons, through the means of a bloody *Moor* taken by the sword of *Titus* in the war: his revenge upon their cruell and inhumane acte.”

“ You noble minds, and famous martial wights.”

The use which *Shakespeare* might make of this piece is obvious.

Mr. WARTON.

NOTES to the SECOND VOLUME.

P. 62. *Unquestionable spirit.*] May it not mean unwilling to be conversed with?

Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 72. In the note, for *arrow's mark*, read *hollow mark*.

P. 92. The *Revisal* justly observes, that *the affair of poisoning Overbury did not break out till 1615, long after Shakespeare had left the Stage.*

P. 93. *And you fair sister.*]

I i 2

Oliuer

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she has assumed, of a woman courted by *Orlando* his brother.

Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 97. The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. *Thirlby*, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of the Honourable Sir *Edward Walpole*.

P. 114. Read,

*Too much to know, is to know
nought, but fame;
And every Godfather can give
a name.*

That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every Godfather can give likewise.*

P. 125. Moth. — *And how easy is it to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] *Banks's horse*, which plaid many remarkable pranks. Sir *Walter Raleigh* (*History of the World*, first part, p. 178.) says “If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse.” And Sir *Kenelm Digby* (*a Treatise of Bodies*, chap. 38. p. 393.) observes, “That this horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man’s name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his

“ excrements, whensoever he had
“ bade him.” Dr. GRAY.

P. 130. In the note, for *chapman* be, read *chapman here*.

P. 140. Moth. *Master will you win your love with a French brawl?*] *Master*, not in folio 1632. A *brawl*, a kind of dance.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 151. For the *King* and *Beggar*, see Mr. *Percy's* collection of ballads.

P. 157. *And such barren plants are set before us, &c.*] The length of these lines was no novelty on the *English* stage. The moralities afford scenes of the like measure.

P. 176. *Teaches such beauty.*] The sense is plain without correction. A lady’s eye gives a fuller notion of beauty than any authour.

P. 197. *Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.*] *Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, 13th *Queen Elizabeth*: “ *Be-*
“ *sides the bills passed into acts*
“ *this parliament, there was one*
“ *which I judge not amiss to be*
“ *taken notice of—it concerned*
“ *the Queen’s care for employ-*
“ *ment for her poor sort of sub-*
“ *jects. It was for continuance*
“ *of making and wearing wool-*
“ *len caps, in behalf of the trade*
“ *of cappers; providing, that*
“ *all above the age of six years,*
“ *(except the nobility and some*
“ *others) should on Sabbath-days,*
“ *and holy days, wear caps of*
“ *wool, knit, thicked, and drest*
“ *in England, upon penalty of*
“ *ten groats.*”

Dr. GRAY.

I think

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

I think my own interpretation of this passage right.

P. 200. "This is the flower
" that smiles on every one,

" To shew his teeth as white as
" whales bone."] As white
as whales bone, is a proverbial
comparison in the old poets. In
the *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. i. st. 15.

" Whose face did seem as clear
" as crystal stone,
" And eke, through feare, as
" white as whales bone."

And in *Tuberville's Poems*,
printed in the year 1570, is an
ode intituled, "In Praise of Ladie
" P."

" Her mouth so small, her
" teeth so white,
" As any whale his bone ;
" Her lips without so lively
" red,
" That passe the corall
" stone."

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14. edit,
1567.

" I might perceiue a wolf, as
" white as whales bone.
" A fairer beast of fresher hue,
" beheld I never none."

Again, in the old romance of
Syr Degore.

" The Kyng had no chylidren,
" but one,
" A daughter, as white as
" whales bone,

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with
the brightest precious stones, in
describing the position of *Pallas*.

" A hundred steppes mount-
" ing to the halle,
" One of jasper, another of
" whales bone ;
" Of diamantes pointed by
" the rokky walle."

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit.
1736. Mr. WARTON.

P. 206. *Knew my Lady's foot
by th' Squier.*] *Esquierre*,
French, a rule or square.

REVISAL.

P. 215. *Boyet. True, and it
was enjoyn'd him in Rome for
want of linnen, &c.*] This is a
plain reference to the following
story in *Stow's Annals*, p. 98.

(in the time of *Edward the Con-
fessor*.) " Next after this (king
" *Edward's* first cure of the king's
" evil) mine authors affirm, that
" a certain man, named *Vifunius*
" *Spileorne*, the son of *Ulmore* of
" *Nutgarshall*, who, when he
" hewed timber in the wood of
" *Brutheullena*, laying him down
" to sleep after his fore labour,
" the blood and humours of his
" head so congealed about his
" eyes, that he was thereof blind,
" for the space of nineteen years ;
" but then (as he had been
" moved in his sleep) he went
" *woolward* and bare footed to
" many churches, in every of
" them to pray to God for help
" in his blindness." Dr. GRAY,

P. 217. *We to ourselves prove
false.*] The present reading
may stand as well as that which
I have substituted.

P. 223. *Keel the pot.*] This
word is yet in use in *Ireland*, and
signifies to *scum the pot*.

Mr. GOLDSMITH.

P. 235. — *that may blow
No sneaping winds.*] The same
as *may there blow*. A gallicism.

P. 242. *Leo.* — *Mine ho-
nest friend,*

Will you take eggs for money?
The meaning of which is, Will
you put up affronts? The *French*
have a proverbial saying, *A qui
vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom

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do you design to affront? *Mamilus's* answer plainly proves it.

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

Mr. SMITH.

P. 251. The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together.

The *Revisal* reads, to 'ntice you to't. I think not rightly.

P. 259. *I would land-dam him.*] Sir T. H. interprets, *stop his urine*. Was *Antigonus* then his physician, or a wizard, to have, what he says he would do, in his power? *Antigonus* was a Sicilian lord, who might *land-dam* him in one sense, that is *confine him*.

If it had been spelt *damn*, I should have thought he might have meant, he *would procure sentence to be passed on him here on earth*; or *to interdict him the use of earth, one of the elements, which interdiction was always included in a formal curse*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 260. In the margin, for *sinking* read *striking*.

ib. And I had rather *glib* myself, than they

Should not produce fair issue.] For *glib*, I think we should read *lib*, which in the Northern language, is the same with *geld*.

In the *Court Beggar*, by Mr. *Richard Broome*, act iv. the word *lib* is used in this sense. "He can sing a charm (he says) shall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, nor corn-cutter did ever work with so little feeling to a patient."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 276. —since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus;]

I am always willing to support an old reading, if any reason can be found for doing so. The sense seems to be this: *With what encounter so uncurrent have I caught a wretch in my character to appear thus to you.*

—a noble nature

May catch a wretch.—

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 289. For *her periods*, read *his periods*.

P. 293. *My traffick is sheets, when the kite builds look to lesser linen.*] The meaning, I believe, is, *I leave small linen for the kite to line her nest with.*

P. 300. *Grace and remembrance.*] *Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals.

P. 302. —*violets dim*

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.] Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image.

JOHNSON.

Was it not the fashion formerly to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness? I think I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his queen, where he is said *to have kissed her fair eyes*. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 306. Clo. —*Clamour your tongues,*

And not a word more.] The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in *Shakespeare* a ceasing, but a continued ringing.

Thus

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Thus used in his play, intitled, *Much ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. vii. vol. ii. p. 86.

Benedick. ——— “ If a man
“ Do not erect in this age his
“ own tomb e’er he dies,
“ He shall not live no longer
“ in monument than the
“ Bells ring, and the widow
“ weeps.

Beatrice. “ And how long is
“ that think you?

Benedick. “ Question; Why
“ an hour in *clamour*,
“ And a quarter in *rheum*.”

But I should rather imagine, he wrote *charm your tongues*, as Sir *Thomas Hamner* has altered it, as he uses the expression, third part of *King Henry the Sixth*, act v. sc. vi.

K. Ed. “ Peace, wilful boy, or
“ I will *charm your tongue*.”
And in *Othello, Moor of Venice*, act v. sc. viii. p. 397.

Iago. “ Mistress, go to, *charm*
“ your tongue.

Emilia. “ I will not *charm* my
“ tongue, I am bound to
“ speak;

“ My mistress lies here murdered in her bed.”

We meet with the like expression, and in the same sense, in *Ben. Johnson, Cynthia’s Revels*, act i. sc. i.

Mercurio. “ How now my dancing braggart, in *decimo sexto*;
“ *charm your skipping tongue*, or
“ Pll—— Dr. GRAY.

P. 307. You promised me a *tawdry lace* and a pair of *sweet gloves*.] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. *Henshawe*. “ *Tawdrie lace*,
“ *atfrigmenta, timbræ, seu fasciolaræ, emptæ Nundinis Sæ.*

“ *Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut recite monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.*” Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in *Spenser’s Pastorals*, April.

And gird in your waste,

For more fineness, with a
tawdrie lace.

As to the other present, promised by *Camillo* to *Mosca*, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they were frequently mentioned by *Shakespeare*, and were very fashionable in the age of *Elizabeth*, and long afterwards. Thus *Autolicus*, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale,

Gloves as sweet as damask roses.

Stowe’s Continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “ make any cost-ly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [*Elizabeth*], the right honourable *Edward Vere* earle of *Oxford* came from *Italy*, and brought him with gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tustes, or roses, of cullered filke. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*.” *Stowe’s Annals* by *Howes*, edit. 1614. p. 868. col. 2. In the annual accounts of a college in *Oxford*, anno 1630, is this article, *solut, pro fumigandis chirotheis*.

Mr. WARTON.

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P. 312. *Dispute his own estate.*] Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, &c.

Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 320. Autolicus. — *I have Sold all my trumpery, not a counterfeit stone,*

Not a ribbon, glass, pomander.]

A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague.

In a tract, intitled, *Certain necessary directions, as well for curing the plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of pomanders, one for the rich and another for the poor.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 323. Pedler's excrement, is pedler's beard.

P. 324. *Therefore they do not give us the lye.*] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lye; they sell it us.

P. 330. *Where we offend her new.*] The *Revival* reads, *Were we offenders new*. Very reasonably.

P. 380. *By my troth the fool has an excellent breast.*] That is, he has an excellent voice. It was proposed to *Theobald* to read *breath* for *breast*. *Theobald's* reasons for retaining *breast*, may be corroborated from the following passage in the statutes given to *Stoke College* by archbishop *Parker* 1535: "Of which said que-
" risters, after their *breasts* are
" changed, we will, the most
" apt be helpen with exhibition
" off forty shillings, &c." *Strype's*

life of *Parker*, p. 9. That is, the boys when their voices were changed, or broke, and consequently rendered unserviceable to the choir, were to be removed to the university. Mr. WARTON.

P. 384. The steward might in these days wear a chain as a badge of office, or mark of dignity; and the method of cleaning a chain, or any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crums. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 390. For *imphatical* read *emphatical*.

P. 392. *The lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.*] *Stracchio* (see *Torrano's* and *Altieri's Italian Dictionaries*, under the letters T I K A,) signifies rags, clouts and tatters. And *Torrano*, in the grammar at the end of his dictionary, says, that *straccio* was pronounced *strachy*. So that it is probable, that *Shakespeare's* meaning was this, that the chief lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vastly inferior to her. Mr. SMITH.

P. 393. — *how now, my nettle of India?*] The poet must here mean a plant called the *urtica marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. " *Quæ tacta totius*
" *corporis prurimum quendam ex-*
" *ciat, unde nomen urticæ est*
" *sortita.* *Wolfgan. Hist. Animal.*
" *Urticæ marinæ omnes pru-*
" *ritum quendam movent, &*
" *acrimoniâ suâ venerem extinc-*
" *tam & sopitam excitant.*
Johnston's Hist. Nat. de Evang.
Aquat. p. 56.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 399. *Tray-trip.*] I am almost certain that *tray-trip* was a game

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game then in fashion, as I have somewhere read among the commendations of a young nobleman, that *he was good at the game of by-try-trip, or tray-trip.*

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the characters of the two persons, to be able to say, supposing the game to be called *by-try-trip*, which may be the same as wrestling, whether either of them had courage enough to have given such a challenge.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 429. Clown. *Nay, I am for all masters.*] *i. e.* a cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua.*

Mr. SMITH.

P. 431. *Are you not mad, &c.*] The reading may stand, and the sense continue such as I have given in the note.

P. 441. Sir To, *Then he's a rogue, and a past measure pavinim.*] *Then he's a rogue, after a pass-measure pavin*, folio 1632, and probably right, being an allusion to the quick measure of the *pavin*, a dance in Shakespeare's time.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 452. Evans. *The dozen white lowses do become an old coat well, &c.*

Shallow. *The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat.*] Shakespeare by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the same, shews he could not forget his old friend Sir Thomas Lucy, pointing at him under the character of Justice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakespeare has here given us a distinguishing mark, whereby it appears, that

Sir Thomas was the very person represented by Shallow. To set blundering parson Evans right, Shallow tells him, The luce is not the *lowse*, but the *fresh fish*, or pike, the salt fish (indeed) is an *old coat*. The plain English of which is, if I am not greatly mistaken, The family of the Charlcott's had for their arms a *salt fish* originally; but when William, son of Walter de Charlcott, assumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry the third, he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable, for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her estate to the Piercys, it was upon condition, they joined her arms with their own. "And, says Dugdale, 'tis likely William de Charlcott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother," and I say farther, it is as likely he took the arms of the Lucys at the same time.

The *luce* is the *fresh fish* (our modern coat of arms); the *salt fish* (our ancient coat) an old coat.

Mr. SMITH.

The *luce* a pike, or jack.

"Many a fair partriche had he
" in mewe,
" And many a breme, and many
" a luce in stewe."

Chaucer's Prologues of the *Canterbury Tales*, 351, 52.

P. 453. Shallow. *The council shall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a statute made in the reign of king Henry the fourth (13th, chap. vii.) by which it is enacted, "That the justices, three, or two of them, and the sheriff, shall certifie before the king, and his counselle, all the deeds and circumstances thereof,

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“ thereof, (namely, of the riot)
 “ which certification should be of
 “ the like force as the present-
 “ ment of twelve: upon which
 “ certificate, the trespassers and
 “ offenders, shall be put to an-
 “ swer, and they, which be
 “ found guilty, shall be punish-
 “ ed according to the discretion
 “ of the king and counselle.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 454. Slender. *How does your fallow greyhound? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsale.*]

Cotswold, a village in *Worcestershire*, or *Warwickshire*, was famous for rural exercises and sports of all sorts. *Falstaff*, or *Shallow*, in another place, talks of a stout fellow, “*Cotswold man*, “ *i. e.* onewho was a native of this “ very place, so famous for tryals “ of strength, activity, &c. and “ consequently, a robust athletic “ person.” I have seen a poem, or rather a collection of poems, which, I think, is called, *The Cotswold muse*, containing a description of these games.

Ibid. Pistol. *How now Mephistophilus?*] This is the name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Sir *John Faustus*, or *John Faust*.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 463. *Let me see thee froth and live.*] This passage has passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602, and 1619. *Let me see the froth and lyme*, I take to be the true one. The host calls for an immediate specimen of *Bardolph*'s abilities, as a tapper; and *frothing* beer and *lim-*

ing sack were tricks in practice in *Shakespeare*'s time; the one was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard, when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (*i. e.* sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense; but a little forced; and to make it so, we must suppose the host could guess, by his skill in doing the former, how he would succeed in the world. *Falstaff* himself complains of *limed* sack.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 464. *The anchor is deep.*] *Nym*, in this place, does not mean that *Mrs. Ford* resembles a ship's anchor, but a cask called an anchor, which smugglers make use of to this day, for the convenience of carrying their brandy on horses; and says, *the anchor is deep*, in answer to *Falstaff*'s expression, that he *spies entertainment in her*; for what greater entertainment could *Nym* have an idea of, than was to be found in a *deep anchor*, provided the liquor it contained was to his taste.

The word is generally spelt *anchor*. *Chambers* says it is a measure chiefly used at *Amsterdam*, and spells it from the *Dutch* word *anker*.

The remarks the two characters make on *Falstaff*'s report, are the most proper that could be put into their mouths. *Pistol*, who affects to borrow phrases from literature, says, *he hath studied her will, and translated her out of honesty into English*. *Nym*, whose turn it is to speak next, and who loved hard drinking better

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better than any thing else, borrows an allusion from it, and says, *the author is deep.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

I do not think this right.

P. 467. — *Revolt of mien.*] This quaint expression, in the mouth of *Nym*, seems to imply no more than one of the effects he has just ascribed to jealousy. He says, he will *possess him with yeflowness*, and surely *revolt of mien*, or *change of countenance*, is one of the first symptoms of being affected by that passion.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 468. Simple. *He hath but a little wee face.*] *Wee* in the *Northern dialect*, signifies very little.

“ The quene astonyst ane

“ little we

“ At the first sight, beholding

“ his bewte.

Garwin Douglass's Virgil, p. 32. edit. 1710.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 468. *And wetch me in my chfet un boitier verd.*] *Boitier*, in *French*, signifies a case of surgeon's instruments. Dr. GRAY.

P. 484. Falstaff. (To *Nym* and *Pistol*.) *Go, go, a short knife and a thong to your manor of Picthatch.*] Part of the employment given by *Drayton*, in the *Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, seems the same with this recommended by *Falstaff*.

He like a gipsy oftentimes would go,

All kinds of gibberish he had learnt to know,

*And with a stick, a short string,
and a loose,*

*Would shew the people tricks at
fast and loose.*

Theobald has *throng* instead of *thong*. The latter seems right.

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 504. *We have linger'd, &c.*] The expression of *having linger'd*, in this place, seems to mean no more than that *SleNDER* has been backward in his own addresses, as indeed he may be allowed to have been, as he never ventured further in his first interview, than to recommend himself obliquely to his mistress; and he had declared before, that if he married her, it would be at the request of *Shallow*, not promising himself any great degree of happiness, from the part his own love would have in the affair. *Shallow* says, *We have*, speaking in his own person, as well as for his friend.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 526. In the note for *lanes* read *lunes*.

P. 547. Falstaff. *Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch, I will keep my sides for myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk.*] To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belonging as a perquisite. Dr. GRAY.

Mr. *Reynolds* is of opinion that by the fellow of this walk is meant *Herne the hunter*.

P. 554. In the note, for *intelligible*, read *unintelligible*.

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

NOTES to the THIRD VOLUME.

P. 5. BRACH *Merriman*,
the poor cur is embost,
And couple Clouder with the deep
moult'd BRACH.] Here,
says Pope, brach signifies a de-
generate hound: But Edwards
explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach* in Sir *J. More's* Comfort against Tribulation, book iii. ch. 24. "Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then we are utterly ashamed, as ye wott well.— And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitche but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not: my judgment goes no further than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name — Hound." I am aware that *Spelman* acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that *Shakespeare* himself has made it a dog of a particular species.

Mastiff greyhound, mungrill
grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache or
hym.

K. LEAR, act iii. sc. v.

But it is manifest from the passage of *More* just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a ge-

neral sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. "A. Is that your Brother? E. Yes: have you lost your memory? A. As I live he is a pretty fellow: Y. O this is a sweet *brache*!" *Scornful Lady*, act i. sc. i.

Instead of *brache*, *Hanmer* reads, *leech Merriman*.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 15. *Padua* is a city of *Lombardy*, therefore Mr. *Theobald's* emendation is wrong.

REVISAL,

The old reading may stand.

P. 30. *Have I not in pitched battle heard*

Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?] Probably

the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, b. xi. v. 829, and not as a verb.

—An island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and ores,
 and sea-mews, *clang*.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 45. *My land amounts to but so much in all.*] The old reading was right, his land amounted but to so much, but he supplied the deficiency with an *Argosie*, or ship of great value. REVISAL.

P. 52. *Past cure of the fives.*] So called in the *Western* part of *England*. *Vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the *French*. A distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

Id. ib. *Infected with the fashions.*] So called in the *West*

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 61. *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without.*] Dr. Warburton seems to have made one blunder here, while he is censuring Sir T. H. for another.

Warburton explains it thus, Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maids drest?

Hanmer alters the text thus, *Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?* This seems to mean, Are the men, who are waiting without the house, for my master, drest'd, and the maids, who are waiting within, drest'd too?

The joke here intended is only a play upon the words of *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maids*; the distinction made in the question concerning them was owing to this; the *jacks* being made of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *jills*, being of pewter, were to be kept bright on the outside, and, as they were of metal, were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 64. In the note, delete *good*.

P. 99. For *newel* narrative, read *real* narrative.

P. 116. *I see the jewel best enamel'd, &c.*] The *Revisal* reads thus,

—Yet the gold 'bides still
That others touch, though
often touching will

Wear gold, and so a man that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

P. 121. *I live distain'd, &c.*] The *Revisal* reads, *I live distained*, then *dishonour'd*.

I am in doubt.

P. 130. In the note, for *casting*, read *lasting*.

P. 142. S. Dormio. *A back friend, a shoulder clapper, one that commands the passage of allies, creeks, and narrow lands.*] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression, *Richard II.* Act 5. Sc. vi. p. 82.

“ Enquire at London 'mong
“ the taverns there,
“ For there, they say, he
“ daily doth frequent
“ With unrestrained, loose
“ companions,
“ Even such, they say, as
“ stand in narrow lanes.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 142. *Draws dry-foot well.*] Ben. Johnson has the like expression, *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. iv. “ Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young *dry-foot* over *Moor-fields* to London this morning; now I knowing of this hunting match, &c.”

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of their foot; for which the blood-hound is famed.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 175. —*challeng'd Cupid at the bird bolt.*] To challenge at the bird bolt, does not seem to mean the same as to challenge at children's archery with small arrows, such as are discharged at birds,

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

Birds, but means, as *Benedick* had dared *Cupid* to the use of his own arrows, which we suppose to be the most pointed and mischievous of any in the world, the fool, to laugh at him, accepts the challenge for *Cupid*, but proposes the use of bird bolts in their room, which are short thick arrows of about a foot long, and have no points, but spread near the end, so as to leave a flat surface of about the size of a shilling, and are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross bow.

Tho' lady *Olivia* opposes a bird bolt to a cannon, she does not surely mean to compare the lightest with the heaviest of weapons, because a bird bolt is not light enough to allow of the comparison. There are signs in *London* where the shape of the bolt is preserved. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 190. In the note, for *trifling*, read *trying*.

P. 192. *Speak low if you speak love.*] This speech, which is given to *Pedro*, should be given to *Margaret*. REVISAL.

P. 206. *Pedro*. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claudio. Very well my Lord, the musick ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a penniworth.] i. e. we will be even with the fox, now discovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, signifies in *Chaucer*,

“ The sothfastness that now is
“ hid,

“ Without coverture shall be
“ kid.

“ When I undoen have this
“ dreming.”

Romaunt of the Rose, 2171, &c.

“ Perceiv'd or shew'd.

“ He kidde anon his bone was
“ not broken.”

Troilus and *Cresseide*, lib. i. 208.

“ With that anon sterte out
“ daungere,

“ Out of the place where he
“ was hidde,

“ His malice in his cheete
“ was kidde.”

Romaunt of the Rose, 2130.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 267. *Those that slew thy virgin knight.*] In the old books of chivalry a *virgin knight* signifies one who had yet atchieved no adventure. *Hero* had certainly atchieved no matrimonial one. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 283. — *some stain of soldier.*] *Stain*, for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called, red-tailed humble bee. WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that *Parolles* was entirely drest in red. *Shakespeare* writes only *some stain of soldier*, meaning he had only *red breeches on*, which is sufficiently evident, from calling him afterwards *red-tailed humble bee*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 297. For *surplus*, read *surplice*.

P. 309. — *I have seen a
medicine*

*That's able to breath life into a
stone,*

*Quicken a rock, and make you
dance canary.*] Mr. *Richard Broome*, in his comedy, intitled, *The City Wit*, or *The Woman wears the Breeches*, act iv. sc. i. mentions this among other dances.

“ As for *corantoes*, *l.voltos*,
“ *jigs*, *measures*, *pavins*, *brawls*,
“ *galliards*, or *canaries*; I speak

“ it

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

“ it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man.” Dr. GRAY.

P. 329. *Parolles. He wears his honour in a box, unseen, That bugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home.*]

Sir Thomas Hamner, in his *Glossary*, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word, in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water poet, has a poem in disdain of his debtors, intitled, *A kicksy-winsky, or A Ler-ry come Twang.* Dr. GRAY.

P. 341. For *piercing*, read *piecing air.*

P. 361. *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes.*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it is *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still at a loss.

P. 372. *Pox on him he is a cat still.*] Mr. Johnson has explained this passage thus, *Throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs.*

Bertram means no such thing. In a speech or two before, he declares his aversion to a cat, and now only continues of the same opinion, and says, he hates *Parolles* as much as a cat. The other meaning will not do, as *Parolles* could not be meant by the cat which lights always on its legs, for he is now in a fair way to be totally disconcerted.

Mr. STEEVENS.

I am still of my former opinion.

P. 379. In the note, for *haggish*, read *waggish*.

P. 383. The first speech in this page does not belong to

Lafeu but the *Clown*. *Lafeu* enters presently after.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 411. For have *his* hate, read, have *is* hate.

P. 423. It the note, for plague her *fin*, read plague her *son*. And afterwards, for punish her *fin*, read punish her *son*.

P. 443. *And hang a calves-skin on those recreant limbs.*] A calf's skin in those days was the dress of a fool. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 455. Dr. Warburton says, we should read (*i. e.* alter this passage) thus: Sound *one* unto the drowsy race of night.

I should suppose *sound on* (which is the reading of the folio) to be right. The meaning seems to be this; if *the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings that are busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress*, the morning bell (that is the bell that strikes *one*) could never properly be made the agent, for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* has a peculiar propriety, because by the repetition of the strokes at twelve it gives a much more forcible warning, than when it only strikes *one*. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 458. The *Re-visal* thinks it evident that for *modern invocation* should be read *mothers invocation*. I think *modern* is used as it is here in other passages of *Shakespeare*.

P. 467. Arthur. *No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,*

There is no malice in this burning coal,

The

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

*The breath of heav'n hath
blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on
its head.]* Hubert had
threatned Arthur, in the same
scene, to put out his eyes by
fire; Arthur intreats him rather
to cut out his tongue, and tells
him, the instrument, with which
he intended to do it, was grown
cold, and would not harm him:
Hubert answers,

I can heat it, boy.

To which Arthur replies, in the
words under consideration; so
that one line, I think, should be
read thus:

“ There is no malice burning
“ in this coal.”

No malice in a burning coal is
certainly absurd. Dr. GRAY'S
P. 476. Hubert. *My lord,
they say five moons were seen
to night,*

*Four fix'd, and the other did
whirl about*

*The other four, in wond'rous
motion.]* This incident is
mentioned by few of our Eng-
lish historians: I have met with
it no where, but in Matthew of
Westminster, and Polydore Virgil,
with a small alteration. These
kind of appearances were more
common about that time than
either before or since. Dr. GRAY:

P. 477. For *recessibus* in the
notes, read *recessibus*.

NOTES to the FOURTH VOLUME.

P. 90. In the note, for *look*,
read *loose*.

P. 100. In the note, after
jar dele comma.

P. 113. —*Three and twenty
knights,*

Balk'd in their own blood.]

Of the word *balk'd* I know not
any sense applicable here. The
Revisal reads *bath'd*, and I have
nothing better to offer.

P. 140. *Gads, Sirrah, if they
meet not with St. Nicholas's
clerks, I'll give thee this neck.]*
Highwaymen or robbers were so
call'd, or St. Nicholas's knights.

“ A mandrake grown under
“ some heavy tree,

“ There, where St. Nicholas's
“ knights not long before

“ Had dropt their fat *axungia*
“ to the lee.”

*Glarcanus Vadianus's Panegyric
upon T. Coryat.* Dr. GRAY:

P. 149. *And thus hath so be-
stir'd thee in thy sleep.]* To
bestir, is to *stir*, to put into commo-
tion.—No emendation is neces-
sary.

P. 180. *'Tis a woman's fault.]*
I believe the woman's fault, of
which *Hotspur* confesses himself
guilty, is not to be still.

P. 190. *Falstaff* says, —*Shall I
not take mine ease in mine Inne, but
I shall have my pocket picked.]*
There is a peculiar force in these
words. To take mine ease in
mine Inne, was an ancient pro-
verb, not very different in its
application from that maxim,
every man's house is his castle:
for Inne originally signified a
house, or habitation. [Sax. Inne,
æomus,

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

domus, domicilium.] When the word *Inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a *house of entertainment*, the proverb still continuing in force was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by *Shakespeare*; — or perhaps *Falstaff* here humourously puns upon the word *Inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him the more strongly.

In *John Heywood's Works*, imprinted at *London*, 1598, 4to. black letter, is a “ dialogue, “ wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our *English* tongue, &c. Together with “ 300 epigrams on 300 proverbs.” — In chap. vi. is the following.

“ Resty welth willeth me the
“ widow to winne,
“ To let the world wagge,
“ and take mine ease in
“ mine *Inne*.”

And among the epigrams is,

[26. Of ease in an *Inne*.]

“ Thou takest thine ease in
“ thine *Inne* so nye thee,
“ That no man in his *Inne*
“ can take ease by thee.”

Otherwise,

“ Thou takest thine ease in
“ thine *Inne*, but I see,
“ Thine *Inne* taketh neither
“ ease nor profit by thee.”

Now in the first of these distichs, the word *Inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *Inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present.

Mr. PERCY.

Vol. VIII.

P. 191. *Falstaff* says to Dame *Quickly*,

——— *And for woman-hood,*
Maid-Marian may be the deputies
wife of the ward to thee.——] In the ancient songs of *Robin Hood*, frequent mention is made of *Maid Marian*, who appears to have been his Concubine.—I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one.

“ In old times past, when
“ merry men
“ Did merry matters make,
“ No man did greater matters
“ then,
“ Than *Launcelot du Lake*:
“ Good *Robin Hood* was living then,
“ Which now is quite forgot;
“ And soe was fayre *Mayd-Maryan*,
“ A pretty wench God wott,
“ &c.” Mr. PERCY.

P. 191. *No more truth in thee than in a drawn fox.*] That is, a fox drawn over the ground, to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise, while they are not employed in a better chase. It is said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox. REVISAL.

P. 199. *Vernon. All furnisb'd, all in arms,*

All plumed like ostriches.—] *i. e.* All dressed like the prince himself. The *ostrich feather* being the cognizance of the *Prince of Wales*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 201. *Gurnet*, as I am informed, is a fish, not large, but considerably larger than an anchovy, and we may suppose was

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com-

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

commonly eaten when fous'd or pickled, in our authour's time.

P. 232. "Enter Rumour
"painted full of tongues."] This
he probably drew from *Hollings-
head's Description of a Pageant*,
exhibited in the court of *Henry
VIII.* with uncommon cost and
magnificence. "Then entered a
"person called *Report*, apparel-
"led in crimson satin, full of
"Toongs or Chronicles." vol. iii.
p. 805. This, however, might
be the common way of repre-
senting this personage in his
masques, which were frequent in
his own times. Mr. WARTON.

P. 300. Shall. *I remember at
Mile-end Green, when I lay at
Clement's Inn, I was Sir Dagonet
in Arthur's Shew.*] *Arthur's
Shew* seems to have been a thea-
trical representation made out of
the old romance of MORTE AR-
THUR, the most popular one of
our author's age. *Sir Dagonet*
is King *Arthur's* squire. *Theo-
bald* remarks on this passage,
"The only intelligence I have
"glean'd of this worthy knight
"(Sir *Dagonet*) is from *Beaumont*
"and *Fletcher*, in their *Knight*
"of the *Burning Pestle*."

The commentators on *Beau-
mont and Fletcher's Knight of the
Burning Pestle*, have not observ-
ed, that the design and humour
of that play is founded upon a
comedy called, "The four Pren-
"tices of London, with the con-
"quest of Jerusalem; as it hath
"been diverse times acted at the
"Red Bull, by the queen's maje-
"sties servants. Written by
"Thomas Heywood, 1612."

For as, in *Beaumont and Fletch-
er's play*, a grocer in the *Strand*

turns knight errant, making his
apprentice his squire, &c. so in
Heywood's play, four apprentices
accoutre themselves as knights,
and go to *Jerusalem* in quest of
adventures. One of them, the
most important character, is a
goldsmith, another a grocer, an-
other a mercer, and a fourth an
haberdasher. But *Beaumont* and
Fletcher's play, though founded
upon, contains many satirical
strokes against *Heywood's come-
dy*; the force of which is entire-
ly lost to those who have not seen
that comedy. Thus in *Beaumont*
and *Fletcher's prologue*, or first
scene, it is proposed to call the
play, "The Grocer's honour."
In the same scene, a citizen is
introduced, declaring, that in the
play he "will have a grocer,
"and he shall do admirable
"things."—Again, sc. i. act i.
Rafe says, "Amongst all the
"worthy books of achieve-
"ments, I do not call to mind,
"that I yet read of a grocer-
"errant: I will be the said
"knight. Have you heard of
"any that hath wandered un-
"furnished of his squire and
"dwarf? My elder brother *Tim*
"shall be my trusty squire, and
"George my dwarf."—In the
following passage, the allusion to
Heywood's comedy is demonst-
rably manifest, sc. i. act 4. "Boy.
"It will shew ill favouredly to
"have a grocer's prentice court
"a king's daughter. *Cit.* Will
"it so, sir? you are well read
"in histories; I pray you, who
"was *Sir Dagonet*? Was he not
"prentice to a grocer in *London*?
"Read the play of the four
"prentices, where they tof their
"pikes

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

“ pikes fo.”—In *Heywood's* comedy, *Eustace*, the grocer's apprentice, is introduced courting the daughter of the King of France: and, in the frontispiece, the four apprentices are represented in armour, tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches, we have the following instances of allusion. “ *Cit.* Let the *Sophy* of *Persia* come, and christen him a child. *Boy.* Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale: it has been before at the *Red Bull*.” A circumstance in *Heywood's* comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the *Red Bull*. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* play is pure burlesque. *Heywood's* is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 304. *Ledon by bloody youth*--] Bloody youth, with which I puzzled myself in the note, is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to produce and incite or nourish.

P. 332. — *And from the tents, The armourers accomplishing the knights,*

With busy hammers closing rivets up.] See the preparation for the battle between *Palamon* and *Arcite* in *Chaucer*.

“ And on the morrow when

“ day gan spring

“ Of horse and harneis, noise

“ and clattering,

“ There was in the hosteliries

“ all about,

“ The foaming steys on the

“ goldin bridyl

“ Gnawing, and fast the ar-

“ mourers also

“ *With file and hammer riding*

“ to and fro, &c.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 347. In the note, I had confounded the character of *Silence* with that of *Slender*, and drawn an inference from a false supposition. Dele the whole note.

P. 383. *But till the king come forth, and not till then,*]

The *Canons of Criticism* read,

— *And but till then;*

And the *Revisal* approves the correction.

P. 396. — *chrysom child.*] The old quarto has it *crisomb'd child*. The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child. See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720. And not a cloth anointed with holy unguent, as described under that article in *Johnson's Dictionary*, that of the *chrysm* being a separate operation, and was itself no more than a composition of oil and balsam blessed by the bishop.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this farther account of it; that the *chrysom* was allow'd to be carried out of the church, to enwrap those children which were in too weak a condition to be borne thither, the *chrysom* being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of *Falstaff*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 396. Quickly. *For his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green fields,*] Here our editors not knowing what to make of a table of green fields, Mr. Pope

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and

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

and Mr. *Warburton* have cast it out of the text; others have turned it into, “*and have bab- bled of green fields.*”

But had they been appriz'd that *table* in our author, signifies a *pocket-book*, I believe they would have retained it, with the following alteration.

“For his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells.”

On *table-books*, silver or steel-pens, very sharp-pointed, were formerly, and are still fixed either to the backs or covers.

Mother *Quickly* compares *Falstaff's* nose (which in dying persons grow thin and sharp) to one of those pens, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen-cover*, or *shagreen-table*, but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green skin*, which the blundering transcriber turn'd into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in *Shakespeare*, quite out of doors.

Mr. SMITH.

P. 398. *Pitch and pay*—] Seems to be an expression taken from the language used to porters, who are ordered to throw down their burdens before they are paid for carrying them. This, I believe, is the first instance of worldly prudence, to be found in the character of *Pistol*. The caution he leaves behind him, was a very proper one to Mrs. *Quickly*, who had suffered before, by letting *Falstaff* run in her debt. *Trust none*, immediately follows it, which sufficiently explains the expression, which is, to this days a

proverbial one. The same kind of cautions, in verse, are stuck up in little ale-houses in the country.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 398. *Clear thy crystals*—] May, I think, better mean, in this place, *wash thy glasses*.

P. 420. *Pist. Fortune is Bar- dolph's foe, and frowns on him,*

For he hath stolen a pax, and hang'd must be.] 'Tis *pax* in folios 1623 and 1632; but altered to *pix* by Mr. *Theobald* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. But they signified the same thing.

See *Pax at Muffs*, *Minsheu's Guide into the Tongues*.

Pix, or *pax*, was a little box, in which were kept the consecrated wafers.

P. 426. For *ches les narines*, read, *avec les narines*.

P. 428. For *chein*, read *chien*.

P. 442. In the note, for *pasty*, read *puffy*.

P. 445. The *Revisal* reads, *Dau. Voyez—les eaux et la terre. Orleans. Bien—puis l'air et le feu.*

Dau. Le ciel—cousin Orleans.

This is well conjectured, nor does the passage deserve that more should be done, yet I know not whether it might not stand thus.

Dau. Voyez les eaux et la terre.

Orleans. L'air et le feu—Bien puis?

Dau. Le ciel.

P. 453. *Thou diest on point of fox.*] *Fox* is no more than an old cant word for a sword.

“I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.”

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philas- ter.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 454.

APPENDIX TO VOL. V.

P. 454. *For I will fetch thy
rym out of thy throat*

In drops of crimson blood—]

Rym, I am told, is a part in the throat. Was a monosyllable wanted in the room of it, I would offer *rheum*, and then the expression, in *Pistol* diction, would mean no more than, *I will make thee spit blood*. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 454. French Soldier. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de son bras.*

Pistol. *Brass, cur?*] Either *Shakespeare* had very little knowledge in the *French* language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his judgment, into an error. Almost any one knows that the *French* word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*, that *Pistol* should reply, *Brass, cur?* The joke may appear to a reader, but would scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Mr. HAWKINS.

If the pronounciation of the *French* language be not changed since *Shakespeare's* time, which

is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the *French* scenes.

P. 465. —his payment into plows.] The *Revisal* reads, very reasonably, in two plows.

P. 476. *Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair.*] The incongruity of the comparison I continue to censure, but the expression, *wildly overgrown with hair*, is justifiable; the hair may be *wild*, though the prisoner be confined.

P. 505. *I'll canvass thee in the broad cardinal's hat.*] This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.*

P. 508. —The English
Went through a secret grate of iron bars,

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city.] That is, *the English went, not through a secret grate, but went to overpeer the city through a secret grate which is in yonder tower.* I did not know till of late that this passage had been thought difficult.

NOTES to the FIFTH VOLUME.

P. 4. *With you mine alder-
liest sovereign.] Alder-
liest, most dear.*

Aldirlevis in *Chaucer*.

“*Mine aldirlevis* lorde, and
“*brothir dere.*”

Troilus and Cresside, lib. iii. 240.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 39. *A cup of charneco.]*

The vulgar name for this liquor was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by *Larwes*.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 39. *Darraign your battle—]*

“*But stint I woll of Thefeus*
“*alite,*

“*And speke of Palamon, and*
“*of Arcite,*

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“*The*

APPENDIX TO VOL. V.

“ The day approacheth of ther
“ returning,

“ That everich should a hun-
“ dred knights bring,

“ The battaile to darrien, as I
“ you told.” Chaucer.

Skelton uses the word in the
same sense. Speaking of the
duke of *Albany*, Works, p. 83.

“ Thou durst not felde de-
“ rayne,

“ Nor a battayle mayntaine,

“ With our stronge Cap-
“ tayne.

“ For you ran home agayne.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 107. *Ay, Clifford, bed-*

lam, and ambitious humour,

*Makes him oppose himself against
the king.]* The word *bed-*
lam not used in the reign of king
Henry VI. nor was *Bethlehem*
hospital (vulgarly called *Bedlam*)
converted into a house, or hospi-
tal, for lunatics, till the reign
of king *Henry VIII.* who gave
it to the city of *London* for that
purpose. Dr. GRAY.

P. 107. — *Bears.]* The *Ne-*
wils, earls of *Warwick*, had a
bear and ragged staff for their cog-
nifance; but the *Talbots*, who were
formerly earls of *Salisbury*, had a
lion, and the present earl of *Tol-*
bot, a descendant of that family,
has the same. *Collins's Peerage.*

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 128. In the note, for *tier*,
read *tirer*.

P. 143. *Is by the fiern lord
Clifford done to death.]*
Done to death, for *killed*, was a
common expression long before
Shakespeare's time.

Thus *Chaucer*;

“ And seide, that if ye *done*

“ us both *to dien.*”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 151. *To make this shameless
callat know herself.]* *Shake-*
peare uses the word *callat* likewise
in the *Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. iii.

Leonatus of Paulina. “ A *cal-*
“ lat——

“ Of boundless tongue, who
“ late hath beat

“ Her husband, and now beats
“ me.”

Callat, a lewd woman, a drab,
perhaps so called from the *French*
calote, which was a sort of head-
dress, worn by country girls. See
Glossary to Urry's Chaucer.

“ A cold old knave cuckold
“ himself winyng.

“ And of *calot* of lewd de-
“ menyng.” *Chaucer's Pro-*

logue to the Remedy of Love,
308.

So *Skelton*, in his *Elinour*
Remming, Works, p. 133.

“ Then *Elinour* said, ye *cal-*
“ *lettes*,

“ I shall break your palettes.”
And again, p. 136.

“ She was a cumlye *callet.*”

Gammar. “ Vengeance on
“ those *callets*, whose conscience
“ is so large.” *Gammar Gur-*
ton's Needle, act iii. sc. iii. *Old*
Plays, published 1744, vol. i.
p. 154.

“ A cart for a *callet.*” Id. ib.

“ Why the *callet* you told me
“ of here,

“ I have tane disguis'd.”

Ben Johnson's Volpone, act iv.
sc. iii. Dr. GRAY.

P. 204. — *Meed.]* This word
signifies *merit*, both as a verb and
a substantive; that it is used as
a verb, is clear from the follow-
ing foolish couplet, which I re-
member to have read.

Deem if I *me d*

Dear madam *Read.*

APPENDIX TO VOL. V.

A specimen of verses that read the same backward and forward.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 253. *Queen Margaret to the marquis of Dorset.*

Q. Marg. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.] Shake-

speare may either allude to the late creation of the marquis of Dorset, or to the institution of the title of marquis here in England, as a special dignity; which was no older than Richard II. Robert Vere, earl of Oxford, was the first, who, as a distinct dignity, received the title of marquis, 1st December, anno nono Ricardi Secundi. See Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter, p. 456.

P. 320. *Because that like a jack thou keep'st the stroke between thy begging and my meditation.*] An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses of several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a jack of the clock-house. See Cowley's Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of these automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 324. *Pur-fellow* is a word yet in use. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 331. —*demise*.] I think it should be *devisé*; but not in the sense you suppose. *Devisé*, as a mode of conveyance, is appropriated to wills, but take it as a synonyme, to imagine, contrive, or

invent, and it suggests a new idea, and such a one as the text seems to warrant.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 335. *Whom now two tender bedfellows.*] Read rather, *too tender*. REVISAL.

P. 356. *Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, chearsfully,*

God, and St. George, &c.]

St. George was the common cry of the English soldiers, when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, cited above, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws.

" 84. *Item*, that all souldiers
 " entring into battaile, assault,
 " skirmish, or other faction of
 " armes, shall have for their
 " common cry and word, *St.*
 " *George, St. George, forward,*
 " or upon them, *St. George,*
 " whereby the souldier is much
 " comforted, and the enemy
 " dismayd by calling to minde
 " the antient valour of *England,*
 " which with that name has so
 " often been victorious: and
 " therefore, he that upon any
 " sinister zeale, shall maliciously
 " omit so fortunate a name, shall
 " be severely punished for his ob-
 " stinate erroneous heart, and
 " perverse mind." p. 47.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 357. *This and St. George to boo, is to help;*] As I conceive not over and above.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 368. *The life and death of king Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his

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Apologie of Poetrie, written 1590. and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says. that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at *Cambridge*. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at *St. John's* in *Cambridge*, of *Richard the Third*, wou'd move, I think, *Phalaris* the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, &c." He most probably means *Shakespeare's*; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews us how early *Shakespeare's* play appeared: or if some other *Richard the*

Third is here alluded to by *Harington*, that a play on this subject preceded our author's.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 386. *I am the shadow, &c.*] There may another explanation be given somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose figure even this instant it puts on*, whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place, by darkening my clear sun.

P. 421. *Sennet* was an instrument of musick, as appears from other places of this author, but of what kind I know not.

NOTES to the SIXTH VOLUME.

P. 18. For the *plague* of custom, we may read by a very easy change, the *place* of custom. The *place* which custom, and only custom, not nature, hath allotted me.

J. SIMPSON, Esq;

P. 18. *Thou, nature, art my goddess;*] Dr. Warburton (for the sake of introducing an ostentatious note) says, that *Shakespeare* has made his bastard an *Atheist*; when it is very plain that *Edmund* only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as he supposes) to the existence of a *God*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 41. *Like an engine wrench'd my frame of nature.*] Mr. Edwards conjectures that an engine is the *rack*. He is right. To

engine is, in *Chaucer*, to strain upon the rack.

P. 42. *Of fifty to disquantity your train*] Mr. Pope proposes a *little* in the room of *fifty*, and gives as his reason for the change, that the number (as the editions stood) was no more specified by *Goneril*.

If Mr. Pope had examined the copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found in the *first folio* that *Lear*, after these words,

To have a thankless child—go, go, my people;

has an *exit* marked for him, and goes out while *Albany* and *Goneril* have a short conference of two speeches, and then returns in a still greater passion, having been

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been informed (as it should seem) of the express number *without*.

What! fifty of my followers at a clap?

This renders all change needless, and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text now stands, concludes both that and the foregoing speech. *Goneril* with great art avoids to mention the limited number, and leaves him to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 62. *He wears cruel garters.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night caps, &c. are made, and is used in that sense in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*, act ii.

“ For who that had but half

“ his wits about him,

“ Would commit the counsel

“ of a serious sin

“ To such a *crewel* night-cap.”

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 92. *Mice and rats and such small deare*

Have been my food for seven long year—] *Warburton*, instead of *deare*, proposes *geare*; but I have discovered that these two lines are taken from an old black letter'd romance of *St. Bevyys of Hampton*, 4to. printed for *William Copland*, in which occurs this passage, stated within *ratts*, &c. Mr. PERCY.

P. 102. *By the kind Gods.—*] *Dr. Warburton* is of opinion that *Shakspere*, by the *kind Gods*, means the *dii hospitoles*. I agree with him, that the Poet “ never

“ makes his people swear at ran-
“ dom,” nor has he done so here; though I cannot believe he received any assistance from mythology, to furnish out a proper oath for *Gloster*. People always address the *Gods*, as they would have them shew themselves at that time in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind Gods*, whom he would wish to find so in this instance. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of this supposition. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 110. *As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods; | They kill us for their sport.—*] It may not be unentertaining to the reader to have an opportunity of seeing how differently this idea has been expressed by three great poets of different ages.

Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.

Plaut. Captiv. Prol. L. 22.

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus.

Ovid. Lib. 4. de Ponto Eleg. 3.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 122. *Therefore I do advise you take this note*

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's; you may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.] This passage,

by a word's being left out and a word misplaced, and a full stop put where there should be but a comma,

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comma, has led all our editors into a very great mistake; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the same play. The emendation is as follows:

“ Therefore I do advise you, ^a
 “ take note of this,
 “ My lord is dead, &c.
 “ If you so find him, pray
 you give him *this*.”

i. e. this answer by word of mouth. The editors, not so regardful of consistency as they ought to have been, ran away with the thought, that *Regan* delivered a letter to the steward; whereas she only desired him to give, or deliver so much by word of mouth. And by this means another blunder, as egregious as the former, and arising out of it, presents itself to view in the same act, sc. ix. p. 121.

“ And give the *letters*, which
 “ thou find’st about me,
 “ To Edmund earl of Glo’ster,
 &c.

Edg. “ Let’s see these pockets,
 “ the *letters* that he speaks
 “ of,

“ May be my friends.”—
Reads the letter.

Observe, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is *Goneril*’s. Had there been one of *Regan*’s too, the audience no doubt should have heard it as well as *Goneril*’s. But it is plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the steward

had no letter from *Regan*, b. only a message to be delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund* earl of *Glo’ster*. So that it is not to be doubted, but the last passage should be read thus.

“ And give the *letter*, which
 “ thou find’st about me,
 “ To Edmund earl of Glo’ster.—
Edg. “ Let’s see these pockets;
 “ the *letter* that he speaks
 “ of,
 “ May be my friends.”—

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent.

DR. GRAY.

P. 125. *Edg.* Had’st thou been
 ought but goss’mer feathers,
 air,

Thou’dst spower’d like an egg, &c.]
Gossomere, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather.

Skinner says, in a book called the *French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.

“ As sure some wonder on the
 “ cause of thunder,

“ On ebb and flood, on goss-
 “ somer and mist,

“ And on all things, till that
 “ the cause is wist.”

DR. GRAY.

P. 128. —nor the stall’d horse
 Goes to’t with a more riotous
 appetite.] *Soyl’d horse* in all

the other editions I believe, and it is a term now used for a horse that has been fed long with hay and corn in the stable, and in spring

^a The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. iv. vol. iii. p. 168.

Sir Tody. “ Challenge me the Duke’s youth, to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it.

APPENDIX TO VOL. VI.

has fresh grafts carried to him thither, upon which he feeds greedily.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 136. —Restoration *hang*

Thy medicine on my lips—] Dr. Warburton says that Cordelia invokes the goddess of health, *Hygieia*, under the name of *Restoration*; but I believe the reader will join with me in thinking, that if *Shakespeare* meant any goddess in this place, it was one of his own making; for we may suppose the *Pantheons* of that age (from whence most probably he furnished himself with his knowledge in mythology) were not so particular as to take notice of the secondary deities; and the Poet, had he been acquainted with her name, would certainly have called her by it. *Restoration* means no more than *recovery* personified.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 140. *Do you not love my sister?*

Edm. *In honour'd love.*] After this line, the quarto of 1608 continues the dialogue thus; and I see no reason why it should be omitted.

Reg. *But have you never found my brother's way*

To the fore-fended place?

Bast. *That thought abuses you.*

Reg. *I am doubtful that you have been conjunct*

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Bast. *No, by mine honour, madam.*

The first and last of these speeches are inserted in Sir T. Hanmer's, and I believe in *Theobald's* and Dr. Warburton's editions; but the two intermediate ones are

omitted in all; by which means the bastard is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 145. *The gouters shall consume them flesh and fell.*]

Both *flesh* and *skin*.

So *Skelton's* works, p. 257.

“*Nakyd asyde*

“*Neither flesh nor fell.*”

Chaucer useth *fell* and *bones*, for *skin* and *bones*.

“*And said that he and all his kinne at once,*

“*Were worthy to be brent*

“*with fell and bone.*”

Troilus and *Cresseide*, 1. 91.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 170. In the note, for *or art*, read *of art*.

P. 175. In the note, for *well be him*, read *well be he*.

P. 320. —*the enemies castle.*] The *Revisal* affirms, and, I think, proves, that *cast* is right.

P. 347. *Get me a ladder.*] Mr. *Theobald* has very officiously transplanted this half line into the mouth of *Lucius*, and desires to know why the Moor, who wanted to have his child saved, should ask for a ladder.

Aaron very properly answers, *get me a ladder*, that is, hang me, but spare my child. Could any circumstance shew a greater desire of saving his child than the offer of himself in its room? *Aaron* knows he must die, and being quite careless about it, would only hasten that which he sees is unavoidable at last, to make

APPENDIX TO VOL. VI.

make it the means of saving his own offspring. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 340. Marc. *My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon.*]
My lord, I ayne a mile beyond the moon.

Folios 1623, and 1632.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 405. — *thou sound and firm-set earth.*] A corrupt reading will sometimes direct us to find out the true one. The first folio has it.

— *thou sowre and firm-set earth.* This brings us very near the right word, which was evidently meant to be,

— *thou sure and firm-set earth.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

Certainly right.

P. 408. Macbeth. *Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care.*] To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *sleeve* means *sleaved, silk unravelled*, it is observable, that a poet of *Shakespeare's* age, *Drayton*, has alluded to it likewise, in his quest of *Cynthia*.

“ At length I on a fountain
“ light,

“ Whose brim with pinks was
“ platted,

“ The banks with daffadillies
“ dight,

“ With grafs, like *sleeve*, was
“ matted.”

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 419. — *This murd'rous shaft that's shot*

Hath not yet lighted—] *The shaft has not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground.* The end for which the murder was committed, is

not yet attained. The death of the king only could neither insure the crown to *Macbeth*, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means. *The design to fix the murder on some innocent person had taken effect*, for it was already adjudged to have been done by the grooms, who appeared intoxicated, even after it was discovered, and during that state, were supposed, at first, to have been guilty of it; though the flight of *Malcolm*, and his brother, afforded *Macbeth* afterwards a fairer pretext for laying it to their charge.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 440. For *indicet*, read *indiget*.

P. 468.— *hell is murky.*] *Lady Macbeth* is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder, and encouraging her husband, as when awake. She, therefore, would never have said any thing of the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to *Macbeth*, who (she supposes) has just said, *hell is murky*, (*i. e.* hell is a dismal place to go to, in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky! — Fie, fie, my lord, &c.

This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which, for want of being understood, has always appeared languid on the stage.

Mr. STEEVENS:

P. 472.

APPENDIX TO VOL. VII.

P. 472. *To confirm the justness of May of life for way in Macbeth.* Mr. Colman's quotation from *Much ado about Nothing*,

"May of youth and bloom of
"lustyhood."

And another passage, Henry V. p. 292.

"My puissant liege is in the
"very May-morn of his
"youth."

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 478. *I pull in resolution.*] Mr. Johnson in the room of this would read, *I pall in resolution*; but there is no need of change; for Shakespeare, who made *Trinculo* in the *Tempest* say, *I will let loose my opinion*, might have written, *I pull in my resolution*. He had permitted his courage (like a horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, where seeing his danger, he resolves to *pull in* that, to which he had given the rein before.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 519. *I'll potch at him some way.*] The *Revisal* reads *peach*, but *potch*, to which the objection is made, as no *English* word, is used in the midland counties for a rough violent push.

P. 553. ——— *when the greatest taste*
Most palates theirs ———] There

seems to me no need of emendation. The meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 555. Read,
*What may be sworn by, both
divine and human,
Seal, what I end withal.*

REVISAL.

I think rightly.

P. 562. *Clean kam*] The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*.

P. 578. *My first son.*] The *Revisal* reads, *my fierce son*; but surely *first* may stand for *first* in excellence: *Prima virorum*.

P. 601. *As is the osprey to the fish.*] We find in *Mich. Drayton's Poly-Olbion*, Song 25, a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness, and the beauty of the simile, and confirms *Theobald's* correction to be right:

"The *osprey* oft here seen,
"though seldom here it
"breeds,

"Which over them the *fish* no
"sooner do espy,

"But, betwixt him and them,
"by an antipathy,

"Turning their bellies up,
"as though their death
"they saw,

"They at his pleasure lie to
"stuff his gluttonous
"maw." Mr. LANGTON.

NOTES to the SEVENTH VOLUME.

P. 27. Brutus. *The genius and the mortal instruments, Are then in council, and the state of man,*

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.] Instead of *instruments*, it should, I think,

APPENDIX TO VOL. VII.

I think, be *instrument*, and explained thus;

The genius, i. e. the soul, or spirit, which should govern; and the *mortal instrument, i. e.* the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as, envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council, i. e.* debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what King *John* says, act iv. p. 453.

“ Nay in the body of this
“ fleshly land,
“ This kingdom, this confine
“ of blood and breath,
“ Hostility and civil tumult
“ reigns,
“ Between my conscience, and
“ my cousin's death.”

Mr. SMITH.

P. 122. Ant. Now by my sword.] An expression used by *Shakespeare*, *Winter Night's Tale*, act ii. sc. last. *Leontes* to *Antigonus*.

Leo. —“ Swear by thy sword,
“ Thou wilt perform my bidding.” See act iii. sc. ii.
And in allusion to the *Danish* customs, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. ix.
See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. sc. i.

Spencer observes (in his *View of the State of Ireland*, Works, 12mo, 1564.) from *Lucian's Dialogue*, intitled *Toxaris*, “ That

“ the common oath of the *Scythians* was by the sword, and
“ by the wind; and that the
“ *Irish* used commonly to swear
“ by their swords: and that they
“ do at this day, when they
“ go out to battle, say certain
“ prayers, and charms to their
“ swords, making a cross there-
“ with on the earth, and thrust-
“ ing the points of their blades
“ into the ground, thinking
“ thereby to have better success
“ in the fight.”

To this custom *Spencer* alludes in other places.

“ So suffering him to rise, he
“ made him swear,
“ By his own sword, and the
“ cross thereon,
“ To take *Briana* for his lov-
“ ing *Fere*.”

Fairy Queen, book 6. canto 1—53.

Dr. GRAY.

This note, which is referred to this place by its author, may deserve more consideration to the reader of *Hamlet*, where the friends of *Hamlet* are required to swear upon his sword.

P. 155. *Cleo*. Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*; bid them to report the feature of *Octavia*, her years, her inclination; let them not leave out the colour of her hair.] This is a manifest allusion to the question put by *Queen Elizabeth* to *Sir James Melvil*, concerning his mistress, the *Queen of Scots*. “ She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best? And whether my *Queen's* hair or her's was best? And which of them two was fairest? I answered, The fairness of them was not their worst faults.”

Dr. GRAY.

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P. 172. Char. *Three in Egypt* [Cannot make better note.] Alluding to the old catches, which were in three parts.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 197. Ant. ——— *When I cry'd, Ho!*

Cry'd ho! like boys unto a muss,
As kings would

Start forth, and cry, Your will.]
Muss, a scramble. So used by Ben. Johnson. See the *Magnetic Lady*, act iv. sc. iii. p. 44.

Bias. " I keep her portion

" safe, that is not scatter'd,

" The moneys rattle not; nor

" are they thrown

" To make a muss, yet 'mong

" the game some suitors."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 260. In the note, for Don Belliarus, read Don Bellianis.

P. 286. *What both you spur and stop.]* I think *Imogen* means to enquire what is that news, that intelligence, or information, you profess to bring, and yet withhold: at least, I think, your explanation a mistaken one, for *Imogen's* request supposes *Iachimo* an agent, not a patient.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 347. *Uxtwine his perishing root, &c.]* The attribute of the elder in this place is *perishing*, that of the vine *encreasing*. Let therefore the stinking elder grief

ENTWINE his root with that of the vine [patience,] and in the end patience must out-grow grief. This I take to be the sense, and that therefore we should read ENTWINE. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 354. — *thy sluggish carrack.]* Mr. Simpson reads, *thy sluggish crare*. A crare was a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages, *crayera*.

REVISAL.

This I think is right.

P. 355. The *robin-red-breast* called *ruddock*, by Chaucer and Spenser.

" The false lapwinge, all full

" of trecherie,

" The starling that the coun-

" fails can bewrie,

" The tame ruddock, and the

" coward kite."—

Dr. GRAY.

P. 382. *Or to take upon yourself,]* Read, *Or take upon yourself.*

REVISAL.

P. 444. *Thou stool for a witch.]* In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her upon a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood, in some hours, would be much stopt, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse.

NOTES to the EIGHTH VOLUME.

P. 1. Gregory. *On my word, I will not carry coals.]* An expression then in use, to signify the patient bearing of injuries.

Shakspeare uses it in this sense, *Life of King Henry V.* act iii. sc. iii. p. 360.

Boy. " *Nym and Bardolph are*
" *sworn*

APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

“ sworn brothers in filching, and
“ in *Calais* they stole a fire-
“ shovel; I know by that piece
“ of service the men *would carry*
“ *coals.*”

So it is used by *Skelton*,
in his poem, intitled, *Why*
come ye not to Court? Works,
p. 142.

“ Will you bear no coles?”

And by *Ben Johnson*, *Every*
Man out of his Humour, act v. sc. i.
Puntarvolo to the groom.

“ See here comes one that
“ will carry coals;

“ *Ergo*, will hold my dog.”

And again, act v. sc. iii.

“ Take heed, Sir *Puntarvolo*,
“ what you do;

“ He’ll bear no coals, I can
“ tell you, (o’ my word.)”

Dr. GRAY.

I therefore retract my note on
this passage.

P. 7. *Sam.* *I will bite my*
thumb at them, which is a dis-
grace to them, if they bear it.]

So it signifies in *Randolph’s Muses*
Looking-Glass, act iii. sc. ii. p.

43.

Orgylus. “ To bite his thumb
“ at me.

Argus. “ Why should not a man
“ bite his own thumb?”

Org. “ At me? were I scorn’d,
“ to see men bite their
“ thumbs;

“ Rapiers and daggers, he’s
“ the son of a whore.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 17. *Ben.* *Take thou some*
new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old
will die.

Romeo. *Your plantain leaf is*
excellent for that,] Tackius
tells us, that a toad, before she

engages with a spider, will for-
tify herself with some of the
plant; and that if she comes off
wounded, she cures herself after-
wards with it. Dr. GRAY.

P. 25. *Merc.* *If thou art Dun,*
we’ll draw thee from the
mire.] A proverbial saying
used by Mr. *Thomas Heywood*, in
his play, intitled, *The Dutchess*
of Suffolk, act iii.

“ A rope for Bishop *Bonner*,

“ *Clunce* run,

“ Call help, a rope, or we
“ are all undone.

“ Draw *Dun* out of the ditch.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 37. *Merc.* — *Young A-*
braham Cupid, he that shot
so true,

When King Cophetua lov’d the
beggar maid,] I rather think
that *Shakespeare* wrote,

“ *Young Adam Cupid.*” —

Alluding to the famous archer
Adam Bell. Dr. GRAY.

P. 37. — (*Venus*) *purblind*
son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that
shot so true

When King Cophetua lov’d
the beggar-maid.] As the

commentators are agreed that
Cupid is here called *Adam*, in al-
lusion to the famous archer *Adam*
Bell, the hero of many an an-
cient ballad: — So I believe, I
can refer you to the ballad of
King Cophetua, &c. In the first
of the 3 vols. 12mo. p. 141. is
an old song of a king’s falling in
love with a beggar-maid, which
I take to be the very ballad in
question, altho’ the name of the
king is no longer found in it,
which will be no objection, to
any one who has compared old
copies

copies of ballads with those now extant.

The third stanza begins thus :

“ The blinded boy that shoots

“ so trim,

“ Did to his closet window steal,

“ And drew a dart and shot

“ at him,

“ And made him soon his

“ power feel,” &c.

I should rather read as in *Shakespeare, The purblind boy.*

If this is the song alluded to by *Shakespeare*, these should seem to be the very lines he had in his eye; and therefore I should suppose the lines in *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. were originally.

“ —Her purblind son and
“ heir,

“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that
“ shot so trim,

“ When, &c.” —

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*: yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by the droll *Mercutio*.

Mr. PERCY.

P. 50. I Serv. *Save me a piece of march-pane.*] A confection made of *Pistacho nuts*, almonds, sugar, &c. and in high esteem in *Shakespeare's* time; as appears from the account of *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Cambridge*. 'Tis said that the University presented Sir *William Cecyl*, their Chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar loaves. *Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. 2. p. 29.

Dr. GRAY.

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P. 68. *Spread thy close curtain love-performing night.*

That Run-aways eyes may wink.]

I am no better satisfied with Dr. *Warburton's* emendation than the present editor, but tho' I have none I have a good opinion of, to propose in its room, will yet offer at an explanation.

Juliet wishes the night may be so dark, that none of those who are obliged to *run away* in it, on some account or other, may meet with *Romeo*, and know his person, but that *he may*

Leap to her arms untalk'd of and unseen.

The *run-away* in this place cannot be the *sun*, who must have been effectually gone before night could *spread its curtain*, and such a wish must have taken place before the eyes of these *run-aways* could be supposed to wink.

The *Revisal* reads, *That Rumour's eyes may wink*, and he might have supported his conjecture from the figure of *Fame*, *i. e.* *Rumour*, as described by *Virgil*.

Tot vigiles oculi subter, &c.

And yet this is but a *conjecture*, though a very *ingenious* one.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 86. For *I madam*, read *ay madam*.

P. 117. N. 6. I am sorry to say that the foregoing note is an instance of *disingenuity*, as well as *inattention*, in Mr. *Theobald*, who, relying on the scarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them answerable for any thing he thinks proper to assert.

The quarto in 1599, was not the first, it was preceded by one in 1597, and though Mr. *T.* declares,

L I

clares,

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clares, *be found the passage left out in several of the later quarto impressions*, yet in the list of those he pretends to have collated for the use of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never seen either that published in 1609, or another without any date at all; for in the former of these the passage in question is preserved, (the latter I have no copy of) and he has placed that in 1637, on the single faith of which he rejected it, among those only of middling authority: so that what he so roundly asserts of several, can with justice be said of but one, for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of those (by his own confession) he had never met with.

The hemistich, which Mr. T. pronounces *to be of most profound absurdity*, deserves a much better character; but being misplaced, could not be connected with the part of the speech where he found it, but, being introduced a few lines lower, seems to make very good sense.

“ Come bitter conduct! come
“ unfav’ry guide!

“ Thou desperate pilot, now
“ at once run on

“ The dashing rocks my sea-
“ sick, weary bark.

“ *Here’s to thy health where’er*
“ *thou tumblest in.*

“ Here’s to my love! oh true
“ apothecary!

“ Thy drugs are quick. Thus
“ with a kiss I die.”

To tumble into port in a storm, I believe to be a sea-phrase, as is *a tumbling sea*, and agrees with

the allusion to the pilot or the tempest beaten bark. *Here’s success*, says he (continuing the allusion) *to the vessel wherever it tumbles in*, or perhaps, *to the pilot who is to conduct, or tumble it in*; meaning, *I wish it may succeed in ridding me of life, whatever may betide me after it, or wherever it may carry me*. He then drinks to the memory of *Juliet’s love*, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apostrophe to the apothecary, the effect of whose drugs he can doubt no longer, and turning his thoughts back again to the object most beloved, he dies (like *Othello*) on a kiss.

The other hemistich (not disposed of) may yet be brought in; how naturally, must be left to the reader to determine. The quarto of 1609, exhibits the passage thus:

—————“ Ah, dear *Juliet!*

“ Why art thou yet so fair?

“ I will believe;

“ Shall I believe? that unsub-

“ stantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean, &c.”

If such an idea could have any foundation in nature, or be allowed in poetry, and *Romeo* in consequence of having raised it to his imagination, was jealous of death, it would follow, that in the first frenzy of it he might address himself to his mistress, and take her in his arms for the greater security. That being granted, with a slight transposition (one verse already exceeding the measure by two feet) the passage might be read thus:

—————“ Ah! dear *Juliet*,
“ Why

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“ Why art thou yet so fair?
 “ *shall* I believe?
 “ I *will* believe (*come lie thou*
 “ *in my arms*)
 “ That unsubstantial death is
 “ amorous,
 “ And that the lean, &c.”

The whole passage may perhaps be such as hardly to be worth this toil of transposition, but one critick has just as good a right to offer at the introduction of what he thinks he understands, as another has to omit it because he can make no use of it at all. The whole of the conjecture on both passages is offered with no degree of confidence, and from no other motive than a desire of preserving every line of *Shakespeare*, when any reason, tolerably plausible, can be given in its favour.

Mr. *Theobald* has not dealt very fairly in his account of this speech, as the absurdity is apparently owing to the repetition of some of the lines by a blunder of the printer, who had thereby made *Romeo* confess the effects of the poison before he had tasted it.

This play was considerably altered and enlarged by the author, after the first copies had been printed, and great as is the improvement made by the additions, the alterations here and there may be for the worse. To enumerate these is now too late, as they are many in number, and happen in almost every speech.

Mr. STEEVENS.

As I could not procure a sight of any of the quartos, 'till I had printed off the whole play, I must refer the curious reader to the old editions themselves, which will very soon be made publick.

P. 142. For *your father lost, lost, his, read your father lost, lost his.*

P. 147. Hor. *I jaw him once, he was
 A goodly king.*

Ham. *He was a man, take him for all in all,
 Eye shall not look upon his like again.—*] This seems to me more the true spirit of *Shakespeare* than *I*. Mr. HOLT.

The emendation of Sir T. SAMWEL.

P. 160. *Doth all the noble substance of worth out;*] The *Revisal* reads,

Doth all the noble substance oft eat out;

Or,

Doth all the noble substance foil with doubt.

The authour would have despised them both, had they been another's.

Mr. Holt reads,

Doth all the noble substance oft adopt.

I think *Theobald's* reading may stand.

P. 164. *Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,*

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires.] Chaucer has a similar passage, with regard to the punishments of Hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 193. Mr. *Urry's* edition.

“ And moreover, the *misese*

“ (uneasiness) of hell,

“ Shall be in defaute of mete

“ and drink.”

Dr. GRAY.

P. 166. The word here used was more probably designed by a *Metathesis*, either of a poet, or transcriber, for *henebon*, that is *henbane*; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*)

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is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. *Galen* calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power, it has of benumbing the faculties. *Dioscorides* ascribes to it the property of producing madness, (*νοσηλιος μανιας*.) These qualities have been confirmed by several cases related in modern observations. In *Wepfer* we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon most of the members of a *Convent* in *Germany*, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with *sucory*;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic. c. 18.*

Dr. GRAY.

P. 168. *Oh horrible, oh horrible, most horrible.*] It was very ingeniously hinted to me by a learned lady, that this line seems to belong to *Hamlet*, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation, and who, according to the practice of stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech.

P. 194. *Hamlet. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.*

Rosin. I think their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation*.] This is a proof this play was not wrote till after the 39 *Eliz.* 1597. (*Shakespeare* then 33,) when the first statute against vagabonds was made, including players; and perhaps, not till after the 1st *James* 1602. Mr. HOLT.

P. 198. *The first row of the Rubrick will shew you more.*]

The words of the *Rubrick* were first inserted by Mr. *Rowe*, in his edition in 1709, in the room of *Pons Chançon*, (which is the reading of the first folio) and have been transplanted thence by succeeding editors. The old quarto in 1611, reads *pious chançon*, which (I think) gives the sense wanted.

The *pious chançons* were a kind of *Christmas Carol*, containing some Scripture History, thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the streets by the common people, when they went at that season to beg alms. *Hamlet* is here repeating some scraps from songs of this kind, and when *Polonius* enquires what followed them, he refers him to the first row (*i. e.* division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 198. ———— *The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more.*] *First row of the Pons Chançon*, in the first two folio editions of 1623, and 1632. The first row of *pont chançons*, *Sir Thomas Hanmer*. Old ballads sung upon bridges.

I cannot guess at Mr. *Pope's* reason for the alteration. But Mr. *Warburton* subjoins, “That the *rubrick* is equivalent, the titles of old ballads being “written in red letters.” But he does not mention one single ballad in proof. There are five large folio volumes of ballads in Mr. *Pepy's* library, in *Magdalen College, Cambridge*, some as ancient as *Henry VII.* reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles, as I am informed.

Dr. GRAY,

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P. 198. *Caviare* is the spawn of sturgeon pickled; it is imported hither from *Russia*.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 220. *Enter a Duke & Dutchess, with regal coronets.*] *Regal coronets* are improper for any personage below the dignity of a king; *regal*, as a substantive, is the name of a musical instrument, now out of use. But there is an officer of the household called, Tuner of the *regals*. The *cornet* is well known to be a musical instrument, and proper for processions.

Might we not then read? *Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with royals, cornets, &c.*

P. 230. Ham. *Methinks it is like an ouzle.*

Pol. *It is black like an ouzle.*] The first folio reads,

—*it is like a weazell,*

It is back'd like a weazell.

And this I apprehend to be the true reading.

Polonius has already agreed to the similitude the cloud bears to a *camel*, and confesses, readily enough, that *it is very like a whale*; but on *Hamlet's* pushing the matter still further, though his complaisance holds out, it will not extend to a general resemblance any longer; he therefore admits the propriety of the last comparison but in *part*, and only says,

It is back'd like a weasel.

The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but the editors were misled by the quartos, which concur in reading, *black like a weasel*, for this they said was impossible to be right, the *animal* being of another co-

lour. The variation in these old copies was no more than a blunder of the printers, for it is as likely that the cloud should resemble a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzle*, i. e. *blackbird*, (which they substituted for it) in colour.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 241. —*Sense sure you have,*

Else you could not have notion.] For *notion*, which the note of Dr. Warburton had persuaded me to admit into the text, I would now replace the old reading *motion*; for though the emendation be elegant, it is not necessary.

P. 250. *Ape* is certainly the right reading. The *ape* hath large bags, by the side of his jaws, called his *alforches*, from *alforja*, the word used in *Spain* for a wallet, in which, whenever he meets with any food, he constantly deposits part of it to be chewed and swallowed at pleasure, after his meal is ended.

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P. 258. Oph. *How should I, &c.*—] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, is more pathetic than this scene, which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility she has to her own misfortune.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seem to produce the same effect; in the latter, the audience supply what she wants, and in the former, they sympathise.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 262. *The ratifiers and preps of every word.*] By *word* is here meant a declaration, or proposal; it is determined to

this sense, by the reference it hath to what had just preceded,

The rabble call him lord.

This acclamation, which is the word here spoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received custom, whose concurrence, however, is necessarily required to confer validity and stability in every proposal of this kind.

REVISAL.

This interpretation leaves the expression still harsh, but nothing so good has yet been offered.

P. 266. Oph. *You must sing, down-a-down, and you call him a-down-a.*

O how the wheel becomes it !]

The *wheel* means no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she has just repeated, and as such was formerly used. I met with the following observation in an old quarto black letter book, published before the time of *Shakespeare*.

“ The song was accounted an excellent one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof.”

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date, but the passage was in a preface to some songs, or sonnets; and I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in several other old books, and am very sorry I cannot give, at present, a more satisfactory quotation to prove what I am confident is the true meaning of the expression.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 268. *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, &c.*] The note on this passage seems to imply a disuse of this practice; whereas it is uniformly kept up at this day; not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs and taburd, *i. e.* a coat, whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted (from which the term *coat armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 278. Hamlet. *Make her grave straight.*] Some, for whose opinions I have great regard, think that *straight* is only *immediately*. My interpretation I have given with no great confidence, but the longer I consider it, the more I think it right.

P. 279. *Crowner's quest law.*] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of dame *Hales*, reported by *Plowden*, in his commentaries, as determined in 3. *Eliz.*

It seems her husband, Sir *James Hales*, had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of *Canterbury*, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtleties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *Crowner's quest Law*. The expression, a little before that, *an act hath three branches, &c.* is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that

Shakespeare

Shakespeare was acquainted with, and meant to laugh at it.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 281. In this note, for *into his land*, read *band*. Conjecture is unnecessary; for Mr. *Percy* has published the original song in his collection of old ballads.

P. 308. For *who could bear the whips and scorns of time*.

Qu. *Quips?*] Which signifies gybes, jeers, flouts, or taunts. See *Minsbew's Guide into the Tongues*, col. 597.

So used by *Ben. Johnson*, *Cynthia's Revels*, act ii, sc. iv.

Phil. "Faith how like you my quippe to *Hedon* about the garter; was't not wittie?"

Dr. GRAY.

P. 320. Whether *Iago* singly was a *Florentine*, or both he and *Cassio* were so, does not appear to me of much consequence. That the latter was actually married, is not sufficiently implied in a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife, since it may mean, according to *Iago's* licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man very near being married. Had *Shakespeare*, consistently with *Iago's* character, meant to make him say, *Cassio* was damn'd in being married to a handsome woman, he would have made him say it outright, and not have interposed the palliative almost. The succeeding parts of his conversation sufficiently evince that the Poet thought no mode of conception or expression too shocking for *Iago*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 324. *Iago*. Your daughter and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.] In a "Dittic-

"naire des Proverbes François, Par G. D. B. Bruffelles, 1710, "12mo," under the word *dos* I find the following article:

"Faire la bete a deux dos," pour dire faire l'amour.

Mr. PERCY.

P. 345. Let me speak like yourself.] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 346. That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.]

Shakespeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon, so that very often the reader, who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of *Shakespeare's* uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to *Shakespeare* was this:

The troubled heart was never cured by words:

To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase;

The wounded heart was never reached through the ear:

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more uncommon expression. *Reach*, he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unraveling clue, expounds *piercing the heart*, in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place non-

sense, is corrected to *pie-ed he heart*, which is very stiff, and as *Polonius* says, is a *wile phrase*.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 255. *A Veronese, Michael Cassio.*] The *Revisal* supposes, I believe rightly, that *Michael Cassio* is a *Veronese*.

It should just be observed, that the *Italian* pronunciation of the word must be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 362. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] I see no more humour in this line than is obvious to the most careless reader. After enumerating the perfections of a woman, he adds, that if ever there was one such as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use than *to suckle children and keep the accounts of a household*. The expressions of *to suckle fools and chronicle small beer*, are only two instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in *Iago*, which he allows himself to have, where he says, *oh, I am nothing if not critical!* *Shakespeare* never thought of any thing like the "*O nate mecum consule Manlio.*"

Mr. STEEVENS.

This is certainly right.

P. 366. *Or taunting his discipline—*] If the sense in this place was not sufficiently clear, I should have thought *taunting* his discipline might have been the word, since it was more likely for *Roderigo*, from his general foolish character, to be able to throw out something in contempt of what he did not understand, than to say any thing which

might really fully it, which *taunting* seems to imply.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 368. *If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trace*

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.] The old reading was *trash*, which *Dr. Warburton* judiciously turned into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we ought to read *trash* for *trace*. *To trash a hound*, is a term of hunting still used in the North, and perhaps elsewhere; i. e. to correct, *to rate*. The sense is, "If this hound *Roderigo*, whom I rate for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but stand the putting on, will but have patience to be properly and fairly put upon the scent, &c." The context and sense is nothing if we read *trace*. This very hunting-term, *to trash*, is metaphorically used by *Shakespeare* in the *Tempest*, act i. sc. ii.

"*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,

"How to deny them; whom 't advance, and whom

"*To trash* for overtopping."—

To trash for overtopping; i. e. "what suitors to check for their too great forwardness." *To overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue, above the rest, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *trash'd* or rated. *Tepper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound, in many parts of *England*. *Shakespeare* is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. Mr. WARTON.

P. 374. Iago. *He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.—*] *Chaucer* uses the word *horologe* in more places than one.

“ Well skirer was his crowing
“ in his loge, (lodge)

“ Than is a clocke, or abbey
“ *horologe.*”

P. 397. *To seal her father's eyes up close as oak.*] The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of the growth of *England*. *Close as oak*, means *close as the grain of the oak.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

I am still of my former opinion.

P. 404. *The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife.*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the drum, *Shakespeare*, as usual, paints from the life: those instruments accompanying each other, being used, in his age, by the *English* soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed, that our soldiers borrowed it from the *Highlanders* in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the *Scotch*, or even used at all by them. It was first used, within the memory of man, among our troops, by the *British* guards, by order of the duke of *Cumberland*, when they were encamped at *Maeſſricht*, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other *English* regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom they served. This instrument, accompanying

the drum, is of considerable antiquity in the *European* armies, particularly the *German*. In a curious picture in the *Aſſmolean* Museum at *Oxford*, painted 1525, representing the siege of *Pavia* by the *French* king, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old *English* treatise written by *William Garrard* before 1587, and published by one captain *Hickcock* in 1591, entitled the *Arte of Warre*, there are several woodcuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king *Henry's* siege of *Bulloigne*, 1544, mention is made of the “ *drommes* and *viff-leurs*,” marching at the head of the king's army. *Tom. xv. p. 53.*

The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at antient festivals, shows, and processions. *Gerard Leigh*, in his *Accidence of Armory*, printed in 1576, describing a christmas magnificently celebrated at the inner temple, says, “ we entered the prince his hall, “ where anon we heard the noyse “ of drum and fife,” p. 119. At a stately masque on *Shrove-sunday* 1509, in which *Henry VIII.* was an actor, *Hollinshed* mentions the entry of “ a drum and fife “ apprelled in white damaske “ and grene bonnettes.” *Chron. iii. 805. col. 2.* There are many more instances in *Hollinshed*, and *Stowe's Survey of London*.

From the old *French* word *viffleur*, above cited, came the *English* word *whiffler*, which antiently was used in its proper *literal* sense. *Strype*, speaking of a grand

grand filting before the court, in queen *Mary's* reign, 1554, says, from an old journal, that king *Philip* and the challengers, entered the lists, preceded by "their *whiffers*, their footmen, "and their armourers." *Eccles. Memor.* iii. p. 211. This explains the use of the word in *Shakespeare*, where it is also literally applied. *Henry V.* act iv. sc. ult.

—"Behold, the *English* beach
 "Pales in the flood with men,
 "with wives and boys,
 "Whose shouts and claps out-
 "voice the deep-mouth'd
 "sea,
 "Which, like a mighty *whif-*
 "*fler* 'fore the king,
 "Seems to prepare his
 "way."——

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at shows and processions.*

Mr. WARTON.

P. 424. *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passions without some instruction.*] However ingenious Dr. *Warburton's* note may be, it is certainly too forced and farfetch'd. *Othello* alludes only to *Cassio's* dream, which had been invented and told him by *Iago*, when many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity, that it has not time to shape or digest them, if the mind does not relieve itself by tears, which we know it often does, whether

for joy or grief, it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences, and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls in a trance, the natural consequence.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 461. Line 2. *Gone to burning hell.*—] Against the authority of all the editions, I think, we might venture to read, *burn in hell.*—

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P. 469. *Like the base Judean threw a pearl away,*

Richer than all his tribe.] I cannot join with the learned critics in supposing this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of *India*, in respect of *pearls* or the well known story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the meanest villainy, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The *Indian* could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it, and the crime of *Herod* surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, *great* as well as *small*, there is a degree of *baseness*, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of *Herod*, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it, as there was

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was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as no superfluous ornament. Neither do I believe the poet intended to make it coincide with all the circumstances of *Othello's* situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that, on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather chuse to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. *Pope's* rejected explanation, *presupposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now totally forgotten.

Shakespeare's seeming aversion to the *Jews* in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen this supposition; and as that nation in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet.

When *Falstaff* is justifying himself in *Henry IV.* he adds, If what I have said be not true, I am a *Jew*, an *Ebrew Jew*, (*i. e.* one of the most suspected characters of the time) and the *vigilance* for gain which is described in *Shylock*, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story of some *Jew*, who rather than not have his own price for a *pearl of value*, *basely* threw that away which was so excellent in its kind, that its fellow could hardly ever be expected to be found again.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the *Jew* again in a mercantile light, and may mean that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them*. Neither do I recollect that *Othello* mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind, are the similes to the *Euxine* sea flowing into the *Propontick*, and the *Arabian* trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in *Shakespeare*, for he is never quite clear from them, though in the design of this character, he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition, and
this

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this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations, sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may for ought I know be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there is a circumstance that immediately shews a woman to have been meant.

“ There SHE lies a pearl:

“ Why SHE is a pearl of price.”

In *Othello's* speech we find no such leading expression, and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

To this note, should be subjoined (as an apology for many

others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it, when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to be the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added?

Mr. STEEVENS.

I have

I have endeavoured to enumerate the Editions of *Shakespeare's Plays*, but finding that I have paid too much regard to inaccurate catalogues, I think it necessary to subjoin the following list given me by Mr. *Steevens*.

The Editions marked with Asterisks are in no former Tables.

I know no one who has seen those in the *Italic Characters*, but find them in Mr. *Pope's* and Mr. *Theobald's* Tables, and in Dr. *Warburton's*, which is compiled from them.

- I. { 1. Midsummer Night's Dream, William Shakespeare, 1600, for Thomas Fisher.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1600, James Roberts.
- II. { 1. Merry Wives of Windsor, William Shakespeare, 1602, T. C. for Arthur Johnson.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1619, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.
- III. { Much ado about Nothing, William Shakespeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley.
- IV. { 1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakespeare, 1600, J. K. for Thomas Heyes.
2. D°. W. Shakespeare, 1600, T. Roberts.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1652, for William Leake.
- V. { 1. Love's Labour lost, William Shakespeare, 1598, W. W. for Cuthbert Burley.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

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- VI. { 1. *Taming of the Shrew*, 1607, V. S. for Nich. Ling.
2. D^o. Will. Shakespeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.
- VII. * { 1. King Lear, William Shakespeare, 1608, for Nathaniel Butter.
2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1608, for D^o.
3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1655, Jane Bell.
- VIII. { 1. King John, 2. p^s. 1591, for Sampson Clarke.
2. D^o. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John Helme.
3. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1622, Aug. Mathewes, for Thomas Dewe.
- IX. { 1. Richard II. William Shakespeare, 1598, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wise.
2. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1608, W. W. for Mathew Law.
3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1615, for Mathew Law.
4. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.
- X. * { 1. Henry IV. 1st. p^t. 1598, P. S. for Andrew Wise.
2. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1599, S. S. for D^o.
3. D^o. 1604.
4. D^o. 1608. for Mathew Law.
5. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1613, W. W. for D^o.
6. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1622, T. P. Sold by D^o.
7. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1632, John Norton, Sold by William Sheares.
8. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1639, John Norton, Sold by Hugh Perry.
- XI. { Henry IV. 2nd p^t. William Shakespeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley.
- XII. * { 1. Henry V. 1600, Tho. Crede for Tho. Millington,
2. D^o. 1602, Thomas Crede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D^o. 1608, for T. P.
- XIII. XIV. { 1. Henry VI. William Shakespeare, 1600, W. W. for Tho. Millington.
2. D^o. William Shakespeare, no date, for T. P.

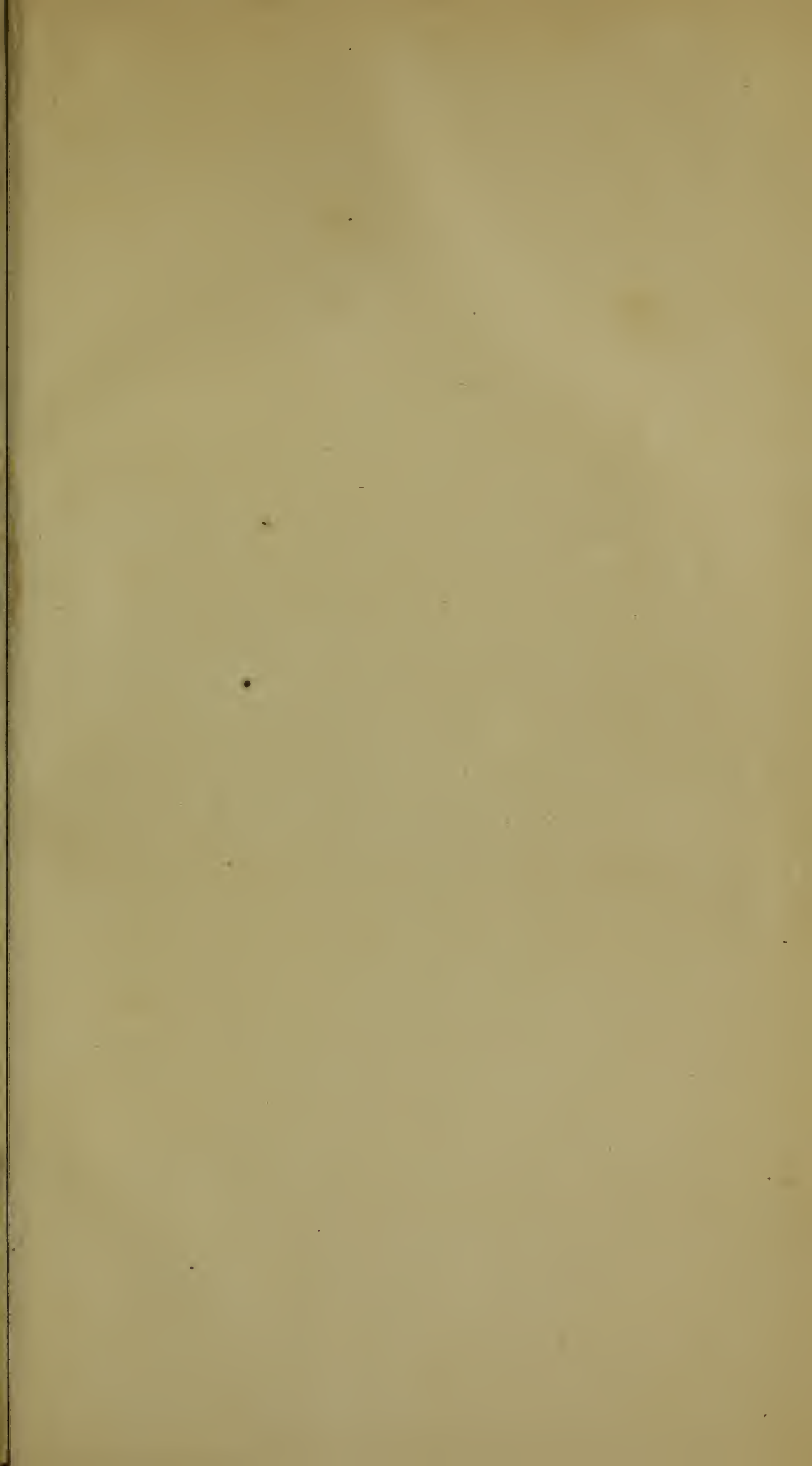
APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

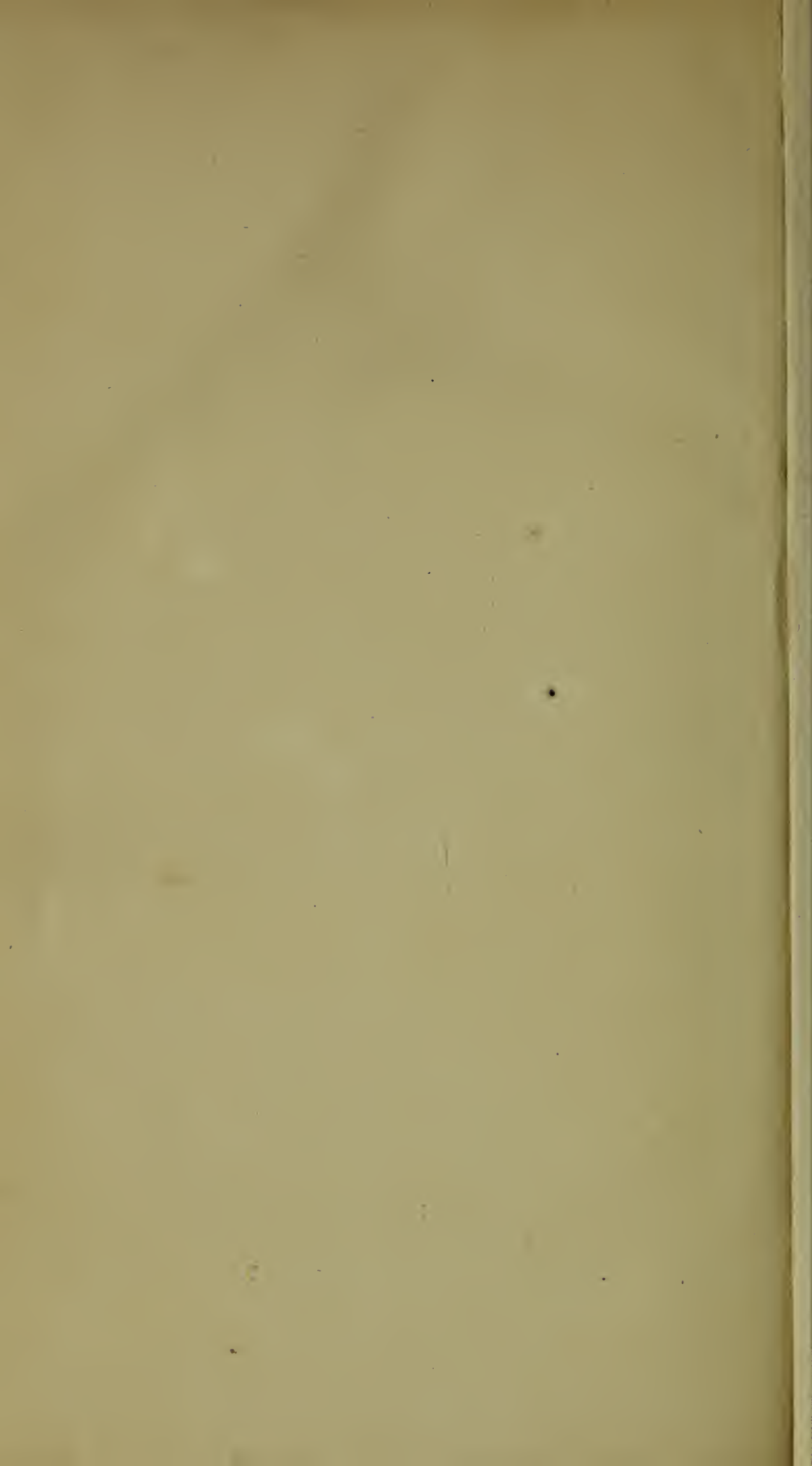
- XV. { 1. Richard III. 1597, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wife.
 2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D^o.
 3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1602, Thomas, &c. for D^o.
 4. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, sold by Mathew Law.
 5. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1624, Thomas Purfoot, sold by D^o.
 6. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1629, John Norton, sold by D^o.
 7. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.
- XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.
- XVII. { 1. Troilus and Cressida, William Shakespeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley.
 2. D^o. no date, D^o.
- XVIII. * { 1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
 2. D^o. 1599, *Tho. Crede, for Cuthbert Burley.*
 3. D^o. 1609, for John Smethwicke.
 4. D^o. William Shakespeare, no date, John Smethwicke.
 5. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young, for D^o.
- XIX. * { 1. Hamlet, William Shakespeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L.
 2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke.
 3. D^o. William Shakespeare, no date, W. S. for D^o.
 4. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young, for D^o.
- XX. { 1. Othello, *William Shakespeare, no date, Thomas Walkely.*
 2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
 3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
 4. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1655, for William Leake.

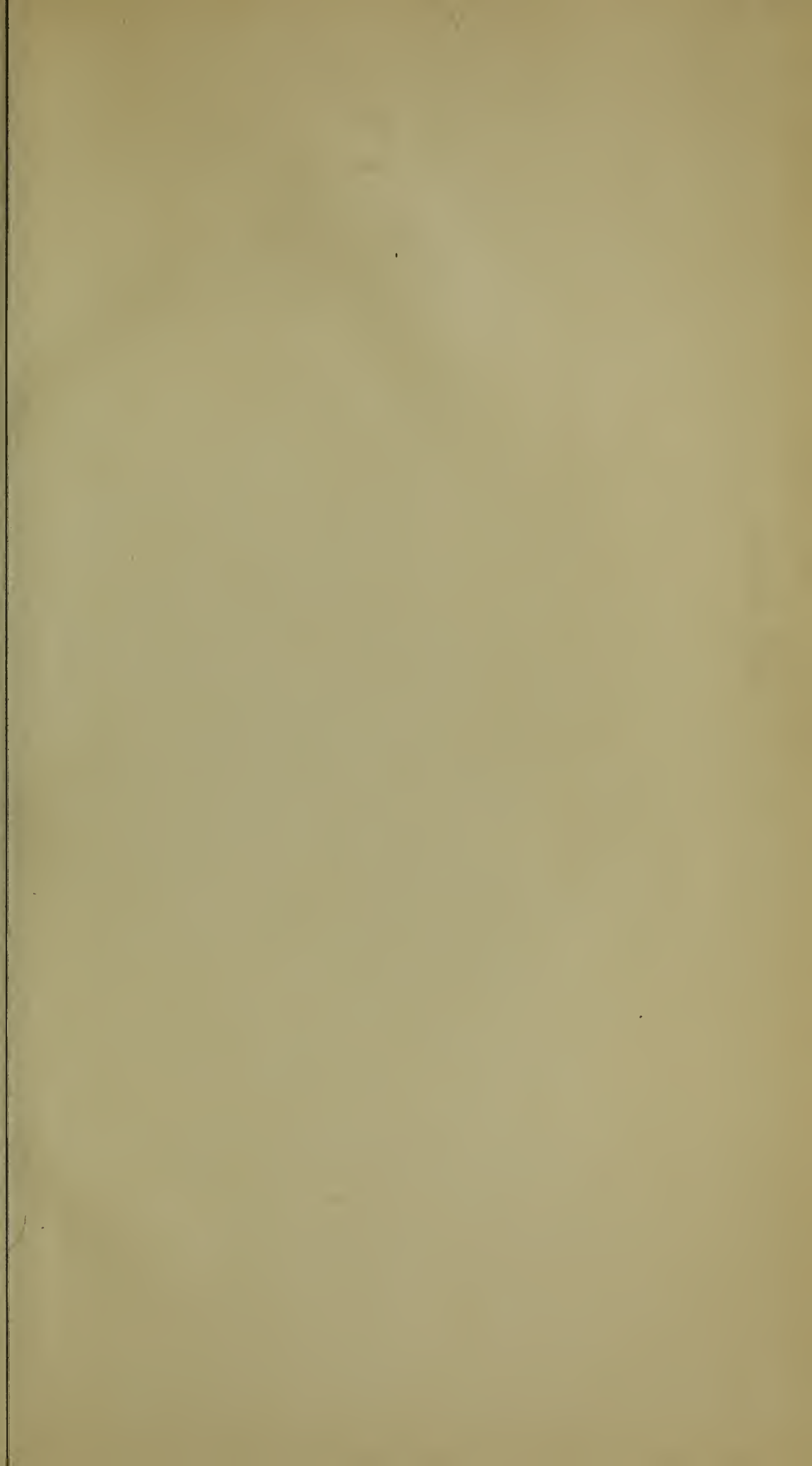
Of all the other plays, the only authentick edition is the folio of 1623, from which the subsequent folios, never vary, but by accident and negligence.

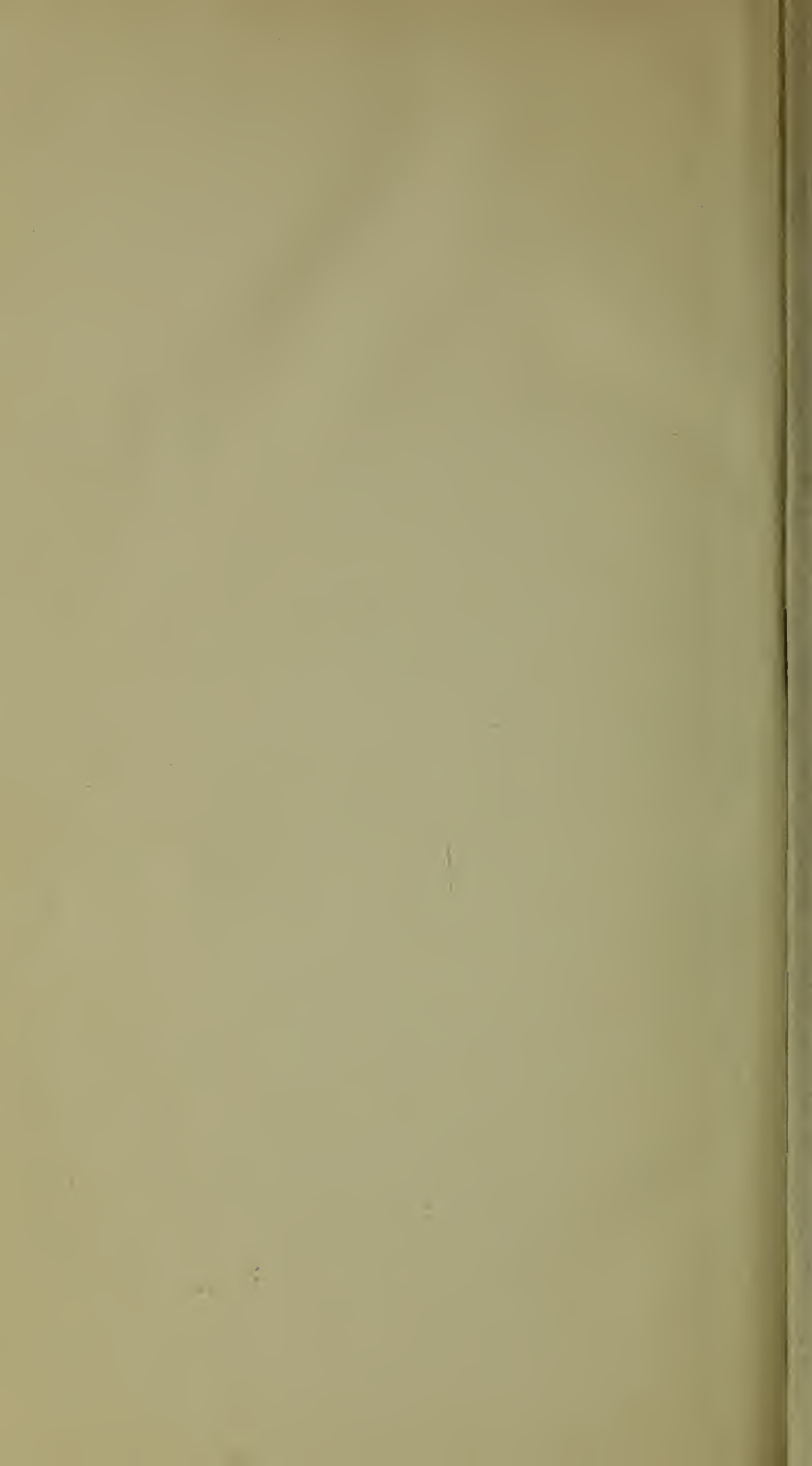
The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 description of the country and its resources.
 It is followed by a detailed account of the
 various tribes and their customs.
 The author then describes the
 different kinds of animals and plants
 which are found in the country.
 He also gives a list of the
 principal towns and villages.
 The book is written in a simple and
 plain style, and is well adapted
 for the use of students and
 travellers.

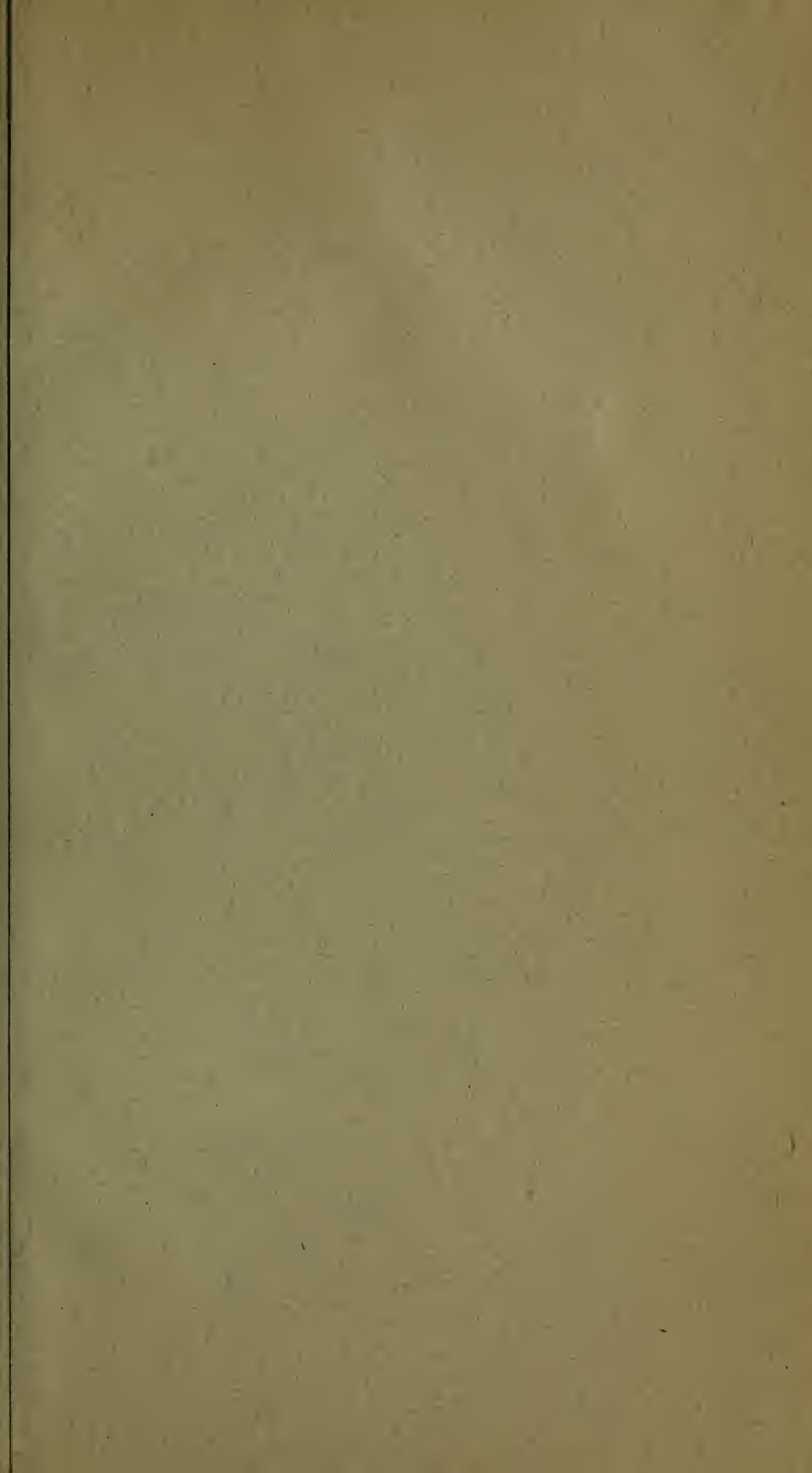
The book is published by the
 Government of India, and is
 available in English and
 Hindi.











B. F. Lindery.
MAY 21 1909

