THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH,

CONTAINING,

ROMEO and JULIET.
HAMLET, PRINCE of DENMARK.
OTHELLO, the MOOR of VENICE.

LONDON:
ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

Vol. VIII.
PRELOGUE
PROLOGUE.

TWO 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 Overtrows
    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.

B 2    Dra-
Dramatis Personae.

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, Servants to Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, Hugh Rebeck, 3 Musicians.
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.

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 Baldello Pope.
This novel is translated in Painter's Palace of Pleasure.
Editions of this Play:
1. 1597, John Danter;
3. 1637, R. Young for John Smethwick.
4. No date. John Smethwick, I have only the folio.
Enter Sampson and Gregory, (with swords and bucklers) two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.

Gregory, on my word, 'twill 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.

["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 positive-ly deny it, where is the proof? I do not certainly know the meaning of the phrase, but it seems rather to be to sthother an-ger, and to be used of a man who burns inwardly with resent-ment, to which he gives no vent.]

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 cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads, 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!
Sam. Let us take the law of our fides, 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 difgrace 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 fide, 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.

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 this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakespeare.
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? 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 spight 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

* give me my long sword.] The long sword was the sword used in war, which was sometimes 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, beseeming, 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.

SCENE II.

La. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach;
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, his'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'reds I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
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.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from founding 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 Sun.

[When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides balmy air, that brings forth, and makes the tender 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 obsolete spelling, Same; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. Theod.

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-ways 9 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. Ham-mer, and after him Dr. Warbur-ton, read, to his ill. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that love finds out means to pursue his desirous. That the blind should find paths to ill is no great wonder.

2 Why such is love's transgression.—] Such is the consequence of unskillful 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,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
*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.

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loft myself, I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. *Tell me in fadness, who she is you love?
Rom. What, fhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but fadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a fick man in fadness make his will?—
O word, ill urg'd to one that is fo ill!
In fadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd fo 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 fooneft hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you mis's; she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit:
And, *in strong proof of chaftity well arm'd,
From love's weak childifh bow, she lives unhar'm'd.
She will not stay the fiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aflailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-feducing gold.

* 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 urged, a fire sparkling.
Being excited and inforced. To
urge the fire is the technical term.
* Being vex'd, &c.] As this line stands fingle, it is likely that
the foregoing or following line
that rhym'd to it, is loft.
5 Tell me in fadness,] That is,
tell me gravely, tell me in seri-
ousnes.
6 in strong proof—] In chaftity
of proof, as we fay in armour of
proof.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That when she dies, with Beauty dies her Store.

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

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, too wisely fair,
To merit blis 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 rule'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 humanity, 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, 

9 too wisely fair.] Hanmer,
For, wisely too fair.
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 laying 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,
'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-accustom'd Feast,
Whereunto 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
Such Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light.

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.] This nonsense
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even 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:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, 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, those 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 Etiop's
ear.

Warburton.

But why nonsense? Is anything 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 ope'd those eyes that must
eclipse the day.

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense,
but they are both, and both equally 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 beauties, as young men feel in the month
of April, is sure 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 pro-
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,
in being one,

May stand in number, &c.

Serv.
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 Laff, 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 plantan 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.

Vol. VIII.
[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 nieces; 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.

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5 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 Sups 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 shew,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

---

5 A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.]

Rom. When a man reads a list of invited guests, he knows that they are invited to something, and, without any extraordinary good fortune, may guess, to a supper.

When a man reads a list of invited guests, he knows that they are invited to something, and, without any extraordinary good fortune, may guess, to a supper.

Rom.
ROMEO and JULIET.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such faithhoods, then turn tears to fires!
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Translucent heretics, 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,
Her self 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 sight to be shewn;
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE 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?

—let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,] But the comparison was not betwixt the love that Romeo's mistress paid him, and the person of any other young woman; but betwixt Romeo's mistress herself, and some other that should be match'd against her. The poet therefore must certainly have wrote;

Your lady-love against some other maid.

Warburton.

Enter
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 flinted, 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'ft upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, julé? it flinted, and said, ay.

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

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

Thou waft the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurst. An' I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

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

9 It is an hour.] The modern editors all give it is an honour. I have restored the genuine word, 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.
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 Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast;
Read o'er the Volume of young Paris' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry several 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,
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.

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

Pope.

*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 frays.

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

SCENE V.

A Street before Capulet's House.

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

Rom. WHAT, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. 3 The date is out of such prolixity.

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

6 Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
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 flakes 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 Cage to put my visage in?

Putting on his Mask.

A Vifor for a Vifor!—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 edi-
tion.

Pope.

Here
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

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

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the tenebrows rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a granfire-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 granfire'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 (fays Romeo) and look on. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect 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 font gras.
As much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observation with,

I am proverb'd with a granfire's phraſe,

Mercutio adds to his reply, the constable's own word. As much as to say, if you are for old proverbs, 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 might guard being distinguished for their pacific character, the constable, as an emblem 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 obscures 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 fits
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. O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the Fancy’s midwife, and she comes

having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as vile, cries out,
O! save your reverence, Love. 
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 design 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 — 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 design 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 —

Warburton.
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Aethwart 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'fies 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 plaques,
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;

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'fies strait:
because they are shewn in two places under different views: in the first, their sophery; in the second, their rapacity is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-follicitation 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, ambushadoes, *Spanish blades,* 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. Ware.

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

\[\text{Ennis Toletanis}
\text{Und: Tagi non est ano celebran-
\text{da metallo,}
\text{Utilis in cives est ibi lamna suo.}\]
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he flarts 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,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish 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 the——

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 wooes
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 ourselves;
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 despifed 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, lufty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.

And cakes the elf-locks, &c.] Plica Polonica. Warburton.
This was a common superstitition; + Direct my suit! Guide the
and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 Serv. WHERE'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!
You're welcome, Gentlemen. Come, musicians, play.
A ball, a ball. Make room. And foot it, girls.

[Music 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, 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 uncle in the paper of invitation, but as Capulet is described as old, cousin is probably 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.
ROMEO and JULIET.

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 'til 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 fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the flock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kin'sman, 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-beseeing 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 matter 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, left faith turn to despair.

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To smooth that rough Touch with a tender kiss.

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

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

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my fin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

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

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespas, sweetly urg'd!

Give me my fin again.


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

Rom. What is her mother?

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, sirrah, 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 Petrucho.

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

Nurse.
Nurfe. I know not.

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

Nurfe. 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.

Nurfe. 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.

Nurfe. Anon, anon—

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.

Enter 8 CHORUS.

Now old Desure 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:

8 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.
ROMEO and JULIET.

But Passion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
[Exit Chorus.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO.

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 wise,
And, on my life, hath stole 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 Ah 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.
SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jefts at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window 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.

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—

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 discourse; I will answer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'til 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 heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night:

1 He jefts at scars,] That is, votary to the moon, to Diana.
Mercutio jefts, whom he over— 3 It is my lady;—] This line heard.
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, wondering, eyes Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him; When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, And fails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo--wherefore art thou Ro- meo?

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?

[JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy: 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.] 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.

Hammer reads, Thou'rt not thyself so, though a Montague.

D 4
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 wherefore?
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 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'rt 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 merchandize.

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!
Doft 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 nay,
So thou wilt wooe; 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 7 coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-hear'dst, 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. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Left 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't 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. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose, 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!
[Exit Montague, be true.]
Rom. O blest, 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'st 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.

**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'rd school with heavy looks.

*Enter Juliet again.*

**Jul.** Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falkner’s voice;
To lure this Taffel 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 send 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 sorrows,
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
SCENE III.

Changes to a Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. 8  THE 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 cheer, and night’s dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this offer-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 fucking 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, tumbling 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.

9 —powerful grace,] Efficacious virtue.
46 ROMEO and JULIET.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime by action's dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power,
For this being smelt, with that senfe chears each part,
Being tasted, slays all senfes with the heart.
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 unstuft 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 me-

1. I believe Shakespeare wrote, more accu-

1. Shakespeare wrote, more accurately, thus,

1. Poisen hath residence, and me-

1. i. e. both the poison and the an-

1. tiadote are lodged within the rind

1. of this flower. Warburton.

1. There is no need of alteration.

2 Two such opposed foes——] This is a modern Sophiftication.

2. The old books have it opposed—

2. kings. So that it appears,

2. Shakespeare wrote, Two such op-

2. posed kin. Why he calls them

2. Kin was, because they were qua-

2. litics residing in one and the same

2. substance. And as the enmity of

2. opposed Kin generally rises high-

2. er than that between strangers;

2. this circumstance adds a beauty

2. to the expression. Warb.

2. Foes is certainly wrong, and

2. kin is not right. Two kings are

2. two opposite powers, two con-

2. tending potentates, in both the

2. natural and moral world. The

2. word encamp is proper to com-

2. manders.
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! waft 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 haft 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 waiht 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 fit
Of an old tear that is not waihd off yet.

If
48  ROMEO and JULIET.

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

Rom. Thou chidd'ft me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ft 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 fo.
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 afliftant be:
For this alliance may fo happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I f tand on sudden haft e.
Fri. Wisely and low; they ftumble, that run faft.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil fhould this Romeo be?
came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's, I fpoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that fame pale, hard-hearted, wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him fo, that he will, fure, 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! stab'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 but-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you fing prick'd fongs, keeps time, distance, and proportion;'Rets his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal paffado, the punto reverfo, 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 lunafilio.

A man of compliments; whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire;
Says our authour of Don Arma
do, the Spaniard, in Love's la
bour lost.

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

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 bay is the word hai, you 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!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-
mois's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench? 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 flowed in: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berhyme her; Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gip-
fy, Helen and Hero holdings and harlots: Thibé a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Ro-
meo, 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 counter-
feit 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 courtefy.

7 Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire!] Humourously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the shoperies here com-
plained of. Warburton.

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

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.
That's as much as to say, such a cafe as yours confines a man to bow in the hams.

Thou haft most kindly hit it. A most courteous exhibition. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Pink for flower.

Meaning, to curt'fy, thou haft most kindly hit it.

A most courteous composition. I am the very pink of courtefy.

Pink for flower. Right.

Why, then is my pump well flower'd. Sure wit—follow me this jest, now, till thou haft worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

O single-sole'd jest, solely singular, for the singleness!

Come between us, good Benvolio, my wit faints.

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

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chafe, I am done: for thou haft 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?

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

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Nay, good goose, bite not.

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

And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose? O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

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

then is my pump well flower'd] pinked pumps, that is, pumps punched with holes in figures. Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore...
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 would'st 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 lefs, 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.

Merc. Yea, is the worst well?

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

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,

I desire some confidence with you.

Benv. She will indite him to some supper.

Merc. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!—

Romeo. What hast thou found?

Merc. 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.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Merc. 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?

Romeo. 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, jo bo! the cry of the sportsmen when they flait 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.
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 vexed, 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. Command 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,

[None of his skains-mates.] skains was some low play, and
The word skains-mates. I do not skains-mate, a companion at such understanding, but suppose that play.

And
And bring thee cords, made \^ 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 mistrefs 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?

_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
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. Petu,—

Pet. Anon?

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

S C E N E V.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The 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 highmoot hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come.
Had she the affections and warm youthful blood,


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 by 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?
Haft 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'lt thou sad?
Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,
By playing 't to me with so four a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, 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 hast? 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 Ro- meo?

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.

Hic you to church, I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's-neft 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.


**SCENE VI.**

**Changes to the Monastery.**

**Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.**

Fri. O 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, confume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in its own deliciousness, And in the taste confounds the appetite; Therefore love moderately, long love doth so. 

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 goffermer That idles in the wanton summer air, And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

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

Bargs 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 sums 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.

Pray thee, good Mercutio, let’s retire;

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.

*The day is hot,] It is observed that crimes are committed during the

than in Italy almost all assassina-

heat of summer.

Mer.
Romeo and Juliet.

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 hateful 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. 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 comfort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Confort! 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! comfort!

[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.

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'lt me not.

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

Rom.
ROMEO and JULIET.

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?
Mer. 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. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, left mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.
[Drawing.

[Mercurio and Tybalt fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio,—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen— for shame, forbear this outrage—
Tybalt—Mercutio—the Prince expressly hath
Forgotten 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.

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?

We should read Pilche, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard.
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.

SCENE 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 aspired to 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 does depend;
This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the

days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

Enter
Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
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'ft 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 didn't comfort 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,
Rom. * Oh! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doft thou stay? [Exit Romeo;

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.
Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

* Oh! I am fortune's fool.] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in a Measure for Measure. See Dr. 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, 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
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withall
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 petty. So in the last Act:
art just and upright.

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

4. Of dear impor. Hold,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rufhes; 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 Romeo 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 flew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo flew him, he flew 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 falsehood on Bentivolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Bentivolio 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. Hammer 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,
Elfe, 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.]

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rd Phæbus' mansion; such a waggoner,
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

sence 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 flap't? 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,

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 posses'd it; and though I am told,
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, WARR.
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
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;
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

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. 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 pres'f 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!

Pope.

The strange lines are these:

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

If he be slain, say I; or if not, No;
Brief found determine of my
sueal or snoe.

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 these eyes foot that make
thee answer, I,

I am not I, &c.
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 vitae—
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 raving Lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble epithets 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 rav'n and rav'ning; 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,
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 press'd to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banish'd!
That banish'd, that one word banish'd,
4 Hath slain ten thousand Tybals. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or if our woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when he 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 banish'd—to speak that word,
Is, father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—Romeo is banish'd!
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe found.

4 Hath slain ten thousand Tybals.] 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 coarse,

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' cell.

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

knight.

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, 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 fou’r company.
I bring the tidings of the Prince’s doom?
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince’s
doof?
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 rush’d aside the law,
And turn’d that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou feest 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-
eft preface.
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 kiss’d fin.
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 profeft,
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.

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

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

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

Run to my Study—(By and by)—God's will! What wilfulness this is?—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,
Juft 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 ob?
Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Speakst 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 cancel'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 haft amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

---cancel'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 both!

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

Haft
Haft thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thyself?
Why rail'ft 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'ft thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Usurer, abound'ft 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 haft vow'd to cherish.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Mis-lapen in the Conduct of them both.
Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
Is set on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own Defence.
What, roufe thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,

1 Why ral'ft 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 at one; which then at once wouldst lose.

2 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 Shakespeare 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.

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
Romeo and Juliet.

For whose dear sake thou wait but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew’st Tybalt; there thou’rt happy too.
The law, that threatened 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 sullen wench,
Thou pou’dst 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 haften 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.] 4—here stands all your state;]
The three lines are omitted in all the modern editions.
The whole of your fortune depends on this.

Sojourn
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.

5 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. 6 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.

6 Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love.—] This was but an indifferent compli-

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
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 to—
morrow. 

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, hoa! 
’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. 
\textit{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, advent'rous, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.

SCENE
SCENE 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 pomegranate 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 fevering 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 the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens so high above our heads,
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 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:
9 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
'Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee up with hunt'sup 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-
sable 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 bear'd 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
deferve 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 sen-
se is this, The lark, they say, has left
her eyes to the toad, and now I
would the toad had her voice too,
since she uses it to the disturbanc
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, farewel; one Kiss, 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-fight 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.

SCENE 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:

G 3
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 is my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom’d cause 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?
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. I, Madam, from the Reach of these my hands——
Would, none but I might venge my Cousin’s Death!

---procures her hither?] equivocations are rather too art-
France, for brings. W ARB. ful for a mind disturbed by the
Juliet’s los of a new lover.

La,
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an 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 vex't?
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 haft a careful father,
child,
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath forded out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, 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.
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 yourself, 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 how'rering? 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 calm will overfet 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. 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-fickness 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 on 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 blest 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 goffips, 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 goffip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
Romeo and Juliet

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 prevented?
My Husband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unles that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack,
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practive stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'lt 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 so keen, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Befrew 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,
As living here, and you no use of him.
_Jul._ Speak'lt thou from thy heart?
_Nurse._ And from my Soul too,
Or else befrew 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' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

_Nurse._ Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]
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 flow 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 fway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens 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 flow'd.

[Aside.

Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

* And I am, &c.] His haste shall not be abated by my slovenies. That is, I am diligent to abet and enforce his haste.

May be read, And I am nothing slow to back

Enter.
Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, 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 foul, 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 wrongst it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no flander, Sir, which is but truth,

And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flander'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 rouse you;

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit Paris.

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so.

Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

"my lady and my wife!" As thou wrote thus,

these four first lines seem intended to rhyme, perhaps the au-

"my lady and my life!"

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 hear'dst 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-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
' Twixt my extremities and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the 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 desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou haft the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this flame,
That cop'st 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 difficulty.
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 men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplefs 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 unattain'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 natural 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.

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 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; 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,
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.

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!—

SCENE 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.

Will watch thy waking.

These words are not in the
folio.

If no unconstant toy,—] If
no fickle freak, no light caprice,
in 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 Behists; 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?
R O M E O and J U L I E T.

I. 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. 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 I I I.

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;
For I have need of many Orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'st, is crost, and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La.Cap. What, are you bus'ry? 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 fit up with you;

6 We shall be short—] That is, der the appearance of religion:
We shall be defective.
7 For I have need, &c.] Ju- liet plays most of her pranks un-

For,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

_Le. 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—

---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 healthful 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 refort.

_ALAS_.
Alas, alas! 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 forefathers' 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, here's drink! Romeo, I drink to thee.
[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. HOLD, 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,

The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for Cost.

This speech is confused and inconsequent, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind.

Nurse.
ROMEO and JULIET.

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 lefs 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 whorefon, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with mufick fraught,

[Play music.

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.
SCENE V.

Changes to Juliet’s Chamber, Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter Nurse.

Why, lamb—why, Lady—Fy, you flug-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 drefft, 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 noife 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 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.
ROMEO and JULIET.

Nurse. 'O woeful, woeful, woeful, day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful 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 woeful day, oh woeful 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. 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 woeful, oh woeful, &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.

2 In former editions, Peace, ho, for Shame! Confusion's Cure lives not.

3] 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 staring, 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 advance'd;
And weep you now, seeing she is advance'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 fickle your Rosemary
On this fair Coarse; and, as the Custom is,
And in her best Array, bear her to Church.

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 Chariot 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'n's do low'r upon you, for some Ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high Will.


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.
SCENE 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 gleek. 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.

* O, play me some merry dump, folio, but the answer plainly re-

to comfort me! This is not in the quires 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 found, 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 finger, I will say for you. It is musick with her silver found, 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.
If I may trust the flattering Truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

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.

If I may trust the flattering Truth 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 frailty, - 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.

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 practice Flattery.
My bosom's Lord fits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful 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 poss'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona—How now, Balthasar?
Doft 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 Shake-
speare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extre-
mity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exalt-
tations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-
tokens of good and evil.

Rom.
ROMEO and JULIET.

Rom. Thus, thou art deceiv'd.
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haft 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 mufty seeds,
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 suffec. therefore that Shakespeare wrote,

A braggarly 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.

Wardourton.

Beggarly is probably right; if
the boxes were empty, the account
was more beggarly, as it was
more pompous.

7 Here
Here lives a caitiff wretch would fell it him.
Oh, this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame needy man must fell 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 poifon, such soon-speeding geer,
As will di!perse itself thro all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the Trunk may be discharge'd of breath,
As violently, as hafty 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 utter's 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 poifon to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not fell.
I fell thee poifon, thou haft sold me none.—
Farewel.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fiewh. 
Come, cordial, and not poifon; go with me 
To Juliet's grave, for there muft I use thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY Francifcan 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 fiaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not fend 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 right
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Law.
Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will be sore at it, 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 coarse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.

SCENE 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'rs! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew
[Strewing flowers.

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

2 Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.] These four lines copy. The folio has these lines;

Mr. Pope has followed the best copy. The folio has these lines;

from the old edition. Pope.

Sweet flow'rs, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew:
O woe! thy canopy is dole and stone,
With which sweet water nightly I will draw,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by means.
The obsequies which I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave, and weep.

Vol. VIII. I

Accept
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 curled foot wanders this way to-night.
To cross my Obsequies, and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, a while.

**SCENE 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 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.

---*dear employment.*] That were supposed to have great
its 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 prosperous, 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 despight 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 purfu'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 desperate 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 betrothed 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 four 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 feasting 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. —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 funder 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;

—Prence— A presence we should read,
—is a publick room.

—O, now may I
Call this a lightning! —

And
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 bled. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kis.
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

Come, bitter conduct! come unfav’ry guide!
Thou des’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 kis I die. [Dies.

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 bled. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kis
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
Come, bitter conduct! come unfav’ry guide!
Thou des’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 kis I die. [Dies.

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 sculls? 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 first.

_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 stay. 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
Pitiful fight! 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;
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.

SCENE 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 to'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 fight 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 stop't 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?

9 ——— 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 prefs 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 leaf,
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
mention 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 desperate, 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 sacrifice'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 threatened 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;
ROMEO and JULIET,

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 kinmen. 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 irresistibly affecting, and the progress 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 Shake-
speare, that he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, left 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 dan-
ger 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 with 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-

peare to have continued his ex-

istence, though some of his fal-
lies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, ar-
gumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the cha-

racters in which the Author de-

lighted: he has, with great sub-

tility of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, truthly and dishonest.

His comick scenes are hap-
pily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.
HAMLET,

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, Courtiers.
Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern,
Ofrick, a Fop.
Marcellus, an Officer.
Bernardo, two Soldiers.
Francisco,
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.

* * I have only the third Quarto and Folio.
*ACT I. SCENE I.*

*ACT I. SCENE I.*

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

BERNARDO.

Who'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 correctly, than almost any other of the works of Shakespeare.
Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
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.
Ber. Say, what, is Horatio there?
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 fight, 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,---
Rivals, for partners. Ware.
By Rivals of the Watch are meant those who were to watch on the next adjoining ground, by a brook, which belonged equally to both. Hammer.
2 Hor. A piece of him.] But why a piece? He says this as he gives his hand. Which direction should be marked. Ware.

That
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tuff! tuff! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again afford your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
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 to 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'lt 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.

--- approve our eyes,] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes.

--- What we two nights have seen.] This line is by Hamlet given to Marcellus, but without necessity.
HAMLET,

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.  
[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.


Is not this something more than phantasm?

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 fleeced Polack on the ice.

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial talk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,

---

5 He smote the fleeced Polack on the ice.] Pole-ax in the common 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 translation of Passeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, published by Camden:

Whether thy chance or choice thet 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 editions discarded it for a more fashionable word. WARR.

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 author.

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 taal talk
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 prick'd 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, who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

\[\text{Did} \]

\[\text{a seal'd compas,} \]
\[\text{Well ratified by law and heraldry.}\]

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
abfurd. For the nature of ratification requires that which ratifies, and that which is ratified,
should not be one and the same, but different. For these reasons

K 3
HAMLET,

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; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a lift of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
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,
And terms compulfative, 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 Shakespeare wrote,

—who by seal'd compact—

Well ratified by law of heraldry.

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 belt 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. 

as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles design'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.

And carriage of the articles design'd.] Carriage, is import: designed, is formed, drawn up between them.

Of unimproved mettle—

Unimproved, for unrefined. WAR.

Full of unimproved mettle, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience.

That hath a stomach in't:—

Stomach, in the time of our author, was used for constancy, resolution.

And terms compulfative,—

The old quarto, better, compul- fatory.
PRINCE OF DENMARK. 135

Ber. * I think, it be no other; but even so
Well may it fort, 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 flood tenantless; and the sweeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, De ces of blood fell;
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.

1 And prologue to the omen’d coming on,
Have heav’n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climates 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 ItaHck 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 significations 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. WARE.

Hammer follows Theobald.
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,

[Coek crows.

Speak of it. Stay, and speak—Stop it, Marcellus——
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Her. Do, if it will not stand,
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
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,

5 If thou hast any sound, ]
The speech of Horatio to the speeetres is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of appari-
tions.

9 According to the pneuma-
tology of that time, every ele-
ment was inhabited by its pecu-
lar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all spirits extravagant, wandering
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 * 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 russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon * 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 smooth 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 fitir abroad, Quarto.
3 No fairy takes,——] No fairy strikes, with lameness or diseases. This sense of take is frequent in this author.

—high eastern hill—] The old quarto has it better eastward. Warburton.
SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though 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,
To imperial jointrefs 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;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message

5 Colleagued with this dream that he has no allies to support of his advantage. The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, Warburton.

Importing
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Loft 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 Lifts, 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 
King. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

[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 wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
6 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
HAMLET,

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 to 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,
Wring 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. 7 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 laboratory where that vital liquor is digested, distributed, and (when weakened and debilitated) again restored to the vigour necessary for the discharge of its functions.

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 preferred, the Counselor being to the King as the head to the heart.

7 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'lt, 'tis common: all, that live, must die; Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

"go, Laertes; make the fairest "ufe you please of your time, "and spend it at your will with "the fairest graces you are mat- 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 mother, he was become the King's fon-in-law; So far is-ealy. But what means the latter part,

—and less than kind? The King, in the present reading, 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 expound gently 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 unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression, known in former times for a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it.

Hammer. 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. 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 inspiration 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 them:
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, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, 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 deiftants;
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 author'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 condolement.—] Condolement, for sorrow; because
sorrow is used to be condoled.

Warburton.
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief,
It shews 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,

To Reason most absurd; whose common theam
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry’d,
From the first coarse, ’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;
And with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart tow’d 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 chieuest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
Her. I pray thee, 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 com-
mon sense, for the faculty by
which we form conclusions from
arguments.

6 And with no less nobility of
love,] Nobility, for Magni-
tude. Warburton.

I believe impart is, impart my-
self, communicate whatever I can
bellow.
HAMLET,

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 bru&t; again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [Exeunt,

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt;
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
9 Or that the Everlafting had not fixt
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, ftale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to feed; things rank, and grofs in nature;
Poss'fs it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not fo 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 Everlafting 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
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hyperion to a Satyr; so loving to my mother,
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.—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! 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 exquisite beauty. By the Satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion,
Apollo, Pan and Apollo were brothers, and the allusion is to the
contention between those two Gods for the preference in musick.

WARBURTON.

2 In former editions,
That be permitted not the winds of heav'n] This is a
sophistical reading, copied from the
players in some of the modern 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 betwixt the
winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly.

Betwixt is a corruption with-
out doubt, but not so inveeterate
a one, but that, by the change
of a single letter, and the separa-
tion of two words mistaken
ly 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-
ing 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 author nothing, being
the common language of his
time. Of finding such beauties
in any poet there is no end.

Vol. VIII. L

Than
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, moft 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.

SCENE 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 fame, 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 Trufter of your own report
Against yourfelf. I know, you are no truant;

4 —what make you—] A fam-
iliar phrafe for what are you
doing.

5 —good even, Sir.] So
the copies. Sir Tb. Hanmer and
Dr. Warburton put it, good morn-
ing. The alteration is of no im-
portance, but all licence is dan-
gerous. There is no need of any
change. Between the first and
eighth scene of this act it is ap-
parent that a natural day must
pafs, and how much of it is al-
ready over, there is nothing that
can determine. The King has
held a council. It may now as
well be evening as morning.

2
But what is your affair in Elsinor?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

_Hor._ My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
_Ham._ Pr'yrhee, 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 _*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._ 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 vaft 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 oppreft and fear-surprised eyes,

*Dearest, for direft, most dreadful, most dangerous.*

*Season your admiration—That is, temper it.*

_L 2_ Within
HAMLET,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy 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
watched.
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 found 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.

—-with the act of fear, [Shakespeare could never write improperly, as to call the passion
of fear, the act of fear. Without doubt the true reading is,]

—-with the effect of fear.

WARBURTON.

Here is an affectation of subtilty 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 Shakespeare

—-with 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. 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 fable 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:

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.
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 fit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE 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 supplyance of a minute:

No more. ———

Oph. It is plain that perfume is necessary to exemplify the idea of
sweet, not lasting. With the word supplyance I am not satisfied,
and yet dare hardly offer what I
Opb. No more but so?

Lær. 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;
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
The sanctity 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.

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 ues the adjective in Julius Caesar,
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous.

But I believe Shakespeare wrote,
And now no foil or cautel—
which the following words confirm,

—doh besmerch:

For by virtue is meant the simplicity of his will; not virtuous will:
and both this and besmerch refer
only to foil, and to the foil of craft and insincerity. WARBURTON.

Virtue seems here to comprise
both excellence and power; and
may be explained the pure of
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.

Hammer reads very rightly, sanctity. Sanctity is elsewhere printed for sanctity, in the old edition of this play.
Then weigh, what loss your Honour may sustain;
If with too credent ear you lift 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 keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest 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;

Whilst, like a puff and careless libertine,

4 — keep within the rear, &c.] That is, do not advance so far as your affection would lead you.

5 Whilfe like a puff and careless 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 careless libertine,

which directs us to the right reading;

Whilfe he, a puff and reckless libertine.

The first impression of these plays being taken from the play-house copes, and those, for the better direction of the actors, being written as they were pronounced, these circumstances have occasioned innumerable errors; so as for 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 amis, but the reason for it is very inconclusive;
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

_Laer._ Oh, fear me not.

**SCENE 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 fits in the shoulder of your fail,
And you are flaid 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.

_But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledge'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

conclusive; we use the same
mode of speaking on many oc-
casions. When I say of one, be
squanders like a spendthrift, of
another, be robbed me like a thief,
the phrase produces no ambiguity; it is understood that the one
is a spendthrift, and the other a
thief.

—recks not his own read.] The literal sense
is, Do not make thy palm callous by
speaking every man by the hand.
The figurative meaning may be,
Do not by promiscuous conversation
make thy mind insensible to the dif-
ference of characters.

_Pope._

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.
Coftly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expresst 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 loes 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 femente here requires, that the similitude thou'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 affection 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. Shakespeare, therefore, without question wrote,

And it must follow as the light the Day.

As much as to say, Truth to thy self, 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; *my Blessing season this in thee!*

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said.

Opb. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock't,
And you *yourself shall keep the key of it.*

Laer. Farewel. [Exit Laer.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Opb. 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.

Opb. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many

tenders

Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,

*—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.

'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 possessestheelderquarto's:

*The time invites you;*
i.e. besieges, presses upon you
on every side. To *inveil a town,*
is the military phrase from which
our author borrowed his meta-

*phor. Theobald.*

*—yourself shall keep the key

of it.* That is, By think-
ing on you, I shall think on your

Unsifted
HAMLET.

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. 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 importuned me with love.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't: Go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my Lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heav'n.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

* Unfisted 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. 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 importuned me with love.

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Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my Lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heav'n.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

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-
ers refused it.

To finner it or faint 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 wrong-
ing seems to be more proper.

* fashion you may call it:—]
She uses fashion for manner, and
he for a transient practice.

When
When the blood burns, how prodigal the foul
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 scarcer 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 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,
6 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,

6 Set your intreatments—Intreatments here means company, conversation, from the French entretien.
7 larger tether—A firing to yoke horses. Pope.
8 Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds.] On which the editor Mr. Theobald remarks, Tho' all the editions have followed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surprized bow 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 understand those already framed by the poet, and expressed 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?

Theobald for bonds substitutes bonds.
9 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have
Have you so flander 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.]

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The 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 martial music within.]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse, 

Keeps waflel, and 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?
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 fwinish phrase Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  

3 The pib and marrow of our attribute. So, oft it chances in particular men, That for some vicious mole of nature in them, As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty, Since nature cannot choose his origin, By the overgrowth 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 playful manners; that these men Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, Being nature's livery, or 5 fortune's fear, 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.—  

The dram of Bafe

Doth

2 This heavy-headed revel east and west,] i. e. This reveling that observes no hours, but continues from morning to night, &c. 

4 ——complexion,] i. e. humour; as fanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c.  

5 — fortune's fear,] In the old quarto of 1637, it is ——fortune's fear; But I think fear is proper.  

6 As infinite as man may undergo,] As large as can be accumulated upon man.  

7 — The dram of Bafe

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'lt in such a 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 tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, heard in death,

Have remember a passagé 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 Bafe
(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
guilty instead of the substantivé
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 con-
nects the word with that idea.

Theobald.

—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, heard in death,

Have burst their garments?]

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 won-
der. 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 won-
der then should have been placed
here: And so Shakespeare placed
it, as we shall see presently. For

bear'd is used figuratively to sig-

nify
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Have burst their earments? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To call thee up again? What may this mean,

That

ify reposted, therefore the place
where should be designed: but
death being no place, but a pri-
vation only, beared in death is
nonfeas. We should read,
—tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones beared
in earth
Have burst their earments.

It appears, for the two reasons
given above, that earth is the
true reading. It will further ap-
pear for these two other reasons,
First, From the words, canoniz'd
bones; by which is not meant (as
one would imagine) a compli-
ment, for, made holy or fainted;
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 fins
fresh upon him, and therefore in
no way to be fainted. But if
this licentious use of the word
canonized be allowed, then earth
must be the true reading, for in-
huming bodies was one of the es-
fential parts of sepulchral rites.
Secondly, From the words, have
burst their earments, which im-
ply the preceding mention of in-
huming, 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 beared in cano-
nized earth.

Vol. VIII.

I suppose for the sake of harmon-
ny, not of sense. For tho' the
rites of sepulture performed cano-
nizes the body buried; yet it
does not canonize the earth in
which it is laid, unless every fu-
neral service be a new consecra-
tion.

WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine
this note period by period, tho'\nalmost every period seems to me
to contain something reprehensi-
ble. 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
fins 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 dread-
ful 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 cir-
cumlocution,
That thou, dead corse, again, in compleat steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly 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 some impartation 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 set 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 interred 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 caricatured by a funerary, when he only meant to say, That the body was deposited in holy ground, in ground consecrated according to the custom.

—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.

* —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 might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it.

*The very place puts toys of desperation,*
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That locks so many fathoms to the sea;
And bears 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 —

*— deprive your sovereignty of reason,* _i.e._ deprive your sovereignty of its reason.

Nonlenfe. _Sovereignty 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 sovereignty._ Arcad. And King Charles, at once to betray the sovereignty of reason in my soul. _Eikon Basilik_. It is evident that _Shakspeare_ wrote,

*— deprive your sovereignty 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.

*The very place.* The four following lines added from the first edition.

_Pope._

*— puts toys of desperation._

_Teys, for whims._

WARB.

_M 2_
HAMLET,
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.

SCENE VIII.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE 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,
—too fast in fires.
M.R.; I am rather inclined to read,
confin'd to falling fires, to fires 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 purged 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. Lift, lift, oh lift!
If thou didst 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. Hasten me to know it, that I, with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

The comment on the word "meditation" is so ingenious, that I hope it is just.

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 Catholicks 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 inflame, to the

zealous
HAMLET,

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 procès 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?

Ghoft. 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 cursed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whole effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quick silver it courses through
The natural 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 in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouse'd, disappointed, unaneal'd:

In other editions,
Unhousezed, unanointed, unaneald;

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 surprized. 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 unhousezed, we must restore, unhouse'd; i.e. without the sacrament taken; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, boosel.

In the next place, unanointed is a sophification of the text: the old copies concur in reading, disappointed. I correct, Unhouse'd, unappointed,—
i.e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. Unaneald 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 unaneald then bear? Skinner, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that aneald is undius; from the Teutonic proposition an, 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 inceft.
But howsoever thou pursu'ft 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 hoist of heav'n! oh earth! what else!
And shall I couple hell?—Oh, hold my heart,
And you, my finews, grow not instant old;

and Ole, i. e. Oil: so that una
aneal'd must consequently signify, una
awed, not having the ext
ream union. The poet's read
and explication being afer-
tained, he very finely makes his ghe
complain of these four
dreadful hardships; that he had
been dispatch'd out of life with-
out receiving the bose, or sacra-
ment; without being reconcil'd
to heaven and absolv'd; without
the benefit of extremum union; or
without so much as a confeffion
made of his sins. The having
no kell rung, I think, is not a
point of equal confequence to
any of these; especially, if we
confider, that the Roman church
admits the efficacy of praying for
the dead. Theobald.
This is a very difficult line.

I think Theobald's objeclion to
the fense of una
eal'd, for noti-
fied by the bell, must be owned to
be very ftrong. I have not yet
by my enquiry fatisfied myself.
Hammer's explication of una
neal'd by unprepared, because to
anneal metals, is to prepare them
in manufacture, is too general
and vague; there is no refem-
blance between any funeral cere-
mony and the practice of anneal-
ing metals.

Disappointed is the fame as un
appointed, and may be properly
explained unprepared; a man
well furnish'd with things nec-
flary for any enterprife, was faid
to be well appointed.

+ —unaffectual fire.] i. e., shin-
ing without heat. Warb.

But
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a feat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saps 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 let 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———

SCENE 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 would have him come down to
the call which falconers use to
their hawk in the air when they

Oxford Editor.
Ham. Good, my Lord, tell it.
Hor. No, you'll reveal it.
Ham. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
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, 6 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 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.

_Swear by my sword._

_Ghost._ Swear.

_Ham._ Hie & 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 preferred the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was religion to swear upon their swords. See Bartholiné, De causis contempt. mort. apud Dan. WARD. 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 Brantome, 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
I'\textsuperscript{72} H A M L E T,
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends,
\textit{Hor.} Oh day and night but this is wondrous strange.
\textit{Ham.} And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heav'n and earth, \textit{Horatio}, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come, Here, as before, never, (to help you mercy!) How strange or odd soe'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, \textit{well—we know—or, we could, and if we would—}
Or, \textit{if we lift 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.
\textit{Ghoft.} Swear.
\textit{Ham.} Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen, With all my love do I commend me to you; And what to poor a man as \textit{Hamlet} is May do t'express his love and friendling 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, curst spight! That ever I was born to set it right. Nay, come, let's go together. [\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{8 And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.} i.e. receive it to your self; take it under your own roof: as much as to say, \textit{Keep it secret.} Alluding to the laws of hospitallity.
\textit{Warburton.}

\textbf{A C T}
Act II. Scene I.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polonius.

Give 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 Danskers 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 lay—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.
HAMLET.

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 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 soil'd i' th' working,

Mark you, your party in converse, he you 'ld found,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of; guilty, be assure'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

4 Good Sir, or fo, or Friend, or Gentleman,

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

Rey.

9—drinking [fencing,] swearing, 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 emendation is Theobald's.

2 A savageness—] Savagennis, for wildness.

3 Of general assault.] i. e. such as youth in general is liable to.

4 Good Sir, or so, or friend, &c.] We should read,

—or sire, i. e. father.

WARBURTON.

I know not that fire was ever a
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 falsehood 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 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.

5 ———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.
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, his stockings loose,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

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 wrift, 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 ankle.] I have restored the reading of the elder quartos—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 ankle, but they, in their ignorance, 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, fo his stockings were properly loofe, as they were ungarter'd and rovel'd down to the ankle. 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 trifl'd,  
And meant to wreck thee; but beflew my jealousy;  
It seems, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger fort  
To lack discretion. Come; go we to the King.

7 I had not quoted him.—] This
The old quarto reads quoted. It appears Shakespeare wrote noted.
Quoted is nonence. Warb.
To quote is, I believe, to reck-  
k'on, 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 fort  

Vol. VIII. N
This
This must be known: which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Lords, and other Attendants.

King. WELCOME, dear Rosencrantz, 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 move
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 affecta-
tion of concluding the scene with a couplet.

Hammer reads,

More grief to hide hate, than to utter love.
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
To show us so much gentrity and good-will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
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, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
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 show us so much gentrity——] Gentry, for complaisance. WARBURTON.
2 For the supply, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. WARBURTON.

N 2 King.
HAMLET,

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 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 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-hafty marriage.

SCENE 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 pursuited by the sent.

5— the fruit...] The def-
It was against your Highness: Whereat griev'd, That so his sicknes, 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' aflag of arms against your Majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three-score 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 enterprise, 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, Anfwer, and think upon this busines. 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 Ambas.

Pol. This busines 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 quartos (from 1605, downwards) read, as I have reformed 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 farwell it

N 3

And
HAMLET.

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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare) 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 Shakespeare makes his flatefactor give to his son and servant in the middle of the first act, and beginning of the second act. But I will venture to say, these critics 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 too enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shown 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 it?

The servant replies,
At, closes in the consequence.
This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,
At, closes in the consequence.
—Ah marry,
He closes thus;—I know the gentleman, &c.

which shows they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Other wise closes 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. Ward,
The account of the character of Polonius though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming incongruity of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. 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's, 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 falls 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—— to expostulate ] To expostulate, for to enquire or dif- 

cuss. Warb.
HAMLET,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and furmise.

[He opens a letter, and reads.]

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.

Ob, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have

To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most beautified Ophelia.] I have ventured 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 acceptance, 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 dreadful anticlimax is it to descend to such an epithet as beautified? On the other hand, beautified, as I have conjectur’d, raises the image: but Polonius might very well, as a Roman Catholic, 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 mere 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.
Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst
this Machine is to him, Hamlet,

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
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

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, moreover, 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,
HAMLET,
This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his refrains,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
* Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, 5 a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a fall,
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 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 advi-
ce. 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, be repulsed,——

Warburton.

She took the fruits of advice
when she obeyed advice, the ad-
vice was then made fruitful.
5 — a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a
foul, &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. Ward.

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 reafon fall’n thereon,
Let me be no affistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where, sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do befeech 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. 6 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 God, 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 reflection as any the poet puts into 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 before: 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 vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question 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 fops short, left talking too consequentially the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned; 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 vice? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of providence 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 sentiment too is altogether in character, for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural. The same thought, something diversified, as on a different occasion, he utes 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 fishmonger.

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. 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,
HAMLET,

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.

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.

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosencrantz 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, Rosencrantz, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy:
On fortune’s cap, we are not the very button.

_Ham._ Nor the soles of her shoe?

_Rof._ 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?

_Rof._ 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.

_Rof._ Then is the world one.

_Ham._ A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o’th’ worst.

_Rof._ 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.

_Rof._ 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 merely the shadow of a dream.

_Ham._ A dream itself is but a shadow.

---

The shadow of a dream. Shakespeare has accidentally inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is _omnis inopia, the dream of a shadow._
Ham. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and
light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Then are our beggars, bodies; and our
monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggar' shad-
dows. Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I can-
not reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with
the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an
honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in
the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at El-
fingo?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks
are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not sent for?
Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?
Come, deal justly with me; Come, come; Nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were
sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your
looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to
colour. I know, the good King and Queen have sent
for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me con-
jure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the con-
fonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-
preferred love, and by what more dear, a better pro-
poser could charge you withal; be even and direct
with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you?

[To Guilden.

Shakespeare seems here to design a ridicule of these declarations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty.

Ham.
**Prince of Denmark.**

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 moul't 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 sterility promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilential 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.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. 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 foyl 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.
HAMLET,
not sigh gratis; the humorous man, 2 shall end his part in peace; and 3 the lady shall lay her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. 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.

Ros. 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?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

* "Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

" Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, " 5 little Eyafes, 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 these laugh whose lungs are tickled a' th' fare.

Warburton.

This passage I have omitted, for the same reason, 1 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 Eyafes, that cry out on the top of question;] The poet here steps out of his subject to give a laugh 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 Eyafes? 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 Eyafes; i. e. Young neftlings, creatures just out of the egg.

Theo Baldwin.

An Aiery of children,] Relating to the play-houses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c. play'd by the children of his Majefty'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.
PRINCE OF DENMARK. 195

...and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (to 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 escoted? 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, Hercules and his load too.

"Ham. 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 afterwards he says to the player, Come, give us a taste of your quality; Come, a passionate speech. 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 humourous.

1 It is not strange; for mine uncle] 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 conferred upon new claimants.
HAMLET,

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinor. Your hands. Come then. The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; let me comply with you in this garbe, left 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, 'I know a hawk from a hand-faw.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; 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 Roscius was an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

2 Harmer reads, Let me com-
    pliment with you.

3 I know a hawk from a hand-
    ed.] This was a common pro-
    ve baid speech. The Oxford E-
    citor alters it to. I know a hawk
    from a kerniasw. 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. * Buzze, buzze ——

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. 5 Then come each Actor on his as——

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 to 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 author'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.

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 chanfons in the first fo'to edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called Pons chanfons. Hamit is here repeating ends of old songes.

Pope.

It is pons chanfons in the quar- to too I know not whence the rubrik 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.
HAMLET,
row of the rubrick will shew you more. For, look, where 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'ft thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress? b'erlady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chippine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome, we'll even to't 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 act'd: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was as I receiv'd 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 con-

8 my abridgments] He calls the players afterwards, the brief chron es 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 act'd the parts of women.

1 like friendly falconers,] Ham-mer, 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 reconcile.

3 cried in the top of mine,] i. e. whole judgment I had the highest opinion of.

I think it means only that were higher than mine.

4 set down with as much mod- delly] Modesty, for simplicity.

WARBURTON.
I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter favour; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; 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' Hyrcanian 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 smeared
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impafted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-fized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandfire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good
accent and good discretion.

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. W ar e.
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 author probably gave it. But I called it an honest method, &c. Honest, for chaste. W ar burton.
HAMLET,

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'n, 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 trumpet 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, — [Mobled or mobled, signifies veiled.
So Sandys, speaking of the Turk-
's women, says, their bends and
I's faces are mobled in fine linen,
that no more is to be seen of them
than their eyes. — Travels.

Warburton.

— mobled signifies, buddled, grossly
covered.

Ham,
The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames

With biffon rheum! a clout upon that head;
Where late the Diadem fltood; 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,
Unles things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, where 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 u'e 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 bount.

Take them in.


Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doft thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzaga?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham.
HAMLET,

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 Elsinor.

Ros. Good my Lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII,

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, so, God b'wi'ye. Now I am alone. Oh, what a rogue and peafant 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, 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 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: 
9 the cue for passion,

fo the visage appears when the mind is thus affected, and not warm'd or flushed. warp:

hint, the direction.
And cleave 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, pregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing. No, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most dear life
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, kindless villain!
Why, what an as I 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!
About, my brain! I've heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene

---the general ear--] The ears of all mankind. So before,
Caviare to the general, that is, to the multitude.
---pregnant of my cause,] Unpregnant, for having no due sense of.
---kindless--] Unnatural.
---quickened with a] Rather, not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.
---defeat was made.] Defeat, for destruction. WARBURTON.
---dispossession.] Rather, disfranchisement.
---natural.] About, my brain! Witt, to your work. Brain, go about the present business.

Been
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefaictions.
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 'tent him to the quick, 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

More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz,
Guildenstern, and Lords.

KING.

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. Relative, for convictive. Warb.

Convictive is only the confe-

7 —if he but blench,] If he quarter sense. Relative is, nearly

shrinking. related, closely connected.

8 More relative than this:] Ros.
Rof. He does confess, he feels himself distracted; 
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded; 
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Rof. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rof. Madam, it fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem 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 most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge, 
And drive his purpose into these delights.

9 Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free of question, but of our demands
Niggard in his reply,
That this is the true reading
we need but turn back to the preceding scene, for Hamlet's conduct, to be satisfied. Warb.
* O'er-raught on the way;]
Over-raught is, over-reached; that is, over-took.

Rof.
Ros. We shall, my Lord.

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 wildnes! 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 lonelines. We're oft to blame in this,
'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 a 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 pareed with the thing that helps it.
3 — more ugly to the thing that helps it.] That is, com-
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.

SCENE 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 again if 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 flaginate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia.
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 wished. 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 mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There’s the respect,
That makes Calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The

I doubt whether the corruption 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. Ful- sted has said, that the courtiers
would whip him with their quick
wits; but I know not that whip
is 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 quips, a sneer, a
sarcasm, a contemptuous jeer, 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,
8 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 peripate madness, but
makes her an address grave and
solemn, such as the foregoing me-
ditation excited in his thoughts.

Vol. VIII.  P  That
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 loft,
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-

[That if you 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 quart. 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 context of the con-
versation.
neft; 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 offences 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?

*Opb.* 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.

*Opb.* 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.

*Opb.* Heav'nly powers restore him!

*Ham.* 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 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 dropped out. We should read,

thoughts to put them in

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 thoughts, 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,

P a

lisp,
H A M L E T.

lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonnesses 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 nunery, go. [Exit Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword; Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State, The glafs of fashion, and 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.

SCENE 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,

[make your wantonness your ignorance.] You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

[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 laid,
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 conference. 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-
nounce'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 the soul, to hear a robustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very
rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who for

The groundlings: The meaner people then seem to have sat be-
low, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who not well understand-
ing poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and
mute representation of the dra-
ma, previous to the dialogue.
hamlet,

the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and nois: I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er doing 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 purpofe 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 age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make thejudicious 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 praiè, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, or man, have so struttéd 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,

I believe the meaning is, show, without words to explain them.

Termagant; Termagant was a Saracen Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities.

Mr. Percy,

The 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 author write, the page? The page suits well with form and pressure, but ill with body.

Pressure, Resemblance as in a print.

not to speak it profanely, Profanely seems to relate, not to the praiè which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called profane.
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.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius, Rosinertanz, 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 haften 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 haft, 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. Doft thou hear? Since 'tis my dear soul was mistref of her choice,

---the pregnant hinges of the knee, I believe the sense of pregnant in this place is, quick,

And
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,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To found 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 seeft 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.

According to the doctrine of the four humours, desire and confidence were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character.

Stithy is a Smith's anvil.

SCENE
Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, 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, 't faith, of the camelion's dish. I eat the air, promisecramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My Lord; you play'd once 't he 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 Caesar, I was killed 't he 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, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, fit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's mettle 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. 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.

2. 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 ladies?

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 nonfenchical 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, for I'll have a suit of fables. Fore, i.e. before. As much as to say, Let the Devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The Oxford Editor despiseth 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 feneile editors had wrote fables, the fur so called, for fable, black.
black, for I'll have a suit 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 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, Thou 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 implaceable anger, persecute our predecessors. Of the fow'ra μιθάκια, 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 misbe seem us to remember, amidst our triumphs over the nonsensical and the senseless, that we likewise are men; that debe mar morit, and as Swift observed to Burnet, shall soon be among the dead ourselves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonsence, 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 suit of fables. I suppose it is well enough known that the fur of fables is not black. From these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two.

Warburton.

This may be true, but seems to be said at hazard.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.

Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutchess embracing him, and be 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 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 woos 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. 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, miskook '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 englifhed his own cant phrase of miching maliche,
Opb. 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.

Opb. 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.

Opb. 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?

Opb. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

malieho, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies mischief lying hid, and that Malieho 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 Micb signified, originally, to keep hid and out of fight; and, as such men generally did it for the purpo ses of lying in wait, it then signified to rob. And in this sense Shakespeare uses the noun, a mischief, when speaking of Prince Henry amongst a gang of robbers. Shall the blessed Sun of Heaven prove a thief? 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, volant,) by mischief. Warburton.

I think Hamner'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 Duchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Carr gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Duchess. 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,  
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 —[faten.]— Splendour, luture.
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 fo.] Mr. Pope says, I read fix'd; and indeed, I do fo: because, I observe, the quarto of 1603 reads, cis'd; that of 1611 cis'd; the folio in 1632, cis'; and that in 1623, fis'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.

Proport'nd to our Caufe, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Theobald.

And
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'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. 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 ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
'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 even 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.

8. The instances.] The motives.
9. what to ourselves is debt.] The performance of a resolution in which only the solver is interested; is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure.
10. The violence of either grief or joy. Their own enactures with themselves destroy.] What grief or joy enacted or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. Enactures is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have enactures. The
HAMLET,

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 seafons 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!

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.

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?

[An Anchor's cheer in prison be my scope. An-chor is for anchoret.]

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 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. *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; that is, for better for worse.

Vol. VIII.
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 rifes.
Ham. What, frighted 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.

SCENE VII.

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the strucken 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, with two
provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellow-
ship in 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
"A very, very,—Peacock.
Hor.

Rayed shoes, are shoes braided in
lines.
6 a cry of Players.] Allusion to a pack of hounds. 
7 A very, very Peacock.] This alludes to a fable of the
birds choosing a King, instead of the
eagle a peacock. 

The old copies have it Pai-
cok,

5 with two provincial roses on
my rayed shoes.] When shoe-
strings were worn, they were co-
vered, where they met in the
middle, by a ribband, gathered
into the form of a rofe. So in
an old song,
Gil-de-Roy was a bonny boy,
Had rofes tall hit fhoo.

6
Prince of Denmark.

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, hal' come, some mufick. 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 mufick.
Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.

cock, Peacock, and Peacock. 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. Payo, 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.

8 Why, then, belike.] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence when the courtiers entered.
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 Courtesye 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.

9 With drink, Sir?] Hamlet uncle's love of drink shall not be takes particular care that his forgotten.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, 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 mufty.

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. 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 ventsages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the frops.

[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.

WARBURTON.

[4 ventsages] The holes of a flute.
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 found me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much music, 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——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,

They fool me to the top of my bent, 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 mo-
ther—
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 forer she be shent,
? To give them seals never my soul consent!

SCENE 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 Commision 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 bit-

ter 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 exec-
rrable; 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 propri-
ety. According to ancient su-
perstition, night was prophane
and execrable; and day, pure
and holy. Warburton.
7 To give them seals—] i.e.
put them in execution. Warb.
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,
That spirit, on whose weal depends
The lives of many. The ceafe of Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Firt 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 confequence,
Attends the boift'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King figh; 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 clofet;
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 unnecessary Alexandrine, which we owe to the players. The poet, I am perfuaded, wrote,

Out of his Lunes,
I.e. his madness, frenzy. Theob.

2. I take Brows to be, properly read, Frows, which, I think, is a provincial word, for perverfe humours; which being, I suppose, not understood, was changed to Lunacies. But of this I am not confident.

9 That spirit, on whose weal—] So the quarto. The folio gives, On whole spirit.
To hear the process. 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, 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,
Though inclination be as sharp as 't will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And, like a man to double busines 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'n's
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-standing 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.
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.

Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

Try, what repentance can.

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence;

is a strange question; and much
the fame as to ask whether his
offence could be remitted while it
was retain'd. Shakespeare 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.

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

This nonsense even exceeds the last, Shakespeare wrote,

Yet what can it, when one cannot 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 murther!
That cannot be, since I am still
pass'd
Of those effects, for which I
did the murther,
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 mat-
ter of restitution: this, the speaker
could not resolve upon; which
makes him break out,

Ob limed soul, that, struggling
to get free,

Art more engaged!

For it is natural, while the re-
stitution of what one highly values
is projected, that the fondness for
it should strike the imagination
with double force. Because the

Oh
PRINCE OF DENMARK. 235

Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed foul, 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 fineas of the new-born babe!
All may be well. \[The King retires and kneels.\]

SCENE 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
5 I, his sole son, do this same villain send

man, in that situation, figures to himself his condition when de-
prived of those advantages, which having an unpleasing view, he
holds what he is posseffed of more clofely than ever. Hence, the
laft quoted exclamation receives all its force and beauty, which
on any other interpretation is mean and fenflefs. But the Ox-
ford 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 fame non-
senfe 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 laft to this,
that even repentance will not do when one cannot repent.

WARBURTON.

The fenfe of the received reading is, I think, so plain, that I
am afraid it should be ob-
feured by any attempt at illus-
tration. What can repentance do
for a man that can not be penitent,
for a man who has only part of
penitence, diffrefs of conscience,
without the other part, resolution
of amendment.

5 I, his sole son, do this same
villain send.] The folio
reads foule son. This will lead
us to the true reading, which
is,
To heaven. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father groffy, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
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 heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
This phisyck but prolongs thy sickly days.
[Exit.
The King rifes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

**SCENE X.**

**Changes to the Queen's Apartment.**

*Enter Queen and Polonius.*

**Pol.** HE 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.
HAMLET,

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 glafs Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

[Behind the Arras.]

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 mother,
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, farewel,
[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'ft 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 rofe
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 from the body of Contradiction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rhapsody of words. 2 Heaven's face doth grow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-fick at the act.

---takes off the rose] Alluding to the custom of wearing
roes on the side of the face. See
a note on a passage in King John.

Warburton.

1—from the body of Contrac-
tion—] Contradiction, for
marriage-contrad. WARB.

2—Heaven's face doth grow;
Yea this solidity and compound
mass,
With tristful visage, as against
the doom.

Is thought-fick at the act.] If
any sense can be found here, it is
this. The Sun grows [and does
it not always] and the very solid
mass of earth has a tristful vis-
age, and is thought-fick. All
this is sad stuff. The old quarto
reads much nearer to the poet's
sense.
HAMLET,

Queen. Ah me! what art,
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
trififul, which was, I suppose,
chosen at the revival. I believe
the whole passage now stands as
the author gave it. Dr. War-
barton's reading restores two im-
proprieties, which Shakespeare,
by his alteration, had removed.
In the first, and in the new read-
ing: Heav'n's face glows with
trifful visage, and, Heav'n's face
is thought-fick. To the common
reading there is no just objection.

Queen. Ay me! what art,
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. Ab me, what art?

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-fick at the art,
She says,

Ab me? what art?

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 hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this. *Senfe, sure, you have;
Else could you not have notion; but, sure, that senfe
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err;
Nor senfe to ecstazy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it refers'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 senfe
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,

* In former editions,  
—Senfe, sure, you have,
Else could you not have notion;—But from
what philosophy our editors learnt
this, I cannot tell. Since motion
depends so little upon senfe, that
the greatest part of motion in the
universe, is amongst bodies de-
void of senfe. 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-
fiances. The principle in parti-
cular 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-
Vol. VIII.

* Senfe, sure, you have;
Else could you not have notion; but, sure, that senfe
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err;
Nor senfe to ecstazy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it refers'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 senfe
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,

trum's bones, &c.] Alluding
to what he had told her before
that her enormous conduct shew-
ed a kind of possession.
—What Devil wa't,
That thus hath, &c.—
And again afterwards,
For ufe can almost change the
stamp of Nature,
And make even the Devil, or
throws 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-
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,  
Stewed in corruption, honying and making love  
Over the naffy fly!

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,  
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole  
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

mer's emendation produces non-
fen's. May not what is said of  
beat, be said of bell, that it will  
mutiny wherever is is quartered?  
⁶ —Reason panders Will.] So  
the folio, I think rightly; but  
the reading of the quarto is de-
fenisible;

⁷ —grained—] Died in grain.  
⁸ —incestuous bed.] The folio  
has ensembed, that is, grooey 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 vil-
lany that carried danger with it,  
but by the low cowardly theft of  
a common pilferer.  

War.
Enter Ghost.

Ham. * 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 fi-
gure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad—

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That's, * 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 fits;
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' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, * 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?

* 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.

* laps'd in time and passion,—] That having suff-fered time to slip, and pass'd to cool, lets go, &c.

* 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.

R 2

Ham.
HAMLET,

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,
Left 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'rate ly 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,
Infests 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;

—do not spread the compost, indulgence, heighten your former

For,
For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and wooe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou haft 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 eafiness
To the next abstinence; the next, more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
And mafter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potencies. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll Blessing beg of you.—For this same Lord,

Hamlet, O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but shew not to mine uncle's bed,
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

—curb—] That is, bend and truckle.
7 That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits, Devil, is angel yet in this.
This passage is left out in the two elder folios: It is certainly corrupt, and the players did the discreet part to stilfe 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.

Thirlby's conjecture, wrong, though the succeeding editors have followed it; Angel and Decii are evidently opposed.

To punish this with me, &c.
This is Hamlet's reading; the other editions have it,
To punish me with this, and this with me.

R 3 I will
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 padling 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 despight of lene 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—
² adders fang'd; ] That is, Adders with their fangs, or poi-
i.e. blased, which is better, as more expressive of the speaker'si-sonous teeth, undrawn. It has contempt. ⁴ WARBURTON.
been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their an-
tidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their
⁴ There's Letter seal'd, &c.] The ten following verses are
fage.
added out of the old edition.
Pope.
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.

KING.

THERE's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. * 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.
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, refrain'd, and 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, 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!
Enter Rosencrantz 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, haft 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, 5 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank, Transports its poison'd shot, may mis our Name.

5 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank, Transports its poison'd shot, may mis 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 that the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the potting winds, and doth bely All corners of the world.---

Lytton.

THEOBALD.
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.—
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham.- What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, 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 rep\-
lication should be made by the son of a King?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that fokes 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

6 like an apple.] The quarto has apple, which is generally followed. The folio has are, which Hammer has received, and illu\ntrated 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 scurse is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases, delp'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 contumeliously 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.  

Enter
Enter Rosencrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, 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, Guildenstern! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

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 politque 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 hath 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 shew 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 messenger 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 't 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 Mother. 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 coldly set by
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

1— the wind at help; I suppose it should be read,
2 —— set by
The bark is ready, and the hammer. The others have only

set.

By
HAMLET

By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England:
For like the heetick 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.

SCENE IV.

A Camp, on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. GO, Captain, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promised March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express 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 never begin.] This being the termination of a scene, should, according to our author's custom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

Howe'er my hopes, my joys are not begun.

Capt.
Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, free, 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' imposhume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w' ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. 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 chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, be that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god-like reason To fuft in us unus'd. Now whether it be Beshial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on th' event, A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom, And ever three parts coward, I do not know.

---chief good and market---
If his highest good, and that for which he fells his time, be to sleep and feed.

---large discourse---
Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future.
HAMLET,

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 put,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unjurt
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. *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 sound I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
? 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.

This passage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. Thes-
hall 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 hon-
our 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
SCENE 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 '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, 'tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may throw 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 fpilt.

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 sfoon.

[Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this Song?

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 sfoon.
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.
Prince of Denmark.

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, 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 be 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 daught- 3 And dupt the chamber door; er.] This was a metamorphosis To dup is to do up; to lift the of the common people, arising latch. It were ealy to write, from the mealy appearance of the And op'd—— owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice. W a r e.

S 2 By
HAMLET,

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 badst 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 in 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 unwholefom in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; We've done but greenly,
* In hugger mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia,

* By Gis,—] I rather imagine it should be read,
   By Cis,—
That is, By St. Cecil.
5 ——but greenly,] But unnecessarily; with greeness, that is, without maturity of judgment.
6 In hugger mugger to inter him;—] All the modern editions that I have consulted give it,
   In private to inter 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 grow 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 unskilfully 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 tick 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?

SCENE VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?
Mess. Save yourself, my Lord.

The ocean, over-peering of his lift,

7 Feeds on his wonder,—] The folio reads,
Keeps on his wonder,—]
The quarto,

Feeds on his wonder,——

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Ham-
mer reads unnecessarily,

Feeds on his anger,—

8 Wherein necessity, &c.] Ham-
mer reads,

Whence animosity, of matter
beggar'd.

He seems not to have understood

the connexion. Wherein, that is, in which pestilent speeches, ne-
cessity, or, the obligation of an ac-
cuser to support his charge, will nothing tick, &c.
9 Like to a murdering piece,—] Such a piece as assassins ufe, with
many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the jut-
nefs of the fimilitude. Warb.
1 The ocean, over-peering of his
lift,] The lifts are the bar-
riers which the spectators of a
tournament must not pass.
Enter not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head;
O'er-hears your officers. The rattle 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 cheerfully 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 consequent.

With this emendation, which was in Theobald's edition, Hanmer was not satisfied. It is indeed harsh. Hanmer transposes the lines, and reads,

They cry, Chuse we Laertes for our King;
The ratifiers and props of ev'ry word,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

I think the fault may be mended at less expense, by reading,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known;
The ratifiers and props of ev'ry weal.

That is, of every government.

3 Oh, it is counter, you false Danish dogs.] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards.
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 baftard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

Ev'n here, between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow,

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.
HAMLET,

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 loyer?
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,
Repaft them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speake
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltles of your father's death,
And am moft fenfible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.
Crowd within. Let her come in.
Laer. How now, what noife is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears, seven times s alt,
Burn out the lenfe 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 fister, sweet Ophelia!
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

*—to your judgement 'pear,] So —— to your judgement pierce,
the quarto; the folio, and all the less intelligibly.
latter editions, read,
PRINCE OF DENMARK. 265

"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-faced on the bier,
And on his Grave rain'd many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Lae. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade Re-
venge,

5 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 Shakespeare wrote,
Nature is fall'n in love, and
where 'tis fall'n.
The cause of Ophelia's madness was grief, occasioned by the vio-
ence of her natural affection for her murder'd father; her bro-
ther, therefore, with great force of expression, says,
Nature is fall'n in love,—
To distinguishing the passion of na-
tural affection from the passion of
love between the two sexes, i.e. 
Nature, or natural affection is
fall'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-
token which young wenches in
love send to their sweethearts, is
here alluded to) so when Nature
(fays Laertes) falls in love, the
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 fall-
ing in love, is exactly in Shake-
peare's manner, and is a thought
he appears fond of. So in Ro-
meo and Juliet, Affection is re-
presented as in love;
Affection is enamou'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.

These lines are not in the
quarto, and might have been
omitted in the folio without great
loss, for they are obscure and af-
ected; 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
flew,
And separate from their kindred
dregs below,
So flew her soul.
HAMLET,

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.

Lear. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray, love, remember. And there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines.

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 fate 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 stole 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, Pansies; 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 call it herb of grace o' Sundays:] Herb of grace is the name the country people give to Rue. And the reason, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the puration which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow 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 sentence de Rue est faite comme une Croix, & c'est par avantage la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possédés, & que l'Eglise s'en furt en les exorcisant. It was on the same principle that the Greeks called sulphur, Os, because of its use in their superfluous purgations by fire. Which too the Romish priests employ to bumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it.
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'wllye. [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 wifest 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,
HAMLET

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:
't And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 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, ain'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 author, to hang a sword over the grave of a Knight.
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.] We should read, let the great tax fall.

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 light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz 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.

Scene IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,

* for the bore of the matter.] The matter, says Hamlet, would The bore is the caliber of a gun, carry heavier words, 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 lain,
Pursued my life.

\textit{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?

\textit{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 love \textit{the general gender} bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
\textit{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.

\textit{Laer.} And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Who has, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

\textit{The common race of the people.}
\textit{This simile is neither very seasonable 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.}
\textit{If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.}

\textit{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 flocked 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—

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 the 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 sicknes 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?—
HAMLET,

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,

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 talk't of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shone; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard

Of the unworthy'st 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 fables, and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,

As liking not his voyage,—]
The folio,

As choking at his voyage — —

7 Of the unworthy'st 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. Shakespeare wrote.

Importing wealth and graveness — —
i.e. that the wearers are rich burgiers and magistrates.

Warburton: Importing here may be, not inferring by logical consequence; but producing by physical effect. A young man regards show in his dres, an old man, health.

And
And they can well on horse-back but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his fear;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incors'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
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.


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
trick] I could not contrive
so many proofs of dexterity as he
could perform.

Vol. VIII. T

But
But that I know, love is begun by time,
And that I see 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;

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 change,
And half abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

That bursts by esying. But to 't quick o' 't 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
exaups, but from plus, pluris.

Wardourton.

5 And then this should is like a spend-thrift's sigh
That bursts by esying;—
This nonfenie should be read thus,
And then this should is like a spendthrift's sign
That bursts by esying;—

i.e. the 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 op-
posed, 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 general François—
Te combat e s'admirer.

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 unnec-
essary waste of the vital flame.
It is a notion very prevalent, that
sighs impair the strength, and
wear out the animal powers.

Lear.
Laert. To cut his throat i’ th’ church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; 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 let a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine to-gether,

And wager on your heads. "He being remifs, Moft generous and free from all contriving, Will not perufe the foils; so that with eafe, Or with a little shuffling, you may chufe

7 A sword unbated, and in 8 a pafs of practice Requite him for your father.

Laert. I will doe; And for the purpose I’ll anoint my sword. I bought an uction 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 call 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 remifs[,] He falling not vigilant or cautious.

7 A sword unbated,—] i. e. not blunted as foils are. Or as one edition has it embaited or en-venomed.

8 ——a pafs of practice] Prac-tice is often by Shakespeare, and other old writers, taken for an

insidious stratagem, or privity trea-son, a fene not incongruous to this paffage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a thurf for exercise.

9 May fit us to our shape.] May enable us to assume proper charac-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 'blat in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
I ha'f——
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.

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows a'issant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastick garlands did he 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 sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

--- (blat in proof.) This, I or execution, sometimes breaks
believe, is a metaphor taken
out with an intellectual blat.
from a mine, which, in the proof

Fell
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 foily 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.

* Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes, Fletcherry, in his Scozeful Lady, very invidiously ridicules this incident.

T 3 ACT
Enter two clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 Clown.

Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is, therefore make her Grave straight. The crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself 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 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 Dehur.

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.] 1 an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform.]

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.

Warburton.

Argal,
Prince of Denmark. 279

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, crown'er'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'lt. 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 answereft 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 chrisfians. Dr. Thirlby.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

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 'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

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 Taughan, 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 contradict, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Ob, methought, there was nothing so meet.

3 Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

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. Warr.

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.

3 —nothing so meet.] Ham.

mer. The other editions have,
——nothing meet.
Clown sings.

But age, with his sealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:  
And hath shipp'd 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 is.

Warburton.

2 which this as o'er-offices;] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were so overbearing, 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. W arburton.

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 doft thou, good Lord?" This might be my Lord such a-one's, that prais'd my Lord such a-one's horfe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

_Hor._ Ay, my Lord.

_Ham._ Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chaplfs, and knockt about the mazzard with a fexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to fee't. Did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown fings.

_A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For,—and a frowning sheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For fuch a guest is meet._

_Ham._ There's another. Why may not that be the feull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his cafes? his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he

better with the sentence: It is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an Afs can over-reach him who would once have tried to circumvent. — I believe both the words were Shakespeare's. An author in revifing his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new obfervations have produced new sentiments, eafily 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; j The feull that was my lord such a one's, is now my lady Worm's.

4 play at loggats} A play, in which pins are fetup 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 re-
cognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his rec-
coveries. 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 inher-
itor 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 affu-
rance 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'lt.

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.
Hamlet.

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, reft her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How obfolute the knave is? We muft speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Floratio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peafant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kife. How long haft thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to 't that day that our laft 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 fent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he fent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he fhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be fecn in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they fay.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with lofing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in Denmark. I have been fexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

5 by the card.] The card is the paper on which the different points of the compafs were described. To do any thing by the card, is, to do it with nice observation.

6 the age is grown so picked.] So sharp, fays Hamnet, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a picked shoe, that is, a fhoes, with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewife to be made. Every man now is fmart; and every man now is a man of fashion.

Ham.
Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Tis faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarfes 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 whorefon dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorefon 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 Torick's scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Torick! 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. Doft thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?
E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh? [Smelling to the Skull.

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 winter's flaw! But soft! but soft, a while—here comes the King,

SCENE 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 maimed rites? This doth betoken, The coarse, they follow, did with desperate hand Foredo its own life. It was 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 warranty; her death was doubtful; And but that great Command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd 'Till the last Trump. For charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her; Yet here she is: allow'd her virgin rites, Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer: Must no more be done? Prieft. 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 prieft, A ministring angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling. Ham. What, the fair Ophelia! Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

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.

2 Of bell and burial.] Burial, here signifies interment in consecrated ground. Warburton. I thought

CRANTS therefore was the original word, which the author, 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.
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.

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 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 spleenitive and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

*Hor.* Good my Lord, be quiet.

*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.
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Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faft? woo't tear thyself?

3 Woo't drink up Eifel, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't.—Do'ft 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 mountain's, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning Zone,
Make Offa like a wart! Nay, an thou'llt 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,
Ere that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

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 removed 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 disclofed, are covered with a yellow down. Warburton:

Perhaps it should be,

Ere yet——

Yet and y' 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.]

SCENE 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. 6 Rashly,

And

5 — mutines in the Bilboes —
Mutines, the French word for fe-
ditous or disobedient fellows in
the army or fleet. Bilboes, the
ship's prison.

6 — Rashly
(And prais'd be rashness for it)
Let us know; [as 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 unfeal
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 ac-
quaints us with what we cannot
penetrate to by plots. Warr.

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 indiscre-
tion, when we fail by deep plots,
and infer the perpetual superin-
tendence and agency of the Divi-
nity. 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 terror, arizing from
my character and designs.
HAMLET,

That on the supervize, 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. *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:

*—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 nonsens.
The whole should be read thus,
Being thus benetted round with Villains,
(Ere I could mark the prologue to my Brains,
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 compose 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 Commare 'tween their amities;

*As Peace should still her
wheaten garland wear,
And stand a Commare 'tween
their amities:*] Peace is here
properly and finely personized
as the Goddess of good
and friendship; and very classi-
cally dres'd out. _Ovid_ says,
_Pax Cererem nutrit, Pacis a-
numa 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 Commare 'tween
our amities.*

The term is taken from a traf-
ficker in love, who brings people
together, a procurefs. 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, ufses the word
Commare to signify a the-friend.
_A teus fort gains, chacun une Com-
mere._ And _Ben Johnson_, in his
_Devil's an Aji_, enligishes the
word by a middling Goffip.

_Or what do you joy to a mid-
dling Goffip
To bring you together, Warb.
Hammer read._

*And stand a cement——*

I am again inclined to vindicate
the old reading. That the word
Commare is French, will not be
denied; but when or where was
it Englisf?

The expression of our authour
is, like many of his phrasels, 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 abruptlon and disjunction.
_Shakespeare_ had it perhaps in his
mind to write, That unless _Eng-
lend_ 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: As's of great charge;
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debate more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

_Hor._ How was this seal'd?

_Ham._ Why, even in that was heaven ordainer;
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' impression, plac'd it safely.

3. The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was frequent:
Thou know'st already.

_Hor._ So, Gueldenstern and Rosencrantz 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 pafs, 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'fense, 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;]
A changeling is a child which the
fairies are supposed to leave in
the room of that which they
real.

3. _The changeling never known;]
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 towering passion.
Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
mark.
Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Do not 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.
6—Doft know this water-fly?] A water-fly skips up and down
upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or
reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler.
the King's messer. 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 fultry, and hot for my complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord. It is very fultry, 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, full of most excellent Diversities, of very soft society, and great show: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; 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 Diversities.] Full of distinguishing excellencies.

9 the card or calendar of gentry.] The general preceptor of elegance; the card by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to chuse his time, that what he does may be both excellent and saesonable.

10 for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.] You shall find him containing and comprizing 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. * Sir, his definition suffers no perdition in you, the' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; * and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick failure. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a * Soul of great article; and his infallibly of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true definition of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his unbrage, 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. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.

* Sir, his definition, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon, amongst the precious 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 fo rarely to be met with, that to find anything like him we must look into his mirror, and, his imitators will appear no more than his shadows. WARB. * and yet our 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, unskillful. The best account of him would be imperfect, in respect of his quick fail. The phrase quick fail was, I suppose, a proverbial term for activity of mind. * 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.

* of such dearth.] Dearth is dearness, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity.

* 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, It's 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, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.*

Ofr. *You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.*

Ham. *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? in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.*

Ham. *What's his weapon?*


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 impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their affectations, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt's, 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, perhaps imposed is pledged, impovm'd, so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering Eng'lish words with French pronunciation._

Ham.
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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 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 aslligns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danifs. Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. 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. [Exeunt.

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 nine.
HAMLET,

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug before he fuck'd it: thus has he, and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the droasty age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yefty 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. Often did not run till he had done his business. We may read, This lapwing ran away—That is, this fellow was full of unimportant busle 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 humours. Warburton.

Hamlet has the same emenda-

6 a, kind of yefty collection, which carries them through; and through the most fond and winnow'd opinions; and do but blow them to their trial; 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 duff. But the Editors seeing, from the character of this yefty collection, that the opinions, through which they were so currently carried, were false opinion; and fann'd and winnow'd opinions, in the most obvious sense signifying tried and purified opinions, they thought fanned 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 winnow'd 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 yefty collection, says Hamlet, infinuates itself into people of the highest Quality, as yea 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 critics 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 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 whenever, 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 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 preferred any traces of the original, our author wrote, the most fane 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 flight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of foolishable prattle, which yet carried them through the most select and approved judgment. 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 milk; 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 foretell their repair hither, and say you are not
fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a spe-
cial 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 drips a man of every thing, it is but fit he should shun and avoid the defpoiler. The old Quarto reads, Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes. Let be. Th's is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this ef-
effct. It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this lost it 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 Shakespear'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 transpo-
sition was softened, and the paf-
face flood thus, Since no man
knows aught of what he leaves.
For know's was printed in the la-
ter copies has, by a flight blun-
der in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's
interpretation of the passage the
belt that it will admit. The
meaning may be this, Since no
man knows aught of the state of
life
SCENE 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 band of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir. I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This precedence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a loose 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 leave, 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.

Hamlet has, Since no man owes augbt, a conjecture not very reprehensible. Since no man can call any possession certain, what is it to leave?

Give me your pardon, Sir. —

I with 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 houfe,
And hurt my brother.

_Leer._ I am satisfied in nature;
Whose motive, in this case, should fit me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'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.

_Leer._ 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.

_Leer._ You mock me, Sir.

_Ham._ No, by this hand.

_King._ Give them the foils, young _O'srick_.

_Hamlet._ you know the wager.

_Ham._ Well, my Lord;

*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.

_Leer._ This is too heavy, let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well. These foils have all a
length?

[Prepares to play.

*Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker side.*] Thus _Ham-
mer_. 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 _Ham-
let_ twelve times to nine, it was
perhaps the author's flip.

_O's._
Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the floups 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.
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 cannonier without;
The cannons to the heav'n, the heav'n 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.

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,

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 fays 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 Gem, 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, you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you fo? come on.


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?

---you make a Wanton of Imogen says.

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,
       Offick; 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—
   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. Treafon, treafon.
   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 forgivenes 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,
HAMLET,

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 about within.

What warlike noise is this?

SCENE VI,

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. 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' occurrences more or less,
 Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [Dies.

6 Which have solicited——.] Solicited, 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 sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. 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 sight 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 fulfil’d,
That Rosencrantz 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 to 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 havoc.] I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure was, to cry, Havock.

X 3 How
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, purpofes 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 more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, left more mischief
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 choose 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.
PRINCE OF DENMARK, 311

Take up the body. Such a sight as this, Becomes the field, but here shews much amis, 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 top 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.

X. 4

ACT
The two greatest poets of this age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to Troilus and Cressida, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakespeare 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 at 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, pleased not the million, was 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, fit down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no fault in the lines to make the matter favourable; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; 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 pleased 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 expatiate on this. So pagan it is bombast, and that, therefore, it took not with the multitude. Hamlet presently tells us what it was that displeased them. There was no fault in the lines to make the matter favourable; 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 displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconveniences 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, loft the public's. For I remember one said, There was no fault in the lines to make the matter favour, 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 indict the author of affectation, i.e. nor none of those pallionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. But be called it an honest method, i.e. he owned, however to什麼 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 subolesome 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 bellifs Pyrrhus, &c. To, Repugnant to command. To, unmerciful father fall, &c. To,—So after Pyrrhus' paufe. 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 Aeneid, 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 ipfi tibi, tunc tua me
infortunia laderit,
Telephus, vel Pелеv. 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, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
   Projicit Ampullai, & sequis-dalia 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 café, become interred in the fortunes of the disfressed; 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 fiction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the café in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

   *What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?*

2. When bad lines raise this affect, they are bad in the other extreme; low, affect, 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 Shakespeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakespeare 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 injudiciously 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 Shakespeare has here shewn the effects which a fine description of Nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent Player, whose busineses 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 durft not have brought so near one another; by discipline, practifed in a species of wit and eloquence, which was fliff, forced, and pedantic; and by trade a Politician, and therefore, of confequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakefpear has judiciously choften to reprefent the fake taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and moft pathetic part of the speech, Polonius cries out, this is too long; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, It's all 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 flood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantattical word, put in, I suppose, purpofely for this end, than he proffefles 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 paflage 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 affume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this paflage, is the turgid expression in some parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We fhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moft obnoxious to censure, and fee 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 whifh and quind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved Father falls.
And again,
Out, out, thou frumpet Fortune! All you Gods,
In general Synod, take away her power:
Break all the foakes and follies from her wheel,
And bowd the round nave down the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.
Now whether thefe be bom bajt or not, is not the question; but whether Shakefpear esteemed them fo. That he did not fo esteem them appears from his having used the very fame thoughts in the fame expression, in his beft 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 outstrips the execution of
_Pyrrhus's sword_, in the character
he gives of _Hector's_,

_When many times the cative
Grecians fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of
your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live._

_Cleopatra_, in _Antony and Cleo-
patra_, rails at Fortune in the
same manner.

_No, let me speak, and let me
rail so high,
That the false hufwife 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 _Shakespeare's own_
and that this was the occasion of
writing it. He was defirous, as
soon as he had found his strength,
of reforing the chatinefs and re-
gularity of the ancient Stage;
and therefore composed this _Tra-
gedy_ on the model of the _Greek_
Drama, as may be seen by throw-
ing off much _action_ into _relation_.

But his attempt proved fruitlefs;
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. _Ward_.

_Othello_,
OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of VENICE.
Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE 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.
4. 1650. for William Lenk.
5. Folio, 1623.

I have the folio, and the third Quarto collated with the second, and the fourth.
ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me. I take it much unkindly, That thou, Iago, who haft 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 Cynthis's Novels.
OTHELLO,

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-fuits my mediators. "Certes, says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd 2 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.

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. War. 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 never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,

*Wherein the toged consuls can propofe
As matterly 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 beleed and calm'd
By Debitor and Creditor. This Counter-cafter
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, Sir, (bles the mark!) his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service!
Preferment goes 6 by letter and affection,

7 And not by old gradation, where each second

abrogated, since Dages have been elected,

Theobald.

Wherein the tozed Consuls—]
Consuls, for counsellors. Warb.
5 —must be led and calm'd]
So the old Quarto. The first Folio reads beleed: but that spoils
the measure. I read let, hindered.

Warburton.

Beleed 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,
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself:

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 as,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, gets
shier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are;
Who, trimm'd in forms and vifages 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 profes s myself.
It is as sure as you are Rodrigo,
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. War Burton.
Old gradation, is gradation established by ancient practice.
Where is the difficulty?

If I in any just term am affin'd] Affin'd 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 fly contempt.
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
* 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, Roufe him* Make after him, poifon his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incenfe her kinfmen;
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,
* As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

* In compliment extern.—] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility.
* As words, by night and negligence, the fire
* Is spied in populous cities.] This is not fenfe, 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 by 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 multitude, 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 extinquished.

Warburton.
The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a wo- man of reason!

Never grave out of pride, never gay out of reason.

* Rod.
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags.
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE 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 tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grand fire 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 worse 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 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, not a

wretch of gross and licentious language? In that sense Shakespeare

often uses the word profane.

The lines printed in Italics are not in the first edition, but

in the folio of 1623.

3 —this odd ev'n——] The
ever 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;
Lying 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 loofe 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!

_Lago._ 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 some check,
Cannot with safety 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 sadom 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,
I lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.  _[Exit._

4—_some check._] Some rebuke. We still
5—_cast him._] That is, disfay, a cast coat, and a cast serving man.
Enter Brabantio, and servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
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 deceit't me
Past thought.—What saidst he 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,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

6 And what's to come of my despised time? Why despised time? We should read, despitid time, i.e. vexatious. Warburton.

Despised time is easily explained; it is time of no-value; time in which
There's nothing serious in mortality,
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.
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, hoa!
And raise some special officers of might.
On, good Rodrigo, I’ll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to another Street, before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

Iago. Thou’ in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ th’ conscience
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 provokeing 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,

8 stuff o’ th’ conscience] This expression to common readers appears harsh. Stuff of the conscience is, substance, or essence, of the conscience. Stuff is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch, keis’f slaffen, or bead stuffs.

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 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 Greekism. As double
signifies as large, as extensive; for
thus the Greeks use ὁμολόγος. Dioec.
1. 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 Greekism,
Yet Virgin of Proserpina from
Jove. liv. 9, ver. 396.
'Tis an imitation of the Παρθένος
ἐκ θεάματι of Theocritus for an
unmarried virgin.

Warb.

This note has been much cen-
sured by Mr. Upton, who denies,
that the quotation is in Dioecriti-
des, and disputes, not without
reason, the interpretation of The-
ocritus.

All this learning, if it had even
been what it endeavours to be
thought, is, in this place, super-
fluous. 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 lan-
guage, the word which in an-
other answers to one sense, should
answer to both. Manus, in Latin,
signifies both a hand 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 favor. It is not
always in books that the mean-
ing is to be sought of this writer,
who was much more acquainted
with naked reason and with liv-
ing 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 opera-
tive, as double, that is, a voice that
when a question was suspended,
would turn the balance as effec-
tually as the Duke's. Potential is
used in the sense of science; a
cautick is called potential fire.
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 men of royal siege; and my demerits 
May 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 unhoused free condition 
Put into circumscription and confine, 
For the sea's worth. But look, what light comes yonder?

SCENE 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, unbottenet. Thus all the copies read. It should be unbottenet, i.e. without putting off the bonnet.

—my demerits May speak unbottened to as proud a Fortune 
As this that I have reach'd—] Thus all the copies read this passage. But, to speak unbottened, 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 fethim 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. Unbonnetting may as well be, not putting on, as not putting off, the bonnet. Hanmer reads e'en bonnetted.

3 unhoused—] Free from domestic cares. A thought natural 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 parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. 5 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?
Caf. 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?
Caf. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
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,
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.
Caf. Ancient, what makes he here?
OTHELLO

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-car-rack; If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. Cai. I do not understand. Iago. He's married. Cai. To whom? Iago. Marry, to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you. Cai. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: General, 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 haft thou stow’d my daughter? Damn’d as thou art, thou haft enchanted her; For I’ll refer me to all things of sense,

—a land-car-rack,] A car-rack is a ship of great bulk, and haps what we now call, a galleon. 9 —be advis’d;] That is, be commonly of great value; per- cool; be cautions; be disiriet.
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 footy bofon
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'n't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

* The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. I read curled, i. e. select, chosen. Shakespeare uses this word very frequently,

Thee's curled 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 curled by nature.

Warburton.

Curled is elegantly and ostentatiously 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.] Bracken 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 voluntarily 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 retained her senses, and oppos'd the marriage? Her father, 'tis evident, from several of his speeches, is positive, that the must have been abused in her rational faculties; or she could not have made so preponderous 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 weakened? 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.

Pope reads with equal probability,

That weaken motion.
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 Pagants, for this reason, That
Pagants 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 im-
portant discovery, so much to the
honour of paganism, was first
made by our editor.

Ward Burton

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Changes to the Senate House.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. THERE 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,

As in these cases where they aim reports, 'Tis oft with difference; 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 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' importance 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 facile question bear it;

9 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is drest 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 profileless.

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.

3 ——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.
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Mes. Of thirty fail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitor;
With his free duty, recommends you thus,

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.

SCENE 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 busines,
 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the 3 general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingults and swallows other forrows,
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
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.

4 *By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks:* Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as uncalled for its weakness and superficiality, the gravity of the accusation, 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 inquired on. For, by the *Venetian* law, the giving Love-potions was very criminal, as *Shaks* ear without question well understood. Thus the Law, *Dei malificii & herba-
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 blest' d with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years Pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
8 Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to seats 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 blest' d with the
soft phrase of peace;] This
apology, if addressed to his mis-
tress, 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 manfu-
line eloquence. The old Quarto
reads it, therefore, as I am per-
suaded Shakespeare wrote,
---the set phrase of peace;
Warburton.
Soft is the reading of the folio.
3 Their dearest action—] That
is dear, for which much is paid,
whether money or labour; dear
action, is action performed at great
expense, either of easy or safety,
Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush’d at itself; and she, in spight 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, 9 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 'overt test,
Than these* thin habits and poor-likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid’s affections?

9 —Perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature;]
Perfection erring, seems a contradiction in terms, 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 found judgment
could allow, but it must be by magical practice upon her. I have ventured 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, immedi-
dately after, in his examination of the Moor, 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 habit:
Of modern seeming—] Weak show of slight appearance.

Or
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.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

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,
And portance in my travel’s history:

Wherein

3 And portance, &c., I have restored,
And portance in my travel’s history.
And with it, all my travel’s history:
Rymir, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to portent,
from the old edition. It is in the rest,
instead of portance.

Pope.

Mr. Z 3
Mr. Pope has restored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe pertence was the author’s word in some revised copy. I read thus,

Of being—fold
To slavery, of my redemption thence,
And fortune in’t; my travel’s history.
My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it.

Wherein of antres vaft, and defarts idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old editions: But Mr. Pope has thought fit to change the epithet. Deserts idle; in the former editions; (says he) doubtful, a corruption from wilde.—But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so doubtful. 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, selfish, uncultivated, &c. Theob. Every mind is liable to abscence and inadvertency, else Pope could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of historian, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recule, 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.

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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 intentionally. 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,

Warburton.

Hent is not use in Shak's ear; nor, I believe, in any other author; hint, or cut, is commonly 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 opportunity to speak of Canuialis.

Pope.

And
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 witnes it.

SCENE 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 confesses 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?

Def. 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 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 thy fake, 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 grief, 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 preserved 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 boisterous 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
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 sentimentally.

* The passages marked thus (') are wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto.

* But the free comfort which from thence he bears;] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence.
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 of the 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 subter the globs of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity I find in hardnes; and do undertake This present war against the Ottomites. Most humbly therefore bending to your State, I crave fit disposition for my wife, Due reference of place, and exhibition.

2 But words are words; I never yet did hear, That the bruis’d heart was pieced through the ear.] The Duke had by sage sentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, 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 restor’d thus,

That the bruis’d heart was pieced through the ear.

3 — thrice-driven bed of down. A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are sefed, 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 exhibition, &c.] I desire that a proper disposition be made for my wife, that she may have precedence, and revenue, accommodation,
THE MOOR OF VENICE. 347

With such accommodation and befolt
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. 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 a charter in your voice
T'assift my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Def. 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 subdued
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 confecrate.
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.

There is no need of this emendeation. Violence is not violence
suffered, but violence acted. Breach
of common rules and obligations.
The old quarto has, form of fortune, which is perhaps the true
reading.

7 I saw Othello's visage in his mind. It must raise no won-
der, that I loved a man of an
appearance so little engaging; I
saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character re-
conciled me to his form.

Oth.
3 Nor to comply with heat the young affect
In my defunct and proper satisfaction; As this has been hit into printed and flipp'd, it seems to me a period of as stubORN nonse, 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 primitive 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 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. affectations) 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 affectations, our author in several other passages uses. Thoeb.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my distinct and proper satisfaction; i.e. With that heat and new affectations 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 serions and great busines$ scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my busines$,
Let houf ewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head againft my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haftle;
And speed must anfwer it. You must hence to-night.

Def. 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 commiffion bring to you,
And such things else of quality and reftpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
A man he is of honesty and truft,
To his conveyance I affign my wife,
With what elfe needful your good grace fhall think
To be fent after me.

not more fatisfactory; what
made the difficulty; will con-
tinue 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 deftrunct) and proper fatis-
fation;
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 fa-
tsify loose defires, 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,
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.

SCENEX.

Manent Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago

Iago. What sayest thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st 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 filliness 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 feminine epithet. We should read delighted beauty, i.e. white and fair.

Warburton.

Hammer reads, more plausibly, delighting. I do not know that delighted has any authority. Ishould rather read,

If virtue no delight or beauty lack

Delight, for delegation, or power of pleasing, as it is frequently used.

1 — 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 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 lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it sterile 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 balefulness 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? drowned cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deferring with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put mony in thy purse; follow thou these wars; 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 disseat. To defeat, is to undo, to change.

usurped
352  O  TH  E  L  L  O,

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. * 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 as lucious as lohocks, shall shortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When she is fated 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.—

* 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 lucious as luculpts.] 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. 

6 betwixt an erring Barbarian.] We should read errant, that is a vagabond, one who has no house nor country. Warb.

Hammer 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. Traverfe, 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, Roderigo?
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 Roderigo.

SCENE 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,

Vol. VIII. 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.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano, Governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.

MONTANO.

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-thrashed surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
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 inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

**SCENE 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 Caffio_,
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 fame _Caffio_, 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 ferv'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 indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike ise,
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. * His bark is stoutly timber'd; and his pilot
9 Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within. A fail, a fail, a fail!

* His bark is stoutly timber'd—
Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.] I do not understand these lines. I know not, how hope can be forfeited to death, that is, can be increased, 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 variation. Shall we read,
Therefore my fears, not forfeited

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 forfeited to death,
Stand bold, not sure.
9 Of very expert and approv'd allowance.] I read,
Very expert, and of approv'd allowance.

Cas.
Caf. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o’ th’ sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Caf. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy.

Our friends, at least. [Sound of Cannon.

Caf. 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?

Caf. Most fortunately: He hath achiev’d a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blaz’ning pens,
And in th’ essent’l vesture of creation

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 essent’l vesture is the same as essent’l 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. Shakespear certainly wrote,

And in TERRESTRIAL vesture
of creation.

And in this lay the wonder,

That all created excellency should be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARB.

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The author seems to use essent’l, 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’ essent’l vesture of creation

Do’s tyre the ingenieur.
Which I explain thus,

Does tire ‘ib’ ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the author sublimated in his revival.

SCENE
SCENE 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; Tempefts themselves, high seas, and howling winds; The gutter'd rocks, and congregated lands, Traitors enfteep'd to clog the guiltles keel; As having fene 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 fe'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard! And swell his fail 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———

SCENE V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, 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,
Def. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Def. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark, a fail!
Within. A fail, a fail! [Sound of Cannon.
Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewife is a friend.
Caf. See for the news.
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
[To Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie. [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.
Def. Alas! she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have lift 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,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housetifery, and housetwives in your beds!
Def. O, fy upon thee, flanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil.

Æmil.
Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. 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 critical.

Def. Come, one aflay. There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ah, Madam.

Def. 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.

Def. 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.

Def. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolifh?

Iago. She never yet was foolifh, that was fair; For ev'n her folly helpt her to an heir.

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise haft thou for her that's foul and foolifh?

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 foolifh-cit woman, if pretty, may have a child, no pretty woman is ever foolifh.

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 angered, 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 genuine, I confess, it is above my understanding. 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 affirm to its prejudice. I have ventured 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 under standing 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 authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. 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 itself.
OTHELLO,

She that could think, and ne'er dislose 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, Aemilia, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, Caffio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Caf: 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 Caffio. Ay, smile upon her, do. 'I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these trip

7 To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.] In this line there seems to be more humour design-ed, than I can easily discover or explain. Why should the 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 era; but as the merit of the best woman is but small, that era might be properly applied to the distinction of the different ages of small beer.

8 profane] Grofs of language, of expression broad and brutal, So Brabantia, in the first act, calls

Iago, profane wretch.

9 liberal counsellor?] Liberal, for licentious.

How say you, Caffio? 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 ad verba, but description: what he says, is, Reflections on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote censorious.

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that gives counsel, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly. A talker.

I will gyve thee i.e. catch, shackle.
you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kis'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good, well kis'd, and excellent courtefy; 'tis so, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clister pipes for your fake. [Trumpet.
The Moor. I know his trumpet. Cæs. 'Tis truly so.
Def. Let's meet him, and receive him. Cæs. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!
Def. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. Oh my foul'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.
Def. The heaven's forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

*well kis'd, and excellent courtefy!* Spoken when Cassio kis's his hand, and Desdemona courteous.
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-turn'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.

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 3 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.

[Execut Othello and Desdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago and Roderigo.

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 natures, more than is native to them. Lift me, the lieutenant 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.

6
I must tell thee, this Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. Lay thy finger thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence he 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? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and give Satiety a fresh appetite, lovelines 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 unfore'd position, who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther confessionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his fault

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; lovelines 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 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 blest's d 8 condition.

_Iago._ Blest's d figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest's d, she would never have lov'd the Moor. Blest's 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 exercife, the incorporate conclusion. Fist—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. Caffio knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Caffio, 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 cholera.

---

7 green minds] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. 9 tainting] Throwing a slur upon his discipline. 1 sudden in cholera] Sudden, is precipitately violent.
and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny, 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.

SCENE 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 feat. The thought whereof Doth, 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
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. * Which thing to do; 
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting; stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Caffio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,
For I fear Caffio with my night-cap too,

*——Which thing to do,
If this poor branch of Venice,
whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the
putting on.] A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some
respects, very well be call'd transit;
but the metaphor is not preferred. For what agreement
is there betwixt transit, and quick-
hunting, and standing the putting on? The allusion to the chace,
Shakspeare 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 branch of Venice,—
which is a low species of hounds
of the chace, and a term generally
us'd in contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical allusion, and makes it much
more satirical. Vitrius, in his
notes on Gratius, says, Racha
Saxonibus canem significabat, unde
Scoti habe Rache pro cane femina
babent, quod Angl. est Brach.
Nos vero (he speaks of the Hol-
landers) Brach non quemvis canem
fet fagaem vocamus. So the
French, Braque, ejece de chien de
——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 corrupt 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 sentence, 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. Rowe.
6 I'll have our Michael Caffio
on the hip.] A phrase from
the art of wrestling.
THE MOOR OF VENICE. 369

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ais,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE 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 perdotion 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-
eral Othello!

SCENE 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 stop,

Knavery's plain face is never seen—]
An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts
his designs; but a knave de-

Vol. VIII.
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. 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.

Cas. Welcome, Iago. We must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock. * 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.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not * an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets. Come, lieutenant, I have a ftoop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

---

* Our General cast us,] That after his proper part.
is, appointed us to our stations. To cast the play, is, in the file of the theatres, to assign to every than the eye can sound a parley.

Cas.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well with courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. 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 talk my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door. I pray you, call them in.

Cas. 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 caroused Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, *The very elements of this warlike isle, Have I to-night flutter'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.

If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE
Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Caf. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one. Not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

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.

Caf. '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.

Caf. 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.

Caf. 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 Cres-
fide;
Cref. 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 reject-ed? Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be term-ed a dream.

Mon.
Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

* 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's loan.

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 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, intitled, Relics of Ancient Poetry, consisting of old heroic Ballads, Songs, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.
5 — loan ] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch.
OTHELLO
Gent. Excellent well.
Caft. Why, very well then; you must not think
then that I am drunk.

SCENE 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 soldier fit to stand by Ceasar,
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,
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 Caffio,
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.

* He'll watch the horologue a
double fet.] 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 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.

Cassio. You rogue! you rascal!
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cassio. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the
knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me.
Cassio. Doft thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Cassio. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the
mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cassio. 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, Lieutenant! hold.
You will be sham'd for ever.

7—ingraft infirmity: An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution.
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 forgot 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; 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

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 loft
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.

* 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 affails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
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 dropping; or perhaps spare of its ornaments.
3 —spend your rich opinion,—] Throw away and squander a reputation 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 engaged in this offence.

'Tis
OTHELLO,

'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 Caffio:
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 Caffio following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caffio, 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 Caffio 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' Caffio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, Caffio, 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 Caffio. Caffio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.
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.

SCENE XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?


Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cass. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! 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 cast in his mood, a punishment more in

6 cast in his mood,] Ejected in his anger.
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.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive
so good a commander, with so flight, so drunken, and
so indiscreet an officer. *Drunken, and speak Parrot,*
and squabble? *swagger?* swear? and discourse foolish
with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of
wine; if thou haft 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?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing dis-
tinctly: 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, pleafance,
revel, and applause, transform ourfelves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How
came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It has pleas'd the devil, Drunkenness, to give
place to the devil, Wrath; one unperfectnefs fhews me
another, to make me frankly defpife myfelf.

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.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he fhall 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 meekly with many a divers flour,
Freshly they drefs and make sweete my beare,
With spake parrot: I pray you full courteously theirs joye.

Warburton.
be now a Senfible man, by and by a fool, and present-
ly a beast! — Every inordinate cup is unbles'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.

Cas. 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, 8 for that he hath devoted and giv'n up
himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement
of her parts and graces. Confefs yourfelf freely to
her: importune her help, to put you in your Place
again. She is of fo free, fo kind, fo apt, fo bleffed a
disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnefs not to
do more than she is request'd. This broken joint be-
tween 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 be-
fore.

Cas. You advife me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sinceritv of love, and honoflt
kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning

8 For that he hath devoted, and
given up himself to the contempla-
tion, mark, and denotement of
her parts and graces.] I remem-
ber, it is faid of Antony, in the
beginning of his tragedy, that
he, who ufed to fix his eyes al-
together on the dreadful ranges
of war,

—now bends, now turns,
The office and devotion of their
view

Upon a trumpets front,
This is finely express'd; but I
cannot perfuade myfelf that our
poet would ever have faid, any
one devoted himself to the devote-
ment of any thing. All the co-
pies agree; but the miftake cer-
tainly arose from a fingle letter
being turn'd upside down at pref.

THEOBALD,

I will
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.

SCENE XV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain?
When 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 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 en fetter'd 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 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

---this advice is free—] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will.
---free elements—] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

---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; I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, 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, That shall enmesh them all. How now, Rodorigo!

**SCENE XVI.**

*Enter Rodorigo.*

**Rod.** I do follow here in the chase, 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 knowst, 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 calmer'd Cassio.

"Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun," Yet

*"I'll pour this pestilence—*] P**F**etilence, for poifon. W**A**are. *"That she repeals him —*] That is, recalls him. *"That shall enmesh them all,} A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. *PoP**E**.
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 Caffio to her mistress:
I'll set her on:——
Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may Caffio find
Solliciting his Wife,—ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Caffio, with Musicians.

CASSIO.

Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, General.
[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 de-
spair of slow events any more
than of tardy fruits, while the
causes are in regular progress,
and the fruits grow fair again;
Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak 't' 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, for I'll away. Go. Vanish into air. Away. [Exeunt Mus.

Cas. Doft thou hear, mine honest friend? Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. 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.

Vol. VIII. C c
OTHELLO,

Iago. You have not been abed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold to send 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.

SCENE
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

SCENE 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.

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Def. Be thou assure'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam, do. I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Def. 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.

Def. I know't; I thank you. You do love my Lord;
You've known him long; and, be you well assure'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Thank in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, That
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.

*Def.* 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 *Caffio*’s suit; therefore be merry, *Caffio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

**SCENE V.**

*Enter Othello, and Iago, at distance.*

*Æmil.* Madam, here comes my Lord.

*Cæs.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Def.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cæs.* Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Def.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Caffio.*

*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 politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such flight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. — 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. 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.
Def. 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?
Def. 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?
Def. 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.
Def. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home.
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,
² His present reconciliation take.] Cassio was to be re-
conciled to his General, not his General to him, therefore take
cannot be right. We should read make.
³ —— and not in cunning.] Cunning, for design, or purpose,
simply.
To take his reconciliation, may
be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be recon-
ciled.

C 3
OTHELLO,

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, * 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.

Def. 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,
Wherin 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.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona; I'll come straight.

Def. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.

---the wars must make examples
Out of their best,——] The secrecy of military discipline

must not spare the best men of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example.
Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wretch!—Perdition catch my soul.
But I do love thee; and 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. [This reading, I think, 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 acceptance as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with dignity.]

The meaning of the word wretch, is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of arability, 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 suspend'd 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'ft thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
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 did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st 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 honestly,
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
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 ruminate; 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 fanguine 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 dilations, except that the earlier quarto has close denotements; which was the author'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 Shakespeare 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
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast to pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
9 Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions fit
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,
Though, I—perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealous
Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
From one that fo improbably conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unfure 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 guess.] 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 unfure observance, though I am vicious in my guess. 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 guess.
Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect. Warburton.

—imperfectly conceits,] In the old quarto it is,
—improbably conceits,
Which I think preferable.
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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,
Robbs 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. loathes that which nourishes
and sustains it. This being a
miserable flate, Iago bids him be-
ware of it. The Oxford Editor
reads,

—which doth make
The meat it feeds on——

implying that its suspicions are un-
real 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 fix-
ing him jealous: and therefore
bids him beware of jealousy, not
that it was an unreasonable but a
miserable flate, and this plunges

him into it, as we see by his re-
ply, which is only

Oh misery!

Warb.

I have received the emenda-
tion; because to mock, does not
signify to loath; and because,
when Iago bids Othello beware of
jealousy, the green ey'd 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——] Un-
bounded, endless, unnumbered
treasures.

5—as poor as winter,] Finely expressed: Winter produ-
cing no fruits.

Warb.

Good
O T H E L L O,

Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think’lt 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 resolved. 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 Hanner’s, by being printed, ex-sufficate. 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 show without solidity, or that in consequence of such empty fears, I will clese 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 virtuous? The old Quarto reads, a little nearer the truth,

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

But Shakespeare 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.
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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 Caffio;
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 know9 our country-disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks,
They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-

Is not to leave’t undone, but keep’t unknown.

Oth. Doft 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 genero-
ity. 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 impres-
soed on every reader. Deceit and
falshood, 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, disturb
the deceiver, and the act by
which kindnes was sought, puts
an end to confidence.

The same objection may be
made with a lower degree of
against the imprudent
generosity of disproportionate
marriages. When the first heat
of passion is over, it is easily suc-
cceeded by suspicion, that the
same violence of inclination
which caused one irregularity,
may stimulate to another; and
those who have liewn, that their
passions are too powerful for their
prudence, will, with very flight
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
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 daft'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 y. u, not to strain my speech

3 To grosser issues, not 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,
Where to we see in all things Nature tends,
Foh! one may smell, in such, a 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 depravation, 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 quillsulence. It is so used by AScham. A rank will, is self-will overgrown and exuberant.

Foul
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, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, Iago.


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,

You shall by that perceive him, and his means.
Note, if your lady 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. 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 solicitation of your lady.

7 strain his entertainment

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.
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit;
Of human dealings. 1 If I prove her haggard,
2 Tho' that her jealous 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;
Prerogariv'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
'Ev'n then, this forked plague is fated to us,

--- with a learned spirit.]

Warburton.
The construction is, He knows all qualities of human dealings.

1 --- If I prove her haggard.]

A haggard hawk, is a wild hawk,
a hawk unclaimed, or ir reclaimable.

2 Tho' that her jealous were my dear heart-strings,]

Refer to short straps of leather tied about
the foot of a hawk, by which the is held on the fit. Hammer.

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 dismiffed, 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.

5 --- forked plague.---] In allusion to a barbed or forked arrow, which, once infixed, 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 Ilanders,
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.

SCENE 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 fancy.

Vol. VIII. D d Enter
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, 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 The folio reads,
being opportunely here, took it up. Be not unknown on't.
6 Be not you known on't: The sense is plain, but of the
Should it not rather be read, expresion I cannot produce any
Be not you known in't? example.

The
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of fulphur.—I did say so.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine 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'st set me on the rack.

I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,

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,

Debt of nature. Warburton.

To true is, in our author, oftener to possess, 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 bas'd; to the same meaning, more intelligibly expressed.
O T H E L L O,

Pioneers and all, had tafted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content,
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewel!

Farewel the neighing stead, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-firring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
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 flander her, and torture me,

8 Farewel the neighing stead, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-firring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
attributes to the trumpet and fife, in the present reading, seem to be too much alike for the richness and variety of Shakspeare's ideas. Besides, as the fife and trumpet in the one line where designed to be characterized by their sounds; so the drum and fife, by their effects on the hearts; as appears in part from the epithet given to the drum of spirit-fliring: I would read then, The spirit-firring drum, th' ear-piercing fife, i.e. the ear-piercing. 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 cenfured 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'ft 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._ '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 begrimed 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 tupped?

9 —abandon all remorse;] Re-  

verse, for repentance, _Ward._  

1 rather think it is, Let go all  

scruples, throw aside all restraints.  

_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,
*W*ere they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As falt as wolves in pride, and fools as grofs,
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstancces,
Which le.d 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 caufe 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 spleas 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, "Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Ob. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

2 Were they as prime as goats,
3 Give me a living reason—
Prime, is prompt, from the C.Lic Living, for speaking, manifest.
or Brit.: prim. Hanmer.
Warburton.

Oth.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion; 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; 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.

'Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, Iago, All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;——

—— 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. This time was now come.

The old Quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis true.—

And this is Shakespeare's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows; as alluding to what he had said before,

——No, Iago!

I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, proves
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jeal.—

Warburton.

D d 4

Aris£,
Othello,

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne!
To tyrannous hate!—swell, 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. *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 Hellepont;
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, altered it as above. It should be read thus,

*Arise black vengeance from thy 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 *misple", whereas it was a word *miscalled*. We should read,

*Yield up, oh love, thy crown and parted throne,*

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 waft enthroned. Parted throne has no meaning:

1 —*sweel, bosom,* &c.] i.e. *sweel, 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. Let him command, And to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody business ever.

And to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Thus all the old copies, to the manifest deprivation of the poet's sense. Mr. Pope has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity, Not to obey, shall be in me Remorse, &c.

I read, with the change only of a single letter;
Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse, &c.

i.e. Let your commands be ever so bloody, Remorse and Compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them.

THEOBALD.

Let him command,
And to obey, shall be in me Remorse.

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 occasion to alter it to, Nor to obey; and thought he had much mended matters. But he misconceived the end of the line for the corrupt; and by his emendation, the deep-designing Iago is foolishly made to throw off his mask.

when he had most occasion for it; and without any provocation, stands 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 preserving the unity of character. Iago, till now, pretended to be one, who, tho' in the trade of evil be had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of his conscience to do no contriv'd murder; when, of a sudden, without cause or occasion, he owns himself a ruffian without remorse. Shakespeare wrote and pointed the passage thus,

Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me Remorse.

What bloody business ever.

i.e., however the business he lets 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 better by it. So Shaksper, And if so be him fortune to write and plaine,
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 voices re-
morde.
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 declara-
tion in Iago is a cavil; he does not say that he has no prin-
ciple of remorse, but that it shall
not operate against Othello's com-
mands. 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 with-
hold, or make reluctant, but of
reprove, or confine; 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 O-
theso, and says, Let him command
whatever bloody business, and in
me it shall be an act, not of cru-
elty, 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 fol-
low Pope's reading; as it is im-
proved by Theobald.

SCENE
Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Def. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Def. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Def. 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.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and bid them answer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compafs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit Clown.

Def. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer. Without doubt, we should read; and bid them answer: i.e. the world; those, whom he questions. Warr.

Emil.
Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of s 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?

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was
Born, 
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
Call’d to him. How is ’t with you, my Lord?

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] Oh, hardness
to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my
lady.

Def. 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.

Def. You may, indeed, say so;

For ’twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

5.—Cruzadoes.—] A Portuguese coin, in value three shil-
lings Sterling. Dr. Grey.—

So called from the Cross stamped upon it.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands:
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speak of this. Come, now your pro-
mise.

—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 fa-
tirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the Crown, he created the new digni-
ty of Baroëts for money. A-
mongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal arms, of a hand gules in an Eceutcheon argent.
And we are not to doubt but that this was the new heraldry alluded to by our author: By which he inculcates, that some then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, men to pay for the crea-
tion, but no virtue to purchase the honour. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allu-
sion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising mo-
ny by this creation, was the re-
duction of UlIer, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that add-
tion to their arms, it being the arms of Ulter. Now the me-
thod used by Elizabeth in the re-
duction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who employed their feel 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 fatirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher, in The Fair Maid of the Inn. One says, I will send thee to Amboyna? th' East Indies for pepper. The other replies, To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd. Again, in the same play, a sailor says, Disprise not this pitch'd d Canova, the time was we have known them lined with Spanish Ducats. War.
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 suspcion, and the hand which he had before called franks, he now terms liberal; then pro-
ceeds to remark, that the hand was formerly given by the heart; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.
Oth. What promise, chuck?

Def. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me:

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Def. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Def. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian 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.

Def. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;

A Sybil, that had numbered in the world

The Sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetick fury few'd the Work:

7 — salt and sorry Rheum ——]

The old quarto has,
— salt and fallen Rheum ———

'That is, a Rheum obstinately troublesome. I think this better,

3 numbered ———

The Sun to course ——] i.e. numbered the Sun's courses: Badly

expressed. Warburton.

The expression is not very infrequent; we say, I counted the
clock to strike four; so the numbered the Sun to course, to run, two

hundred compasses, two hundred annual circuits;

The
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk; 
And it was dy'd in Mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens' hearts.

_Def._ Indeed! is't true?

_Oth._ Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

_Def._ Then would to heaven that I had never seen't!

_Oth._ Ha? wherefore?

_Def._ Why do you speak so startlingly, and 9 rash?

_Oth._ Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is it out o' th' way?

_Def._ Bless us!——

_Oth._ Say you?

_Def._ It is not lost; but what, an if it were?

_Oth._ Ha!

_Def._ I say, it is not lost.

_Oth._ Fetch't, let me see't.

_Def._ Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you, let Caffio be receiv'd again.

_Oth._ Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind mis-
gives.

_Def._ Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

_Oth._ The handkerchief——

_Def._ I pray talk me of Caffio.

_Oth._ The handkerchief.—

_Def._ A man, that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

_Oth._ The handkerchief——

_Def._ Infooth, you are to blame.

_Oth._ Away!——

[Exit Othello.]

9 _rash?_ Is vehement, violent.
SCENE XI.

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. 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.
Def. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you?
Cass. 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, as a man;] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author 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.
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Whom I, with all * 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;
* But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I clothe me in a forc’d content,
* And shoot myself up in some other course,
To fortune’s alms.

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter’d.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spokken for you all my best;
And stood * 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,

--- the office of my heart,]  
The elder quarto reads,
—the duty of my heart.
The author used the more proper word, and then changed it, I suppose, for fashionable diction; but, as fashion is a very weak preservative, the old word is now ready to resume its place.

Saltem aliquid veniat, qui mihi dictat, obi.

* And shoot myself up— This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,
And shoot myself up—
*—in favour.—] In look, in countenance.

Si neque placidas affari Caesaris aures,

Vol. VIII. E e

And,
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.

SCENE XII.

Manent Desdemona, Emilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of State,
Either from Venice, of some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
8 For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Behrought me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

7—some unhatch'd practice] Some treason that has not taken
8 For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain — ] Endue with a
sense of pain, is an expression,
which, though it might be endued, if it were genuine, cannot
devise to be introduced by
artifice. The c. pie, both quarto
and folio, read, Endue our other
healthful members even to a sense
of pain. I believe it should be
rather, Subdue our other health-
ful members to a sense of pain.
9—unhandsome warrior as
I am.] How this came to
be so blundered, I cannot con-
ceive. It is plain Shakespeare
wrote,
—unhandsome wrangler as
I am.
So Antony and Cleopatra,
—s wrangling Queen.
Warburton.
Unhandsome warrior, is evi-
dently unfair assailant.

Emil.
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. Caffio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Caf. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[Exeunt DeIdemona and Æmilia at one
door; Caffio, at the other.

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Caffio, meeting Bianca.

Bian. SAVÉ you, friend Caffio.

Caf. 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, Caffio.

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!

Caf. Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest;

But
But I shall in a 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.

Cass. Go to, woman,
Throw your vile gueiles 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?

Cass. I know not neither. I found it in my chamber;
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?

Cass. 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?

Cass. 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?

—more convenient time]

The folio has, more continue time, time left interrupted, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than convenient.

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.
"Tis but a little way that I can bring you.
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.
'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

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 hypocry against the Devil:

They bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romifo Saint, Robert D'Arbrissel 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, Shakespeare little needs how those sentiments are circumstanced.

Warburton.

Hyp cry against the Devil,

E e 3
422 OTHELLO.

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 Hypocrify 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-
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 sayst,—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 supplied 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 Shakespeare wrote,

*She is property of her honour too:*
May she give that? And then Othello's answer will be logical, and Iago's reply pertinent. Shakespeare ues the same word again in Timon,

---subdus and properties to his love. Ward.

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 unharmonious.
7 Boding to all—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, less grammatically,

8 Convinc'd or supplied them.] I cannot understand the vulgar reading. I read, convinc'd or supplied. 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 favour from their mistresses, or if thro' their own fondness they make her pliant to their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To convince, here, is not, as in the common acceptance, 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 conquer'd, subdued. Ward.
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 fullsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief—handkerchief—[* 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 shake

---[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 inexplicable 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 flounders thus, My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into difficulties for no cause. There must be an induction of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be mere imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My fear only therefore must be grounded on matter of fact. Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense, Richard III.

Adire
THE MOOR OF VENICE. 425

Jake thus—pish—noises, ears, and lips—is't possible!—confess!—handkerchief!—ob 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 guiltles, meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, Othello,——

SCENE 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 dirty 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 author. 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 discovers 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 Jake 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 flirs.
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 in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your cafe 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 lift.
Whilst you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
A passion most unsuiting such a man,

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good excuses on your ecstacy;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encafe yourself,

2.—in those unproper beds] of listening.
Unproper, for common. Warn. 4.—encafe yourself] Hide
3.—lift] For attention; act yourself in a private place.

And
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. Doft thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, doft thou hear, most bloody?

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

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 trumpet'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.

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?

Cass. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
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?
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [Aside.
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, she 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?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman; do you triumph?
[Aside.
Cas. I marry her!—What? 8 a customer? pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it to unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so; they laugh, that win. [Aside.
Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you shall marry her.
Cas. 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. Shakespear wrote, Do you triumph, rogue?—Which being obscurely written the editors miscrook 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 invites 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? Cas.
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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.

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank 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.

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.

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

SCENE 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. animal. He tells Iago, that the Pope. is as lewd as the polecat, but of Shakespeare has in another better scent, the polecat being place mentioned the lust of this 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.

Caf. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how
now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may;
if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[Aside.

Iago. After her, after her.—

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. You sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would
very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come. Will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more. [Exit Cassio.

SCENE 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, left 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 fame?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Ludovico Come from the Duke: And, see, your wife is with him.

SCENE 7.
Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from the Palace.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.


Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Def. 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 Caffio?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Def. 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?

Def. 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 Caffio?

Def. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T’ atone them, for the love I bear to Caffio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Def. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov’d him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Caffio in his Government.

Def. Trust me, I am glad on’t.

Oth. Indeed!

Def. My Lord!

* atone them—] Make them one; reconcile them.
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! — [Striking her.]

Def. 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!

Def. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress —

Def. 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 send 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 producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon.
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.

Warburton.

I have ventured to attack another part of this sentence, which my ingenious friend slip'd over. I cannot see, for my heart, the difference between the shot of accident 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 distinctive adverb. Chance may afflict a man in some circumstances; but other difficulties are to be accounted for from a different cause. I am persuaded, our author wrote;

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance, &c.

And, in a number of other places, 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. Accident and Chance may admit a subtle distinction; Accident may be considered as the all, and Chance as the power or agency of Fortune; as, It was by chance that this accident befell me. At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cen-

fure;

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. Y O U have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did sus-

pect.

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.
OTHELLO

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 flander.

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.

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Def. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.

Def. 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.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not your words.

5 But not your words.] This line is added out of the first edition.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; let, being like one
Of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.
Def. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Oth. Ah, Desdemona! away, away, away——
Def. 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 fiores 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 6 garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from 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 conjoined. That is, treasured up; the garner conjoined.
To knot and gender in—7 Turn thy complexion there, Patience, thou young and rosy-lipp'd cherubin; Ay, here, look grim as hell.

Def. 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!

Def. 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 kiffes all it meets, Is huff'd within the hollow mine of earth, And will not hear 't. What committed? — Impudent strumpet!

Def. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Def. 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?
Def. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is't possible?
Def. 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
SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistres, 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 flick.

* The small'ft opinion on my least misufe?

* The small'ft opinion on my least misufe?] The old abuse.

quarto reads, Which I think is better,
Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? How is't with you?
Def. 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?
Æmilia. Alas, Iago, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Def. Such, as, she said, my Lord did say I was.
Æmilia. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Def. I do not know; I'm sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Æmilia. 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?
Def. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Befrew him for't! How comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heaven doth know.
Æmilia. 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’l be hang’d else.

_Iago._ Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

_Dés._ If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

_AEmil._ A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?


The Moor’s abus’d by sorne 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 rafcal naked through the world,
Ev’n from the east to th’ west!

_Iago._ Speak within door.

_AEmil._ Oh, fie upon them! Some such ’quire he was,
That turn’d your wit the seamy side without;
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

_Iago._ You are a fool; go to.

_Dés._ 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 be do shake me off

— notorious ——] For gr-tes, clamour so as to be heard beyond
not in its proper meaning for
known.

— the seamy side without;]

Speak within door.] Do not That is, inside out.

To
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 aff, 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 busines of the State does him offence,
"And he does chide with you."

Def. 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 Emilia.

SCENE 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 it me with some device,

Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'ft 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 my self
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,
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to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a Votarift. 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 sob’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 solicitation; 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 compafs?

Iago. Sir, there’s is special commision come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello’s Place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago.
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 hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, 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.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh Desdemona!—

Def. My Lord.
Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be return'd forthwith. Dismis your attendant there. Look, it be done. [Exit.

Def. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

Def. He says, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Def. 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.

Def. 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.

Def. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara,
She was in love; 3 and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forfake 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 she prov'd mad:—

Warburton.

should read,
—and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
I believe that mad only signifies, wild, frantick, uncertain.

Will
Will not go from my mind; *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?
Def. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Æmil. A very handsome man.
Def. He speaks well.
Æmil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
Def. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,
'Sing all a green willow:
'Her hand on her bofom, 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, 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.

*—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 infer-
tion made in the latter editions
which has improved the play.
The rest seem to have been add-
ed for the sake of amplification
or of ornament. When the ima-
gination had sub sided, and the
mind was no longer agitated by
the horror of the action, it became
at leisure to look round for speci-
uous 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.
This fong, in two parts, is
printed in a late collection of old
ballads; the lines preferred here
differ somewhat from the copy
discovered by the ingenious col-
lector.
Def. "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.

Def. I have heard it said so. Oh these men, these men!

Doft 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.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light:

I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Def. 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.

Def. In troth, I think, thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I shoul'd; 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.

Def. Befrew 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;— \]

This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman.
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Def.* 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 jealoufies,

Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us;

Or scant our former having in despight;

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.

*Def.* Good-night, good-night; 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—beau'n me such uses send.]

Such is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has,

Usage is an old word for custom, and, I think, better than *ufs*.

ACT
A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

IAGO.

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.

[I'Who apart.

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or

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 ventured to conjecture, I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.
The Knot, or Knot, is a small bird, plentiful with us, in Lin-
Or Caffio 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 Caffio 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 Caffio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain thou diest. 
[He runs at Caffio, and wounds him.

Caf. 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 Caffio behind in the Leg, and exit. 
[Then Roderigo and Caffio fall.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.
Caf. I'm maim'd for ever. Help, hoa! murder, murder!

colybire and Lancashire; which took its name, as Cambden says, from its being a delicious morcel 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 belts with Roderigo's character, an easy, manageable, Cully. Theob. This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hamner reads Quab, a Gudgeon; not that a Gudgeon can be rubbed, or is rubbed to 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 Gnatt, 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 fame 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.
SCENE 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.
Caf. 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 teacheft me — Minion, your dear lives 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.

SCENE III.

Enter Ludovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho! No watch? 'No passage? Murder,
murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.
Caf. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is 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 2 — a heavy night; ] A thick
passengers. No body going cloudy night, in which an ambush
by?

G g 2

Gra.
O T H E L L O,

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 fame, 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.
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Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear Caffio,
My sweet Caffio, oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio.
Iago. O notable trumpet! Caffio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Caf. 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 Caffio, Caffio, Caffio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traff,
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good Caffio. Come, come,
Lend me a Light. Know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, Sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon.
Theeble bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Caffio? Oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Roderigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. Oh, that's well said. The chair.

G g 3
Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistres,

[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, mistres? Do you perceive the gauntness 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.

SCENE 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 'cap'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 slept to-night. What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He slept 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.

And tell my Lord and lady what hath happ'd.

Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredo's me quite.

[Exeunt, Iago following.

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. 3 It 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 fear 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
it in the dark; this compunc-
tion 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.

G g 4

While
Should I repent: but once put out thy light;
Thou cunning'ft pattern of excelling 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;
Ah! [Kissing her.

Oh balmy breath, that doth 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—

Def. Who's there? Othello?
Otb. Ay, Desdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Otb. Have you pray'd to night, Desdemona?
Def. Ay, my Lord.
Otb. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and grace,

While he is busied in this contemplation, 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 stilles her. Theob.

Put out the light, and then—
Put out the light? — ] So it should be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression 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, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflexions 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 for it straight.

**Def.** 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.

**Def.** Talk you of killing?

**Oth.** Ay, I do.

**Def.** Then heaven have mercy on me!

**Oth.** Amen, with all my heart.

**Def.** If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

**Oth.** Hum.

**Def.** 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 fins.

**Def.** They're Loves I bear to you.

**Oth.** Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

**Def.** 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.

**Def.** I will so. What's the matter?

**Oth.** That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Casio.

**Def.** 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.

**Def.** 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.

Def. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven, As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand. Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do, 6 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee——

Def. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd.

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Def. My fear interprets then. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

6 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.] This line is difficult. Thou hast haiden'd my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrific'd thee to justice with the calmness of a priest strik'n a victim.
It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos 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.
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Oth. Out, trumpet! Weep'lt thou for him to my face?
Def. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, trumpet.
Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive——
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [He strangles her.

SCENE 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 starts 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 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. Caffio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, called Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Caffio kill'd?
Æmil. No, Caffio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Caffio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Def. 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, ha! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.
Def. A guiltles's death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Def. No body, I my self. 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. 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
blackest Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost belch her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heavenly true.
Oth. Caffio 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 Caffio. 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 mistres! Villainy has made mock's 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 weaknesses of a violent passion.
My friend, thy husband, 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. Thou hast not half that power to do me
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'lt done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done
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 ues
power for inclination. But the
Oxford Editor, not understanding
his author's phraeology 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 ued power in
the sense of ability. — W.A.B.
The Oxford editor saw well the
meaning of his author, but
weakened his expression. She
means to say, I have in this sense:
power to endure more than thou
best power to inflict.

2 He
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 murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, fear 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 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
A thousand times committed. Cassio confess’d 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 wife, 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;

Æmil. comprised in the act of this
This is another passage which
seems to suppose a longer space

For
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 mistrefs' 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 I X.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipfler 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,
Æmil. What did thy Song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. Willow, Willow, Willow——
Moor, she was chaste; she lovd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, 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, * 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 fail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

*—the ice-brook's temper;] In
the first edition it is, Ebro'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 fusées.

Pope. I believe the old reading
changed to ice-break 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-flav’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!

SCENE 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 ’towards his feet; but that’s a  
false.  
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’n in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?  
Oth. Why, any thing;  
An honourable murtherer, if you will,  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

—towards his feet;—] To see
— in the practice—] In the
if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.

Did you and he consent in Caffio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Caf. 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 befell'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 Caffio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. Oh villain!

Caf. 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 in the interim

Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Caffio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

Caf. I found it in my chamber;

And he himself confess'd 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 revi'sal, that nick was too fami-

fist copies have, in the nick. It liar.

was, I suppose, thought upon
There is, besides, in Rodrigo’s letter, how he upbraids Iago that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came Then I was cast. And even now he spake, After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forfake 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, whole 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 Indian, from the elder Quarto, 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 dung-hill-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 efflimation 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 reproof,  
he would have call'd him rude, and not base.  
Again, I am perswaded, 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 Mariamne 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 alluded to as any objection) instead of Judian, 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 cut 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 Delfdem.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [dies.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
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 light,——

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succed to you. 'To you, Lord Governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,

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 rogue, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly sworn 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.

Atatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.

says Horace. But how has our critic
O T H E L L O,
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 confesfed, that a
soldier should be brave, gene-
rous, and a man of honour.
This is to be his dramatic cha-
acter. 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 gi-
gen the character of the soldiery;
which had been unjust and un-
natural. But if a number of
the same order be represented, then
the character of the order is ta-
ken from the manners of the
majority; and this, according to
nature and common fene. Now
in this play there are many of
the order of the soldiery, and
all, excepting Iago, represented
as open, generous, and brave.
From this, the soldier’s charac-
ter is to be taken; and not from
Iago, who is brought as an ex-
ception to it, unless it be unna-
tural to suppose there could be
an exception; or that a villain
ever inflam’d himself into that
corps. And thus Shakspere
stands clear of this impertinent
criticism. W A R B.

* The beauties of this play
impress themselves so strongly up-
on the attention of the reader,
that they can draw no aid from
critical illustration. The fiery
openness of Othello, magnani-
mous, artful, and credulous,
boundles in his confidence, ar-
dent in his affections, inflexible
in his resolution, and obdurate
in his revenge; the cool malig-
nity of Iago, silent in his reten-
dment, subtle in his designs, and
studious at once of his interest
and his vengeance; the soft sim-
plicity of Desdemona, confident
of merit, and confeious of inno-
cence, her artful perseverance
in her fuit, and her founness to
fuspect that she can be fuspected,
are fuch proofs of Shakspere’s
fkill in human nature, as, I fup-
pofe, it is vain to feek in any
modern writer. The gradual
progres which Iago makes in the
Moors conviction, and the cir-
cumfances which he employs to
inflame him, are fo artfully na-
tural, that, though it will per-
haps not be faid of him as he
fays of himfelf, that he is a man
not eafily jealous, yet we cannot
but pity him when at laft we
find him perplexed in the extreme.
There is always danger left
wickednefs conjoined with abili-
ties should ftel upon efleem,
though it miffes of approbation;
but the character of Iago is fo
conducted, that he is from the
first fene to the laft hated and
defpifed.
Even the inferiour characters
of this play would be very con-
spicuous
Spicuous in any other piece, not only for their junctures but their strength. Caffio 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 Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, only to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The Scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progress 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.

APPEND-
APPENDIX

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 Revival 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.
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

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 where on the strings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch.

Mr. Hawkins.

P. 22. Mr. 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 tutorefs, in the latter end of the second scene of the second act, when he makes Caliban say "I've seen thee in her, my Mifles; shewed me thee and thy dog and thy brush," to Stephano, who has just assuaged the monster, he was the man in the moon when—Time was.

Mr. Holt.

P. 45. For spatter read utter.

Revival.

P. 48. Young scameis from the rocks. — ] Theobald substitutes camels, for camels; which last word, he says, has possessed all the editions. I am inclined to retain camels: For in an old Will, dated 1593, I find the bequest of "a bed of cammel-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 Revival 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 Revival thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by the author.

P. 94. Beteem—] Or pour down upon them. Pope.

P. 104. For through byse, &c read in all the places through.

P. 105. —that forevud, and knawiff sprite, Cal'd Robin-goodfellow: are you not be, That fright the maidens of the villagere, Skin milk, and sometimes labour in the quern, And bootles make the breatlesf byse-awife chern: And
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm,
Misled night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?"
This account of Robin-goodfellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harmeret's Declaration, ch. 20. p. 135.

"And if that the bowl of curdes and creame were not duly set out for Robin-goodfellow, the frier, and fiffle the dairy maid—why then either the pot-tage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheefes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noller, or an house-egg were return’d, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull beggars, spirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright, as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing dometick peace and economy.

"Saint Francis and Saint Benedict,
Bleffe this house from wick-ed wight;
From the night-mare, and the goblin,
That is hight good-fellow Robin.
Keep it, &c."

Cartwright's Ordinary, act iii. sc. i. v. 8.

Mr. Warton.
P. 118. It is not night, &c.
Tu nole vel atrix
Lumen, et in folis tute mibi turbam loci.

P. 120. Queen. Come now, a roundel, and a fairy song.
From round comes roundel; and from roundel, roundlet. The first, the form of the figure, the fe-
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

Ne was Satyrane her far beh-

hind

But with like fierceynesse did

enue the chase:

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. cant. 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 les solemnity di-

rected by the will of the de-

c eased. There was also a year's

mind, and a week's mind. See

proverbial phrases.

This appears from the inter-

rogatories and observations a-

gainst the clergy, in the year

1552. Inter. VII. "Whether

there are any month's minds,

and anniversaries?" Strype's


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 mafs 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 incli-

nation, but remembrance, yet I

suppose this is the true original

of the expression.

P. 197. Oh! excellent mo-
tion, &c.] I think this passage

requires a note, as every reader

does not know, that motion, in the

language of Shakespeare's days,

signifies

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 author de-

signed. Fairies in his time were

much in fashion; common tra-

dition had made them familiar;

and Spenfer's poem had made

them great.

P. 180. Lucetta. Indeed I

bid the base for Protheus—]

Bidding the base was a country

diversion, not unlike what is

called early break in the North,

where some pursue others in or-

der to take them prisiners.

Peaseblossom: as for Cavalero

Cabwub, he had juit been dis-

patched upon a perilous adven-

ture. Anon. Dr. Gray.
P. 161. Thel.——Call Phi-

lostrate.] Call_Ec
eus, edit. 1632, and_Ec
eus answers to his

name there, and every where

else in that old edition.

Dr. Gray.
P. 162. The three three muses

mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in

beggary.] I do not know

whether it has been before ob-

served, that Shakespeare here, per-

haps, alluded to Spenfer's poem,

entitled, The Tears of the Myer;

on the neglect and contempt of

learning. This piece first ap-

peared in quarto, with others, 1591.

The oldest edition of this

play, now known, is dated

1600. If Spenfer'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.

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and fantastical as it is, all the

parts in their various modes are

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of pleasure which the author de-

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tion, &c.] I think this passage

requires a note, as every reader

does not know, that motion, in the

language of Shakespeare's days,

signifies
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

signifies puppet. In Ben. John-
son’s Bartholomew Fair, it is fre-
quently used in that sense, or
rather, perhaps, to signify a pup-
pet thief; the manner whereof
may properly be said to be an
interpreter, as being the ex-
plainer of the inarticulate lan-
guage 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 ser-
vant; 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 Knight’s life
of Dean Colet, p. 362. For by
the statutes of Paul’s school,
there inferred, the children are
required to attend divine ser-
vice, 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 mo-
ument of a boy bishop, and it
is said, that a custom formerly
prevalent there, of chuling, from
among the choristers, a bishop,
who actually performed the pa-
toral functions, and dispofed of
such prebends as became va-
cant during his episcopacy, which

lafted but a few days: it is
thought the monument above-
mentioned was for some boy
that died in office.—See the poh-
humous works of Mr. John Gre-
gory, 4to. Oxon.

Mr. Hawkins.
P. 234. —awful men.] This, I
think, should be lawful, in oppo-
sition 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 fa-
miliar 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 lapwing’s hovering and
fluttering flying. But the chief,
of which no notice is taken, is,
—and to jest. (See Ray’s Pro-
verbs.) “The lapwing cries,
“Tongue far from heart,” moist,
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 Er-
rors, act iv. sc. iii. p. 246.

Adr. Far from her nest, the
lapwing cries away,
My heart prays for him, tho’
my tongue do curse.

We meet with the same thought
in John Lilly’s comedy, intituled,
Cam-
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

Comuspe, (first published in 1591, act ii, sc. ii.) from whence Shakespeare might borrow it.

Alexander to Hephestion.

Alix, "Not with Timoleon " you mean, wherein you resemble " the lapwing, whoo creeth misf " where her nest is not, and so " to lead me from espying your " love for Comaspe, you cry " Timoleon." Dr. Gray. P. 313. — And follies doth enmew

As falcon don the fowl.] Qu. Faulconer. Dr. Gray. P. 328. Lucio. — ha? what joy'd thou trot?] It should be read, I think, what joy'd thou to trot? the word trot being seldom (if ever) used to a man.

Old trot or trott, signifies a decrepit old woman, or an old drab. In which sense it is used by Gower Douglas, Virgil's Æneid, book iv.

" Out on the old trot, agit " wiffl, or dame." Dr. Gray.

Trott, or as it is now often pronounced beneft trout, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar.

P. 331. Clack'dib. The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dib, with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to shew that their vessel was empty. Their appears in a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Gray.

P. 336. The Revival 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 substantial 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 profession to be a miftery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, " 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 miftery of painters, so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the miftery 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 argument, is by mistake, as the reader's own fatagacy will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I suppose, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

" Whor. Sir, it is a miftery. " 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
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

"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 Hang- 
man's argument. Rev. 

P. 345. — That spirit's poftest 
thought with haste. 
That wounds the unerring for- 
tal with these strokes.] Such 
is the reading of the original co- 
py, from which later editors 
have coined unrefining, and un- 
refining. I believe that the true 
word is unlistening, the deaf for- 
tal.

P. 349. Tie the beard.] The 
Revial recommends Mr. Simp- 
son'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 Shake- 
speare's time. When Sir Epi- 
cure Mannon, in the Alchemist, 
is promising Face what great 
things he will do for him, he 
says, be shall be a Count, and 
adds flily, ay, a Count Palatine. 
The editor of Johnson has taken 
no notice at all of the passage, 
or observes that the latter part 
of the line should be spoken af- 
side, which the character of Sir Epi-
cure 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 
confess his father by the direc-
tions 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, fher him to be his child. 
It was rather become necessary 
for him to say something of that 
fort, after all the tricks he had 
been playing him. 

Mr. Steevens. 
P. 416. Laun. Then it was no-
thing 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 
"holf, 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!" 
P. 424. — Your mind of love.] 
This imaginary corruption is re-
moved by only putting a com-
ma 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 Shake-
speare's time, was commonly ufed 
for equal. 

So it was in Chaucer's. 

I i 

"Aye
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

"Ave to compare unto thine
"excellence,
"I will presume hym so to
"dignifie,
"Yet be not egal."

Prelude to the Remedy of Love.
So in Coriolanus.
"Sith all as one do bear you
"egal faith." Dr. Gray.
P. 454. Read thus;
—cannot contain their urine.
For affection,
Masters of Passion, sawy it to
the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.
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 difficult it.
P. 454. Woolen bagpipe.
This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read woolen bagpipe; which, that we shou'd, 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 menitioned in Observations on the
Fairy Queen, I. 129. Shake-
shire's track of reading may be
traced in the common books and popular stories of the times,
from which he manifestly de-
vised most of his plots. His-
orical songs, then very fashion-
able, often suggested and recom-
manded a subject. Many of his
incidental allusions also relate to pieces of this kind; which are
now grown valuable on this ac-
count only, and would other-
wise have been deservedly for-
gotten. A ballad is still re-
aining on the subject of Romeo
and Juliet, which, by the date appears to be much older than
Shakespeare's time. It is re-
markable, that all the particu-
lars in which that play differs from the story in Bawilde, are found in this ballad. But it
may be said, that he copied this story as it stands in Paynter's
Palace of Pleasure, 1567, where there is the same variation of cir-
cumstances. This, however,
shows us that Shakespeare did not first alter the original story for the worse, and is at least a pre-
sumptive proof that he never saw the Italian.

Shakespeare alludes to the tale of
king Copbeta 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 roes gathered
"out of England's royall gar-
"den, 1612." The collector of
this miscellany was Richard
Johnson, who compiled, from
various romances, the seven
champions. This story of
Copbeta was in high vogue, as
appears from our author's man-
ner of introducing it in Love's
Labour lost, Act iv. sc. 1. As
likewise from John Marston's Sa-
tires, called the Scourge of Villai-
nie, printed 1598, viz.

Go buy some ballad of the
fairy king,
And of the beggar wench
some rogue thing. Sign. B. 2.
The first stanza of the ballad be-
gins thus,
I read, that once in Africa,
A prince that there did
raine,
Who had to name Copbeta,
As poets they do faine, Sc.

The
APPELLIX 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 Capetua 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 ingenuous enquirer into our old English literature, who is now publishing a curious collection of ancient 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, Hollinshed, 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 Ais, Act ii. sc. iv.

"Fitzclot. Thomas of Woodstock, I'm sure, was duke; and he was made away at Calice, as duke Humphrey 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-cof. No, I confess, I ha't from the play-books, and think they're more authentick."

In Antony Wood's collection of ballads, in the Ashmolean Museum, I find one with the following title, "The lamentable and tragical historie of Titus An- dronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars with the Goths, with the murder of his daughter Livinia, by the empress two sons, through the means of a bloody Moor taken by the sword of Titus in the war: his revenge upon their cruel and inhumane acte."

"You noble minds, and fa- mous 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 converted with?

Mr. Chamier.

P. 72. In the note, for arrow's mark, read hollow mark.

P. 92. The Revival 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 2 Oliver
Oliver speaks to her in the character she has assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 97. The fame 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 blamed all the " enchanters in the world: for " whosever was most famous " among them, could never " master, or instruct any, beat " 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, whencesoever he had " bade him." Dr. GRAY.

P. 130. In the note, for chap- man 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. Teach's such beauty.] The sense is plain without correction. A lady's eye gives a fuller notion of beauty than any author.

P. 197. Ro]. Well, better wits have worn plain flatute 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 amifs to be " taken notice of—it concerned " the Queen's care for employ- " ment for her poor forf of sub- " jeets. 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, thicke, and dreft " 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 show 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. ft. 15. "Whose face did seem as clear "as crystal stone, "And eke, through feare, as "white as whales bone."

And in Tuber nelle's Poems, printed in the year 1570, is an ode intitled, "In Praise of Lady P. "Her mouth so small, her "teeth so white, "As any whale his bone; "Her lips without so lively "red, "That passe the coral "stone."


Again, in the old romance of Syr Degore, "The Kyng had no chyldren, "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."


P. 206. Knew my Lady's foot by th' Squier.] Elsivierre, French, a rule or square.

REVIVAL.

P. 215. Boyet. True, and it was enjoy'd him in Rome for want of linnen, &c.] This is a plain reference to the following story in Stowe's Annals, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifinius Silvarne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarball, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheulena, laying him down to sleep after his fore labour, the blood and humour of his head fo 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 woodward 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 seem the pot.

Mr. Goldsmith.

P. 235. —— that may blow No sneaping winds.] The same as may there blow. A gallicism.

P. 242, Leo. —— Mine bo- nost 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
Mr. Smith.

P. 251. The vice is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. The Revised reads, to 'vice you too.' I think not rightly.

P. 259. I would hand-dam him.] Sir T. H. interprets, 'spit 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 hand-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 'finking 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 gild.

In the Count Belgar, by Mr. Richard Brooke, 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 brain'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 wrench in my character to appear thus to you.

—a noble nature

May catch a wrench.—

Mr. Steevens.

P. 289. For her periods, read his periods.

P. 293. My traffic 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. Rosmary 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
APPENDIX to VOL. II.

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 Hammer 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. "Mistresses, go to charm

" your tongue.

Emilia. "I will not charm my

" tongue, I am bound to

" speak;

" My mistres lies here mur-

" dered 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 dan-

" cing braggart, in decimo sexto;

" charm your skippinge tongue, or

" I'll——

Dr. Gray.

P. 307. You promised me a

tawodry lace and a pair of sweet
gloves.] Tawodry lace is thus de-
dcribed in Skimmer, by his friend
Dr. Henshawe. " Tawodry lace, a

" alltringenta, timbria, feu fa-

" sciolæ, emptæ Nundinis Sæ,

" Etholds eæ celebritatis; Ut rec-

" te monæt Doc. Thomas Hen-

" s belle, Etymology in vce. We

find it in Specifis Pastoralis, April.

And gird in your waste.

For more ornaments, with a

tawodry lace,

As to the other present, promised by Camillo to Moñsa, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they were frequently mentioned by Shake-

speare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Anthicus, in the song just preceding this pas-

sage, offers to faile,

Gloves as sweet as damask

robes.

Stowe's Continuator, Edmund

Hawes, informs us, that the En-

glish could not " make any col-

" ly waft or perfume, until a-

" bout the fourteenth or fif-

" teenth of the queen [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

things: and that year the

queen had a payre of per-

" fumed gloves trimmed onlie

" with fourre tuftes, or rofes, of

" cullered filke. The queen

" tooke such plaure in those

gloves, that shee was pictured

" with those gloves upon her

" hands: and for many yeers

" after it was called the erle of

" Oxforde's perfume." Stowe's

Annals by Hawes, edit. 1614.

p. 868. col. 2. In the annual

accounts of a college in Oxford,

anno 1630, is this article, solut,

pro fumigandis chirothecis.

Mr. Warton.
APPENDIX to VOL. II.

P. 312. Dispute his own estate.] Does not this allude to the next heir suiting for the estate in cases of imbecility, lunacy, &c.

Mr. Chamier.

P. 320. Autolicus.—I have sold all my trumpery, not a counterfeit scent.

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 now.] The Revital reads, Were we offenders new. Very reasonably.

P. 380. By my troth the fool has an excellent breath.] That is, he has an excellent voice. It was proposed to Theobald to read breath for breast. Theobald's reasons for retaining breath, may be corroborated from the following passage in the statutes given to State College by archbishop Parker 1535: "Of which said que- riers, after their breasts are changed, we will, the most apt be helpen with exhibition of forty shillings, &c." Strype's life of Parker, p. 9. That is, the boys when their voices were changed, or broke, and consequentl 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 crumbs. Mr. Steevens.

P. 390. For emphatically read emphatical.

P. 392. The lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.] Stracchio (see Torrione's and Alliter's Italian Dictionaries, under the letters T I K A,) signifies rags, clouts and tatters. And Torrione, in the grammar at the end of his dictionary, says, that stracchio 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.


Mr. Steevens.

P. 399. Tray-trip.] I am almost certain that tray-trip was a game
APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

A game then in fashion, as I have somewhere read among the commendationsofa young nobleman, that he was good at the game of try-trip, or try-trip.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the characters of the two persons, to be able to say, supposing the game to be called try-trip, which may be the same as wrestling, whether either of them had courage enough to have given such a challenge.

Mr. STEEVES.

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 senfe continue such as I have given in the note.

P. 441. Sir To, Then he’s a rogue, and a falso measure paining.] Then he’s a rogue, after a false-measure paining, folio 1632, and probably right, being an allusion to the quick measure of the paining, a dance in Shakespeare’s time.

Dr. Gray.

P. 452. Evans. The dozen Nobfe lowifes do become an old coat nowell, &c.

Shallow. The luce is the falso fño, the falt fño is an old coat.]

Shakespeare by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucy’s were the fame, 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 given us a diftinguishing mark, whereby it appears, that Sir Thomas was the very perfon represented by Shallow. To let blundering parson Evans right, Shallow tells him, The luce is not the falso, but the fago fño, or pike, the falt fño (indeed) is an old coat. The plain Englisb of which is, if I am not greatly mistaken, The family of the Charlott’s had for their arms a falt fño originally; but when William, fon of Walter de Charlott, assumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry the third, he took the arms of the Lucy. This is not at all improbable, for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her estate to the Piercites, it was upon condition, they joined her arms with their own. "And, fays Dugdale, ‘tis likely William de Charlott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother,” and I fay farther, it is as likely he took the arms of the Lucy at the fame time.

The luce is the fago fño (our modern coat of arms); the falt fño (our ancient coat) an old coat.

Mr. SMITH.

The luce a pike, or jack.

"Many a fair parfiche had he " in mewe,

"And many a breme, and many " a luce in fiewe."

Chaucer’s Prologues of the Canterbury Tales. 351, 52.

P. 453. Shallow. The council shall bear it; it is a riot.] He al- ludes to a statute made in the reign of king Henry the fourth (13th, chap. vii.) by which it is enacted, " That the juflices, three, " or two of them, and the fhe- " riff, shall certify before the " king; and his counfelle, all " the deeds and circumftances " thereof,
APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

thereof, (namely, of the riot) which certification should be of the like force as the presentment of twelve: upon which certificate, the trepassers and offenders, shall be put to answer, and they, which be found guilty, shall be punished according to the discretion of the king and counsellor.

Dr. Gray.

P. 454. Slender. How does your fellow greyhound? I heard they be 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., one who was a native of this "very place, so famous for trials 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 Me-philosophus?] 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 1610, Let me see the froth and lyne, I take to be the true one. The hoft calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities, as a tapster; and frothing beer and liming oack 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 oack (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 hoft-could guess, by his skill in doing the former, how he would succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of limed oack.

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 benefits into English. Nym, whose turn it is to speak next, and who loved hard drinking better
APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

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 profess him with yellowness, 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 new face.] Why in the Northern dialed, signifies very little. "The queen astonish a little new."

"At the first sight, beholding his bewte."

Gawin Douglas's Virgil, p. 32. edit. 1710. Dr. Gray. P. 468. And watch me in my chest 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 Pichtatch. Part of the employment given by Drayton, in the Moonealf; 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 flick, a short string, and a loofe, Would show the people tricks at fast and loofe.

Theobald has thong instead of ibong. 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 address, 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 Horne the hunter.

P. 554. In the note, for intelligible, read unin intelligible.

NOTES
APPENDIX to VOL. III.

NOTES to the THIRD VOLUME.

P. 5. Brach Merriman, the poor cur is embosst.
And couple Clouder with the deep-mouth'd brach.] Here, says Pope, brach signifies a degenerate hound: But Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these critics 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 are we utterly ashamed, as ye wott well,— And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitch be a bitch or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a brach." 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 tarcher, and that Shakespeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species.

Mastiff greyhound, mungrill grin,
Hound or Spaniel, brache or bay.
K. Lear, act iii. sc. v. But it is manifest from the passage of More just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general 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: T. Otho is a sweet brache!" Scornful Lady, act i. sc. i.

Instead of brache, Hamner reads, leech Merriman.

Mr. Warton. P. 15. Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Tbek- bould'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 fair 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 fivers.] So called in the Western part of England. Vives elsewhere, and arrives by the French. A distemper in horses, little differing from the franges.

Id. ii. Infected with the fissions.] So called in the W 37
APPENDIX

West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, farcius, 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 cenfuring Sir T. H. for another.

Warburton explains it thus, Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maids dref'd?

Hammer 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, dref'd, and the maids, who are waiting within, dref'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 paper, 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, dele good.

P. 99. For novel narrative, read real narrative.

P. 116. I see the jewel bovt

enamelled, &c.] The Revised 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 disfain'd, &c.] The Revised reads, I live disdained, 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 alleys, 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. Drawn 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. —challenge'd Cupid at the bird bolt.] To challenge at the bird bolt, does not seem to mean the fame as to challenge at children's archery with small arrows, such as are discharged at birds.
APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

birds, but means, as Benedict 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 crofs 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 preferred.

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. Revial.

P. 206. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio. Very well my Lord, the mepick ended, we'll set the kid fox with a pennworth.] i.e. we will be even with the fox, now discovered. So the word kid, or kidde, signifies in Chaucer, "The sovain that now is hid,

"Without coverture shall be kid.

"When I undone have this dreming."

Romanct of the Rose, 2171, E't.

"Perciv'd or shew'd.

"He kidde anon his bone was not broken."

Troilus and Cressida, lib. i. 208.

"With that anon sterte out daunger,"

"Out of the place where he was hidde,

"His malice in his cheete was kidde."

Romanct of the Rose, 2130.

Dr. Gray. P. 267. Those that flew thy virgin knight.] In the old books of chivalry a virgin knight signifies one who had yet achieved no adventure. Herd had certainly achieved 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 surplis.

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 Dreeches, act iv. fe. i. mentions this among other dances.

"As for corantoes, joustes, jigs, measures, pawins, brawls, galliards, or canaries; I speak"
APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

"it is not swillingly, but I sub-
scribe to no man." Dr. Gray. 
P. 320. Parolles. He swears
his honour in a box, unseen,
That bugs his kickly-wickly here
at home.) Sir Thomas Han-
mer, in his Glossary, observes, that
kickly-wickly is a made word, in
ridicule and disdain of a wife.
Taylor, the water poet, has a
poem in disdain of his debtors, in-
tituled, A kickly willy, or A Ler-
ry come Twang. Dr. Gray.
P. 341. For piercing, read
piercing air.
P. 361. If I should swear by
Love's great attributes.] In the
print of the old folio, it is
doubtful whether it is Love's or
Love's, the characters being not
distinguishable. If it is read
Love's, perhaps it may be some-
thing less difficult. I am still at
a loss.
P. 372. Pox on him he is a
cat still.] Mr. Johnson has ex-
plained this passage thus, Threw
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 opi-
inion.
P. 379. In the note, for
bugg³rd, read wagg³rd.
P. 383. The first speech in
this page does not belong to
Lofseau but the Clown. Lofseau
enters presently after.
Mr. Steevens.
P. 411. For have his hate,
read, have is hate.
P. 423. It the note, for
plague her sin, read plague her
son. And afterwards, for punish
her sin, read punish her son.
P. 443. And hang a calver-
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 found 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 quicker
night itself in its progress, the
morning bell (that is the bell
that strikes one) could never pro-
perly be made the agent, for the
bell has ceased to be in the ser-
vice 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 for-
cible warning, than when it only
strikes one. Mr. Steevens.
P. 458. The Revival thinks
it evident that for modern invoca-
tion should be read mothers invo-
cation. I think modern is used as
it is here in other passages of
Shakespeare.
P. 457. Arthur. No, in good
foot, the fire is dead with
grief,
There is no malice in this burning
cold.
APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

The breath of burn'd bath
blown its spirit out,
And burn'd repentant ashes on
its head.] Hubert had threatened 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 beat 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.
P. 476. Hubert. My lord,

they say five moons were seen to night,

Four fix'd, and the other did avow about

The other four, in wondrous 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 vireisibus in the notes, read receffibus.

NOTES to the FORTH 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 senfe applicable here. The Revision reads bath'd, and I have nothing better to offer.
P. 114. Gadz, 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."

Glavenus Vadianus's Panegyric
upon T. Coryat. Dr. Gray.
P. 149. And thus bath so be-

flir'd thee in thy sleep.] To

begin, is to tisir, 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 Hostipur confesses himself guilty, is not to be still.
P. 190. Falstaff says, —Shall I not take mine eafe in mine Inne, but I shall have my pocket picked.] There is a peculiar force in these words. To take mine eafe 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; connus}
APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

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 liv-
"ing then,

"Which now is quite forgot;
"And so was faire 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 fame
eagerness as if they were in pur-
suit of a real fox. Revisal.

P. 199. Vernon. All furnis'd,
all in arms,

All plumed like ostriches.—] i.e.
All drested like the prince him-
self. The ostrich feather being
the cognizance of the Prince of
Wales. Dr. Gray.

P. 201. Gurnet, as I am in-
formed, is a fish, not large, but
considerably larger than an an-
choy, and we may suppose was

Mr. Percy.

Vol. VII.
Amongst the citizens of London, in the time of King Arthur, a dwarf was commonly eaten when four'd or pickled, in our author's time.

P. 232. "Enter Rumour painted full of tongue." This he probably drew from Hollingshead's Description of a Pageant, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII, with uncommon cost and magnificence. "Then entered a person called Report, apparel'd in crimson satin, full of Toongs or Chronicles." vol. iii. p. 805. This, however, might be the common way of representing 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 theatrical representation made out of the old romance of Mort Ar- thur, the most popular one of our author's age. Sir Dagonet is King Arthur's squire. The bold 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 Pefle." The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pefle, have not observ'd, that the design and humour of that play is founded upon a comedy called, "The four Prem- tices of London, with the con- quest of Jerusalem; as it hath been divers times acted at the Red Bull, by the queen's maje- sty's servants. Written by Thomas Heywood, 1612."

For as, in Beaumont and Fletcher'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, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely 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 'quire and dwarf? My elder brother Tim shall be my truly 'quire, and George my dwarf."—In the following passage, the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, sc. i. act 4. "Boy. It will thief ill favouredly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter. Cit. Will it, 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 toy'd their price.
pikes for."—In Heywood's comedy, *Esopace*, the grocer's prentice, is introduced courting the daughter of the King of France: and, in the frontispiece, the four prentices 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 Peristia 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. *Ledou by bloody youth.*—] Bloody youth, with which I puzzled myself in the note, is only fangue 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 horie and harneis, noise and clattering, There was in the hostelries all about, The foaming steeds on the goldin bridly!

"Gnawing, and saft the arm of the monner 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 Revifal approves the correction.

P. 396. *chryfom child.*] The old quarto has it *crijomb'd child.* The chryfom was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptized child. See Johnfon's Canons of Eccles. Law, 1720. And not a cloth anointed with holy unguent, as described under that article in Johnfon's *Dictionary*, that of the *chrijm* being a separate operation, and was itself no more than a composition of oil and balm blessed by the bishop.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this farther account of it; that the *chryfom* 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 *chryfom* being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of *Faftaff*.

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 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 ei-
ther to the backs or covers.

Mother Quickly compares Fol-
staff's nose (which in dying per-
sons grow thin and sharp) to one
of those pens, very properly, and
she meant probably to have said,
on a table-book with a sharp-
cover, or sharp-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. 598. 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 be-
lieve, is the first instance of world-
ly 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
Folstaff run in her debt. Trust
none, immediately follows it,
which sufficiently explains the ex-
pression, which is, to this day a
proverbial one. The same kind of
cautions, in verfe, are fluck
up in little ale-houses in the
country. Mr. Steevens.

P. 598. Clear thy crystal.—] May, I think, better mean, in
this place, wash thy glafes.

P. 420. Piff. 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 fame thing.

See Pax at Mfs. Minford's
Guide into the Tongues.

Pix, or pix, was a little box,
in which were kept the confec-
rated wafers.

P. 426. For chez les narines,
read, avec les narines.

P. 428. For chein, read chien.

P. 442. In the note, for
pafy, read pufy.

P. 445. The Revifal reads,
Dau. Voyez—les eaux et la terre.
Orleans. Bien—pui l'air et le
fui.

Dau. Le cief—cousin Orleans.

This is well conjectured, nor
does the paffage deferve that
more should be done, yet I
know not whether it might not
fland thus.

Dau. Voyez les eaux et la terre.
Orleans. L'air et le fui—Bien
puis?

Dau. Le cief.

P. 453. Thou dieft on point of
fox.] Fox is no more than an
old cant word for a fword,

"I made my father's old fox
fly about his ears."

Beaumont, and Fletcher's Philef-
ter. Mr. Steevens.

P. 454.
APPENDIX TO VOL. V.

P. 454. For I will fitch thy
rym out of thy throat
In drops of crimson blood—[Rym, I am told, is a part in the
throat]. Was a monofyllable
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
thy fritt blood. Mr. Steevens.

P. 454. French Soldier. Est
il imppofible d'échapper la force de
ton bras.

Pistol. Bras, cur?] Either
Shakespeare had very little know-
ledge in the French language, or
his over-fondness for punning
led him in this place, contrary to
his judgment, into an error. Al-
much any one knows that the
French word bras is pronounced
brau; and what resemblance of
found does this bear to bras,
that Pistol should reply, Bros, cur? The joke may appear to a
reader, but would scarce be dis-
covered in the performance of the
play. Mr. Hawkins.

If the pronunciation of the
French language be not changed
since Shakespeare's time, which
is not unlikely, it may be sus-
ppected some other man wrote
the French scenes.

P. 465. —his payment into
plovs.] The Revision reads,
very reasonably, in two plovs.

P. 476. Like prisoners wildly
overgrown with hair.] The
incongruity of the comparison I
continue to cenfure, but the ex-
pression, wildly overgrown with
hair, is justifiable; the hair may
be wilde, though the prisoner be
confined.

P. 505. I'll canvass thee in
the broad cardinal's hat.]
This means, I believe, I'll tum-
ble thee into thy great hat, and
shackle thee as being 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 se-
cret 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 pa-
sage had been thought difficult.

NOTES TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

P. 4. With you mine alter-
lieff fovereign.] Alder-
lieff, molt dear.
Aldelieff in Chaucer.
"Mine aldeleff lorde, and
"brother dere."

Troylus and Cresside, lib. ili. 240.
Dr. Gray.

P. 39. A cup of charneco.] The vulgar name for this liquor
was charino. I meet with it in
an old catch set to music by
Laws. Mr. Hawkins.

P. 39. Darreign your battle—["But flint I woll of Thesens
"alite,
"And spoke of Palamon, and
"of Arcite,
"The
APPENDIX TO VOL. V.

"The day approacheth of ther returning,"  
"That everich should a hun-
"The battaile to darrier, as I 
"You told," Chaucer.

Skelton ues the word in the name sense. Speaking of the duke of Albany, Works, p. 83.

"Thou durft not felde dem-
"Nor a battayle maistaine, 
"With our strange Cap-
"For you ran home agayne."  

Dr. Gray.

P. 107. Ay, Clifford, bed-
"himself winying,  
"And of caltor of lewd de-

So Skelton, in his Elinour running, Works, p. 133.

Then Elinour said, ye cal-
"I shall break your palettes."  

And again, p. 136.

She was a cunning callet,"  

Gammar. "Vengeance on "those callets, whole conscience "is so large," Gammar Gur-

P. 131. To make this foameles-
callet know her self.] Shake-
fare ues the word callet likewise in the Winter's Tale, act ii. sc. iii.

Leonatus of Paulina. "A cal-
"Of boundles 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

Glos:ry to Urry's Chaucer,
"A cold old knife cutcolde

Dr. Gray.

P. 108. —Bears.] The Ne-
"himself war."  

So Skelton, in his Elinour running, Works, p. 133.

Then Elinour said, ye cal-
"I shall break your palettes."  

And again, p. 136.

She was a cunning callet,"  

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"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

Glos:ry to Urry's Chaucer,
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, mafter marquis, you are malapert; Your fire-new flamp of honour is scarce current.]

Shakespeare 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 firft, who, as a diftinct dignity, received the title of marquis, 13 Decembcr, anno nono R^cardi Secundi. See Aftmole's History of the Order of the Garter, p. 456.

P. 320. Because that like a jack thou keep'st the froke between thy begging and my meditation.

An image like thofe at St. Dunfan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houfes of feveral towns in this kingdom, was ufually called a jack of the clock-house. See Cowley's Difcourfe on the Government of Oliver Cromwel. Richard resembless Buckingham to one of these automatons, and bids him not fufpend the froke on the clock bell, but strike, that the hour may be paft, and himfelf be at liberty to purse his meditations.

Mr. Hawkins.

P. 324. Purfellow is a word yet in ufe.

Mr. Hawkins.

P. 331. —defiie [I think it should be devife; but not in the fene you fuppofe. Devife, as a mode of conveyance, is appropriated to will; but take it as a synonyme, to imagine, contrive, or invent, and it suggests a new idea, and fuch a one as the text seems to warrant.

Mr. Hawkins.

P. 335. Whom now two tender bedfellows.]

Read rather, too tender. Revital.

P. 356. Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully, 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 ufe of this cry among his military laws.

"84. Item, that all fouldiers "entering into battle, affault, "skirmith, or other faction of "arms, fhall have for their "common cry and word, St. "George, St. George, forward, "or upon them, St. George, "whereby the fouldier is much "comforted, and the enemy "dismayed by calling to minde "the antient value of England, "which with that name has so "often been victorious: and "therefore, he that upon any "finner cause, fhall maliciously "omit fo fortunate a name, fhall "be feverely punished for his ob- "flinate erroneous heart, and "perfverfe mind." p. 47. ...

Mr. Wariton.

P. 357. This and St. George to boar, 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 Wifhe, 1597: but Harrington, in his
APPENDIX TO VOL. VI.

Apologie of Poetrie, written 1590. and prefixed to the translation of Aristotle, 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, would 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 mention'd; at least this shews us how early Shakespeare's play appeared: or if some other Richard the Third is here alluded to by Harrington, 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 belt that occurs to me, *I am the shadow of poor Bucking-ham, 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. *Sonnet was, an instrument of music,* 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 bashard 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
APPENDIX TO VOL. VI.

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. General with great art avoids to mention the limited number, and leaves him to be informed of it by accident, which he knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. Mr. Steevens. P. 62. He varius cruel garters.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Crewel signifies covered, of which flockings, 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 fin "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. Bevys of Hampton, 4to. printed for William Copeland, 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 hostitales. 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 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 new 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, Proli. L. 22.

Ludit in hominibus divina potestas 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 bears thus much from you, I pray defere her call her wif-dom 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,
commas, 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'fier, &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, but only a message to be delivered by word of mouth to Edmund, earl of Glo'fier. 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'fier.—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 't thou been ought but gos'mer feathers, air,

"Thou'rt flower'd like an egg, &c.]

Gos'mer, the white and cob-web-like exhalations that fly about in hot funny weather.

Skinner says, in a book called the French Gardiner, it signifies the down of the fow-thiffle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.

"As sure some wonder on the caufe of thunder,
"On ebb and flood, on gos'-fomer and mift,
"And on all things, till that the caufe is wilt.

Dr. Gray.

P. 128. —nor the flialld horfe

Goes to't with a more riotous appetite.] Say'd horfe in all the other editions I believe, and it is a term now used for a horfe that has been fed long with hay and corn in the stable, and in spring

— The like expression, Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. iv. vol. iii. P. 168.

Sir Toby. "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.

Thy medicine on my lips—[Dr. Warburton says that Cordelia invokes the goddess of health, Hygeia, 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?
Bail. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjured.
Bail. And by'om'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Bail. No, by mine honour, madam.
The first and last of these speeches are inferred in Sir J. Harmer'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 flaily at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return flight answerers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood.

Mr. Steevens.

P. 145. The gojières shall consume them sottos and fell.] Both sottos and skin.
So Skelton's works, p. 257: *Naked ayde
Neither sottos 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 brest "with fell and bone."

Troilus and Cressida, i. 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 Revival affirms, and, I think, proves, that castle 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 answerers, 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 fees 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 sound 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 ravelled sleeve of care.] To confirm the ingenious conjecture that sleeve means sleeved, ilk ravelled, 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 sit light,
"Whose brim with pinks was platted,
"The banks with daffadillies dight,
"With grass, like sleeve, was matted."

Mr. Langton.

P. 410. — This murder 's shaft, that's shot
'Had, 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 infer 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 indices, 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 the few was too much a'armed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (the suppliies) 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.
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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 pull in resolution; but there is no need of change; for Shakespeare, who made I incalo 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 Revival reads peace, but potch, to which the objection is made, as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough violent pufh.
P. 553: —when the great-est 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.

Revival.
I think rightly.

P. 562. Clean kam] The Welsh word for crooked is kam.

P. 578. My first son.] The Revival reads, my fierce son but surely first may stand for first in excellence: Prima viuorum.

P. 601. As is the ofprey to the fift,] We find in Mich. Drayton's Poly-Olbion, Song 25, a full account of the ofprey, which shews the juileness, and the beauty of the simile, and confirms Theobald's correction to be right:
“The ofprey oft here seen, “though seldom here it “breeds,
“Which over them the fish no “sooner do efpay,
“But, betwixt him and them, “by an antipathy,
“Turning their bellies up, “as though their death “they faw,
“They at his pleasure lie to “stuff his glutonous “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 diffusing, 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 Macheth's soliloquy, and also by what King John lays, act iv. p. 453.

"Nay in the body of this
"fetthy land,
"This kingdom, this confine
"of blood and breath,
"Haltility and civil tumult
"reigns,
"Between my conscience, and
"my cousin's death."

Mr. Smith.


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 Teutaris, "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 thereof
"with on the earth, and thrusting
"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 suffer him to rise, he
"made him swear,
"By his own sword, and the
"cros 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 Melville, concerning his mistress, the Queen of Scots. "She de-
"fired to know of me what co-
"lour 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 Catchs, which were in three parts.

Dr. Gray.
P. 107. Ant.—When I cry'd, Hoal! Cry'd boa! like boys unto a musf, kings would.

Start forth, and cry, Your will.] Mufa, 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 mufa, yet 'mong " the game some suitors."

Dr. Gray.
P. 260. In the note, for Don Belliarus, read Don Belliaris.

P. 285. What both you spurn and step.] 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. Uentwine his perishing root, &c.] The attribute of the elder in this place is perishing, that of the vine encroasing. Let therefore the flinking elder grief

ENTWINE his root with that of the vine [patience,] and in the end patience muft out-grow grief. This I take to be the sense, and that therefore we should read ENTWINE. Mr. Hawkins.
P. 354.—thy sluggisb carrack.] Mr. Simpson reads, thy sluggisf 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 falfe 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 fool 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 feet; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood, in some hours, would be much fopt, 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 patient bearing of injuries. Shakespeare uses it in this sense, Life of King Henry V. act iii. sc. iii. p. 360.

Boy. "Nay and Bardolph are" sworn
APPENDIX

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 coals?"
And by Ben Johnson, Every Man out of his Humour, act v. sc. i.

Puntarwolo to the groom.

"See here comes one that will carry coals;" 
"Eggs, will hold my dog."
And again, act v. sc. iii.

"Take heed, Sir Puntarwolo, 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 disgrace to them, if they bear it."
So it signifies in Randolph's Myles 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 he engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of the plant; and that if the comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards 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,"
"Clune run,"
"Call help, a rope, or we are all undone."
"Draw Dun out of the ditch."

Dr. Gray.

P. 37. Merc. ——Young Abraham Cupid, be that foot 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, be that foot so true When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.] As the commentators are agreed that Cupid is here called Adam, in allusion to the famous archer Adam Bell, the hero of many an ancient 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
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copies of ballads with those now extant.

The third stanza begins thus:

"The blinded boy that shoots for 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 fo 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. Serv. Save me a piece of, march-pane. A confection made of Pijachco 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 Cecil, their Chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a march-pane, and two sugar loaves. Peck's Deuderata Curiosa, vol. 2. p. 29.

Dr. Gray.

P. 68. Spread by false curtain low-performing night.

That run-aways eyes may wink.

I am no better satisfied with Dr. W. Burton'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 Revival reads, That Ru- mour'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 anything 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,
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Chares, he found the passage left out in several of the later quarto impressions, yet in the lift 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 fault of which he rejected it, among those only of middling authority: so that what he so roundly afferts 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 unavailing guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks my fea: sick, weary bark. Here's to thy health wherever thou tumblest in. Here's to my love! oh true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kifs 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 wheresover 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, whate'er may betide me after it, or wheresoever it may carry me. He then drinks to the memory of Juliet's love, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apotropaic 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 dispoofed 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 unsuitable 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 far?"
"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 critic 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 preferring 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 taffed 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 saw 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 Revision reads,

Doth all the noble substance oft eat out;

Or,

Doth all the noble substance soil with doubt.

The author 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. Pardon's Tale, p. 193. Mr. Urry's edition.

"And moreover, the mischief

"(uneasiness) of hell,

"Shall be in default 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 henbane, that is henbane; of which the most common kind (Hyoscyamus Niger)
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, (νοσήματι μακανίας.) 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 Cowvent in Germany, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with fecory;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight, and delirium. Cicat. 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.

Rofin. 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 11 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 Chanfon, (which is the reading of the first folio) and have been transplanted thence by succeeding editors. The old quarto in 1611, reads Pons Chanfon, which (I think) gives the senec wanted.

The Pons chanfons were a kind of Christmas Carol, containing some Scripture History, thrown into loose rhymes, 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. Stevens.

P. 198. ——The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more.] First row of the Pons Chanfon, in the first two folio editions of 1623, and 1632. The first row of Pons chanfons, Sir Thomas Hazmer. 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. Pepys'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. 192. *Cassiarum* is the spawn of turboton pickled; it is imported hither from Russia.

Mr. Hawkins.

P. 220. Enter a Duke *& Dutchess, with regal coronets.* Regal coronets are improper for any person 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 *regal.* 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, coronets,* &c.

P. 230. Ham. Methinks it is like an ousel.

Pol. *It is black like an ousel.*

—*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 weazell.*

The *weazell* is remarkable for the length of its back; but the editors were misled by the quartos, which concur in reading, *black like a weazell,* 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 *weazell* in shape, as an ousel, *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 *alforbas,* 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.

Revisal.

P. 268. 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 he 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 the wants, and; in the former, they sympathize.

Mr. Reynolds.

P. 262. *The raisers and props of every word.* — By *word* is here meant a declaration, or proposal; it is determined to
APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

This sense, 'by the reference it
has 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 re-
quired to confer validity and fla-
bility in every proposal of this
kind.

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 burden 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
"wheel, which in no wise ac-
corded 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 son-
nets; and I well remember to
have met with the word in the
same sense in several other old
books, and am very sorry I can-
ot give, at present, a more fa-
tisfactory 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 diffuse of this practice;
whereas it is uniformly kept up
at this day; not only the sword,
but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs
and tabard, i.e. a coat, whereon
the armorial ensigns were anci-
ently depicted (from which the
term coat armour) are hung over
the grave of every knight.

Mr. Hawkins.
P. 278. Hamlet. Make her
growe straight.] Some, for
whole opinions I have great re-
gard, think that straight is only
immediately. My interpretation I
have given with no great confi-
dence, but the longer I consider
it, the more I think it right.
P. 279. Coroner's queft law.] I
strongly suspect that this is a
ridicule on the cafe of dame
Hales, reported by Plowden, in
his commentaries, as determined
in 3, Eliz.

It seems her husband, Sir
James Hales, had drowned him-
sclf in a river, and the question
was, whether by this act a forfi-
ture of a lease from the dean
and chapter of Canterbury, which
he was possessed of, did not ac-
crue to the crown; an inquisition
was found before the coroner,
which found him feto de fo. The
legal and logical subtleties, aris-
ing in the course of the argument
of this case, gave a very fair op-
opportunity for a fines at Coroner's
queft Law. The expression, a
little before that, an a be hath
three branches, &c, is fo 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 hand, read hand. 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 storms of time.

Qu. Quips?] Which signifies gybes, jeers, flouts, or taunts. See Minshew'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 witty?"

Dr. Gray. P. 320. Whether Iago lingly was a Florentine, or both he and Cassio were fo, does not appear to me of much consequence. That the latter was actually married, is not sufficiently implied in a fellow almoft 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, confidently with Iago's character, meant to make him say, Cassio was damn'd in being married to a bandit woman, he would have made him say it outright, and not have interpolated the palliative almoft. 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 best with two backs.] In a " Dictio-

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naire des Proverbes François, "Par G. D. B. Bruselles, 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 acceptance, wounding the heart, which making in this place non-

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fenfe,
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fense, is corrected to **ircd the heart, which is very stiff, and as Polonius says, is a vile phrase.

Mr. Reynolds.

P. 355. A Veronesef Michael Caffio.] The Rev. Mr. supposes, I believe rightly, that Michael Caffio is a Verones.

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 censofenseness in tragic, which he allows himself to have, where he says, oh, I am nothing if not critical! Shakespeare never thought of any thing like the "On nais own confale Mon- * lies." Mr. Steevens.

This is certainly right.

P. 366. On 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 Rodrigo, 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 taints 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 Rodrigo, 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 trashed or rated. Temper, 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. Walton,
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P. 374. Iago. He'll watch the borologue a double jet, If drink rock not his cradle.—]
Chaucer uses the word borologue in more places than one.

"Well skirer was his crowing " in his lege, (lodge)
"Than is a clocke, or abbey " borologue."

P. 397. To fea her father's eyes up close as oak.] The oak is (I believe) the most close-grained wood of the growth of England. Cloae 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 sife.] In mentioning the sife 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 sife, 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 supposing, that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the sife 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 Masstricht, 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 Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, painted 1525, representing the siege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see sifes and drums. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Highcock in 1591, entitled the Arte of Warre, there are several woodcuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In Rymer's Faders, in a diary of king Henry's siege of Bullion, 1544, mention is made of the "drommes and viff-" sifes," marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The drum and sife were also much used at ancient festivals, shows, and processions. Gerard Leigh, in his Accompt 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 noisy " of drum and sife," p. 119. At a lately masque on Shrove-sunday 1509, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Hollingsed mentions the entry of "a drum and sife " apprelled in white damask " and grene bonnettes." Chron. iii. 805, col. 2. There are many more instances in Hollingsed, and Stowe's Survey of London.

From the old French word wiff-leur, above cited, came the English word wibbler, which anciently was used in its proper literal sense. Strype, speaking of a grand
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A grand sitting 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 whistlers, 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 whis- "fer, 'fore the king, "Seems to prepare his "way."—

By degrees, the word whistler hence acquired the metaphorical meaning which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an appellation of contempt. Whistler, a light trivial character, a fellow hired to pipe at shows and processions.

Mr. Warton.

P. 424. Nature could not in- rub itself in such shadowing passions without some instruction.] However ingenious Dr. Warbur- ton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and farfetched, 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 stu- pefaction 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 burn- ing bell.—] Against the authority of all the editions, I think, we might venture to read, burn in bell. —

P. 469. Like the base Judean throw a pearl away,

Richer than all his tribe.] I cannot join with the learned crit- tics 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 epi- thet base seems to imply in its general senfe, though it is some- times used only for low or mean. The Indian could not properly be termed base in the former and most common senfe, 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 bojens, yet the furius agitatus amor, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it, as there was
was a 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 averton 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 similies 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 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 Afterisks 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.

1. Midsummer Night's Dream, William Shakespeare, 1600, for Thomas Fether.

III.}

Much ado about Nothing, William Shakespeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wife, and William Afpley.

IV.}
1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakespeare, 1600, J. K. for Thomas Heyes.

V.}
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     2. *D°. William Shakespeare,* 1608, for *D°.*


     3. *D°. 1604.*


     3. *D°. 1608,* for *T. P.*

          for Tho. Millington.
     2. *D°. William Shakespeare,* no date, for *T. P.*

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XV.

1. Richard III. 1597, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wife.

XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII.

1. Troilus and Cressida, William Shakepeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley.
2. D°. no date, D°.

XVIII.

1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Dunter.
3. D°. 1609, for John Smethwicke.

XIX.


XX.


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.

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