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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

John Woodward







THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.



T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

KING HENRY VIII.  
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.  
TIMON OF ATHENS.

L O N D O N :

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RESEARCH REPORT

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**KING HENRY VIII.\***

**VOL. XI.**

**B**



\* KING HENRY VIII.] We are unacquainted with any dramatick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: " Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the fame for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stowe, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

*King Henry VIII.* was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that " Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of " authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

## P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,  
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here  
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give  
 Their money out of hope they may believe,  
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see  
 Only a show or two, and so agree,  
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,  
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow  
 In a long motley coat,<sup>2</sup> guarded with yellow,  
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
 As fool and fight is,<sup>3</sup> beside forfeiting

<sup>2</sup> — or to see a fellow

*In a long motley coat,*] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

In Marston's 10th Satire there is an allusion to this kind of dress:

“ The long fool's coat, the huge sloop, the lugg'd boot,  
 “ From mimick Pifo all doe claime their roote.”

Thus also, Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: “ — fooler, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall fooler) are futed in long coats.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — such a show

*As fool and fight is,*] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of

Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
 (To make that only true we now intend,\*)  
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.

battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion of truth*, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingenii & multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

\* — the opinion that we bring,  
 (To make that only true we now intend,)] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

— the opinion, that we bring  
 Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

To *intend* in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ The mayor is here at hand: *Intend* some fear —.”

Again:

“ Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
 “ *Intending* deep suspicion.” STEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words, and reading:

That *only true to make* we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth. is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425,] under the description of “ a new play, [acted by the king’s players at the Bank’s Side] called, *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.” The extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of certain cannons shot off at the king’s entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey’s house, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood’s Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “ the burning of the *Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter’s-day [1613,] which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that

Therefore, for goodnes' sake, and as you are known,  
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,<sup>5</sup>  
 Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,<sup>6</sup>

I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poet chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. "*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*"] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth.*

In a MS. letter of Tho. Lorkin to Sir Tho. Puckering, dated *London, this last of June, 1613*, the same fact is thus related: "No longer since than *yesterday*, while Bourbage his companies were acting at the Globe the *play of Hen. VIII.* and there shooting of certayne *chambers* in way of triumph, the fire catch'd," &c. MS. *Harl.* 7002. TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV. character*.—"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion.*" *King Henry IV.* Part I. Vol. VIII. p. 585.] To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue,) could never have fallen from the modest Shakspeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play, in 1613. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The first and happiest hearers of the town,*] Were it necessary to strengthen Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's supposition (See notes on the Epilogue) that old Ben, not Shakspeare, was author of the prologue before us, we might observe that *bappy* appears in the present instance to have been used with one of its Roman significations, i. e. *propitious* or *favourable*: "Sis bonus O, *felixque tuis!*" *Virg. Ecl.* 5. a sense of the word which must have been unknown to Shakspeare, but was familiar to Jonson. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Think, ye see*

*The very persons of our noble story,*] Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:

— *Think, before ye.* THEOBALD.

PROLOGUE.

7

As they were living; think, you see them great,  
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,  
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

This is specious, but the laxity of the verification in this prologue, and in the following epilogue, makes it not necessary.

JOHNSON,

Mr. Heath would read:

— of our history. STEEVENS.

The word *story* was not intended to make a double, but merely a single rhyme, though, it must be acknowledged, a very bad one, the last syllable *ry*, corresponding in sound with *see*. I thought Theobald right, till I observed a couplet of the same kind in the epilogue:

“ For this play at this time is only *in*

“ The merciful construction of good *women*.”

In order to preserve the rhyme, the accent must be laid on the last syllable of the words *women* and *story*.

A rhyme of the same kind occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where Master Humphrey says:

“ Till both of us arrive, at her request,

“ Some ten miles off in the wild Waltham forest.”

M. MASON,



## PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Eighth.*

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.*

Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

*Secretaries to Wolsey.*

Cromwell, *Servant to Wolsey.*

Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*

*Three other Gentlemen.*

Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King.*

Garter, *King at Arms.*

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*

Brandon, *and a Serjeant at Arms.*

*Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.*

*Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.*

*Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.*

Anne Bullen, *her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.*

*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

Patience, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.*

# KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*<sup>2</sup>

**BUCK.** Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,  
Since last we saw in France?

**NOR.** I thank your grace:  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer<sup>3</sup>  
Of what I saw there.

**BUCK.** An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory,<sup>4</sup> those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Arde.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord Abergavenny.*] George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. REED.

<sup>3</sup> — *a fresh admirer* —] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Those suns of glory.*] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those *sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, v. 22:

“ *Those suns of glory* please not till they set.” STEEVENS,

NOR. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:<sup>3</sup>  
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
 In their embracement, as they grew together;<sup>4</sup>  
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could  
 have weigh'd  
 Such a compounded one?

BUCK. All the whole time  
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

NOR. Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  
 Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd  
 To one above itself.<sup>5</sup> Each following day

<sup>3</sup> — *Guynes and Arde*:] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardrea lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does. REED.

<sup>4</sup> — *as they grew together*:] So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I grow to you, and our parting is as a tortured body." Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "So we grew together."

STEEVENS.

— *as they grew together*:] That is, as if they grew together. We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" — a sweet embrace;

" Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd To one above itself.*] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation.—Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her, even above her condition, in finery. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before*. Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

Became the next day's master, till the last  
 Made former wonders it's:<sup>6</sup> To-day, the French,  
 All clinquant,<sup>7</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,  
 Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
 Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting: now this mask  
 Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise:<sup>8</sup> and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.<sup>9</sup> When these suns

Before this time all pompous shows were exhibited by one prince only. On this occasion the Kings of England and France vied with each other. To this circumstance Norfolk alludes. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Each following day*

*Became the next day's master, &c.] Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *All clinquant,]* All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*.

JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque, &c.* performed before King James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palgrave and Princess Elizabeth:

“ — his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire.”

STEVENS,

<sup>8</sup> — *him in eye,*

*Still him in praise:]* So, Dryden:

“ Two chiefs

“ So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Durst wag his tongue in censure.]* Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

See Vol. III. p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds chal-  
 leng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous  
 story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believ'd.<sup>2</sup>

BUCK.

O, you go far.

NOR. As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing<sup>3</sup>  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;<sup>4</sup>  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.<sup>5</sup>

BUCK.

Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

<sup>2</sup> *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — *the tract of every thing &c.*] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *All was royal; &c.*] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the office did*

*Distinctly his full function.*] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

NOR. One, certes,<sup>6</sup> that promises no element<sup>7</sup>  
In such a business.

BUCK. I pray you, who, my lord?

NOR. All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

BUCK. The devil speed him! no man's pie is  
free'd  
From his ambitious finger.<sup>8</sup> What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities?<sup>9</sup> I wonder,  
That such a keech<sup>2</sup> can with his very bulk

<sup>6</sup> — *certes*,] An obsolete adverb, signifying—certainly, in truth. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ For, *certes*, these are people of the island.”  
It occurs again in *Otello*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *element*—] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *no man's pie is free'd*

*From his ambitious finger.*] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. See Ray, 244. REED.

<sup>9</sup> — *fierce vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse “ is a *fierce* and rank idol.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Thy violent vanities can never last.”

In *Timon of Athens*, we have—

“ O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *That such a keech*—] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolfey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*.

STEEVENS.

Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

NOR. Surely, fir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web,<sup>9</sup> he gives us note,<sup>2</sup>  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.<sup>3</sup>

ABER. I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride

<sup>9</sup> *Out of his self-drawing web,*] Thus it stands in the first edition. The latter editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:  
*Out of his self-drawn web.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *he gives us note,*] Old copy—*O gives us, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.*] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

*A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him  
A place next to the king.* WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote:

— *gives to him,* —

which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place,* &c. STEEVENS.

I agree with Johnson that we should read:

*A gift that heaven gives to him:*

for Abergavenny says in reply,

“ I cannot tell

“ What heaven hath given him:”

which confirms the justness of this amendment. I should otherwise have thought Steevens's explanation right. M. MASON.

Peep through each part of him:<sup>4</sup> Whence has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file<sup>5</sup>  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,<sup>6</sup>  
Must fetch him in he papers.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — I can see his pride

Peep through each part of him:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — her wanton spirits look out

“ At every joint and motive of her body.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the file —] That is, the list. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: “ The greater file of the subject held the duke for wife.” Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ — I have a file

“ Of all the gentry —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — council out,] Council not then fitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, “ all mention of the board of council being left out of his letter.” STEEVENS.

That is, left out, omitted, unnoticed, unconsulted with. RITSON.

It appears from Holliashed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council*. “ The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Must fetch him in he papers.*] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolfey published a list of the several persons whom he had ap-



*ABER.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*BUCK.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey.<sup>7</sup> What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?<sup>8</sup>

pointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tom. XIII. &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey.*] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. 1.  
no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII.  
there seems to have been a simular stroke aimed at this expensive  
expedition:

“ *Pryde.* I am unhappy, I se it well,  
“ For the expence of myne apparell  
“ *Towardys this vyage—*  
“ What in horses and other aray  
“ Hath compelled me for to lay  
“ *All my land to mortgage.*” STEEVENS.

So, in *King John*:

“ Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
“ Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
“ *Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,*  
“ To make a hazard of new fortunes here.”

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: “ There was a nobleman  
merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a  
manner of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court,  
saying, am not I a mighty man that beare an hundred houfes on  
my backe?” MALONE.

See also Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V.  
p. 26; Vol. XII. p. 395. REED.

So also, Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: “ 'Tis an ordi-  
nary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a  
fute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor* on his back.” Edit.  
1634, p. 482. WHALLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *What did this vanity,  
But minister &c.*] What effect had this pompous show, but the  
production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

*NOR.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*BUCK.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd,<sup>9</sup>  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*NOR.* Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*ABER.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is filenc'd?<sup>2</sup>

*NOR.* Marry, is't.

*ABER.* A proper title of a peace;<sup>3</sup> and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

<sup>9</sup> *Every man,*  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed:  
“Monday the xviii. of June was such an *bideous* storme of wind  
and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and  
hatred shortly after to follow between princes.”—Dr. Warburton  
has quoted a simular passage from Hall, whom he calls Shakspeare's  
author; but Holinshed, and not Hall, was his author; as is proved  
here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not  
found so combined in Hall's *Chronicle*. This fact is indeed proved  
by various circumstances. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The ambassador is filenc'd?*] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being  
proper to be said of an *orator*; and an ambassador or public minister  
being called an *orator*, he applies *filenc'd* to an ambassador.

WARBURTON.  
I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in  
England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be  
*filenc'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *A proper title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“O proper stuff!

“This is the very painting of your fear.” STEEVENS.

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.<sup>4</sup>

*Nor.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards  
you  
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together : to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power : You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock,<sup>5</sup>  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,)  
certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with  
papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye  
on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full  
of disdain.*

*WOL.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?  
Where's his examination ?

*I. SECR.* Here, so please you.

<sup>4</sup> — *this business*

*Our reverend cardinal carry'd.] To carry a business was at this  
time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. So, in this Act :*

*" — he'd carry it so,*

*" To make the scepter his." REED.*

<sup>5</sup> — *comes that rock,] To make the rock come, is not very just.*

JOHNSON.

WOL. Is he in person ready?

I. SECR. Ay, please your grace.

WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and  
Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*]

BUCK. This butcher's cur<sup>6</sup> is venom-mouth'd,  
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.<sup>7</sup>

NOR. What, are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance  
only,  
Which your disease requires.

BUCK. I read in his looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

<sup>6</sup> — *butcher's cur* —] Wolfey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the Duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of Cardinal Wolfey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,

"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *A beggar's book*

[*Out-worths a noble's blood.*] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by the king himself a *learned gentleman*. RITSON.

He bores me with some trick :<sup>8</sup> He's gone to the king ;  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*NOR.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like  
A full-hot horse ;<sup>9</sup> who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*BUCK.* I'll to the king ;  
And from a mouth of honour<sup>2</sup> quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,  
There's difference in no persons.

*NOR.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself :<sup>3</sup> We may outrun,

<sup>8</sup> *He bores me with some trick :*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602 :

“ One that hath gull'd you, that hath bor'd you, fir.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Anger is like*

*A full-hot horse ;*] So, Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat* :

“ Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,

“ 'Twill quickly tire itself.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *from a mouth of honour* —] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Heat not a furnace &c.*] Might not Shakspeare allude to *Dan. iii. 22.* ? “ Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego.*”

STEEVENS.

By violent swiftnefs, that which we run at,  
 And lofe by over-running. Know you not,  
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
 In feeming to augment it, waftes it? Be advis'd:  
 I fay again, there is no Englifh foul  
 More ftronger to direct you than yourfelf;  
 If with the fap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of paffion.<sup>4</sup>

*BUCK.* Sir,  
 I am thankful to you; and I'll go along  
 By your prefcription:—but this top-proud fellow,  
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From fincere motions,<sup>5</sup>) by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
 We fee each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*NOR.* Say not, treasonous.

*BUCK.* To the king I'll fay't; and make my  
 vouch as ftrong  
 As fhore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,<sup>6</sup>  
 As he is fubtle; and as prone to mifchief,  
 As able to perform it: his mind and place  
 Infecting one another,<sup>7</sup> yea, reciprocally.)

<sup>4</sup> *If with the fap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of paffion.*] So, in *Hamlet*:  
 "Upon the heat and flame of thy diftemper  
 "Sprinkle cool patience." STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *fincere motions,*] Honeft indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, fhould be *blame not*.  
*Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *for he is equal ravenous,*] *Equal for equally.* Shakfpeare frequently ufes adjectives adverbially. See *King John*, Vol. VIII. p. 176, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *his mind and place  
 Infecting one another,*] This is very fatirical. His mind he

Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests the king our master<sup>8</sup>  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

*NOR.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*BUCK.* Pray, give me favour, fir. This cunning  
 cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,  
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,  
 As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-car-  
 dinal<sup>9</sup>

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolfey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came  
 To whisper Wolfey,) here makes visitation:  
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt  
 England and France, might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily<sup>2</sup>

represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of  
 the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — suggests *the king our master*—] *Suggests*, for excites.

WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“*Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *our count-cardinal*—] *Wolfey* is afterwards called *king*  
 cardinal. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court-car-*  
 dinal. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — he *privily*—] *He*, which is not in the original copy,  
 was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—  
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor  
Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,  
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,  
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,<sup>3</sup>  
And for his own advantage.

*NOR.* I am forry  
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were  
Something 'mistaken in't.<sup>4</sup>

*BUCK.* No, not a syllable;  
I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at arms before him, and  
two or three of the guard.*

*BRAN.* Your office, serjeant; execute it.

*SERG.* Sir,  
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thus the cardinal*  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,] This was a pro-  
verbial expression. See *King Richard III.* Act V. sc. iii.

*MALONE.*  
The same phrase occurs also in *King Henry VI.* Part I:  
“ ——— from *bought and sold* lord Talbot.”  
Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: “ It would make a man as mad  
as a buck, to be so *bought and sold.*” *STEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *he were*  
*Something mistaken in't.*] That is, that he were something dif-  
ferent from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be.

*MALONE.*



Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*BUCK.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish  
Under device and practice.<sup>5</sup>

*BRAN.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present :<sup>6</sup> 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

*BUCK.* It will help me nothing,  
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven  
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—  
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

*BRAN.* Nay, he must bear you company:—The  
king [To ABERGAVENTNY.  
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*ABER.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's plea-  
sure  
By me obey'd.

*BRAN.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute;<sup>7</sup> and the bodies

<sup>5</sup> — *practice,*] i. e. unfair stratagem. So, in *Otello*, Act V :

“ Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave.”

And in this play, Surry, speaking of *Wolsey*, says :

“ How came his *practices* to light ?” REED.

<sup>6</sup> *I am sorry*

*To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on*

*The business present :*] I am sorry that I am obliged to be  
present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *lord Montacute ;*] This was Henry Pole, grandson to  
George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole.

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,<sup>8</sup>  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,<sup>9</sup>—

*BUCK.* So, fo;  
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

*BRAN.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*BUCK.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?<sup>2</sup>

*BRAN.* He.

*BUCK.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:<sup>3</sup>  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;

He had married the Lord Abergavenny's daughter. He was restored to favour at this juncture, but was afterwards executed for another treason in this reign. REED.

<sup>8</sup> — [*John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor,] The old copies have it—his *counsellor*; but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, changed it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

“ At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,  
“ Sir Gilbert Peck, his *chancellor*.” THEOBALD.

I believe [in the former instance] the author wrote—*And Gilbert &c.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — [*Nicholas Hopkins?*] The old copy has—*Michael Hopkins*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the Chronicle: “ *Nicholas Hopkins*, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton.” In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — [*my life is spann'd already:*] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *bold is taken of my life*, *my life is in the gripe of my enemies*; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined*. JOHNSON.

Man's life in Scripture is said to be but a *span* long. Probably therefore it means, when 'tis *spann'd* 'tis ended. REED.

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*4 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.*] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.*  
But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*  
whose port and dignity is assumed by the cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place  
*By dark'ning my clear sun.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

“ O, how this spring of love resembleth  
“ Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,  
“ Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
“ And, by and by, a cloud takes all away.”

Antony remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

“ ——— now thy captain is  
“ Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
“ But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.”

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

“ ——— being but the shadow of your son  
“ Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.”

Such another thought occurs in the famous *History of Tbo. Stukely*, 1605:

“ He is the *substance* of my shadowed love.”

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in *Rollo, or the Bloody Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,  
“ He darkens all your light.”

We might, however, read—*puts on*; i. e. looks gloomily upon. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. i:

## S C E N E II.

*The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

*K. HEN.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

“ ——— then

“ We *pout* upon the morning, are unapt

“ To give, or to forgive.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii:

“ Thou *pout'st* upon thy fortune and thy love.”

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. “ I am (says he) but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour.”

Our poet has introduced a somewhat similar idea in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ ——— the pleached bower,

“ Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,

“ Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites

“ Made proud by princes——.”

To *pout* is at this time a phrase descriptive only of infantine fullness, but might anciently have had a more consequential meaning.

I should wish, however, instead of

By *dark'ning* my clear sun,

to read—

Be-*dark'ning* my clear sun.

So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— I have be-dimm'd

“ The noontide sun.” STEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr.

Of a full-charg'd confederacy,<sup>6</sup> and give thanks  
 To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy success, — turned her wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery."

Mr. M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign."

BLACKSTONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and the best heart of it,] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— stood i' the level

*Of a full-charg'd confederacy,*] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot.

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— not a heart which in his *level* came  
 " Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim."

STEVENS.

Again, in our author's 117th Sonnet:

" Bring me within the *level* of your frown,  
 " But shoot not at me," &c.

See also Vol. VII. p. 65, n. 4; and p. 85, n. 7. MALONE.

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a sutor.

K. HEN. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit  
Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. KATH. Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

K. HEN. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been com-  
missions  
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the  
heart  
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions,<sup>7</sup> yet the king our master,

<sup>7</sup> — as putter-on  
Of these exactions,] The instigator of these exactions; the per-

(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he  
 escapes not  
 Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
 In loud rebellion.

NOR. Not almost appears,  
 It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,  
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
 The many to them 'longing,<sup>8</sup> have put off  
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
 And Danger serves among them.<sup>9</sup>

son who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — The powers above  
 “ Put on their instruments.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause.” MALONE.

See Vol. VII. p. 544, n. 8. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The many to them 'longing,*] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

“ The kings before their *many* rode.” JOHNSON.

I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*, the *οἱ πολλοί*. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

“ — the mutable rank-scented *many*.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And Danger serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

WARBURTON.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third in his *Bowge of Court*:

“ With that, anone out start *danger*.”

and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto.

STEVENS.

*K. HEN.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*WOL.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file<sup>2</sup>  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. KATH.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike;<sup>3</sup> which are not  
wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet  
must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*K. HEN.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Q. KATH.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd

<sup>2</sup> — front but in that file—] I am but *primus inter pares*.  
I am but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolfey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stepped in the same line with them. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *You know no more than others: &c.*] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all.  
M. MASON.



Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts  
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now,  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to  
pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incens'd will.<sup>4</sup> I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *tractable obedience &c.*] i. e. those who are tractable and obedient, must give way to others who are angry. MUSGRAVE.

The meaning of this is, that the people were so much irritated by oppression, that their resentment got the better of their obedience. M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *There is no primer business.*] In the old edition:

*There is no primer business.*

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *business*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

*There is no primer business.*

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:

——— *no primer business*:

*K. HEN.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*WOL.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges.  
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person,<sup>6</sup> yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint<sup>7</sup>  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope<sup>8</sup> malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones,<sup>9</sup> is

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. So, in *Otello*:

“ Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know, My faculties, nor person,*] The old copy—by ignorant tongues. But surely this epithet must have been an interpolation, the ignorance of the supposed speakers being sufficiently indicated by their *knowing neither the faculties nor person* of the Cardinal. I have, therefore, with Sir T. Hanmer, restored the measure, by the present omission.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We must not stint—*] To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To cope—*] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*:

“ I love to *cope* him in these fullen fits.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——once *weak ones,*] The modern editors read—or weak

Not ours, or not allow'd ;<sup>7</sup> what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality,<sup>8</sup> is cry'd up  
 For our best act.<sup>9</sup> If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or fit  
 State statues only.

*K. HEN.* Things done well,<sup>2</sup>  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;<sup>3</sup>  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,

ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton :

“ This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—“ I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.” Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth* : “ — if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute —.”

STEEVENS,

7 — or not allow'd ;] Not approved. See Vol. III. p. 386, a. 5. MALONE.

8 — what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality,] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

9 For our best act.] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should read—*action*. Perhaps the three last letters of this word were accidentally omitted by the compositor. STEEVENS.

2 Things done well,] Sir T. Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, completes the measure by reading :

Things that are done well. STEEVENS.

3 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARBURTON.

The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd  
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;  
I put it to your care.

WOL.

A word with you.

[To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd  
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,  
That, through our intercession, this revokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.<sup>5</sup>

Q. KATH. I am forry, that the duke of Bucking-  
ham  
Is run in your displeasure.

K. HEN.

It grieves many:  
The gentleman is learn'd,<sup>6</sup> and a most rare speaker,

<sup>4</sup> *That, through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 892: "The cardinal, to deliver himself from the evil will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abroad that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Surveyor.*] It appears from Holinshed that his name was *Charles Knyvet*. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The gentleman is learn'd, &c.*] We understand from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the *Knyghte of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*, the printer, adds, "—this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, of whom linially is descended my said lord.*" The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

STEEVENS.

To nature none more bound; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.<sup>7</sup>

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd,<sup>8</sup> the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell.<sup>9</sup> Sit by us; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him  
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*WOL.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate  
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*K. HEN.*

Speak freely.

*SURV.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, That if the king

<sup>7</sup> *And never seek for aid out of himself.*] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.

Read:

*And ne'er seek aid out of himself. Yet see,——.* RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *—— noble benefits ——*

*Not well dispos'd,*] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—— is become as black*

*As if besmear'd in hell.*] So, in *Otello*:

“ —— Her name, that was as fresh

“ As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

“ As mine own face.” STEVENS.

Should without issue die, he'd carry it<sup>2</sup> fo  
 To make the scepter his: These very words  
 I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd  
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

*WOL.* Please your highness, note  
 This dangerous conception in this point.<sup>3</sup>  
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
 Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. KATH.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 Deliver all with charity,

*K. HEN.* Speak on:  
 How grounded he his title to the crown,  
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
 At any time speak aught?

*SURV.* He was brought to this  
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — he'd carry it—] Old copy—*be'l.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*] In former editions:  
*By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.*

We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it.

STEVENS.

K. HEN. What was that Hopkins?

SURV. Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

K. HEN. How know'st thou this?

SURV. Not long before your highness sped to  
France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney,<sup>5</sup> did of me demand  
What was the speech amongst the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,  
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To bear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the confession's seal<sup>6</sup>  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,*

Shakspeare was perhaps led into the mistake by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 25, n. 2.) not to the monastery, but to the monk. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The duke being at the Rose, &c.]* This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors company, and is now the Merchant Tailors school, in Suffolk-lane. WHALLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *— under the confession's seal—]* All the editions down from the beginning have—*commission's*. But what *commission's* seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, [p. 863.] from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." THEOBALD.

*My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,  
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love<sup>1</sup> of the commonalty; the duke  
Shall govern England.*

Q. *KATH.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;  
— Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. HEN.* Let him on:—  
Go forward.

*SURV.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions  
This monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas  
dang'rous for him,<sup>2</sup>  
To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*  
*It can do me no damage:* adding further,

<sup>1</sup> *To gain the love—*] The old copy reads—*To the love.*

STEEVENS.

For the insertion of the word *gain*, I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty of England."

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

It had been adopted by Mr. Rowe, and all subsequent editors.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *for him,*] Old copy—*for this.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. HEN.* Ha! what, so rank?<sup>9</sup> Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say  
further?

*SURV.* I can, my liege.

*K. HEN.* Proceed.

*SURV.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About sir William Blomer,—

*K. HEN.* I remember  
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,<sup>2</sup>  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What  
hence?

*SURV.* *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.*<sup>3</sup>

*K. HEN.* A giant traitor!

<sup>9</sup> —[so rank?] *Rank weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. What, says the king, was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —[*Being my sworn servant, &c.*] Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*,) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Have put his knife into him.*] The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentick manner by a very curious report of his case in

WOL. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. KATH. God mend all!

K. HEN. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st?

SURV. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irrefolute purpose.

K. HEN. There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

East. Term, 13 Hen. VIII. in the year books published by authority, fol. 11 and 12, edit. 1597. After in the most exact manner setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: " Et issint fuit arreine Edward Duc de Buckingham, le derrain jour de Terme le xij jour de May, le Duc de Norfolk donques estant Grand seneschal: la cause fuit, pur ceo que il avoit entend l' mort de nostre Sür: le Roy. Car premierment un Moine del' *Abbey de Henton* in le countie de *Somerset* dit a lui que il fera Roy & command' luy de obtenir le benevolence del' communalte, & sur ceo il dona certaines robbes a cest entent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, & que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques auterfois il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy: & auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trové coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traître, et fuit decolle le *Vendredy* devant le *Feste del' Pentecost* que fuit le xij jour de *May* avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince & prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie." VAILLANT.

Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,<sup>3</sup>  
 He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain<sup>4</sup> and Lord SANDS.<sup>5</sup>*

CHAM. Is it possible, the spells of France should  
 juggle  
 Men into such strange mysteries?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *By day and night,*] This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—at all times, every way, completely. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:

“Thine own true knight,

“*By day or night,*” &c.

Again, (I must repeat a quotation I have elsewhere employed) in the third book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*:

“The sonne cleped was Machayre,

“The daughter eke Canace hight,

“*By daie bothe and eke by night.*”

The King's words, however, by some criticks, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Lord Chamberlain*—] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

*Lord Chamberlain*—] Charles Somerfet, created Earl of Worcester<sup>5</sup> Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and continued in the office until his death, 1526. REED.

<sup>5</sup> *Lord Sands.*] Sir William Sands, of the Vine near Basingstoke in Hants, was created a peer 1524. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526. REED.

<sup>6</sup> *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries?*] *Mysteries* were allegorical

*SANDS.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*CHAM.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o'the face;<sup>7</sup> but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold them, you would swear di-  
rectly,  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*SANDS.* They have all new legs, and lame ones;  
one would take it,  
That never saw them<sup>8</sup> pace before, the spavin,

shows, which the *munners* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteris*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *munners* in a mystery.

JOHNSON.

That *mysteris* is the genuine reading, [Dr. Warburton would read—*mockeries*] and that it is used in a different sense from the one here given, will appear in the following instance from Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*:

“ — even so it fareth now with thee,  
“ And with these *wisards* of thy *mysterie*.”

The context of which shows, that by *wisards* are meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetic skill*, which was before called “*mister artes*.” Hence the *mysteris* in Shakspeare signify those *fantastick manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchancements*. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *A fit or two o' the face* ;] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:

“ — learnt new tongues —  
“ To vary his face as seamen do their compass.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That never saw them* —] Old copy—*see* 'em. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

↓

A springhalt reign'd among them.<sup>9</sup>

CHAM. Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,<sup>2</sup>  
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How  
now?

What news, fir Thomas Lovell?

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

LOV. 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

CHAM. What is't for?

LOV. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

CHAM. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray  
our monfieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

LOV. They must either  
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants

<sup>9</sup> *A springhalt reign'd among them.*] The *springhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Mulleasses the Turk*, 1610; "— by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartbolomew Fair*:

"Poor soul, she has had a *springhalt*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A springhalt*, read—*And springhalt*, MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — cut too,] Old copy—cut *to't*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Both the first and second folio read—cut *too't*, so that for part of this correction we are not indebted to the fourth folio.

STEEVENS.

Of fool, and feather,<sup>9</sup> that they got in France,  
 With all their honourable points of ignorance  
 Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *leave these remnants*

[*Of fool, and feather,*] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: " — we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind," &c. Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's *Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time [viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.] I was no common squire, no undertroden torch-bearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that fate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of black cloth, ouerspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephants eare;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c. RITSON.

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, Act I. sc. i. Sim says: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers next to the sign of *the fool laughing at a feather*."

But Sir Thomas Lovell's is rather an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps. See a print on this subject from a painting of Jordaens, engraved by Voert; and again, in the ballad of *News and no News*:

"*And feathers wagging in a fool's cap.*" DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> — *fireworks*;) We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie Française*, Vol. IV. that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art. STEEVENS.

Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
 Short blister'd breeches,<sup>2</sup> and those types of travel,  
 And understand again like honest men;  
 Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away<sup>3</sup>  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS. 'Tis time to give them physick, their  
 diseases

Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV. Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whorefons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're  
 going;  
 (For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,  
 Held current musick too.

CHAM. Well said, lord Sands;  
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord;  
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,  
 Whither were you a going?

<sup>2</sup> ——— blister'd *breeches*.] Thus the old copy; i. e. breeches  
 puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read—*bolster'd*  
*breeches*, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— wear *away*—] Old copy—*wee* away. Corrected in  
 the second folio. MALONE.

*LOV.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*CHAM.* O, 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*LOV.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall every where.

*CHAM.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*SANDS.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;  
in him,  
Sparing would show a worfe sin than ill doctrine:  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*CHAM.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;<sup>4</sup>  
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*SANDS.* I am your lordship's.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> — *My barge stays;*] The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolfey's house,) now Whitehall. MALONE.



## SCENE IV.

*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

GUILD. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy,<sup>5</sup> has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as merry As first-good company, good wine, good welcome Can make good people.<sup>6</sup>—O, my lord, you are tardy;

<sup>5</sup> — noble bevy,] Milton has copied this word:

“ A bevy of fair dames.” JOHNSON.

Spenser had before Shakspeare employed this word in the same manner:

“ And whither runs this bevy of ladies bright?”

*Shepheard's Calender.* April.

Again, in his *Faery Queene*:

“ And in the midst thereof, upon the flowre,

“ A lovely bevy of faire ladies fate.”

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Glossary to the *Shepheard's Calender.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As first-good company, &c.*] As this passage has been all along pointed, [As first, good company,] Sir Harry Guildford is made to include all these under the *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

*As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, &c.*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir  
THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, fir Harry Guildford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet<sup>7</sup> ere they rested,  
I think, would better please them: By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make  
you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c.

THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater  
violence:

*As first, good company, then good wine, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — a running banquet—] A *running banquet*, literally speaking,  
is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and  
*protracted meal*. The former is the object of this rakish peer; the  
latter, perhaps he would have relinquished to those of more per-  
manent desires. STEEVENS.

A *running banquet* seems to have meant a *hasty banquet*. "Queen  
Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habington in his *History of  
King Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate  
and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to  
taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The  
*hasty banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to  
require explanation.

It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a  
comedy called *The Walks of Islington*, 1657, that some double  
meaning was couched under the phrase, a *running banquet*:

"The gate unto his walks, through which you may

"Behold a pretty prospect of the play;

"A play of walks, or you may please to rank it

"With that which ladies love, a *running banquet*."

MALONE.

LOV. O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these!

SANDS. I would, I were;  
They should find easy penance.

LOV. Faith, how easy!

SANDS. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:  
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS. By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir?

SANDS. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

CHAM. Well said, my lord.—  
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

SANDS. For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes his state.

WOL. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

SANDS. Your grace is noble:—  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My lord Sands,  
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—  
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have  
them  
Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.\*  
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,—

ANNE. You cannot show me.

\* — *if I make my play.*] i. e. if I make my party. STEVENS.

Rather, *if I may choose my game.* RITSON.

As the measure, in this place, requires an additional syllable, we may, commodiously enough, read with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

*Yes, if I may make my play.* STEVENS.

SANDS. I told your grace, they would talk anon.  
 [*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*]

WOL. What's that?

CHAM. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

WOL. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;  
 By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

CHAM. How now? what is't?

SERV. A noble troop of strangers;  
 For so they seem: they have left their barge,<sup>a</sup> and  
 landed;  
 And hither make, as great ambassadors  
 From foreign princes.

WOL. Good lord chamberlain,  
 Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French  
 tongue;  
 And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,

<sup>9</sup> — chambers *discharged.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows: “ — cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet.”

Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

“ — I still think o' the Tower ordinance,

“ Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fir'd

“ When my lord-mayor takes his barge.” STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *they have left their barge.*] See p. 47, n. 4. MALONE.

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers,<sup>3</sup> habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

CHAM. Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

<sup>3</sup> Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers,] For an account of this masquerade see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. STEEVENS.

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the king, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, “then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whercat was made great joy.” *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22, edit. 1641. MALONE.

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*WOL.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which  
I pay them  
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses*  
*ANNE BULLEN.*

*K. HEN.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O,  
beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

*WOL.* My lord,—

*CHAM.* Your grace?

*WOL.* Pray, tell them thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*CHAM.* I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

*WOL.* What say they?

*CHAM.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.<sup>4</sup>

*WOL.* Let me see then.—  
[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll  
make  
My royal choice.

<sup>4</sup> — *take it.*] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

*K. HEN.* You have found him, cardinal :<sup>5</sup>  
[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.<sup>6</sup>

*WOL.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*K. HEN.* My lord chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

*CHAM.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bul-  
len's daughter,  
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*K. HEN.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-  
heart,  
I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.<sup>7</sup>—A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

<sup>5</sup> *You have found him, cardinal:]* Holinshed says the Cardinal mistook, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville; upon which the king laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *unhappily.]* That is, *unluckily, mischievously.*

<sup>7</sup> JOHNSON.  
So, in *A merye Jests of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date:  
“ — in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unbappynesse* and  
falsnesse.” STEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 440, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*  
*And not to kiss you.]* A kiss was anciently the established fee  
of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie,*  
*concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. l. no  
date, “ Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto  
saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Alde:”

“ But some reply, what foole would daunce,

“ If that when daunce is doon,

“ He may not have at ladyes lips

“ That which in daunce he wooon?” STEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 41, n. 6. MALONE.



*WOL.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

*LOV.* Yes, my lord.

*WOL.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.<sup>8</sup>

*K. HEN.* I fear, too much.

*WOL.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. HEN.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet  
partner.

I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all, parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had musick enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kiss her!*

RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *a little heated.*] The king on being discovered and defired by Wolfey to take his place, said that he would “ first go and shift him : and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every perion to sit still as before ; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning.” *Cavendish's Life of Wolfey.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *Let the musick knock it.*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, Part I. 1602 :

“ *Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

“ *Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

“ *Fla.* Pert Catzo, knock it then.” STEVENS.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1. GENT. Whither away so fast?

2. GENT. O,—God save you!<sup>2</sup>  
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.1. GENT. I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. GENT. Were you there?

1. GENT. Yes, indeed, was I.

2. GENT. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1. GENT. You may guess quickly what.

2. GENT. Is he found guilty?

1. GENT. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2. GENT. I am sorry for't.

1. GENT. So are a number more.

2. GENT. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. GENT. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd<sup>2</sup> O—*God save you!*] Surely, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) we  
should complete the measure by reading:O, sir, *God save you!* STEEVENS.

To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :  
 At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,  
 Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. GENT. That was he,  
 That fed him with his prophecies ?

1. GENT. The same.  
 All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain  
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could  
 not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.<sup>2</sup>

2. GENT. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1. GENT. When he was brought again to the bar,—  
 to hear  
 His knell rung out, his judgement,—he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,<sup>3</sup>  
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
 But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,  
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2. GENT. I do not think, he fears death.

1. GENT. Sure, he does not,  
 He never was so womanish ; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.

2. GENT. Certainly,  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

<sup>2</sup> *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *he sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.—“ After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, fore-chafing, and *sweat marvelously.*” STREVENSON.

1. GENT. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2. GENT. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1. GENT. At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally; whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2. GENT. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
With him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck-  
ingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy; <sup>4</sup>—

1. GENT. Stay there, fir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves  
before him, the axe with the edge towards him;  
halberds on each side: with him, Sir THOMAS  
LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM  
SANDS,<sup>5</sup> and common people.*

2. GENT. Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK. All good people,

<sup>4</sup> *The mirror of all courtesy;*] See the concluding words of n. 3,  
p. 41. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Sir William Sands,*] The old copy reads—*Sir Walter.*

STEEVENS.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir *William* Sands, received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower.

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,  
 And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear wit-  
 nefs,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
 The law I bear no malice for my death,  
 It has done, upon the premises, but justice;  
 But those, that fought it, I could wish more chris-  
 tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:  
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;<sup>5</sup>  
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd  
 me,<sup>6</sup>

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May, 1521,) only a baronet, [rather, a *knight*; as *baronetage* was unknown till 1611] not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolfey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;*] *Evils* in this place are *foricæ*. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— Having waste ground enough,

“ Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

“ And pitch our *evils* there?”

See Vol. IV. p. 246, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *You few that lov'd me, &c.*] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
 And, as the long divorce<sup>7</sup> of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heaven.<sup>8</sup>—Lead on, o'God's  
 name.

*LOV.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*BUCK.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy  
 Shall make my grave.<sup>9</sup>—Commend me to his grace;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,

<sup>7</sup> — *the long divorce*—] So, in Lord Sterling's *Darius*, 1603:

“ Scarce was the *lasting* last *divorcement* made

“ Betwixt the bodie and the foule &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And lift my soul to heaven.*] So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*,  
 Book IV:

“ ————— their fongs

“ Divide the night, and *lift our thoughts to heaven.*”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ————— *no black envy*

*Shall make my grave.*] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant  
 no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice  
 shall conclude my life.* *Envy* by our authour is used for malice and  
*hatred* in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys of Hampton*,  
 bl. l. no date:

“ Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy*,

“ Turne thee now, I thee *desye.*”

Again:

“ They drewe theyr swordes hastily,

“ And smot together with great *envy.*”

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus  
 interprets it.

To *make a grave*, however, may mean to *close* it. So, in *The  
 Comedy of Errors*:

“ Why at this time the doors are *made* against you.”

i. e. *closed, shut.* The sense will then be (whether quaintly, or

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!  
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*LOV.* To the water side I must conduct your grace;  
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*VAUX.* Prepare there,  
 The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*BUCK.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.<sup>3</sup>

poetically expressed, let the reader determine,) *no malicious action shall close my grave, i. e. attend the conclusion of my existence, or terminate my life; the last action of it shall not be uncharitable.*

STEEVENS.

*Envy* is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. See Vol. V. p. 495, n. 3; and p. 555, l. 12. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads—*mark* my grave; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. See Vol. IX. p. 325, n. 8.

Dr. Warburton's emendation also derives some support from the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
 “ And that supposed by the common rout  
 “ Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 “ That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 “ And dwell upon your grave, when you are dead.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *for*sake me,] The latter word was added by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, sir Nicholas,*

*Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.]* The last verse

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
 And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
 Bohun:<sup>4</sup>

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;<sup>5</sup>  
 And with that blood will make them one day groan  
 for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his fervant Banister,  
 Being distrefs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's los, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,

would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:

*Let it alone, my state will now but mock me.* WHALLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — *poor Edward Bohun*:] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford. Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed.

STEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *History of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bobun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bobun*? In truth, the duke's name was BAGOT; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *I now seal it*; &c.] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

JOHNSON.



Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not loose; <sup>5</sup> for those you make  
 friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,<sup>6</sup>  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive  
 me ! [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Train.

1. GENT. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
 That were the authors.

2. GENT. If the duke be guiltless,

<sup>5</sup> — be not loose;] This expression occurs again in *Othello* :  
 “ There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 “ That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And when you would say something that is sad, &c.] So, in *King Richard II* :

“ Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 “ And send the hearers weeping to their beds.”

STEEVENS.

'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1. *GENT.* Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2. *GENT.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith<sup>1</sup> to conceal it.

1. *GENT.* Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

2. *GENT.* I am confident;  
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

1. *GENT.* Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2. *GENT.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: To confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;  
As all think, for this business.

1. *GENT.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. *GENT.* I think, you have hitt he mark: But  
is't not cruel,

<sup>1</sup> — *strong faith* —] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

I. GEN.

'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this;  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

CHAM. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

NOR. Well met, my good  
Lord chamberlain.

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

SUF. How is the king employ'd?

CHAM. I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

<sup>1</sup> *Well met, my good—*] The epithet—*good*, was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of measure. STEVENS.

*NOR.* What's the cause?

*CHAM.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*SUF.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*NOR.* 'Tis so;  
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one  
day.

*SUF.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself  
else.

*NOR.* How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the  
league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great  
nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:  
And, out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;<sup>3</sup>  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

*CHAM.* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis  
most true,  
These news are every where; every tongue speaks  
them,

<sup>3</sup> *That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years &c.]* See Vol. VII.  
p. 34, n. 8. MALONE.

And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare  
 Look into these affairs, see this main end,<sup>9</sup>—  
 The French king's sister.<sup>2</sup> Heaven will one day  
                   open  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

*SUF.*                                 And free us from his slavery.

*NOR.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages :<sup>3</sup> all men's honours  
 Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pitch he please.<sup>4</sup>

*SUF.*                                 For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

<sup>9</sup> —[see this main end,] Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his*; but *y<sup>e</sup>* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the king, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 58:

“ The cardinal is the end of this.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the duchess of Alençon.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *From princes into pages.*] This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Into what pitch he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.

JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: “ Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour ?” COLLINS.

If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
 To him, that made him proud, the pope.

*NOR.* Let's in;  
 And, with some other business, put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
 him:—  
 My lord, you'll bear us company?

*CHAM.* Excuse me;  
 The king hath sent me othewhere: besides,  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
 Health to your lordships.

*NOR.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*<sup>5</sup>

*SUF.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

*K. HEN.* Who is there? ha?

<sup>5</sup> The stage direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.* STEEVENS.

This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "*The scene opens, and discovers the King,*" &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing *scenes*,

NOR. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. HEN. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

NOR. A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

K. HEN. You are too bold;  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my  
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;  
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.<sup>6</sup> [*To WOLSEY.*

WOL.

Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ————have great care

[*I be not found a talker.*] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

K. HEN.

We are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

NOR. This priest has no pride in him?

SUF.

Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though,<sup>7</sup> for his place:

But this cannot continue.

NOR.

If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.<sup>8</sup>

SUF.

I another.

} *Aside.*

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

WOL. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices;<sup>9</sup> Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;  
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

<sup>7</sup> — so sick though,] That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — one heave at him.] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

“ To *heave* the traitor Somerset from hence.”

The first folio gives the passage thus:

*He venture one; have at him.*

The reading in the text is that of the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Have their free voices;*] The construction is, have *sent* their free voices; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.



*K. HEN.* And, once more, in mine arms I bid  
him welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd  
for.

*CAM.* Your grace must needs deserve all stran-  
gers' loves,  
You are so noble : To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my  
lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. HEN.* Two equal men. The queen shall be  
acquainted  
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardi-  
ner ?

*WOL.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd  
her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*K. HEN.* Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and  
my favour  
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*WOL.* Give me your hand : much joy and favour  
to you ;  
You are the king's now.

*GARD.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.  
[Aside.]

*K. HEN.* Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

*CAM.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*WOL.* Yes, he was.

*CAM.* Was he not held a learned man?

*WOL.* Yes, surely.

*CAM.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread  
then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*WOL.* How! of me?

*CAM.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still:<sup>9</sup> which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

*WOL.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn, this brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. HEN.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—  
My Wolfey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Kept him a foreign man still:*] Kept him out of the king's  
presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E III.

*An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

ANNE. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang  
that pinches:  
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and  
she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which  
To leave is<sup>2</sup> a thousand-fold more bitter, than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the avaunt!<sup>3</sup> it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

OLD L. Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

ANNE. O, God's will! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tempo-  
ral,  
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,<sup>4</sup> do divorce

<sup>2</sup> *To leave is—*] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To give her the avaunt!*] To send her away contemptuously;  
to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,*] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or  
arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large  
arrow so called. Thus Fairfax:

“ — twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long.”

WARBURTON.

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
As foul and body's severing.<sup>5</sup>

OLD L. Alas, poor lady!  
She's a stranger now again.<sup>6</sup>

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*That quarreller Fortune.*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. \* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— but that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
“ For *Idleness* itself.”

Like Martial's—“ *Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*” We might, however, read:

*Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce  
It from the bearer.*——

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ ——— I'll tell you as we pass along,  
“ That you will wonder what hath *fortuned*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii:

“ It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— panging

*As foul and body's severing.*] So Bertram, in *All's well that ends well*: “ I grow to you, and our parting is a *tortur'd body*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ The foul and body rive not more at panging,  
“ Than greatness going off.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

“ ——— Katharine no more  
“ Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,  
“ And widow to prince Arthur.” TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.

MALONE.

*ANNE.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*OLD L.* Our content  
Is our best having.<sup>7</sup>

*ANNE.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*OLD L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril<sup>8</sup> conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*ANNE.* Nay, good troth,—

*OLD L.* Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not  
be a queen?

*ANNE.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*OLD L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would  
hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *our best having.*] That is, our best *possession*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Of noble *having* and of royal hope.”

In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law.” STEEVENS.

What think you of a duchefs? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

ANNE.

No, in truth.

OLD L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a  
little;<sup>9</sup>

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

ANNE.

How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

OLD L.

In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire,<sup>2</sup> although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here?

<sup>9</sup> — *Pluck off a little*; &c.] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

— *Pluck up a little.*

*Pluck up!* is an idiomatical expression for *take courage*. JOHNSON.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *duchefs*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

— *Pluck off a little,*

says she; i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality: and then adds:

*I would not be a young count in your way,*

which is an inferior degree of honour to any before enumerated.

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In faith, for little England*

*You'd venture an emballing: I myself*

*Would for Carnarvonshire,*] *Little England* seems very properly once *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? It is not so to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not it be a misapplication? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokehire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth  
to know  
The secret of your conference?

ANNE. My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

*You'd venture an emballing:]* You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's objection to Johnson's explanation, is an hyper-criticism. Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously his distinction between a queen consort and a queen regent.

M. MASON.

Might we read—You'd venture an *empalling*; i. e. being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of *King Edward III.* 1596:

“As with this armour I *impall* thy breast——”

And, in *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe*:

“And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell.”

MALONE.

Might we not read—*an embalming*? A queen consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *King Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

“With my own tears I wash away my *balm*.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*.

WHALLEY.

The Old Lady's jocularity, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

ANNE. Now I pray God, amen!

CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings

Follow such creatures, That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you,<sup>3</sup> and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE. I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;

<sup>3</sup> *Commends his good opinion to you,*] Thus the old copy, and  
subsequent editors. Mr. Malone reads:

*Commends his good opinion of you.* STEEVENS.

The words—*to you*, in the next line, must in construction be  
understood here.—The old copy, indeed, reads:

*Commends his good opinion of you to you, and*——

but the metre shews that cannot be right. The words—*to you* were  
probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line,  
and being marked by the corrector as *out*, (to speak technically,) were  
inserted in the wrong place. The old error being again  
marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the  
second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first  
was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens.

MALONE.

- It is as probable that, in the present instance, a correction, and  
the erasure that was designed to make room for it, have both  
been printed.

The phrase I found in the text I have not disturbed, as it is  
supported by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ I did commend your highness' letters to them.”

STEEVENS.



More than my all is nothing :<sup>4</sup> nor my prayers  
 Are not words duly hallow'd,<sup>5</sup> nor my wishes  
 More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and  
 wishes,  
 Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
 As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;  
 Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

CHAM. Lady,  
 I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,<sup>6</sup>  
 The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well ;<sup>7</sup>  
[Aside.

<sup>4</sup> *More than my all is nothing :*] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— nor my prayers  
*Are not words duly hallow'd, &c.*] It appears to me absolutely necessary, in order to make sense of this passage, to read :

————— for my prayers  
*Are not words duly hallow'd, &c.*  
 instead of "*nor my prayers.*"

Anne's argument is this:—"More than my all is nothing, for my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return." M. MASON.

The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here ; this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obedience, I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient : *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I shall not fail &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I have perus'd her well ;*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen Elizabeth and her

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king: and who knows  
yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem,  
To lighten all this isle?<sup>s</sup>—I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

ANNE.

My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

OLD L. Why, this it is; fee, fee!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)  
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd  
up,  
Before you open it.

mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king James.

THEOBALD.

<sup>s</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ a gem,

*To lighten all this isle?*] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ A precious ring, that *lightens* all the hole.”

STEEVENS.

Thus, in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, Trans. 1619, fol. B. IV. p. 5: “ In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light.” With a reference to this notion I imagine, Milton, speaking of the orb of the sun, says:

“ If stone, *carbuncle most* or chryfolite.”

*Paradise Lost*, B. III. v. 596. And that we have in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — *Carbuncled* like holy Phæbus' car.”

HOLT WHITE.

ANNE. This is strange to me.

OLD L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,  
no.<sup>9</sup>

'There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,) That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt:<sup>2</sup>—Have you heard it?

ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.

OLD L. With your theme, I could O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;  
No other obligation: By my life,  
That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE. Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

<sup>9</sup> — is it bitter? forty pence, no.] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:

— for two-pence, —.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. *Forty pence*, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *King Richard II.* Act V. sc. v:

“ The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. the clown says: “ As fit as ten groats for the hand of an attorney.” Again, in *Green's Groundwork of Coneycatching*: “ — wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling.” Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, 1570: “ I dare wage with any man *forty pence*.” Again, in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“ Nay, that I will not for *fourty pence*.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> For all the mud in Egypt:] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEVENS.

And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

OLD L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeant.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*A Hall in Black-Fryars.*

*Trumpets, fennet,<sup>3</sup> and cornets. Enter two Vergers,  
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in*

<sup>3</sup> — *fennet*,] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

“ *Senné* or *fennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblee. Dict. de vieux Language :

‘ *Senne*, assemblee a son de cloche.’ *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *fennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprising the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted,) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune.” See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* :

“ Cornets found a *cynet*.” FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI.* P. III. after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: “ *Senet. Here they [the lords] come down [from their seats].*” In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *fennet on cornets*.

In Marlowe's *King Edward II.* we find “ *Cornets found a signate.*”

*the habits of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph ;<sup>4</sup> next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-usber bare-beaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms, bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars ;<sup>5</sup> after them, side by side, the two Cardinals*

*Senet* or *figuate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or founding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1611 in v.

That *Senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *figuate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio MS. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear :

“ Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, about the gainynge of ower comysson, as followeth, 1597.

“ Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requents, xiiid.

“ *Item.* Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Archbishop of Canterbury, — Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph ;*] These were, William Warham, John Longland, Nicholas West, John Fisher, and Henry Standish. West, Fisher, and Standish, were counsellors for the Queen. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — *pillars ;*] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. *More's Life of Sir T. More.*

JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines :

“ With worldly pompe incredible,

“ Before him rydeth two prestes stronge ;

“ And they bear two crosses right longe,

“ Gapyng in every man's face :

“ After them folowe two laye men secular,

“ And each of theym holdyn a *pillar*,

“ In their hondes steade of a mace.” STEVENS.

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Antis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne

WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

WOL. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

K. HEN. What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

WOL. Be't so:—Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry king of England, come in-  
to the court.

CRIER. Henry king of England, &c.

before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop.

TOLLET.

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. "On the — day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinal removed out of his house called Yorke Place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confusion." *Chron.* Henry VIII. 104. b. MALONE.

*K. HEN.* Here.

*SCRIBE.* Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

*CRIER.* Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court,<sup>6</sup> comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

*Q. KATH.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;<sup>7</sup>

And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witnesses,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:<sup>8</sup>  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

<sup>6</sup> — goes about the court,] “Because (says Cavendish) she could not come to the king directly, for the distance severed between them.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Sir, I desire you do, me right and justice; &c.*] This speech of the queen, and the king’s reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *At all times to your will conformable:*] The character Queen Katharine here prides herself for, is given to another Queen in *The Historie of the uniting of the Kingdom of Portugall to the Crowne of Castill*, fo. 1600, p. 238: “—— at which time Queene Anne his wife fell sicke of a rotten fever, the which in few daies brought her to another life; wherewith the King was much grieved being a lady wholly conformable to his humour. REED.

Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice?  
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: If, in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person,<sup>2</sup> in God's name,

<sup>1</sup> — nay, gave notice—] In modern editions:

— nay, gave not notice—

Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and would therefore follow Sir T. Haamer's correction. JOHNSON.

Our author is so licentious in his construction that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

Perhaps this inaccuracy (like a thousand others) is chargeable only on the blundering superintendants of the first folio.—Instead of—*nay*, we might read:

— nor gave notice

*He was from thence discharg'd?* 'STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — or my love and duty,

Against your sacred person,] There seems to be an error in the phrase "Against your sacred person;" but I don't know how to amend it. The sense would require that we should read, "*Towards* your sacred person," or some word of a similar import, which *against* will not bear; and it is not likely that *against* should be written by mistake for *towards*. M. MASON.

In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*. Mr. M. Mason has justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being



Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgement : Ferdinand,  
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before : It is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I  
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel  
 I will implore : if not ; i' the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

WOL. You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you desire the court ;<sup>3</sup> as well

placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove  
 aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or *ought* against  
 your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's  
 intention ; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her  
 honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an of-  
 fence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps,  
 however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That longer you desire the court ;*] That you desire to *protract*  
 the business of the court ; that you solicit a more distant session and  
 trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when  
 the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language  
 of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions,  
*defer* is substituted for *desire*. MALONE.

For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unfettled in the king.

CAM. His grace  
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,—  
To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir,  
I am about to weep;<sup>4</sup> but, thinking that  
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay,  
before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge:<sup>5</sup> for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,

<sup>4</sup> *I am about to weep; &c.*] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
“ Commonly are, &c.—but I have  
“ That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
“ Worse than tears drown;” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — and make my challenge,  
*You shall not be my judge:*] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says— *I challenge him.* JOHNSON.

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge; <sup>5</sup> whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess,  
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
 wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
 The king is present: If it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay <sup>6</sup> my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. But if <sup>7</sup> he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows,  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to

<sup>5</sup> *I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul*

Refuse you for my judge;] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

*Detestor and Recuso.* The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's: " — and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse,* and forsake such a judge."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *gainsay*—] i. e. deny. So, in Lord Surry's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

" I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words."

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *But if*—] The conjunction—*But*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEVENS.

Remove these thoughts from you : The which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

Q. *KATH.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and hum-  
ble-mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling,<sup>8</sup> in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility : but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted,  
Where powers are your retainers : and your words,  
Domesticks to you, serve your will,<sup>9</sup> as't please

<sup>8</sup> You sign your place and calling,] *Sign*, for answer.

WARBURTON.  
I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your out-  
ward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy  
order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

So, with a kindred sense, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ *Sign'd* in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Where powers are your retainers : and your words,  
*Domesticks to you, serve your will,*] You have now got *power*  
at your beck, following in your retinue ; and *words* therefore are  
degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you  
shall give them. In humbler and more common terms ; *Having*  
*now got power, you do not regard your word.* JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one  
person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to  
give it.

By *powers* are meant the Emperor and the King of France, in  
the pay of one or the other of whom *Wolsey* was constantly retained ;  
and it is well known that *Wolsey* entertained some of the nobility  
of England among his domesticks, and had an absolute power over  
the rest. M. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, *Shakspeare*, surely,  
does not mean to say that *Wolsey* was retained by them, but that  
they were retainers, or subservient, to *Wolsey*. MALONE.

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual: That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

CAM. The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

K. HEN. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine queen of England, Come into  
 the court.

GRIF. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep  
 your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:  
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,

I believe that—*powers*, in the present instance, are used merely  
 to express *persons in whom power is lodged*. The queen would in-  
 sinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest officers of state sub-  
 servient to his will. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read:

*Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,  
 Domesticks to you, &c.*

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the  
 powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images;  
 as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a  
 poem, 1599:

“ I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;  
 “ I car'd not for the gentry, for I had  
 “ Yong nobles of the land,” &c. STEEVENS.

Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.]

K. HEN. Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i'the world, who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—  
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,<sup>2</sup>)  
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

WOL. Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and  
bound,  
There must I be unloos'd; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied,<sup>3</sup>) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever

<sup>2</sup> — *could speak thee out,)*] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

Rather—had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice. In *Cymbeline* we have a similar expression:

“ You speak him far.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *although not there*

At once and fully satisfied,)] The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might<sup>a</sup>  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*K. HEN.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:  
But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd;<sup>3</sup> but oft have hinder'd; oft  
The passages made toward it:<sup>4</sup>—on my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,<sup>5</sup>  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me  
to't,—  
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—

<sup>a</sup> — *might*—] Old copy, redundantly—*that* might.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Desir'd it to be stirr'd*;} The useless words—*to be*, might, in my opinion, be safely omitted, as they clog the metre, without enforcement of the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The passages made toward it*:] i. e. *closed*, or *fastened*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i:

“Why at this time the doors are *made* against you.”

For the present explanation and pointing, I alone am answerable. A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*:

“*Stop up the access and passage to remorse.*”

Yet the sense in which these words have hitherto been received, may be the true one. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *on my honour*,

*I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,*] The King, having first addressed to Wolfey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the Cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tendernefs,  
 Scruple, and prick,<sup>6</sup> on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambaffador;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage,<sup>7</sup> 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience,<sup>8</sup> enter'd me,

<sup>6</sup> *Scruple, and prick,*] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says: "The special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that *pricked* my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A marriage,*] Old copy—*And marriage.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *This respite shook*

*The bosom of my conscience,*] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote:

*The bottom of my conscience,*—

Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus: "Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom of my conscience*, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Vid. *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

The phrase recommended by Mr. Theobald occurs again, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

" — for therein should we read

" The very *bottom* and soul of hope."

It is repeated also in *Measure for Measure*, *All's well that ends well*, *King Henry VI.* P. II. *Coriolanus*, &c. STEEVENS.



Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And pres'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead: for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea<sup>9</sup> of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private  
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first mov'd you.

LIN.

Very well, my liege.

<sup>9</sup> —hulling in

*The wild sea*—] That is floating without guidance; tofs'd here and there. JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *bull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *bull*, or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

So, in *The Alarm for London*, 1602:

“ And they lye *bulling up and down* the stream.”

STEVENS.

*K. HEN.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself  
to say  
How far you satisfy'd me.

*LIN.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,—  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*K. HEN.* I then mov'd you,<sup>2</sup>  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons:—Unsolicted  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:  
For no dislike i'the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o'the world.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *I then mov'd you,*] “I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and so I did of all of you, my lords.” Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *That's paragon'd o'the world.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, I think, better:

—the primest creature

*That's paragon o'the world.* JOHNSON.

*CAM.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day :  
Mean while must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

*K. HEN.* I may perceive, [*Aside.*]  
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee return ! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ No : but she is an earthly *paragon* .

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — an angel ! or, if not,

“ An earthly *paragon* .”

To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakspeare both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello* :

“ If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again

“ My man of men.

“ — a maid

“ That *paragon* description and wild fame.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> [*They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add : [*The King speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey that he is returned and install'd archbishop of Canterbury :

“ My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,

“ Pr'ythee, return ! —

is no more than an apotrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

RIDLEY.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Palace at Bridewell.**A Room in the Queen's Apartment.**The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.<sup>5</sup>*

Q. *KATH.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows  
 fad with troubles;  
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave work-  
 ing.

## S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
 To his musick, plants, and flowers,  
 Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,  
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet musick is such art;  
 Killing care, and grief of heart,  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

<sup>5</sup> — *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skain* of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the Queen's answer in p. 103, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.

MALONE.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Q. KATH. How now?

GENT. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.<sup>6</sup>

Q. KATH. Would they speak with me?

GENT. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. KATH. Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:<sup>7</sup>  
But all hoods make not monks.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Wait in the presence.*] i. e. in the *presence-chamber*. So, in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "The lady Anne of Bretagne, passing thorow the *presence* in the court of France" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *They should be good men; their affairs as righteous.*] *Affairs* for *professions*; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is they are priests. The *illation*, they are good men; for being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. WARBURTON.

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling*. JOHNSON.

Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — all hoods make not monks.] Cucullus non facit monachum. STEEVENS.

To this proverbial saying Chaucer alludes in his *Romance of the Rose*, 6190:

" This argument is all roignous,  
" It is not worth a crooked brere;  
" *Habite ne makith Monke ne Frere*;  
" But a clene life and devotion,  
" *Makith gode men of religion.*" GREY.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*WOL.* Peace to your highness!

*Q. KATH.* Your graces find me here part of a  
housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*WOL.* May it please you, noble madam, to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. KATH.* Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number,) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against them,<sup>9</sup>  
I know my life so even: If your business  
Seek me out,<sup>2</sup> and that way I am wife in,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Envy and base opinion set against them,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgement might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

*Envy*, in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So, afterwards:

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Seek me out, &c.*] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read,

— *If your business*

*Seek me, speak out, and that way I am wife in;*

i. e. in the way that I can understand it. TYRWHITT.

The metre shows here is a syllable dropt. I would read;

*I know my life so even. If 'tis your business*

*To seek me out, &c.* BLACKSTONE.

Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. KATH. O, good my lord, no Latin;<sup>4</sup>  
 I am not such a truant since my coming,  
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
 suspicious;  
 Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank  
 you,  
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake;  
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord car-  
 dinal,  
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,  
 I am sorry, my integrity should breed,

The alteration proposed by Sir W. Blackstone injures one line as much as it improves the other. We might read:

*Doth seek me out,—* RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and that way I am wife in,*] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the king's *wife*; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

*And that way I am wife in.* JOHNSON.

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed; so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wife* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage, so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this:—"If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> O, good my lord, no Latin;] So, Holinshed, p. 908:

"Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English."

STEEVENS.

(And service to his majesty and you,)<sup>5</sup>  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
 You have too much, good lady: but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
 And comforts to your cause.<sup>6</sup>

*CAM.* Most honour'd madam,  
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service and his counsel.

*Q. KATH.* To betray me. [*Aside.*  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove  
 so!)]

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men, or such business.

<sup>5</sup> *And service to his majesty and you,*] This line stands so very awkwardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has suggested:

“ I am sorry my integrity should breed

“ So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,

“ And service to his majesty and you.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *to your cause.*] Old copy—*our* cause. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



For her sake that I have been,' (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*WOL.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with  
these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. KATH.* In England,  
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)<sup>8</sup>  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,<sup>9</sup>  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*CAM.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. KATH.* How, sir?

*CAM.* Put your main cause into the king's pro-  
tection;

He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;

<sup>7</sup> *For her sake that I have been, &c.*] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,*)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —weigh out my afflictions,] This phrase is obscure. To weigh out, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to weigh out, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To weigh out is the same as to outweigh. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare has overcome for come over. STEEVENS.

For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

WOL.

He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my  
ruin :

Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

CAM.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye;<sup>2</sup> holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my foul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your  
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors! Would ye have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him

<sup>2</sup> *The more shame for ye;*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak  
myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd  
him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?<sup>3</sup>  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we  
aim at.

Q. KATH. My lord, I dare not make myself so  
guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. 'Would I had never trod this English  
earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

<sup>3</sup> — *superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

Ye have angels' faces,<sup>4</sup> but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field,<sup>5</sup> and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

WOL. If your grace  
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,

<sup>4</sup> *Ye have angels' faces,*] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to Queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

“ Her people are ycleped *angeli*,  
“ Or if I miss a letter, is the most.”

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her Majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint: “ *England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions.” STEEVENS.

See also Nashe's *Anatomic of Absurditie*, 1589: “ For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their devices*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ————*the lily,*

*That once was mistress of the field,*] So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book II. c. vi. ft. 16:

“ The lily, lady of the flow'ring field.” HOLT WHITE.

You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it;

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.<sup>6</sup>

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

<sup>6</sup> *The hearts of princes kiss obedience,*

*So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,*

*They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman to the disgrace of humanity was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council-table for several hours, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598, to the Lord Keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince." MALONE.*

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;<sup>1</sup>  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons:  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK,  
 the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*NOR.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them<sup>2</sup> with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them: If you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*SUR.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

*SUF.* Which of the peers

<sup>1</sup> *If I have us'd myself unmannerly;*] That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *And force them —*] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— Has he affections in him

“ That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

“ When he would force it !” STEVENS.

Have uncontrold gone by him, or at least  
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
 Out of himself?<sup>1</sup>

CHAM. My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
 What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
 What we can do to him, (though now the time  
 Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot  
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
 Over the king in his tongue.

NOR. O, fear him not;  
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
 Matter against him, that for ever mars  
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

SUR.

Sir,

<sup>1</sup> — or at least

Strangely neglected?] Which of the peers has not gone by him  
 contemned or neglected? JOHNSON.

Our author extends to the words, *strangely neglected*, the negative  
 comprehended in the word *uncontrold*. M. MASON.

*Uncontrold*, as I have before observed in a note on *As you like it*,  
 must be understood, as if the author had written *not controld*.  
 See Vol. VI. p. 31, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — when did he regard

*The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
 Out of himself?*] The expression is bad, and the thought false.  
 For it supposes *Wolsey* to be *noble*, which was not so: we should  
 read and point;

— when did he regard

*The stamp of nobleness in any person;*

*Out of 't himself?*

i. e. When did he regard nobleness of blood in another, having  
 none of his own to value himself upon? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the pre-  
 sent reading is easy. *When did he*, however careful to carry his  
 own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another?

JOHNSON.

I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*NOR.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings<sup>3</sup>  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
As I could wish mine enemy.

*SUR.* How came  
His practices to light?

*SUF.* Most strangely.

*SUR.* O, how, how?

*SUF.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; For if  
It did take place, *I do, quoth he, perceive,*  
*My king is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.*

*SUR.* Has the king this?

*SUF.* Believe it.

*SUR.* Will this work?

*CHAM.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts,  
And hedges, his own way.<sup>4</sup> But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick  
After his patient's death; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady,

*SUR.* Would he had!

*SUF.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord;  
For, I profess, you have it.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *contrary proceedings*—] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And hedges, his own way.*] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

*Hedging* is by land, what *coasting* is by sea. M. MASON.



*SUR.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction! <sup>4</sup>

*SUF.* My amen to't!

*NOR.* All men's.

*SUF.* There's order given for her coronation:  
Marry, this is yet but young,<sup>5</sup> and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.<sup>6</sup>

*SUR.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The lord forbid!

*NOR.* Marry, amen!

*SUF.* No, no;  
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

<sup>4</sup> Trace *the conjunction!*] To trace, is to follow. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— all unfortunate souls

“ That trace him in his line.”

The form of Surrey's wish has been anticipated by Richmond in  
*King Richard III.* sc. ult:

“ Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction!” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *but young.*] The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and  
Juliet*, Act I. sc. i:

“ Good morrow, cousin.

“ Is the day so young?”

See note on this passage. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *In it be memoriz'd.*] To memorize is to make memorable.  
The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. ii.

STEVENS.

CHAM. Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry ha, louder!

NOR. But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

SUF. He is return'd, in his opinions; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom: <sup>7</sup> shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

NOR. This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

SUF. He has; and we shall see him  
For it, an archbishop.

NOR. So I hear.

SUF. 'Tis so.  
The cardinal—

<sup>7</sup> *He is return'd, in his opinions; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom:]* Thus the old copy. The meaning is  
this: Cranmer, says Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with  
the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad,  
which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the  
famous colleges referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the  
passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in  
effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c.  
collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and  
all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:  
*He is return'd with his opinions, which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Gather'd from all the famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom:—* STEVENS.

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*NOR.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*WOL.* The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

*CROM.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.<sup>7</sup>

*WOL.* Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

*CROM.* Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
Was in his countenance: You, he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*WOL.* Is he ready  
To come abroad?

*CROM.* I think, by this he is.

*WOL.* Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*  
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—  
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:  
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!  
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

*NOR.* He's discontented.

*SUF.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

<sup>7</sup> *To his own hand, in his bedchamber.*] Surely, both the syllable wanting in this line, and the respect due from the speaker to Wolsey, should authorize us to read:

*To his own hand, sir, in his bedchamber.*

And again, in Cromwell's next speech:<sup>8</sup>

*Was in his countenance: you, sir, he bade—*

or with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

— and *you be bade* —. STEEVENS.

*SUR.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice!

*WOL.* The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—  
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,  
And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*NOR.* He is vex'd at something.

*SUR.* I would, 'twere something that would fret  
the string,  
The master-cord of his heart!

*Enter the King, reading a schedule;\** and *LOVELL.*

*SUF.* The king, the king.  
*K. HEN.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

\* *Enter the King, reading a schedule;*] That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinsbed*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797:

“ Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey

To his own portion! and what expence by the hour  
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;  
Saw you the cardinal?

*NOR.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,<sup>9</sup>  
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts<sup>a</sup>

to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

“ Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *then, stops again,*] Sallust describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:

“ — *citus modo, modo tardus incessus.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts—*] Here I think we should be at liberty to complete a defective verse, by reading, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

— *and then, anon, he casts—*. STEEVENS.

His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*K. HEN.* It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found  
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*NOR.* It's heaven's will;  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. HEN.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat; and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.]*

*WOL.* Heaven forgive me!—  
Ever God bless your highness!

*K. HEN.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven-  
tory  
Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*WOL.* Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
 To think upon the part of business, which  
 I bear i'the state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.

*K. HEN.* You have said well.

*WOL.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying!

*K. HEN.* 'Tis well said again;  
 And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:  
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:  
 He said, he did; and with his deed did crown  
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.

*WOL.* What should this mean?

*SUR.* The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*]

*K. HEN.* Have I not made you  
 The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true:  
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*WOL.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could  
 My studied purposes requite; which went  
 Beyond all man's endeavours:<sup>2</sup>—my endeavours

<sup>2</sup> *Beyond all man's endeavours:]* The sense is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt.

Have ever come too short of my desires,  
 Yet, fil'd with my abilities :<sup>3</sup> Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person, and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
 My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. HEN.

Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated : The honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i'the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,  
 more

On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,<sup>4</sup>  
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces ;" which, says Wolfey, no human endeavour could requite.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet, fil'd with my abilities :*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene :

" ——— front but in that *file*

" Where others tell steps with me." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.



*WOL.* I do profess,  
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to  
 you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,<sup>6</sup>  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*K. HEN.* 'Tis nobly spoken:  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;  
 [*Giving him papers.*]

<sup>5</sup> — *that am, have, and will be.*] I can find no meaning in these words, or see how they are connected with the rest of the sentence; and should therefore strike them out. M. MASON.

I suppose, the meaning is, *that, or such a man, I am, have been, and will ever be.* Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardneses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line; and indeed I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As doth a rock against the chiding flood,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

“ — it is an ever-fixed mark,

“ That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.”

The *chiding flood* is the *resounding flood*. So, in the verses, in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio, 1632:

“ — there plays a fair

“ But *chiding fountain*.”

See Vol. IX. p. 345, n. 9. MALONE.

See also Vol. V. p. 128, n. 6. STEEVENS.

“ Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit.”

*Æn.* VII. 586. S. W.

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whif-  
pering.]

WOL. What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
ness;<sup>7</sup>  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

<sup>7</sup> *I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;]* So, in  
Marlowe's *K. Edward II*:

“ Bafe fortune, now I fee that in thy wheel  
“ There is a point, to which when men aspire,  
“ They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*  
“ And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,  
“ Why should I grieve at my declining fall?” MALONE.

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
Earl of SURREY,<sup>8</sup> and the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
          commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself

<sup>8</sup> *Re-enter the Dukes &c.]* It may not be improper here to repeat that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died we are informed by Holinshed, p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth:

"I am joyful

"To meet the least occasion that may give me

"Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke."

Again:

"Thy ambition

"Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

"Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:—

"You sent me deputy for Ireland;

"Far from his succour,——"

But Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reason for adding the third or fourth person as interlocutors in this scene is not very apparent, for Holinshed, p. 909, mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal, and all that is spoken would proceed with sufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cause of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolsey is obvious, and Cavendish mentions that an open quarrel at this time subsisted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

REED.

To Aſher-houſe,<sup>9</sup> my lord of Wincheſter's,<sup>2</sup>  
Till you hear further from his highneſs.

WOL. Stay,  
Where's your commiſſion, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority ſo weighty.<sup>3</sup>

SUF. Who dare croſs them?  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expreſſly?

WOL. Till I find more than will, or words, to do  
it,  
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and muſt deny it.<sup>4</sup> Now I feel

<sup>9</sup> *To Aſher-houſe,*] Thus the old copy. *Aſber* was the ancient name of *Eſber*; as appears from Holinſhed: "—— and everie man took their horſes and rode ſtrait to *Aſber*." *Holinſhed*, Vol. II. p. 909. WARNER.

<sup>2</sup> —— *my lord of Wincheſter's,*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolfey was himſelf biſhop of Wincheſter, unleſs he meant to ſay, you muſt confine yourſelf to that houſe which you poſſeſs as biſhop of Wincheſter. Aſher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houſes belonging to that biſhoprick. MALONE.

Fox, biſhop of Wincheſter, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolfey held this ſee in commendam. Eſher therefore was his own houſe.

REED.  
<sup>3</sup> —— *ſo weighty,*] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to *mighty*, and all the ſubſequent editors adopted his capricious alteration. MALONE.

I believe the change pointed out, was rather accidental than capricious; as, in the proof ſheets of this republication, the words *weighty* and *mighty* have more than once been given inſtead of each other. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,*  
(*I mean your malice,*) know, &c.] Wolfey had ſaid:  
" —— words cannot carry  
" Authority ſo weighty."

To which they reply:

" Who dare croſs them?" &c.

Wolfey, anſwering them, continues his own ſpeech, *Till I find more than will or words* (*I mean more than your malicious will and words*) *to do it*; that is, *to carry authority ſo mighty*; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNSON.

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the king,  
 (Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

*SUR.* The king, that gave it.

*WOL.* It must be himself then.

*SUR.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*WOL.* Proud lord, thou liest;  
 Within these forty hours<sup>s</sup> Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*SUR.* Thy ambition,  
 Thou scarlet fin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

<sup>s</sup> *Within these forty hours—*] Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace.—I suspect that Shakespeare wrote—*within these four hours*,—and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration.

MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of "*forty* pence;" Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says—"I had rather than *forty* shillings—;" and in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "the humour of *forty* fancies" is the ornament of Grumio's hat: Thus also, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— on fair ground

"I could beat *forty* of them." STEEVENS.

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

*WOL.* This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
 You have as little honesty as honour;  
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth<sup>6</sup>  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a founder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*SUR.* By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st  
 feel  
 My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded<sup>7</sup> by a piece of scarlet,

<sup>6</sup> *That I, in the way &c.*] Old copy—*That in the way.*

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald reads:

*That I in the way &c.*

and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

As this passage is to me obscure, if not unintelligible, without Mr. Theobald's correction, I have not discarded it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To be thus jaded—*] To be abused and ill treated, like a

Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.<sup>8</sup>

*WOL.* All goodnefs  
Is poifon to thy ftomach.

*SUR.* Yes, that goodnefs  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodnefs of your intercepted packets,  
You writ to the pope, againft the king : your good-  
nefs,  
Since you provoke me, fhall be moft notorious.—  
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
As you refpect the common good, the ftate  
Of our defpis'd nobility, our iffues,  
Who,<sup>9</sup> if he live, will fcarce be gentlemen,—  
Produce the grand fum of his fins, the articles  
Collected from his life :—I'll ftartle you  
Worfe than the facring bell,<sup>2</sup> when the brown wench  
Lay kifing in your arms, lord cardinal.

worthlefs horfe: or perhaps to be ridden by a prieft ;—to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

The fame verb (whatever its precife meaning may be) occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. fc. i :

“ The ne'er-yet-beaten horfe of Parthia

“ We have jaded out o'the field.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is fcarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by fmall mirrors faftened on fcarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of thefe birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The fame thought occurs in *Skelton's Why come ye not to Court?* i. c. a satire on Wolfey :

“ The red hat with his lure,

“ Bringeth al thinges under cure.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Who,*] Old copy—*Whom.* Corrected in the fecond folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Worfe than the facring bell,*] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Hoft* approaching when it is carried in pro-

*WOL.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

*NOR.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*WOL.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*SUR.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*WOL.* Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

*SUR.* I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*NOR.* Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else

cession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*.

THEOBALD.

The Abbess, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, says:

“ — you shall ring the *sacring* bell,

“ Keep your hours, and toll your knell.”

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:

“ He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass.”

The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book X. ch. vi.

STEEVENS.



To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*SUF.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*SUR.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*SUF.* That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.<sup>3</sup>

*SUR.* Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-  
stance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own con-  
science,)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*] In the long string of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against Wolfey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94. HOLT WHITE.

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolfey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England*.

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to the mere undoing* —] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM. O my lord,  
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

SUR. I forgive him.

SUF. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure  
is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass<sup>5</sup> of a *præmunire*,<sup>6</sup>—  
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever,<sup>7</sup> and to be  
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

“ — I am as happy  
“ In my friend's good, as if 'twere merely mine.”

STEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 9, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Fall into the compass &c.*] The harshness of this line induces me to think that we should either read, with Sir T. Hanmer—*Fall in the compass*, or *Fall into compass*, omitting the article.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *of a præmunire*,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Chattels, and whatsoever*,] The old copy—*castles*. I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgement in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *Præmunire* is set out by Holinshed, in his *Life of King Henry VIII.* p. 909. THEOBALD.

The emendation made by Mr. Theobald, is, I think, fully justified

*NOR.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*WOL.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope,<sup>7</sup> to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,<sup>8</sup>  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;

by the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle* on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*: "After this, in the King's Bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attorneys which he had authorized by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgement to forfeit all his landes, tenements, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." *Chron.* Vol. II. p. 909.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth*

*The tender leaves of hope, &c.]* So, in our author's 25th Sonnet:

"Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,

"But as the marigold in the sun's eye;

"And in themselves their pride lies buried,

"For at a frown they in their glory die." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *nips his root,*] "As spring-frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,<sup>9</sup>  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,<sup>2</sup>  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies* :  
 " And frosts so nip the rootes of vertuous-meaning minds."  
 See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and their ruin,*] Most of the modern editors read—*our* ruin. STEVENS.

*Their ruin*, is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and *ruin* him on whom it lights. So before :

· " He parted *frowning* from me, as if *ruin*

" Leap'd from his eyes." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,*] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587 :

" Your fault not half so great as was my pride,

" For which offence fell *Lucifer* from the skies."

MALONE.

· In *The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, &c.* a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the Cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar :

" If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,

" We fall at once, like pillars of the funne," &c.

STEVENS.

CROM. I have no power to speak, fir.

WOL. What, amaz'd  
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd  
me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad, your grace has made that  
right use of it.

WOL. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.<sup>3</sup>  
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

<sup>3</sup> — I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.] So, in *K. Henry VI.*

Part II:

“ More can I bear, than you dare execute.”

Again, in *Otello*:

“ Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

“ As I have to be hurt.” MALONE.

CROM. The next is, that fir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden:  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!<sup>4</sup>  
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,

<sup>4</sup> ——— a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

- “ *Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,*
- “ *Fluxit in obstantem fuccina gemma feram :*
- “ *Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,*
- “ *Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.*
- “ *Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro,*
- “ *Vipera si tumulto nobiliore jacet.*

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper. The same conceit, however, is found in Drummond of Hawthornden's *Tears for the Death of Mœliades*:

- “ The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
- “ *A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.”*

STEEVENS.

A similar conceit occurs in *King Richard II.* Act III. sc. iii.

HENLEY.

The old copy has—on *him*. The error, which probably arose from similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*WOL.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No fun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles.<sup>5</sup> Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;  
That fun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;

<sup>5</sup> *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*

*Upon my smiles.*] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the printed account, was eight hundred. "When (says Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*,) shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house?—Here is an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1641; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half of the MS. being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example.—The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore among other unwarrantable sophistifications, they took care that the number "of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be sufficiently magnified; and instead of *one hundred and eighty*, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two MSS. of this work in the Museum; *MSS. Harl.* N<sup>o</sup>. 428, and *MSS. Birch*, 4233.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household by the addition of a cypher is made 1800.

MALONE.

Some little memory of me will stir him,  
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not; make use now,<sup>6</sup> and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*CROM.* O my lord,  
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*WOL.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-  
 well;  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolfey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — make use —] i. e. make interest. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “ — I gave him *use* for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — fling away ambition;] Wolfey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: “ — then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means.

MALONE.



By that sin fell the angels,<sup>6</sup> how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;<sup>7</sup>

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

<sup>6</sup> *By that sin fell the angels,*] See p. 130, n. 2. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *cherish those hearts that hate thee;*] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends.* I am of opinion the poet wrote:

— *cherish those hearts that wait thee;*

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolfey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

*Corruption wins not more than honesty.*

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolfey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEVENS.

And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,<sup>8</sup>  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-  
 well,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — Pr'ythee, lead me in:

*There take an inventory of all I have,*] This inventory Wolfey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631.

Among the *Harl. MSS.* there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolfey's rich housholde stufte. Temp. Hen. VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." See *Harl. Catal.* N<sup>o</sup>. 599. DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> *Had I but serv'd my God &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolfey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity."

A similar sentiment also occurs in the *Earle of Murton's Tragedy*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"Had I serv'd God as well in euery fort,  
 "As I did serue my king and maister still;  
 "My scope had not this season beene so short,  
 "Nor world haue had the power to doe me ill."

STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis." MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolfey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. M. MASON.

There is a remarkable affinity between these words and part of the speech of Sir James Hamilton, who was supposed by King James V. thus to address him in a dream: "Though I was a sinner

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1. GENT. You are well met once again.<sup>9</sup>

2. GENT. And so are you.<sup>2</sup>

1. GENT. You come to take your stand here, and  
behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. GENT. 'Tis all my business. At our last en-  
counter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. GENT. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd  
forrow;

This, general joy.

against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant  
to my Lord my God, as I was to thee, I had not died that death."  
Pinfscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, 12mo.

DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> — *once again.*] Alluding to their former meeting in the  
second act. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> And *so are you.*] The conjunction—*And* was supplied by Sir  
Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

2. GENT. 'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;<sup>3</sup>  
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of this day<sup>4</sup> with shows,  
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1. GENT. Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. GENT. May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1. GENT. Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those, that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2. GENT. I thank you, sir; had I not known  
those customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.

<sup>3</sup> — *their royal minds*;] i. e. their minds well affected to their king. Mr. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. In *King Henry IV.* Part II. we have "*royal faith*," that is, faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place." MALONE.

*Royal*, I believe, in the present instance, only signifies—*noble*. So, Macbeth, speaking of Banquo, mentions his "*royalty of nature*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *this day*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:  
— *these days* —  
but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. *GENT.* That I can tell you too. The arch-  
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance,<sup>5</sup> and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage<sup>6</sup> made of none effect:  
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *GENT.*

Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is  
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter*

1. *Two judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before  
him.*

3. *Choristers singing.*

[*Musick.*

<sup>5</sup> — not *appearance*,] I suppose, our author wrote—*non-*  
*appearance.* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — the execution did cry out

“ Against the *non-performance.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the late marriage* —] i. e. the marriage *lately* considered  
as a valid one. STEEVENS.

4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms,<sup>7</sup> and on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets<sup>8</sup> of gold without flowers.*

2. GENT. A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—  
 Who's that, that bears the scepter?  
 I. GENT. Marquis Dorset:  
 And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

<sup>7</sup> — *in his coat of arms,*] i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *coronal—circlets—*] I do not recollect that these two words occur in any other of our author's works; a circumstance that may serve to strengthen Dr. Farmer's opinion—that the directions for the court pageantry throughout the present drama, were drawn up by another hand. STEVENS.

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2. *GENT.* A bold brave gentleman: And that  
should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1. *GENT.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2. *GENT.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1. *GENT.* Yes.

2. *GENT.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *GENT.* They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *GENT.* Those men are happy; and so are all,  
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1. *GENT.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *GENT.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,  
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *GENT.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3. *GENT.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where  
a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled<sup>3</sup>  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. GENT. You saw  
The ceremony?

3. GENT. That I did.

1. GENT. How was it?

3. GENT. Well worth the seeing.

2. GENT. Good sir, speak it to us.

3. GENT. As well as I am able. The rich stream<sup>4</sup>  
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go,<sup>5</sup> like rams<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — and *I am stifled* —] *And* was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *The rich stream &c.*]

“ — ingentem foribus domus alta superbis

“ Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.”

*Virg. Georg. II. 461.* MALONE.

So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. i:

“ — this *confluence*, this *great flood* of visitors.”

See Dr. Johnson's note on this passage. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *to go,*] i. e. to continue in their pregnancy. So, afterwards:

“ — the fruit she *goes* with

“ I pray for heartily.” STEVENS.



In the old time of war, would shake the puffs,  
And make them reel before them. No man living  
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2. GENT. But, 'pray, what follow'd?'

3. GENT. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-place, where the feast is held.

1. GENT. Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place, that is past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;

'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3. GENT. I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2. GENT. What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

<sup>6</sup> — *like rams*—] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

So, in Virgil, *Æneid* II:

“ — *labat ariete crebro*

“ *Janua* —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *But, 'pray, what follow'd?'*] The word—'pray, was added, for the sake of the measure, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

3. *GENT.* Stokefly and Gardiner; the one, of  
Winchester,  
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)  
The other, London.

2. *GENT.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *GENT.* All the land knows that:  
However, yet there's no great breach; when it  
comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *GENT.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *GENT.* Thomas Cromwell;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend.—The king  
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *GENT.* He will deserve more.

3. *GENT.* Yes, without all doubt,  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*BOTH.* You may command us, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.<sup>7</sup>

Kimbolton.

*Enter* KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; *led between*  
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

GRIFF. How does your grace?

KATH. O, Griffith, sick to death:  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour,<sup>8</sup> cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

GRIFF. Yes, madam; but, I think,<sup>9</sup> your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

KATH. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he  
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Scene II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *child of honour,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:  
“ That this same *child of honour* and renown —.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I think,*] Old copy—*I thank.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *be stepp'd before me, happily,*  
*For my example.*] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, madam :  
 For after the stout earl Northumberland<sup>3</sup>  
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
 (As a man forely tainted,) to his answer,  
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
 He could not sit his mule.<sup>4</sup>

KATH. Alas, poor man !

GRIF. At last, with easy roads,<sup>5</sup> he came to  
 Leicester,  
 Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
 To whom he gave these words,—O father abbot,  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*

*peradventure, haply.* I have been more than once of this opinion,  
 when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages.

STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*.  
 Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *K. Henry VI.*  
 Part II :

“ Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

“ Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the stout earl Northumberland* ——— ] So, in *Cherub*  
*Chase* :

“ *The stout earl of Northumberland*

“ A vow to God did make” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641,  
 it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself ; but the words—“ at which  
 time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself,” which appear  
 in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the  
 publisher for some sinister purpose ; not being found in the two  
 manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. See a former note,  
 p. 134. MALONE.

Cardinals generally rode on mules. “ He rode like a cardinal,  
 sumptuously upon his mule.” Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. REED.

In the representation of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, published by  
 the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one  
 of these animals very richly caparisoned. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *with easy roads,*] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

*Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*KATH.* So may he rest; his faults lie gently on  
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity,—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>6</sup> ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Ty'd all the kingdom:<sup>7</sup> simony was fair play;

<sup>6</sup> *Of an unbounded stomach,*] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of King Richard III:

“Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *one, that by suggestion*

*Ty'd all the kingdom:*] The word *suggestion*, says the critick, [Dr. Warburton] is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*:

“This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and feie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example.” Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *caut* acceptance, and inform us, perhaps,

His own opinion was his law : I'the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,

*Seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal*! A sense of the word, as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal*: who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, " For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average* the *tythe* should be sufficient; " Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."— And again; " Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasure egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143.

FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the Cardinal says:

" I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had  
" *Tithe-gentlemen*, yong nobles of the land," &c.

STEEVENS.

[Ty'd *all the kingdom*.] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride. ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. sc. ii. " free us from his slavery,"—" or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages: all men's honours," &c. Act III. sc. ii. " You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: " Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tyed* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Ka-

Both in his words and meaning: He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.<sup>7</sup>  
 Of his own body he was ill,<sup>8</sup> and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

tharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*:" i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquisitions, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So, Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i: "No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. ult. "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*, "You have sent *innumerable substance* (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others.

TOLLET.

<sup>7</sup> — as he is now, nothing.] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

" ————— Great men

" Till they have gain'd their ends, are *giants* in

" *Their promises*; but those obtain'd, *weak pygmies*

" *In their performance.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Of his own body he was ill,*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. So, in Holinshed,

*GRIF.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water.<sup>9</sup> May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*KATH.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

p. 1258: " — he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him." STEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, *Hall's Chronicle*, Edw. IV. p. 16: " She was *naught of her bodye*." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *their virtues*

*We write in water.*] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*:

" — all your better deeds

" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble."

STEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Tho. More's *History of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, " Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and who so doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. l. 1557, p. 59.

PERCY.

In Whitney's *Emblemes*, printed at Leyden, 4to. 1586, p. 183, is the following:

" *Scribit in marmore læsus.*

" In marble harde our harmes wee alwayes grave,

" Because, wee still will beare the same in minde:

" In duste wee write the benefittes we have,

" Where they are soone defaced with the winde.

" So, wronges wee houlde, and never will forgive;

" And soone forget, that still with us shoulde live."

Again, as Mr. Ritson quotes from Harrington's *Ariosto*:

" Men say it, and we see it come to pass,

" Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ *in brass*."

To avoid an unnecessary multiplication of instances, I shall just observe, that the same sentiment is found in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, Act V. sc. ii. and Marston's *Malecontent*, Act II. sc. iii.

REED.



GRIF. This cardinal,<sup>9</sup>  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly

<sup>9</sup> *This cardinal, &c.*] This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion in his *Historie of Ireland* described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, (saith he) some prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; insaciabie to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appurtenances,) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Durefme, and Winchester, the dignities of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albons, diverse priories, fundrie fat benefices *in commendam*; a great prefferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed." \*

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied:—Cardinal Wolsey was an honest, poor man's sonne—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learne*; wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made bachelour of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy bachelour*." See also Wolsey's Legend, *Mirreur for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."  
And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown

\* So, in *Macbeth*:

"— nothing in his life

"Became him like the leaving it;—." STEEVENS.

Was fashion'd to much honour.<sup>2</sup> From his cradle,  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
 Exceeding wife, fair spoken, and persuading:<sup>3</sup>  
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-  
 mer.

And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;<sup>4</sup>

into verse, "This cardinal was a man undoubtedly BORN to honour," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly. MALONE.

The present punctuation,  
 " ——— From his cradle,

" He was a scholar, ———  
 seems to be countenanced by a passage in *King Henry V*:  
 "Never was such a sudden scholar made." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Was fashion'd to much honour.] Perhaps our author borrowed this expression from *Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, ix. 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— fair spoken, and persuading:] Eloquence constituted a part of the Cardinal's real character. In the charges exhibited against him, it was alledged that at the Privy Council "he would have all the words to himself, and consumed much time with a fair tale." See 4 *Inst.* 91. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good man; "the virtuous prelate who founded it." So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—— a piece many years in doing."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good he did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good he did it," was laying the foundation of the building and endowing it: if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

"The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little:  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

*KATH.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn musick.*

*GRIF.* She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down  
 quiet,  
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,<sup>s</sup> six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on*

goodness that gave rise to it," though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

*Good*, I believe, is put for *goodness*. So, in p. 151:

"May it please your highness

"To hear me speak his *good* now?" STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — solemnly tripping *one after another*,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

*their beads garlands of bays, and golden vizards<sup>6</sup> on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.*

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?<sup>7</sup>

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

\* Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word. Katharine's next speech probably suggested this tripping dumb-show to the too busy reviver of this play. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — golden vizards —] These tawdry disguises are also mentioned in Hall's account of a *maske* devised by King Henry VIII: " — they were appareled &c. with *wifers* and *cappes of golde*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?*] Perhaps Mr. Gray had this passage in his thoughts, when he made his Bard exclaim, on a similar occasion, (the evanescence of visionary forms):

"Stay, O stay; nor thus forlorn

"Leave me *unbles'd, unpitied, here to mourn!*" STEEVENS.

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces  
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?  
 They promis'd me eternal happiness ;  
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
 I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,  
 Assuredly.

*GRIF.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
 Possess your fancy.

*KATH.* Bid the musick leave,  
 They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

*PAT.* Do you note,  
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?  
 How long her face is drawn ? How pale the looks,  
 And of an earthy cold ? Mark you her eyes ?<sup>8</sup>

*GRIF.* She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

*PAT.* Heaven comfort her !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* An't like your grace,—

*KATH.* You are a faucy fellow :  
 Deserve we no more reverence ?

*GRIF.* You are to blame,  
 Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
 To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *Mark you her eyes ?*] The modern editors read—*Mark her eyes.* But in the old copy there being a stop of interrogation after this passage, as after the foregoing clauses of the speech, I have ventured to insert the pronoun—*you*, which at once supports the ancient pointing, and completes the measure." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *go to, kneel.*] Queen Katharine's servants after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she

*MESS.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*KATH.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this  
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambaffador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius,

*CAP.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*KATH.* O my lord,  
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray  
you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*CAP.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*KATH.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too  
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;

would not be served by them, by which means she was almost  
destitute of attendants. See *Hall*, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says  
all the women about her still called her Queen. *Burnet*, p. 162.

REED.

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

CAP. Madam, in good health.

KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

PAT. No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.]

KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.<sup>6</sup>

CAP. Most willing, madam.

<sup>6</sup> *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshed*, p. 939: “—perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside.” STEVENS.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

“ My most dear lord, king, and husband,

“ The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell.”

MALONE.

*KATH.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves,<sup>7</sup> his young daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—  
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;  
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;  
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long,  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble;<sup>8</sup>  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.

<sup>7</sup> *The model of our chaste loves,*] *Model is image or representative.*  
See Vol. VI. p. 321, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 183, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *A right good &c.*] I would read this line (not with a semicolon, as hitherto printed,) but with only a comma:

*A right good husband, let him be a noble;*

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction. WHALLEY.

*Let him be,* I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be;* or—  
*admit that he be.* She means to observe, that *nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.* STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble,* may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Katharine's *women* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless king.

MALONE.



The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
 And something over to remember me by;  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*CAP.* By heaven, I will;  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*KATH.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness:  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good  
 wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

GAR. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

GAR. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights;<sup>9</sup> times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir  
Thomas!

Whither so late?

LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero<sup>a</sup>  
With the duke of Suffolk.

LOV. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

<sup>9</sup> *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — at primero—] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. *La Premiere*, G. *Prime*, f. *Prime venue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. GREY.

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“Come will your worship make one at primero?”

Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632: “—when it may be, some of our butterfly judgements expected a set at *maw* or *primavista* from them.” STEVENS.

*GAR.* Not yet, fir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business:<sup>3</sup> Affairs, that  
walk

(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*LOV.* My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

*GAR.* The fruit, she goes with,  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, fir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*LOV.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*GAR.* But, fir, fir,—  
Hear me, fir Thomas: You are a gentleman  
Of mine own way;<sup>4</sup> I know you wife, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
'Twill not, fir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*LOV.* Now, fir, you speak of two

<sup>3</sup> *Some touch of your late business:]* Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *mine own way;*] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made' master  
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,<sup>6</sup>  
With which the time will load him: The archbishop

Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare  
speak

One syllable against him?

GAR. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)  
A most arch heretick,<sup>7</sup> a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they moved,

<sup>5</sup> ——— he's made—] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,] Trade is the practised method, the general course. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *King Richard II*:

“Some way of common trade.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 291, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— I have

Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is &c.

A most arch heretick,] This passage, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, for that he is, i. e. because. STEEVENS.

I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus incited them against him.

MALONE.

*Incens'd*, I believe, in this instance, and some others, only means prompted, set on. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Think you, my lord, this little prating York

“Was not incens'd by his subtle mother?” STEEVENS.

Have broken with the king ;<sup>8</sup> who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
 And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,<sup>9</sup>  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented.<sup>2</sup> He's a rank weed, fir Thomas,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long : good night, fir Thomas.

*LOV.* Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your  
 fervant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the  
 Duke of SUFFOLK.*

*K. HEN.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*SUF.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. HEN.* But little, Charles ;  
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—  
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

*LOV.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

<sup>8</sup> — broken *with the king* ;] They have broken silence ; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about nothing* : " I will break with her." Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" I am to break with thee of some affairs." STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — he *batb* commanded,] *He*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *He batb* was often written contractedly *b'atb*. Hence probably the error. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He be convented.*] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. See Vol. IV. p. 364, n. 2. STEVENS.

*K. HEN.* What say'st thou? ha!  
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*LOV.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
made  
Almost each pang a death.<sup>3</sup>

*K. HEN.* Alas, good lady!

*SUF.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. HEN.* 'Tis midnight, Charles,  
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Will not be friendly to.

*SUF.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. HEN.* Charles, good night.—  
[Exit SUFFOLK.]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*<sup>4</sup>

Well, sir, what follows?

<sup>3</sup> — her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in Act II. sc. iii:

“—— it is a sufferance panging

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

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563:

“When night came, the king sent sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the

*DEN.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.

galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrow at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotion will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie; and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor.

“ When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

“ The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joynd with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o'man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsaile, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop)

*K. HEN.*

Ha! Canterbury?

*DEB.* Ay, my good lord.

fo soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

“ The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thanks, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

“ On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst them. It is not so, (quoth the king,) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sorte, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

“ Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleaged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like fort, as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of persuation or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said, when you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

“ When they were all come to the king's presence, his highnesse, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you.

M 4



*K. HEN.* 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

*DEN.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. HEN.* Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

*LOV.* This is about that which the bishop spake;  
I am happily<sup>4</sup> come hither. [*Afide.*]

*Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.*

*K. HEN.* Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailler as wel as you, and you had no such commiffion of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouſlie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermoſt. But I doe you all to wit, and proteſt, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his ſubject (and ſo ſolemnelie laying his hand upon his breaſt, ſaid,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to be of all other a moſt faithful ſubject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwiſe. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common ſame and ſlander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lords, (quoth the king,) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *happily*—] The present instance, and another in p. 174, seem to militate against my former explanation of—*happily*, and to countenance that of Mr. M. Mason. See p. 146, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

*CRAN.* I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*K. HEN.* How now, my lord? You do desire to  
know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*CRAN.* It is my duty,  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. HEN.* 'Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your  
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-  
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of  
us,<sup>5</sup>

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*CRAN.* I humbly thank your highness;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

<sup>5</sup> — *You a brother of us, &c.*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.<sup>6</sup>

*K. HEN.* Stand up, good Canterbury;  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you  
Without indurance,<sup>7</sup> further.

*CRAN.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on<sup>8</sup> is my truth, and honesty;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,<sup>9</sup>  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. GREY.

<sup>7</sup> — *indurance,*] i. e. confinement. Dr. Johnson, however, in his Dictionary says that this word (which Shakspeare borrowed from Fox's narrative already quoted) means—*delay, procrastination.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The good I stand on—*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

*The ground I stand on—*. JOHNSON.

The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“Your franchises, *whereon* you stand, confin'd

“Into an augre's bore.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I, with mine enemies,*] Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *I weigh not,*] i. e. have no value for. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“You weigh me not,—O that's, you care not for me.”

See Vol. X. p. 561, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. HEN.* Know you not how  
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?  
Your enemies  
Are many, and not small; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever<sup>3</sup>  
The justice and the truth o'the question carries  
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,<sup>4</sup>  
I mean, in perjurd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*CRAN.* God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*K. HEN.* Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring

<sup>3</sup> — *and not ever*—] *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — *Ween you of better luck*,] *To ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them.—Look, the good man  
 weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!  
 I swear, he is true-hearted; and a foul  
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*] He  
 has strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*<sup>2</sup>

*GENT.* [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?

*LADY.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I  
 bring  
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good  
 angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings!<sup>3</sup>

*K. HEN.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

*LADY.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
 And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven  
 Both now and ever blefs her!<sup>4</sup>—'tis a girl,

<sup>2</sup> — *an old Lady.*] This, I suppose, is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen, p. 74. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *good angels*

*Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person*

*Under their blessed wings!*] So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. iv:

“ Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

“ You heavenly guards!” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *blefs her!*] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. MALONE.

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. HEN.* Lovell,<sup>4</sup>—

*Enter LOVELL.*

*LOV.* Sir.

*K. HEN.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the  
queen. [*Exit King.*

*LADY.* An hundred marks! By this light, I'll  
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?  
I will have more, or else unfay't; and now  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c.*  
*attending.*

*CRAN.* I hope, I am not too late; and yet the  
gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—  
Hoa!  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

<sup>4</sup> *Lovell,*] Lovell has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEVENS.

*D. KEEP.* Yes, my lord ;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*CRAN.* Why?

*D. KEEP.* Your grace must wait, till you be call'd  
for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*CRAN.* So.

*BUTTS.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily : The king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

*CRAN.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician ; As he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !  
Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace ! For cer-  
tain,  
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts ! I never fought their malice,)  
To quench mine honour : they would shame to  
make me  
Wait else at door ; a fellow counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-  
sures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above,<sup>s</sup> the King and BUTTS.*

*BUTTS.* I'll show your grace the strangest fight,—  
*K. HEN.* What's that, Butts?

<sup>s</sup> — at a window above,] The suspicious vigilance of our  
ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels,  
halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes

*BUTTS.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*K. HEN.* Body o'me, where is it?

*BUTTS.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. HEN.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:  
Is this the honour they do one another?  
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had  
thought,  
They had parted so much honesty among them,<sup>6</sup>  
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:  
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;<sup>7</sup>  
We shall hear more anon.—

may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Borde's instructions for building a house (See his *Dietarie of Health*) is the following: "Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel." Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakspeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *They had parted &c.*] We should now say—*They had shared, &c.* i. e. had so much honesty among them. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *draw the curtain close;*] i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-stage, where the king now is. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. II. MALONE.



*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

CHAN. Speak to the business,<sup>6</sup> master Secretary: Why are we met in council?

CROM. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GAR. Has he had knowledge of it?

CROM.

Yes.

NOR.

Who waits there?

<sup>6</sup> Chan. *Speak to the business,*] This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor: but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolfey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534,) sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THROBALD.

In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolfey was chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him *Lord Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

D. KEEP. Without, my noble lords?<sup>7</sup>

GAR.

Yes.

D. KEEP. My lord archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

D. KEEP. Your grace may enter now.<sup>8</sup>

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,  
In our own natures frail; and capable  
Of our flesh, few are angels:<sup>9</sup> out of which frailty,

<sup>7</sup> — noble lords?] The epithet—*noble* should be omitted, as it spoils the metre. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Your grace may enter now.*] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the outside of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, “Cranmer approaches the council-table,” not, “Cranmer enters the council-chamber,” seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the “appliances and aids” that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. II. MALONE.

How the outside and inside of a room can be exhibited on the stage at the same instant, may be known from many ancient prints in which the act of listening or peeping is represented. See, a famous plate illustrating the Tale of *Giocondo*, and intitled *Vero effempio d' Impudicitia, cavato da M. L. Ariosto*. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———— and capable

Of our flesh, *few are angels*: &c.] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect*, while they remain in their mortal capacity.

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach  
us,

Shakspeare uses the word *capable* as perversely in *King Lear* :

“ ——— and of my land,  
“ Loyal and natural boy, I’ll work the mean  
“ To make thee *capable*.” STEEVENS.

The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ — O, ’tis a parlous boy,  
“ Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable* !”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to stones,  
“ Would make them *capable* !”

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here :

“ As one *incapable* [i. e. unintelligent] of her own distress.”

So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599 :

“ To be perus’d by all the dung-scum rabble  
“ Of thin-brain’d ideots, dull *incapable*.”

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocilis*.

The transcriber’s ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in my text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense :

————— *we are all men,*

*In our own natures frail, incapable;*

*Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,*

*And want of wisdom, you, &c.*

Mr. Pope in his licentious method printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation :

————— *we are all men,*

*In our own natures frail, and capable*

*Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty, &c.*

MALONE.

I cannot extort any kind of sense from the passage as it stands. Perhaps it should be read thus :

————— *we are all men,*

*In our own natures frail and culpable :*

*Of our flesh, few are angels.*

That is, few are perfect. M. MASON.

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-  
lains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,  
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*GAR.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany,<sup>4</sup> can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*CRAN.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the pro-  
gress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart,<sup>3</sup> my lords,)

<sup>2</sup> *The upper Germany, &c.*] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GREY.

<sup>3</sup> — a single heart,] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE,

It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts*, ii. 46. REED.

A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
 Defacers of a publick peace,<sup>4</sup> than I do.  
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*SUF.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*GAR.* My lord, because we have business of more  
 moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'  
 pleasure,  
 And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*CRAN.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank  
 you,  
 You are always my good friend; if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful: I see your end,  
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,  
 Become a churchman better than ambition;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

<sup>4</sup> *Defacers of a publick peace,*] Read,—*the publick peace.*  
 M. MASON.

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth; your painted glos discovers,<sup>5</sup>  
To men that understand you, words and weaknes.

CROM. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.<sup>6</sup>

GAR. Good master Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

CROM. Why, my lord?

GAR. Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

CROM. Not found?

GAR. Not found, I say.

CROM. 'Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GAR. I shall remember this bold language.

CROM. Do.  
Remember your bold life too.

CHAN. This is too much;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

<sup>5</sup> ——— your painted glos &c.] Those that understand you, under this *painted glos*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— 'tis a cruelty,  
To load a falling man,] This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain, checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolfey, says:

“ ——— O, my lord,  
“ Press not a falling man too far.” STEVENS.

*GAR.* I have done.

*CROM.* And I.

*CHAN.* Then thus for you,<sup>7</sup> my lord,—It stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

*ALL.* We are.

*CRAN.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*GAR.* What other  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*CRAN.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*GAR.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i'the Tower.

*CRAN.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

<sup>7</sup> Chan. *Then thus for you, &c.*] This and the little speech above—"This is too much," &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord Chamberlain. The difference between *Chan.* and *Cban.* is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakespeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the king for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAM. This is the king's ring.

SUR. 'Tis no counterfeit.

SUF. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye  
all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

NOR. Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

CHAM. 'Tis now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

CROM. My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales, and informations,  
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

*Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.*

GAR. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgement comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. HEN. You were ever good at sudden com-  
mendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;



They are too thin <sup>7</sup> and base to hide offences.<sup>8</sup>  
 To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
 But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—  
 Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now let me  
 see the proudest  
 He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think his place becomes thee not.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *They are too thin &c.*] i. e. the commendations above mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our authour wrote—*They are too thin and bare*; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *King Henry IV.* Part I. See Vol. VIII. p. 398, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *But know, I come not  
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;  
 They are too thin and base to hide offences. &c.*] I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus:

————— *I come not  
 To hear such flatteries now: and in my presence  
 They are too thin, &c.*

It then follows:

*To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.*

But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written:

*To one you cannot reach you play the spaniel,  
 the relative whom being understood.* WHALLEY.

I think the old copy is right. MALONE.

Surely, the first of these lines should be pointed thus: \*

*To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,—*

That is, you fawn upon me, who am above your malice. M. MASON.

In the punctuation of this passage I have followed the concurring advice of Mr. Whalley and Mr. M. Mason. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place.

MALONE.

*SUR.* May it please your grace,—

*K. HEN.* No, fir, it does not please me. I had thought, I had had men of some understanding And wisdom, of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, (few of you deserve that title,) This honest man, wait like a lowly footboy At chamber door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*CHAN.* Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd, Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice; I am sure, in me.

*K. HEN.* Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, If a prince May be beholden to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> That is, &c.] My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There is, &c.* and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider

You must be godfather,<sup>3</sup> and answer for her.

*CRAN.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*K. HEN.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
spoons;<sup>4</sup> you shall have

as superfluous; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays:—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [*to*], and answer for her. So, before in this play:

“ ——— whoever the king favours,  
“ The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*],  
“ And far enough from court too.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ How true a gentleman you send relief [*to*].”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
“ From what it is dispos'd [*to*].”

See also Vol. VIII. p. 91, n. 9, and a note on *Cymbeline*, sc. ult. Vol. XIII. MALONE.

The superfluous pronoun in the text (if it be superfluous) may be justified by the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— this reverend holy friar,  
“ All our whole city is much bound to him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *You must be godfather,*] Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495. REED.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *you'd spare your spoons;*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

In the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, “ a spoone, of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the picture of *St. John*.”

Two noble partners with you; the old duchefs of Norfolk,

Ben Jonfon alfo, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: "— and all this for the hope of a couple of *apoftle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chafte Maid of Cheapfide*, 1620: "2. *Gof.* What has he given her?—what is it, goffip?" 3. *Gof.* A faire high ftanding-cup, and two great *'poftle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1. *Pur.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard."

Again:

"E'en the fame goffip 'twas that gave the *spoons*."

Again, in fir William D'Avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1639:

"— my pendants, carcanets, and rings,

"My chrift'ning caudle-cup, and *spoons*,

"Are diffolv'd into that lump."

Again, in *The Maid in the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Didft ask her name?—

"Yes, and who gave it her;

"And what they promis'd more, befides a *spoon*,

"And what *apoftle's picture*."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by the fame authors:

"I'll be a goffip, Bewford,

"I have an odd *apoftle spoon*."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient Englifh Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* obferves, that "the general mode of eating muft either have been with the *spoon* or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reafon, that *spoons* became the ufual prefent from goffips to their god-children, at chriftenings." STEEVENS.

As the following ftory, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feafts*, MSS. Harl. 6395, contains an allufion to this cuftom, and has not, I believe, been publifhed, it may not be an improper fupplement to this account of *apoftle spoons*. It fhews that our author and Ben Jonfon were once on terms of familiarity and friendfhip, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a fubfequent period:

"Shakfpeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonfon's children, and after the chriftening, being in deepe ftudy, Jonfon came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was fo melancholy: No 'faith, Ben, fays he, not I; but I have been confidering a great while what fhould be the fitteft gift for me to beftow upon my god-child, and I have refolv'd at laft. I pr'ythee, what? fays he.—I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou fhalt tranflate them."

The collector of thefe anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Etrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this ftory.

And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?  
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart,  
And brother-love, I do it.

CRAN. And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. HEN. Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart.<sup>5</sup>

The common voice, I see, is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—  
Come lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a christian.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. "At this time," [the first year of Queen Elizabeth,] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, "and for many yeeres before. it was not the use and custome, as now it is, [1631,] for god-fathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoones*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening sbirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blue thread; the best of them for chief persons were edged with a small lace of blacke filke and golde; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldom above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to ascertain. Probably however he is here accurate; for we know that certain pieces of plate were on some occasions then bestowed; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. *Chron. Henry VIII.* fol. 218.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *thy true heart.*] Old copy—*hearts*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.*

PORT. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:  
Do you take the court for Paris-garden?<sup>6</sup> ye rude  
slaves, leave your gaping.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Paris-garden* ?] The bear-garden of that time.

JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dorf.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH. MALONE.

So, in fir W. D'Avenant's *News from Plimouth* :

“ — do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch ?

“ You would be suitors : yes, to a she-deer,

“ And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden* ?”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan* :

“ And cried, it was a threatning to the bears,

“ And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden*.”

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleetditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a fourth view of London, (as it appeared in 1599,) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *gaping.*] i. e. *shouting* or *roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost. Littleton in his Dictionary has however given it in its present signification as follows: “ To *gape* or *barwl*,

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*PORT.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*MAN.* Pray, sir, be patient;<sup>8</sup> 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)  
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep  
On May-day morning;<sup>9</sup> which will never be:  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

*PORT.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*MAN.* Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?  
As much as one found cudgel of four foot

*vociferor.*" So, in Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, as quoted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary:

"That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he." REED.

Such being one of the ancient senses of the verb—to *gape*, perhaps the "*gaping pig*" mentioned by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, has hitherto been misinterpreted. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Pray, sir, be patient;*] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *On May-day morning;*] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Vol. V. p. 130, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Stowe says, that, "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, fir.

PORT. You did nothing, fir.

MAN. I am not Sampson, nor fir Guy, nor Colbrand,<sup>2</sup> to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

PORT. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

MAN. What would you have me do?

PORT. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?<sup>3</sup> or have we some strange Indian<sup>4</sup> with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On

<sup>2</sup> — fir Guy, nor Colbrand,] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *some strange Indian*—] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot now be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast lately brought from the land of *Cataia*.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL.”

COLLINS.

Fig. I. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLET.



my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*M.A.N.* The spoons will be the bigger, fir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,<sup>4</sup> for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake<sup>5</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece,

<sup>4</sup> — *he should be a brazier by his face,*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brags, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *That fire-drake—*] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

“ By the hissing of the snake,  
“ The rustling of the *fire-drake*.”

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1607:

“ So have I seene a *fire-drake* glide along  
“ Before a dying man, to point his grave,  
“ And in it stick and hide.”

Again, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

“ Your wild irregular lust, which like those *fire-drakes*  
“ Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you  
“ Forth from the fair path,” &c.

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton, 1608:

“ ——— but like *fire-drakes*,  
“ Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell.” STEEVENS.

A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: “ *Firedrake*. A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betwene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile.” MALONE.

to blow us.<sup>6</sup> There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit<sup>7</sup> near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,<sup>8</sup> for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mis'd the meteor<sup>9</sup> once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!*<sup>10</sup> when I might see from far some forty truncheoners

<sup>6</sup> ——— to blow us.] Read—to blow us up. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— the cannon,

“ When it hath *blown* his ranks into the air—.”

In another of our author's plays (if my memory does not deceive me) we have “ ——— and *blow them* to the moon.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit—*] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to *The Magnetick Lady*: “ And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— till her pink porringer fell off her head,] Her pink'd porringer is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ *Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

“ *Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— the meteor—] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> ——— who cry'd out, clubs!] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in *The Renegado*:

“ ——— if he were

“ In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels

“ For striking of a prentice.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

“ ——— Go, y'are a prating jack;

“ Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,

“ Can save you from my chastisement.” WHALLEY.

So, in the third act of *The Puritan*, when Oath and Skirmish are going to fight, Simon cries, “ *Clubs, clubs!*” and Aaron does the like in *Titus Andronicus*, when Chiron and Demetrius are about to quarrel.

Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the lower class of people:—for in the First Part of *Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London endeavours to interpose between the factions of the Duke of Gloucester, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he says:

“ I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away.” M. MASON.

draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand,<sup>9</sup> where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me,<sup>2</sup> I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,<sup>3</sup> deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work:<sup>4</sup> The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

*PORT.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;<sup>5</sup> that no

<sup>9</sup> — *the hope of the Strand,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—the *forlorn hope.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *to the broomstaff with me,*] The old copy has—*so me.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *loose shot,*] i. e. loose or random *shooters.* See Vol. IX. p. 139, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the work:*] A term of fortification. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny."

In *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the following mention of them: "— break in at plays like prentices, for *sbree a groat*, and crack nuts with the schblars in *penny rooms* again."

Again, in *The Black Book*, 1604, *sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of.

Again, in *The Bellman's Night Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy *twopence* to a player in this gallery, thou may'ft fit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*: "How many *twopences* you've stow'd to-day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "At a new playe you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the itage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met," &c.

Again, in *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the *half-crown* boxes,

"Where you might fit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place: "He

audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,<sup>6</sup> their dear brothers, are able

looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres." And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, it should seem that beer was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a bottle of ale cannot be opened, but he thinks somebody hisses." STEEVENS.

See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. II. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in, "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poete laureate, lately deceasyd." Printed by John Raftell, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them felfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechynge on toure byll." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. T. WARTON.

*Limehouse* was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the *limbs* of Limehouse.

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, the same kind of expression occurs:

- "I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,
- "Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,
- "And open them on Sunday: a familist,
- "And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,<sup>7</sup> and there they are like to dance these three days;

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ I cannot abide these *limbs* of fattin, or rather Satan,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The word *limb*, in the sense of an impudently vicious person, is not uncommon in London at this day. In the north it is pronounced *limp*, and means a mischievous boy. The alteration suggested by Mr. Steevens is, however, sufficiently countenanced by the word *tribulation*, if in fact the allusion be to the puritans. RITSON.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palgrave, or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*; and, *The Hog bath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices*.

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Baribolomeau Fair* : “ Your judgment, rascal ; for what ?—Sweeping the stage ? or, gathering up the *broken apples* ? ”—] and the words—“ which no audience can endure,” might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The *limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers*, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the bulkin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us : “ Why, I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wifer than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-maister in England.—They make all their scholars *play-boys*. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders* ? Do we pay our money for this ? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books.”—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the bulkin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

It is evident that *The Tribulation*, from its situation, must have

besides the running banquet of two beadles,<sup>8</sup> that is to come.

been a place of entertainment for the rabble of its precincts, and the *limbs of Limehouse* such performers as furnished out the show.

HENLEY.

The *Tribulation* does not found in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of *Ebenezer* or *Ananias*.

Shakspeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of noise; and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was not a puritanical meeting-house because it was noisy? I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre, has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober confitery compared with the vehemence of fanatic harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limehouse* could be called "young citizens," according to Mr. Malone's supposition. Were the inhabitants of this place (almost two miles distant from the capital) ever collectively entitled *citizens*?—The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — in *Limbo Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day.

MALONE.

The *Limbus Patrum* is properly the place where the old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See note on *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. sc. i. REED.

<sup>8</sup> — running banquet of two beadles,] A publick whipping. JOHNSON.

This phrase, otherwise applied, has already occurred, p. 49.

" ————— some of these

" Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested."

A *banquet* in ancient language did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. So, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: " — and are used to be served at the end of meals for a junket or *banqueting* dish, as sucket and other dainties conceits likewise are."

To the confinement therefore of these rioters, a whipping was to be the *desert*. STEVENS.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

**CHAM.** Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,  
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand,  
fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in : Are all these  
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs ? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

**PORT.** An't please your honour  
We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :  
An army cannot rule them.

**CHAM.** As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;  
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,<sup>7</sup> when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;  
They are come already from the christening :  
Go, break among the prefs, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

**PORT.** Make way there for the princess.

**MAN.** You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll  
make your head ake.

<sup>7</sup> — here ye lie baiting of bumbards,] A bumbard is an ale-barril ; to bait bumbards is to tittle, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage already quoted in a note on *The Tempest*, Act II. sc. ii. out of Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, that bumbards were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled black jacks of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 : " She looks like a black bombard with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

PORT. You i'the camlet, get up o'the rail;<sup>8</sup> I'll pick you. o'er the pales else.<sup>9</sup> [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The Palace.*<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls<sup>3</sup> for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

GART. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,<sup>4</sup> fend prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty prince of England, Elizabeth!

<sup>8</sup> — get up o'the rail;] We must rather read—get up off the rail,—or,—get off the rail. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — I'll pick you o'er the pales else.] To pick is to pitch. "To pick a dart," Cole renders, *jaculor*. DICT, 1679. See a note on *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i. where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt.—Here the spelling in the old copy is *peck*.

MALONE.  
To pick and to pitch were anciently synonymous. So, in Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, p. 138: "— to catch him on the hip, and to picke him on his necke." STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, fo. 217, this procession was made from the church of the Friars.

REED.  
<sup>3</sup> — standing-bowls—] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Heaven, from thy endless goodness, &c.] These words are not



*Flourish. Enter King, and Train.*

*CRAN.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and  
the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*K. HEN.* Thank you, good lord archbishop: 's  
What is her name?

*CRAN.* Elizabeth.

*K. HEN.*

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*CRAN.*

Amen.

*K. HEN.* My noble gossips, ye have been too  
prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*CRAN.*

Let me speak, fir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be

the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. fol. 218.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Thank you, good lord archbishop:*] I suppose the word *archbishop* should be omitted, as it only serves to spoil the measure. Be it remembered also that *archbishop*, throughout this play, is accented on the first syllable. STEEVENS.

(But few now living can behold that goodness,)  
 A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless  
 her;  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows  
 with her:  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine,<sup>6</sup> what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *every man shall eat in safety*

*Under his own vine,*] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:

“ Each man shall eat his stolen eggs, and butter,

“ In his own shade, or sunshine,” &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of *Kings*: “ Every man dwelt safely under his vine.” STEEVENS.

A similar expression is in *Micah*, iv. 4: “ But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.” REED.

<sup>7</sup> *From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,*] The old copy reads—*way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts: “ Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” MALONE.

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her :<sup>s</sup> But as when

By *those*, in the last line, means by those ways, and proves that we must read *ways*, instead of *way*, in the line preceding. Shall read from her, means, shall learn from her. M. MASON.

<sup>s</sup> [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her: &c.*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation.

JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the verification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Such indeed were the sentiments of Mr. Roderick, though the examples adduced by him in support of them are, in my judgement, undecisive. See *Canons of Criticism*, edit. 1763, p. 263. But, were the fact as he has stated it, we know not how far our poet might have intentionally deviated from his usual practice of verification.

If the reviver of this play (or tamperer with it, as he is styled by Mr. Malone,) had so much influence over its numbers as to have entirely changed their texture, he must be supposed to have new woven the substance of the whole piece; a fact almost incredible.

The lines under immediate consideration were very probably furnished by Ben Jonson; for

“When heaven shall call her from *this cloud of darkness*,”  
(meaning the “dim spot” we live in,) is a seeming imitation of

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
 darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations:<sup>9</sup> He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's  
 children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. HEN. Thou speakest wonders.]

CRAN. She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
 An aged princess;<sup>2</sup> many days shall see her,

the following passage in the 9th book of Lucan (a poet from whose stores old Ben has often enriched himself):

— *quanta sub nocte jaceret*  
*Nostra dies.*— STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *His honour and the greatness of his name*  
*Shall be, and make new nations:]* On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*  
*An aged princess;]* The transition here from the complimentary address to King *James* the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where



She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,  
 This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

## E P I L O G U E.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,  
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*  
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we are like to hear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women;  
 For such a one we show'd them;<sup>5</sup> If they smile,<sup>6</sup>  
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while

<sup>5</sup> — *such a one we show'd them;*] In the character of Katharine. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *If they smile, &c.*] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As you like it*, and the second part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight*;

“ ————— the fellow,

“ In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,”  
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 5, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the Prologue and Epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person. On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramattick poet. See the Essay at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* MALONE.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the christening, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from Stowe, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

See the first scene of this play, p. 3. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ To make a child new swaddled, to proceed  
“ Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,  
“ Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,  
“ And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,  
“ Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,  
“ And in the tyring-house,” &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.



To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEVENS.

**TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.\***

**VOL. XI.**

**P**

\* TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.] The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer.

POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartolmewe his first Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretenfis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*." STEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the bookfellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookfeller's preface, showing that first impression to have been be-

fore the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the book-feller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival play-houses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example.

COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted at least *twenty copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any of them. STEEVENS.

*PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.*

A never writer, to an ever reader. *Newes.*

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [*r. that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainly: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now file them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dream'd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such favored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your tetterne well bestow'd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf't in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [*r. it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

## P R O L O G U E.<sup>2</sup>

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of  
Greece  
The princes orgulous,<sup>3</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments,  
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,

<sup>2</sup> I cannot regard this Prologue (which indeed is wanting in the quarto editions) as the work of Shakspeare; and perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off. On this subject, indeed, (as I learn from Mr. Malone's *Emendations and Additions*, &c. see Vol. II.) there seems to have been a play anterior to the present one:

“ April 7, 1599. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers, & hary cheattel, in earnest of ther boocke called *Troyeles and Creassedaye*, the some of iii lb.”

“ Lent unto hary cheattell, & Mr. Dickers, [Henry Chettle and master Deckar] in pte of payment of their booke called *Troyelles & Cresseda*, the 16 of Aprell, 1599, xx s.”

“ Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called *Troyelles and Cresseda*, the some of xx s.” STEEVENS.

I conceive this prologue to have been written, and the dialogue, in more than one place, interpolated by some *Kyd* or *Marlowe* of the time; who may have been paid for *altering* and *amending* one of Shakspeare's plays: a very extraordinary instance of our author's negligence, and the managers' taste! RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The princes orgulous,*] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

“ His atyre was *orgulous*.”

Again, in *Froissart's Chronicle*, Vol. II. p. 115, b: “ — but they wyft nat how to passe y<sup>e</sup> ryver of Derne whiche was fell and *orgulous* at certayne tymes,” &c. STEEVENS.

To ranfack Troy; within whose ftrong immures  
 The ravifh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
 With wanton Paris fleeps; And that's the quarrel.  
 To Tenedos they come;  
 And the deep-drawing barks do there difgorge  
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains  
 The fresh and yet unbruifed Greeks do pitch  
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's fix-gated city,<sup>4</sup>  
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
 And Antenorides, with mafly staples,  
 And correfponfive and fulfilling bolts,<sup>5</sup>  
 Sperr up the fons of Troy.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — Priam's fix-gated city, &c.] The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate fhews that was an error of the printer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — fulfilling bolts,] To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this fenfe it is now obfolete. See, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 114:

“ A luftic maide, a fobre, a meke,  
 “ *Fulfilled* of all curtofie.”

Again

“ *Fulfilled* of all unkindfhip.” STEEVENS.

To be “ *fulfilled* with grace and benediction” is ftill the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> Sperr up the fons of Troy.] [Old copy—*Stirre*.] This has been a moft miserably mangled paffage throughout all the editions; corrupted at once into falfe concord and falfe reasoning. Priam's *fix-gated city* *stirre up the fons of Troy*?—Here's a verb plural governed of a nominative *fingular*. But that is eafily remedied. The next queftion to be asked is, In what fenfe a city, having fix ftrong gates, and thofe well barred and bolted, can be faid to *stir* up its inhabitants? unlefs they may be fuppofed to derive fome fpirit from the ftrength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He muft mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were fe curely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This fenfe my correction reftores. To *sperr*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, fignifies to *fbut up*, *defend* by *bars*, &c. THEOBALD.



Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book V. c. 10:

“ The other that was entred, labour'd fast

“ To sperre the gate” &c.

Again, in the romance of *The Squyr of Low Degre*:

“ Sperde with manie a dyvers pynne.”

And in *The Vision* of P. Plowman, it is said that a blind man  
“ unsparryd his eine.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book II. ch. 12:

“ When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in  
gates.”

Again, in the 2nd Part of Bale's *Actes of English Votaryes*:

“ The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *spearred* agayne.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

“ Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scœa*, Trojan,

“ And Antenorides.”

But had he looked into the *Troy boke* of *Lydgate*, instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors:

“ Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne

“ Had gates VI to entre into the towne:

“ The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,

“ Largest also | and moste princypall,

“ Of myghty byldyng | alone pereles,

“ Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes*;

“ And in storye | lyke as it is founde,

“ *Tymbria* | was named the seconde;

“ And the thyerde | called *Helyas*,

“ The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetbeas*;

“ The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the sixth *Antbonydes*,

“ Stronge and mighty | both in werre and pes.”

*Land. empr.* by R. Pynson, 1513, fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred*

A prologue arm'd,<sup>7</sup>—but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,—  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>8</sup> and firstlings<sup>9</sup> of those broils,  
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

*mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men.—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other criticks, have erroneously quoted as the original; and observe in consequence, that "if Chaucer's coin were of greater weights for deeper learning, Lydgate's were of a more refined standard for purer language: so that one might mistake him for a modern writer."* FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall insert quotations from the *Troy Booke modernized*, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A prologue arm'd,*] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

JOHNSON.

Motteux seems to have borrowed this idea in his prologue to Farquhar's *Twin Rivals*:

"With drums and trumpets in this warring age,  
 "A martial prologue should alarm the stage."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *the vaunt* —] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. So, in *King Lear*:

"*Vaunt-couriers* to oak-cleaving thunderbolts."

STEEVENS.

The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> — *firstlings* —] A scriptural phrase, signifying *the first produce or offspring*. So, in *Genesis*, iv. 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the *firstlings* of his flock." STEEVENS.

## PERSONS represented.

Priam, *king of Troy* :

Hector,  
Troilus,  
Paris,  
Deiphobus,

} *his Sons.*

Helenus,  
Æneas,  
Antenor,

} *Trojan Commanders.*

Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian General* :

Menelaus, *his brother.*

Achilles,  
Ajax,  
Ulysses,  
Nestor,  
Diomedes,  
Patroclus,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*

*Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to  
Diomedes.*

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS arm'd, and PANDARUS.*

TRO. Call here my varlet,<sup>2</sup> I'll unarm again:  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended?<sup>3</sup>

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their  
strength,<sup>4</sup>  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

<sup>2</sup> — my varlet,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: " — diverse were releev'd by their *varlets*, and convey'd out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of saint Nicas at Arras:

" Cy gift Hakin et son *varlet*,

" Tout dis-armè et tout di-pret,

" Avec son espè et falloche," &c. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes à jouer*. Lyon, 1757. p. 61. M. C. TUTET.

<sup>3</sup> *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the Interlude of *King Darius*, 1565:

" Wyll not yet *this geere be amended*,

" Nor your finful acts correcte?" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *skilful to their strength*, &c.] I. e. in addition to their strength. The same phraseology occurs in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII. p. 330, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Tamer than sleep, fonder <sup>4</sup> than ignorance;  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
 And skill-less <sup>5</sup> as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

TRO. Have I not tarry'd?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO. Have I not tarry'd?

PAN. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO. Still have I tarry'd.

PAN. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,  
 Doth lesser blench <sup>6</sup> at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

<sup>4</sup> — fonder—] i. e. more weak, or foolish. See Vol. V. p. 483, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And skill-less &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *ariless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Doth lesser blench—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— if he but *blench*,

“ I know my course ———.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— men that will not totter,

“ Nor *blench* much at a bullet.” STEVENS.

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?<sup>7</sup>

PAN. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

TRO. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain; Lest Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)<sup>8</sup> Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:<sup>9</sup> But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PAN. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinfwoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but—

TRO. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,— When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice; Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — when she comes!—When is she thence?] Both the old copies read—then she comes, when she is thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — a storm,)] Old copies—a scorn. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — in wrinkle of a smile:] So, in *Twelfth Night*: “He doth smile his face into more lines than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, &c.] Handlest is

In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure  
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
 Hard as the palm of ploughman!<sup>3</sup> This thou tell'st  
 me,

here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handleft* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The beauty of a female hand seems to have made a strong impression on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

“ ——— To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
 “ And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with  
 “ My playfellow, your *hand*,—this kingly seal,  
 “ And plighter of high hearts.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— they may seize  
 “ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*.”

In *The Winter's Tale*, Florizel with equal warmth, and not less poetically, descants on the hand of his mistress:

“ ——— I take thy hand; this hand  
 “ As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
 “ Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow  
 “ That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.”

This passage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

*Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice  
 Handleft in thy discourse;—O that her hand!  
 In whose comparison, &c.*

We have the same play of words in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
 “ Left we remember still, that we have none!”

We may be certain therefore that those lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. MALONE.

Though our author has many and very considerable obligations to Mr. Malone, I cannot regard the foregoing supposition as one of them; for in what does it consist? In making Shakspeare answerable for two of the worst lines in a degraded play, merely because they exhibit a jingle similar to that in the speech before us.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— and spirit of sense

*Hard as the palm of ploughman!*] In comparison with Cressida's *hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitationes*, resides

As true thou tell'ft me, when I fay—I love her;  
But, faying, thus, inftead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'ft in every gafh that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

PAN. I fpeak no more than truth.

TROI. Thou doft not fpeak fo much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be  
as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an  
ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.\*

TRO. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-  
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone

chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and infenfible palm of  
the ploughman. Warburton reads:

— ſpite of ſenſe:

Hanmer,

— to th' ſpirit of ſenſe.

It is not proper to make a lover profefs to praife his miſtreſs in  
*ſpite of ſenſe*; for though he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of  
others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNSON.

*Spirit of ſenſe* is a phraſe that occurs again in the third act of  
this play:

“ — nor doth the eye itſelf,

“ That moſt pure *ſpirit of ſenſe*, behold itſelf.”

Mr. M. Maſon (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) re-  
commends Hanmer's emendation as a neceſſary one. STEEVENS.

\* — *ſhe has the mends*—] She may mend her complexion by  
the aſſiſtance of coſmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*ſhe may make the beſt of a bad bargain*.  
This is a proverbial ſaying.

So, in *Woman's a Weatbercock*, 1612:

“ I ſhall ſtay here and have my head broke, and then I have  
*the mends in my own hands*.”

Again, in S. Goſſon's *School of Abufe*, 1579: “ — turne him  
with his back full of ſtripes, and *his hands loden with his own  
amendes*.”

Again, in *The Wild Goofe Chaſe*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ *The mends are in mine own hands, or the ſurgeon's*.”

STEEVENS.



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between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

TRO. Say I, she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father;<sup>s</sup> let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

TRO. Pandarus,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. *An Alarm.*]

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

<sup>s</sup> — *so stay behind her father;*] Calchas, according to Shakespeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) answered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent bishop followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
 I cannot fight upon this argument;  
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
 But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!  
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;  
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
 Between our Ilium,<sup>6</sup> and where she resides,  
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
 Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,  
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.<sup>7</sup>

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

ÆNE. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not  
 afield?<sup>8</sup>

TRO. Because not there; This woman's answer  
 forts,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Ilium,*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

*Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that  
 of the country. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *this sailing Pandar,*

*Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.*] So, in *The Merry  
 Wives of Windsor*:

“ This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;

“ Clap on more sails,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?*] Shakspeare,  
 it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* im-  
 properly as a disyllable; as every mere English reader does at this  
 day.

So also, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swoonds.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *forts,*] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. So, in *King Henry V*:  
 “ It *forts* well with thy fierceness.” STEEVENS.

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For womanish it is to be from thence.  
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

ÆNE. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO. By whom, Æneas?

ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

ÆNE. Hark! what good sport is out of town  
to-day!

TRO. Better at home, if *would I might*, were  
*may*.—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

ÆNE. In all swift haste.

TRO. Come, go we then together.  
[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

CRES. Who were those went by?

ALEX. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

CRES. And whither go they?

ALEX. Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd,<sup>9</sup> to-day was mov'd:

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Hector, whose patience*  
*Is, as a virtue, fix'd,*] Patience sure was a virtue, and there-

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He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,<sup>2</sup>

fore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:

*Is as the virtue fix'd,*—

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess's Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying:

“ *Patience herself, what goddess's ere she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.*”

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgement to:

— *whose patience*

*Is fix'd like that of heaven.*

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed.

WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus:

— *Hector, whose patience*

*Is all a virtue fix'd,*—

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle.

JOHNSON.

I had once almost persuaded myself that Shakspeare wrote,

— *whose patience*

*Is, as a statue fix'd.*

So, in *The Winter's Tale*, sc. ult

“ *The statue is but newly fix'd.*”

The same idea occurs also in the celebrated passage in *Twelfth Night*:

“ — *as like patience on a monument.*”

The old adage—*Patience is a virtue*, was perhaps uppermost in the compositor's mind, and he therefore inadvertently substituted the one word for the other. A *virtue fixed* may, however, mean the *stationary image of a virtue*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *husbandry in war,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ *There's husbandry in heaven.*” STEEVENS.

*Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ — *our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.*”

MALONE.

Before the sun rose, he was harnes'd light,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Before the sun rose, he was harnes'd light,*] Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour? mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's *Jerusalem*:

“ The other princes put on *harnes light*

“ As footmen use ———.”

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harnes'd light?* Was any thing like it? But to get out of this perplexity, he tells us, that a *very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary*, and so changes it to *harnes-light*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense through the critic's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up what is left behind, and reads *harnes-light* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, *to make all construction unnecessary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day, than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot.

JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games; as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of King Priamus. Our author, however, might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the *Iliad*, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus Book VI. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

“ ——— from horse then both descend.” STEEVENS.

If Dr. Warburton had looked into *The Destruction of Troy* already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their horses by the prowess of their adversaries. MALONE.

And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

CRES. What was his cause of anger?

ALEX. The noise goes, this: There is among the  
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him, Ajax.

CRES. Good; And what of him?

ALEX. They say he is a very man *per se*,<sup>4</sup>  
And stands alone.

CRES. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,  
or have no legs.

ALEX. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts  
of their particular additions;<sup>5</sup> he is as valiant as  
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:  
a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,  
that his valour is crush'd into folly,<sup>6</sup> his folly

<sup>4</sup> — *per se*,] So, in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:

“ Of faire Cresseide the flour and a *per se*

“ Of Troie and Greece.”

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: “ In faith, my  
sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee a *per se* a.”

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“ That is the a *per se* of all, the creame of all.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *their particular additions*;] Their peculiar and character-  
istic qualities or denominations. The term in this sense is  
originally forensick. MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — whereby he doth receive

“ *Particular addition*, from the bill

“ That writes them all alike.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *that his valour is crush'd into folly*,] To be *crushed into  
folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make  
one mass together. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ *Crush* him together, rather than unfold

“ His measure duly.” STEEVENS.

fauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*CRES.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

*ALEX.* They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*CRES.* Who comes here?

*ALEX.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*CRES.* Hector's a gallant man.

*ALEX.* As may be in the world, lady.

*PAN.* What's that? what's that?

*CRES.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*PAN.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? \* When were you at Ilium? †

<sup>†</sup> — *against the hair:*] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The French say—*à contrepoil*. See Vol. VIII. p. 540, n. 2. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 393, n. 5. MALONE.

\* *Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?*] *Good morrow, Alexander,* is added in all the editions, (says Mr. Pope,) very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out

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CRES. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRES. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

CRES. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRES. So he says here.

PAN. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

CRES. What, is he angry too?

PAN. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *in vobis*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *warlet*. THEOBALD.

This note is not preserved on account of any intelligence it brings, but as a curious specimen of Mr. Theobald's mode of animadversion on the remarks of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

9 — at Ilium?] *Ilium* or *Ilion* (for it is spelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. sc. v. on the words—"Yon towers," &c. MALONE.

Q 4



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CRES. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PAN. What, not between Troilus and Hector?  
Do you know a man, if you see him?

CRES. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

CRES. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

PAN. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

CRES. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PAN. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

CRES. So he is.

PAN. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

CRES. He is not Hector.

PAN. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above;<sup>2</sup> Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRES. Excuse me.

PAN. He is elder.

CRES. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit<sup>3</sup> this year.

CRES. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

<sup>2</sup> *Well, the gods are above;*] So, in *Othello*: "Heaven's above all." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —*his wit*—] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

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PAN. Nor his qualities;—

CRES. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRES. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

PAN. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

CRES. No, but brown.

PAN. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

CRES. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRES. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES. Then she's a merry Greek,<sup>4</sup> indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,<sup>5</sup>—

<sup>4</sup> ——— a merry Greek,] *Græcari* among the Romans signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many old English books. See Act IV. sc. iv:

“ A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— compass'd window,] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

CRES. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRES. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?<sup>6</sup>

PAN. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

CRES. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRES. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRES. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

*A compass'd window is a circular bow window. In The Taming of a Shrew the same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown: "—— a small compass'd cape." STEEVENS.*

*A coved cieling is yet in some places called a compass'd cieling.*

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *so old a lifter?*] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene, in his *Art of Cony-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Ben Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "——cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633: "Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*." STEEVENS.

*Hliferus*, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

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CRES. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

PAN. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

CRES. Without the rack.

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

CRES. With mill-stones.<sup>7</sup>

PAN. And Cassandra laugh'd.

CRES. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laugh'd.

CRES. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRES. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

PAN. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

CRES. What was his answer?

<sup>7</sup> — her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. *With mill-stones.*] So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes drop tears.”  
MALONE.

PAN. Quoth she; *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

CRES. This is her question.

PAN. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,*<sup>8</sup> quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one,* quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.<sup>9</sup>

CRES. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

CRES. So I do.

PAN. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.<sup>2</sup>

CRES. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded:*

PAN. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass

<sup>8</sup> *One and fifty hairs,*] [Old copies—*Two* and fifty.] I have ventured to substitute—*One and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?

THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> — *that it pass'd.*] i. e. that it went beyond bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Why this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida plays on the word, as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *an 'twere a man born in April.*] i. e. as if 'twere, &c. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

The foregoing thought occurs also in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's spring,

"And these the showers to bring it on." STEEVENS.

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toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRES. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*ÆNEAS passes over the stage.*

CRES. Speak not so loud.

PAN. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

CRES. Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

PAN. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,<sup>3</sup> I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever,

<sup>3</sup> *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,]*

“ Antenor was ———

“ Copious in words, and one that much time spent

“ To jest, when as he was in companie,

“ So driely, that no man could it espie;

“ And therewith held his countenance so well,

“ That every man received great content

“ To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

“ When he was pleasant, and in merriment:

“ For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

“ Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”

*Lydgate, p. 105.*

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor, to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:

*Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.*

STEEVENS.

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and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRES. Will he give you the nod?

PAN. You shall see.

CRES. If he do, the rich shall have more.<sup>4</sup>

HECTOR *passes over.*

PAN. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

CRES. O, a brave man!

PAN. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

CRES. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

PAN. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yon-

<sup>4</sup> — *the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify a *filly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that a *noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To give the *nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. See Vol. III. p. 176, n. 7. STEEVENS.

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der comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

CRES. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

PAN. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

PAN. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRES. Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd,<sup>s</sup> and his helm more hack'd than

<sup>s</sup> — *how his sword is bloody'd,*] So, Lydgate describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

“ He was so ferse they might him not withstand,

“ When that he helde his *bloody sworde* in hand.”

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. MALONE.



Hector's; <sup>6</sup> And how he looks, and how he goes!—  
O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty.  
Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister  
were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should  
take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris  
is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change,  
would give an eye to boot.<sup>7</sup>

*Forces pass over the stage.*

CRES. Here come more.

PAN. Affes, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff  
and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and  
die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look;  
the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and  
daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than  
Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRES. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a  
better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very  
camel.

CRES. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well?—Why, have you any discre-  
tion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man  
is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse,  
manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, libe-  
rality, and such like, the spice and salt that season  
a man?

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked

<sup>6</sup> — *his helm more hack'd than Hector's;*] So, in Chaucer's  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Book III. 640:

“ His helme to bewin was in twenty places,” &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *an eye to boot.*] So, the quarto. The folio, with less  
force,—*Give money to boot.* JOHNSON.

with no date in the pyc,<sup>8</sup>—for then the man's date is out.

PAN. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.<sup>9</sup>

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles;<sup>2</sup> upon my secrecy; to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRES. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

PAN. You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

<sup>8</sup> — no date in the pyc,] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
 "They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."  
 Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act I: "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge, than in your cheek."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — at what ward you lie.] A metaphor from the art of defence. So, Falstaff, in *King Henry IV.* Part I: "Thou know'st my old *ward*; here I lay;" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — upon my wit, to defend my wiles;] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

*Upon my wit to defend my will.*

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"What *wit* sets down, is blotted straight with *will*."

Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

PAN. Where?

BOY. At your own house; there he unarms him.<sup>2</sup>

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*]  
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

CRES. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRES. To bring, uncle,——

PAN. Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRES. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:<sup>3</sup>  
That she<sup>4</sup> belov'd knows nought, that knows not  
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet, that ever knew  
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *At your own house*; there he unarms him.] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only—*there he unarms him.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *joy's soul lies in the doing*:] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

— *the soul's joy lies in doing.* JOHNSON.

It is the reading of the second folio. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *That she* —] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech*:] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—"Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our suppliants." STEVENS.

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Then though<sup>6</sup> my heart's content<sup>7</sup> firm love doth  
bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and Others.*

AGAM. Princes,  
What grief hath fet the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-  
asters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,

<sup>6</sup> Then *though*—] The quarto reads—*Then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *my heart's content*—] *Content*, for *capacity*.

WARBURTON.

On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read, "my heart's *consent*," not *content*. M. MASON.

— *my heart's content*—] Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart. So, in our author's Dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content*." This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*contents*.

MALONE.

*My heart's content*, I believe, signifies—the acquiescence of my heart. STEEVENS.

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand }  
 Sith every action that hath gone before,  
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
 And that unbodied figure of the thought  
 That gav't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,  
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;  
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought  
 else

But the protractivè trials of great Jove,  
 To find persistivè constancy in men ?  
 The fineness of which metal is not found  
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,  
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd<sup>8</sup> and kin :  
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
 Distinction, with a broad<sup>9</sup> and powerful fan,  
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;  
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

NEST. With due observance of thy godlike feat,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *affin'd*—] i. e. joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello* :

“ If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *broad*—] So, the quarto; the folio reads—*loud*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *With due observance of thy godlike feat,*] *Goodly* [the reading of the folio] is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the quartos] have it,—*to thy godly feat: godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon :

“ Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?”

So *godlike feat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders.

THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has—*the godlike feat*. JOHNSON.

— *thy godlike feat,*] The throne in which thou fittest, “ like a descended god.” MALONE.

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words.<sup>3</sup> In the reproof of chance  
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,  
 How many shallow bauble boats dare fail  
 Upon her patient breast,<sup>4</sup> making their way  
 With those of nobler bulk?<sup>5</sup>

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
 The gentle Thetis,<sup>6</sup> and, anon, behold  
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
 cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 Like Perfeus' horse:<sup>7</sup> Where's then the saucy boat,

<sup>3</sup> ——— Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words.] Nestor applies the words to another instance.

JOHNSON,  
 Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient interlude, entitled, *The Nice Wanton*, 1560:

“ O ye children, let your time be well spent;

“ Applye your learning, and your elders obey.”

See also Vol. VI. p. 412, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— patient breast,] The quarto not so well—ancient breast.

JOHNSON.  
<sup>5</sup> With those of nobler bulk?] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusively expressed:

“ Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis

“ Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes

“ Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,

“ Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus

“ Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vindicat austru.”

Mr. Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis,] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: “ When I have seen Boreas begin to play the ruffian with us, then would I down on my knees.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perfeus' horse:] Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perfeus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perfeus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, a

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Whose weak untimber'd fides but even now  
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide  
 In forms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,  
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,<sup>8</sup>  
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind  
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
 And flies fled under shade,<sup>9</sup> Why, then, the thing  
 of courage,<sup>2</sup>

book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a *ship* named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c. Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world." In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "*flew on the sea like unto a bird*." *Dest. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164.

MALONE.

The foregoing note is a very curious one; and yet our author perhaps would not have contented himself with merely comparing one ship to another. Unallegorized *Pegasus* might be fairly styled *Perseus' horse*, because the heroism of *Perseus* had given him existence. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — by the brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monfieur Thomas*, 1639:

"—Have ye got the *brize* there?

"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612: "I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently." See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And flies fled under shade*,] i. e. And flies *are* fled under shade. I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the thing of courage,] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

HANMER.

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
 Returns to chiding fortune.<sup>3</sup>

ULYSS.  
 Agamemnon,—  
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
 Besides the applause and approbation  
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—  
 [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree<sup>4</sup>  
 On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears  
 To his experienc'd tongue,<sup>5</sup>—yet let it please both,—

<sup>3</sup> Returns to chiding fortune.] For returns, Hanmer reads replies, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have retires, corruptly. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ Northumberland, say—thus the king returns;—”

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ As doth a rock against the chiding flood.”

See Vol. XI. p. 120, n. 6. MALONE.

See also Vol. V. p. 128, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — axletree —] This word was anciently contracted into a disyllable. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

“ — when the mountain

“ Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees

“ Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — speeches,—which were such,  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece



Thou great,—and wife,<sup>6</sup>—to hear Ulysses speak.

*Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air—  
— knit all the Greekish ears*

[*To his experienc'd tongue,*] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I once read for *band*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right. *To hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

“ — it deserves *with characters of brass*  
“ A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time  
“ And razure of oblivion —.”

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

“ — *thatch* your poor thin roofs  
“ With burthens of the dead —.”

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *bills of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched*, as the *bilt of a sword*; and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also to *hatch a bilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Vol. II. p. 90:

“ When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,  
“ *Hatch'd* in the life of him —.”

AGAM. Speak,<sup>7</sup> prince of Ithaca; and be't of  
 less expect<sup>8</sup>

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

“ — a bond of *air*, strong as the axle-tree

“ On which heaven rides; —.”

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

— a bond of awe, —

The expression is used by Fairfax in his 4th Eclogue, *Muses Library*, p. 368:

“ Unty these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty.”

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood, in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ ————— his face

“ Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick.”

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ His weapon *hatch'd* in blood.”

Again, literally, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ Double and treble gilt, —

“ *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time.”

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*

“ *With silver* —.”

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, a *bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEVENS.

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture of Nestor is given. The fifth line of the first stanza may lead us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in silver*. In a subsequent passage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned:

“ I'll hide my *silver* beard in a gold beaver.”

Dr. Johnson therefore is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that there is any allusion to the soft voice or *silver tongue* of Nestor. The poet, however, might mean not merely that Nestor looked like

When that the general is not like the hive,<sup>4</sup>  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves,<sup>5</sup> the planets, and this  
 center,<sup>6</sup>

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Infixture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,<sup>7</sup>  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,

chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be,—there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *When that the general is not like the hive,*] The meaning is,—*When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees*, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The heavens themselves,*] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: “If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?” WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *the planets, and this center,*] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. WARBURTON.

By *this centre*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,*] So, the folio. The quarto reads:

*Corrects the influence of evil planets.* MALONE.

Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,  
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,<sup>8</sup>  
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?  
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?  
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *But, when the planets,*

*In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.]* I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

“ For who so liste into the heavens looke,  
 “ And search the courses of the rowling spheres,  
 “ Shall find that from the point where they first tooke  
 “ Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares  
 “ They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.  
 “ For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore  
 “ Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,  
 “ Hath now forgot where he was plaft of yore,  
 “ And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.  
 “ And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne  
 “ So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,  
 “ That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne  
 “ Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.  
 “ So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*  
 “ Out of their proper places far away,  
 “ And all this world with them amisse doe move,  
 “ And all his creatures from their course astray,  
 “ Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.”

*Faery Queen*, Book V. ch. i.

STEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

<sup>9</sup> — *deracinate* —] i. e. force up by the roots. So again, in *King Henry V*:

“ — the coulter ruffs

“ That should *deracinate* such savag'ry.” STEVENS.

The unity and married calm of states<sup>3</sup>  
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
 The enterprize<sup>4</sup> is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,<sup>5</sup>  
 Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,<sup>6</sup>  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,

<sup>3</sup> ——— married *calm of states* —] The epithet—*married*, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

“ ——— Lydian airs  
 “ *Married* to immortal verse.”

Again:

“ ——— voice and verse  
 “ *Wed* your divine sounds.”

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's *Eden*:

“ ——— shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,  
 “ Of amorous myrtles and immortal bays;  
 “ Never unlev'd, but evermore they're new,  
 “ Self-arching, in a thousand arbours grew.  
 “ Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,  
 “ Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise.”

The subject of Milton's larger poem would naturally have led him to read this description in Sylvester. The quotation from him I owe to Dr. Farmer.

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. See note on this passage.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— O, *when degree is shak'd*,] I would read:  
 ——— So *when degree is shak'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> The *enterprize* —] Perhaps we should read:  
 Then *enterprize is sick!* — JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *brotherhoods in cities*,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *dividable shores*,] i. e. divided. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* our author uses *corrigible* for corrected. Mr. M. Mason has the same observation. STEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 255

And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
 In mere oppugnancy:<sup>7</sup> The bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a fop of all this solid globe:  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglection<sup>8</sup> of degree it is,  
 That by a pace<sup>9</sup> goes backward, with a purpose  
 It hath to climb.<sup>2</sup> The general's disdain'd  
 By him one step below; he, by the next;  
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

<sup>7</sup> — mere *oppugnancy*:] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *Hamlet*:  
 “ — things rank and gross in nature  
 “ Possess it *merely*.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this neglection* —] This uncommon word occurs again in  
*Pericles*, 1609:

“ — If *neglection*  
 “ Should therein make me vile, —.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That by a pace* —] That goes backward *step by step*.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *with a purpose*  
*It hath to climb*.] With a design in each man to aggrandize  
 himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. Folio: — *is a purpose*. MALONE.

Of pale and bloodless emulation :<sup>9</sup>  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own finews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*NEST.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power<sup>a</sup> is sick.

*AGAM.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?

*ULYSS.* The great Achilles,—whom opinion  
 crowns

The finew and the forehead of our host,—  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,<sup>3</sup>  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,  
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
 Breaks scurril jests ;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action  
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy toplefs deputation<sup>4</sup> he puts on ;  
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found

<sup>9</sup> — *bloodless emulation :*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — *our power*—] i. e. our army. So, in another of our author's plays :

“ Who leads his *power* ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *his airy fame,*] Verbal eulogium ; what our author in *Macbeth* has called *mouth honour*. See p. 249, note. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy toplefs deputation*—] *Toplefs* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it ; supreme ; sovereign. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

“ And burnt the *toplefs* towers of Ilium ? ”

Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 :

“ And *toplefs* honours be bestow'd on thee.” STEEVENS.

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,<sup>5</sup>—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming<sup>6</sup>  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a mending;<sup>7</sup> with terms un-  
squar'd,<sup>8</sup>

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—  
*Now play me Nestor;—bend, and stroke thy beard,*  
*As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels;<sup>9</sup> as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*  
'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*

<sup>5</sup> 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed the scaffolds. See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — o'er-wrested seeming—] i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have—*o'er-rested*, which affords no meaning.

MALONE.

*Over-wrested* is—wound up too high. A *wrest* was an instrument for tuning a harp, by drawing up the strings. See Mr. Douce's note on Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — a chime a mending;] To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like myself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — unsquar'd,] i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquared*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — as near as the extremest ends

*Of parallels;*] The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west.

JOHNSON.



*Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,  
And with a palsy-fumbling<sup>3</sup> on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,  
Sir Valour dies; cries, O!—*enough*, Patroclus;—  
*Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots,<sup>5</sup> orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.<sup>6</sup>

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

<sup>3</sup> — *a palsy-fumbling* —] Old copies give this as two distinct words. But it should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytick fumbling. TYRWHITT.

*Fumbling* is often applied by our old English writers to the speech. So, in *King John*, 1591:

“ — he *fumbleth* in the mouth;  
“ His speech doth fail.”

Again, in North's Translation of *Plutarch*:

“ — he heard his wife Calphurnia being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many *fumbling* lamentable speeches.” Shakespeare, I believe, wrote—in his gorget. MALONE.

*On* seems to be used for—*at*. So, p. 268: “ Pointing *on* him.” i. e. *at* him. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Achievements, plots, &c.*] All our good *grace exact*, means our excellence irreprehensible. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *to make paradoxes.*] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:

— *to make parodies.* JOHNSON.

In such a rein,<sup>7</sup> in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;  
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Therfites  
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,<sup>8</sup>)  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.<sup>9</sup>

ULYSS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
 Forefall prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,<sup>2</sup>—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:  
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,  
 They place before his hand that made the engine;

<sup>7</sup> — bears his head

*In such a rein,*] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bristles*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — whose gall coins slanders like a mint,] i. e. as fast as a mint coins money. See Vol. VIII. p. 415, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *How rank soever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is a big weed. The modern editions silently read:

*How hard soever* —. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — and know, by measure

*Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,*] I think it were better to read:

— and know the measure,

*By their observant toil, of the enemies' weight.* JOHNSON.

— by measure —] That is, "by means of their observant toil."

M. MASON.

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*NEST.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*AGAM.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*MEN.* From Troy.

*AGAM.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*ÆNE.* Is this  
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

*AGAM.* Even this.

*ÆNE.* May one, that is a herald, and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?<sup>3</sup>

*AGAM.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm<sup>4</sup>  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*ÆNE.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *What trumpet? look, Menelaus.*] Surely, the name of *Menelaus* only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted,  
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *kingly ears?*] The quarto:  
— *kingly eyes.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *Achilles' arm*—] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:  
— *Alcides' arm.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A stranger to those most imperial looks*—] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

“ But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

“ I never saw till now.”

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGAM.

How?

ÆNE. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek<sup>6</sup> be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGAM. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of  
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's  
accord,  
Nothing so full of heart.<sup>7</sup> But peace, Æneas,

to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. STEVENS.

In *The Destruction of Troy*, Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — bid *the cheek* —] So the quarto. The folio has:  
— on *the cheek* —. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *they have galls,*  
*Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,*  
*Nothing so full of heart.*] I have not the smallest doubt that the poet wrote—(as I suggested in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783)

— *they have galls,*  
*Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's a god*  
*Nothing so full of heart.*

262 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

So, in *Macbeth*:

“Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial  
“Among your guests to-night.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Cæsar, why he's the Jupiter of men.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove.”

The text in my apprehension is unintelligible, though I have not ventured on my own opinion to disturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds some support to my conjecture. It also may be observed, that in peace the Trojans have just been compared to *angels*; and here Æneas in a similar strain of panegyrick compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially distinguished for high spirits.

The present punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is,—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Jove annuente*, nothing is so full of heart as they. Had Shakspeare written “—with Jove's accord,” and “*Nothing's* so full,” &c. such an interpretation might be received; but as the words stand, it is inadmissible.

The quarto reads:

— and great *Jove's accord*—&c. MALONE,

Perhaps we should read:

— and *Love's a lord*

*Nothing so full of heart.*

The words *Jove* and *Love*, in a future scene of this play, are substituted for each other, by the old blundering printers. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Cupid is stiled “*Lord of ay-mees*;” and Romeo speaks of his “*bosom's Lord*.” In *Othello*, Love is commanded to “yield up his *hearted throne*.” And, yet more appositely, Valentine, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says,

“—*love's a mighty lord*—.”

The meaning of Æneas will then be obvious. The most confident of all passions is not so daring as we are in the field. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And what *Love* can do, that dares *Love* attempt.”

Mr. M. Mason would read—“and *Jove's own bird*.”

Perhaps; however, the old reading may be the true one, the speaker meaning to say, that, *when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans*. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

“The god of soldiers

“ (With the *consent* of supreme *Jove*) inform

“ Thy thoughts with nobleness.”

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :<sup>8</sup>  
 But what the repining enemy commends,  
 That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,  
 transcends.

AGAM. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
 Æneas ?

ÆNE. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAM. What's your affair, I pray you ?<sup>9</sup>

ÆNE. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAM. He hears nought privately, that comes  
 from Troy.

ÆNE. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
 him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;  
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
 And then to speak.

AGAM. Speak frankly as the wind ;<sup>2</sup>  
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :

*Jove's accord*, in the present instance, like the *Jove probante* of Horace, may be an ablative absolute. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The worthiness of praise distains his worth,*

*If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:]* So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— power unto itself most commendable,

“ Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

“ To extol what it hath done.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What's your affair, I pray you?] The words—*I pray you*, are an apparent interpolation, and consequently destroy the measure.*

“ *Æn.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

“ *Agam.* What's your affair ?—”

These hemistichs, joined together, form a complete verse.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Speak frankly as the wind ;] So, Jaques, in *As you like it* :*

“ ——— I must have liberty

“ Withal, as large a charter as *the wind*

“ To blow on whom I please ;——.” STEEVENS.

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*ÆNE.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brags voice through all these lazy tents;—  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce<sup>9</sup>  
Is rusty<sup>2</sup> grown; he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,<sup>3</sup>  
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,<sup>4</sup>)  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

<sup>9</sup> — *long-continued truce* —] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original: a point, on which some stress has been laid in the Dissertation printed at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* See Vol. X. p. 445—6.

Of this dull and long continued truce (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third book of *The Destruction of Troy.* In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *rusty* —] Quarto,—*rusty.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *more than in confession,*] *Confession for profession.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — *to her own lips he loves,*] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

In other arms than hers,<sup>5</sup>—to him this challenge.  
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance.<sup>6</sup> Even so much.

AGAM. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;  
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;  
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NEST. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;  
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host<sup>7</sup>  
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
 And in my vantbrace<sup>8</sup> put this wither'd brawn;

<sup>5</sup> *In other arms than hers,*] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and not worth

*The splinter of a lance.*] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — in our Grecian host —] So the quarto. The folio has—*Grecian mould.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And in my vantbrace*—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.*

POPE.



And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady  
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world : His youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.\*

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of  
youth!

ULYSS. Amen.

AGAM. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your  
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, fir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

ULYSS. Nestor,——

NEST. What says Ulyffes?

ULYSS. I have a young conception in my brain,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.‡

NEST. What is't?

ULYSS. This 'tis :

Milton uses the word in his *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in  
his *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ ——peruse his armour,

“ The dint's still in the *wantbrace*.” STEEVENS.

\* *I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.*] So, in  
*Coriolanus*, one of the Volcian Guard says to old Menenius,  
“ Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood.”

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*I'll pawn this truth.*

MALONE.

‡ *Be you my time &c.*] i. e. be you to my present purpose what  
time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer  
of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation,  
which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning.

T. C.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The feeded pride<sup>3</sup>  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery<sup>4</sup> of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how?<sup>5</sup>

ULYS. This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-  
stance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *The feeded pride &c.*] Shakspeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie." It may be compared to a Pharisee, "who maketh a glorious and beautiful shew, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."—"It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome foyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,  
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?"

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *nursery* —] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery;

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Well, and how?*] We might complete this defective line by reading:

*Well, and how then?*

Sir T. Hanmer reads—*how now?* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*  
*Whose grossness little characters sum up.*] That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or *substance*; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression.

WARBURTON.

*Substance* is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use

And, in the publication, make no strain,<sup>7</sup>  
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judge-  
 ment,  
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
 Pointing on him.

ULRS. And wake him to the answer, think you?

NEST.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,  
 That can from Hector bring those honours<sup>8</sup> off,  
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,  
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
 In this wild action: for the success,  
 Although particular, shall give a scantling<sup>9</sup>  
 Of good or bad unto the general;

of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. So in the prologue to *King Henry V*:

“ — a crooked figure may

“ Attest, in little place, a million.”

The *gross sum* is a term used in *The Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

“ I do not *strain* at the position.”

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — those *honours* —] Folio—*his* honour. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *scantling* —] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's Translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, folio 1603: “When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's.” MALONE.

And in such indexes, although small pricks<sup>2</sup>  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:  
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd  
 Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,  
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,  
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd,<sup>3</sup> limbs are his instruments,<sup>4</sup>  
 In no less working, than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech;—  
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,<sup>5</sup>  
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
 By showing the worse first,<sup>6</sup> Do not consent,

<sup>2</sup> — *small pricks*—] Small points compared with the volumes.

Indexes were in Shakspeare's time often *prefixed* to books, MALONE. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Which entertain'd, &c.*] These two lines [and the concluding hemistich,] are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *limbs are his instruments,*] The folio reads:

— *limbs are in his instruments.*

I have omitted the impertinent preposition. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *if not,*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we should read:

— *if they do not.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The lustre of the better shall exceed,*

*By showing the worse first.*] The folio reads:

*The lustre of the better, yet to show,*

*Shall show the better.*

I once thought that the alteration was made by the author; but a more diligent comparison of the quartos and the first folio has convinced me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio. MALONE.

That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;  
For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST. I see them not with my old eyes ; what  
are they ?

ULYSSES. What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share ' with him :  
But he already is too insolent ;  
And we were better parch in Africk sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion <sup>8</sup> crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax <sup>9</sup> draw

<sup>7</sup> — *bare*—] So the quarto. The folio—*wear*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *our main opinion*—] is, our general estimation or character. See Vol. VIII. p. 585, n. 7. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *blockish Ajax*—] Shakspeare on this occasion has deserted Lydgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax :

“ Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)

“ There was, a man that *learning did adore*,” &c.

“ Who did so much in *eloquence* abound,

“ That in his time the like could not be found.”

Again :

“ And one that *bated pride and flattery*,” &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, translated by Golding, 1587 ; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as “ strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor polliticke.” STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister ; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this

The sort<sup>a</sup> to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,  
Give him allowance for the better man,

play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax  
Oileus:

- “ Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
- “ To be well cladde he set all his entent.
- “ In rich aray he was full curyous,
- “ Although he were of body corfyous.
- “ Of armes great, with shoulders square and brode;
- “ It was of him almost a horse-lode.
- “ High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,
- “ *And of his speech rude, and reblefs.*
- “ *Full many worde in ydel hym asferte,*
- “ And but a coward was he of his herte.”

Ajax Telamonius he thus describes:

- “ An other Ajax Thelamonyius
- “ There was also, *disferte* and *virtuous*;
- “ Wonder faire and femely to behold,
- “ Whose heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
- “ In compas wife round as any sphere;
- “ And of musyke was there none his pere.
- “ — yet had he good practike
- “ In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
- “ No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
- “ Nor desirous for to have victorye;
- “ Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorie,
- “ All ydle laud spent and blowne in vayne.”

Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555.

There is not the smallest ground in Lydgate for what the author of the *Risacimento* of this poem published in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Destruction of Troy* led Shakspeare to give this representation; for the author of that book, describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

“ *Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly; and was of no great enterprife, and spake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleasure in musicke, and he fang him selfe very well: he was of greate prowesse, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe.”

MALONE.

Mr. Malone observes, that “ there is not the smallest ground, &c.”

For that will physick the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall  
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,  
 Yet go we under our opinion<sup>3</sup> still,  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NEST. Ulysses,  
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;<sup>4</sup>  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on,<sup>5</sup> as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

concerning his *eloquence and adoring learning.*" But may we ask what interpretation this gentleman would give to the epithets

" ——— *diserte and virtuous?*"

By the first word, (formed from the Latin *disertus*), *eloquence* must have been designed; and by the latter, the *artes ingenuæ*, which in the age of Lydgate were often called the *virtuous arts*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The fort* —] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

So, in Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c.

" Calchas had experience

" Especially of calculation;

" Of *sorte* also, and divynation." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *under our opinion* —] Here again *opinion* means character.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Ulysses*,

*Now I begin* &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now, Ulysses*,  
*I begin*, &c. The transposition was made by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Must tarre the mastiffs on*,] *Tarre*, an old English word signifying  
 to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, Act IV. sc. i:

" ——— like a dog

" Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on," POPE.

ACT II.<sup>6</sup> SCENE I.

*Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

AJAX. Therfites,——

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

AJAX. Therfites,——

THER. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX. Dog,——

THER. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee,<sup>7</sup> thou mongrel beef-witted lord!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *AA II.*] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The plague of Greece upon thee,*] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

The following lines of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie of the Warres between the Trojans and the Grecians*, 1555, were probably here in our author's thoughts:

“ And in this whyle a great mortalyte,  
 “ Both of sworde and of pestilence,  
 “ Among Greekes, by fatal influence  
 “ Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,  
 “ Engendred was, that tho in great dispayre



*AJAX.* Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:<sup>8</sup>  
I will beat thee into handfomeness.

“ Of their life in the fyeelde they leye,  
“ For day by day fodaynly they deye,  
“ Whereby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece;  
“ And whan they sawe that it ne wolde sece,  
“ By theyr advyse the kyng Agamemnowne  
“ For a trowse sent unto the towne,  
“ For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge  
“ Without abode graunted his axynge.” MALONE.

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance relative to the *plague*, from the first book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *thou mongrel beef-witted lord!*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:  
“ — I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*.” STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax, in Act IV. sc. v:

“ Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:*] *Unsalted* leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without *wit*. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the addition of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

*Unsalted* is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: “ Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying.”

Again, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

“ For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed*.”

STEEVENS.

In the preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. *vinewed* or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinewed'st*, or *winnied'st*: that is, thou most *mouldy* leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *winny* cheese. MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 275

THEER. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!<sup>2</sup>

AYAX. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

THEER. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

AYAX. The proclamation,—

THEER. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

AYAX. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

THEER. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathfomest scab in Greece.<sup>3</sup> When thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikest as slow as another.

AYAX. I say, the proclamation,—

THEER. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.<sup>4</sup>

AYAX. Mistress Therfites!

THEER. Thou should'st strike him.

<sup>2</sup> — a red murrain &c.] A similar imprecation is found in *The Tempest*: “—The red plague rid you!” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — in Greece.] [Thus far the folio.] The quarto adds—*when thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikest as slow as another.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — ay, that thou bark'st at him.] I read,—*O that thou bark'dst at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

AYAX. Cobloaf!<sup>4</sup>

THER. He would pun thee into shivers<sup>9</sup> with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AYAX. You whorson cur! [Beating him.]

THER. Do, do.

AYAX. Thou stool for a witch!<sup>2</sup>

THER. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an affinego<sup>3</sup> may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant

<sup>4</sup> *Cobloaf!*] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. STEVENS.

A *cob-loaf*, says Minsheu in his Dictionary, 1617, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnnes, lenten loaves."

*Cob-loaf* ought perhaps to be rather written *cop-loaf*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — pun thee into shivers —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—pound. JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: "—punned altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, Book XXIX. ch. iv: "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water."

STEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero*, *contundo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—pound, and was followed by three subsequent editors.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou stool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on 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 would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

<sup>3</sup> — an affinego—] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Afinaio* is Italian, says Sir T. Hanmer, for an *asi-driver*: but in *Minza*, a tragedy by

afs! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold<sup>4</sup> among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me,<sup>5</sup> I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

“ ——— the stout trusty blade,  
 “ That at one blow has cut an *afinego*  
 “ Afunder like a thread.——”

“ This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor.”

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *afi*, than an *afi-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *afinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: “ They apparell’d me as you see, made a fool, or an *afinego* of me.” See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmon, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Scornful Lady*:

“ ——— all this would be forsworn, and I again an *afinego*, as your sister left me.” STEEVENS.

*Afinego* is Portuguese for a little *afi*. MUSGRAVE.

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native county, it is the vulgar name for an *afi* at present. HENLEY.

The same term, as I am informed, is also current among the lower rank of people in Norfolk. STEEVENS.

An *afinego* is a *be afi*. “ A fouldiers wife abounding with more lust than love, complains to the king, her husband did not satisfie her, whereas he makes her to be coupled to an *Afinego*, whose villainy and lust took away her life.” Herbert’s *Travels*, 1634, p. 98. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thou art bought and sold* —] This was a proverbial expression. See Vol. X. p. 688, n. 2. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*.”

Again, in *King Henry VI*. Part I:

“ From *bought and sold* lord Talbot.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If thou use to beat me*,] i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me. STEEVENS.

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AJAX. You dog!

THER. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [Beating him.]

THER. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

ACHIL. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

THER. You see him there, do you?

ACHIL. Ay; what's the matter?

THER. Nay, look upon him.

ACHIL. So I do; What's the matter?

THER. Nay, but regard him well.

ACHIL. Well, why I do so.

THER. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHIL. I know that, fool.

THER. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THER. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*<sup>s</sup> is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

<sup>s</sup> — *his pia mater &c.*] So, in *Twelfth Night*: “ — here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.” The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain. STEEVENS.

*ACHIL.* What?

*THER.* I say, this Ajax——

*ACHIL.* Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

*THER.* Has not so much wit——

*ACHIL.* Nay, I must hold you.

*THER.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,  
for whom he comes to fight.

*ACHIL.* Peace, fool!

*THER.* I would have peace and quietness, but the  
fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*AJAX.* O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

*ACHIL.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*THER.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame  
it.

*PATR.* Good words, Therfites.

*ACHIL.* What's the quarrel?

*AJAX.* I bade the vile owl, go learn me the ten-  
nour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*THER.* I serve thee not.

*AJAX.* Well, go to, go to.

*THER.* I serve here voluntary.

*ACHIL.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas  
not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary:<sup>6</sup> Ajax  
was here the voluntary, and you as under an im-  
press.

*THER.* Even so?—a great deal of your wit too  
lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector

<sup>6</sup> — *is beaten voluntary*:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often  
uses adjectives adverbially. See Vol. VIII. p. 552, n. 5.

MALONE.

shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; <sup>7</sup> 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHIL. What, with me too, Therfites?

THER. There's Ulyffes, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails <sup>8</sup> on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

ACHIL. What, what?

THER. Yes, good footh; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THER. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

PATR. No more words, Therfites; peace.

THER. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me,<sup>9</sup> shall I?

<sup>7</sup> He shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; &c.] The same thought occurs in *Cymbeline*:

“ —not Hercules

“ Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails—] [Old copies—their grandfires.] This is one of these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandfire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> —when Achilles' brach bids me,] The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' brooch. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *bangers-on*.

JOHNSON.

*Brach* I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles's dog. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ When thou art *Timon's dog*” &c.

A brooch was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. STEVENS.

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*ACHIL.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*THER.* I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.  
[*Exit.*]

*PATR.* A good riddance.

*ACHIL.* Marry, this, fir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true reading as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin*; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brocbets*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. LORT.

*Broch* was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakspeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — he is the *brooch* indeed

“ And gem of all the nation.”

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — not the imperious show

“ Of the full fortun'd Cæsar, ever shall

“ Be *brooch'd* with me.”

But Therites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading.—*Bra:b*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. [See Vol. VI. p. 389, n. 2.] It is possible however that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our author has used this term of contempt in *Twelfth Night*: “Marry, hang thee, *brock!*” So, in *The Jests of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: “This self-conceited *brock* had George invited,” &c. MALONE.

A *brock*, literally, means—a *badger*. STEEVENS.



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That Hector, by the first<sup>s</sup> hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare  
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

*AYAX.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*ACHIL.* I know not, it is put to lottery; other-  
wife,

He knew his man.

*AYAX.* O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and  
HELENUS.

*PRI.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;  
*Deliver Helen, and all damage else—*  
*As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,*  
*Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd*  
*In bot digestion of this cormorant war,—*  
*Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?*

*HECT.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I,  
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,  
Dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,

<sup>s</sup> — the first —] So the quarto. Folio—the fifth—  
MALONE.

More spungy<sup>9</sup> to suck in the sense of fear,  
 More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*<sup>2</sup>  
 Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,  
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
 Every tithe foul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,  
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;  
 What merit's in that reason, which denies  
 The yielding of her up?

TRO. Fie, fie, my brother!  
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
 So great as our dread father, in a scale  
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
 The past-proportion of his infinite?<sup>4</sup>  
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,  
 With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

<sup>9</sup> —spungy—] So, in *Macbeth*: “—his spungy officers.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course?  
 MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —many thousand dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:  
 “The *disme* goeth to the battaile.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of Richard II*:  
 “—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion*. The modern editors silently give:  
*The vast proportion* —. JOHNSON.

*HEL.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,<sup>4</sup>  
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

*TRO.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
 priest,  
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
 reasons :

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;  
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,  
 And reason flies the object of all harm :  
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;  
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?<sup>5</sup>—Nay, if we talk of rea-  
 son,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and hon-  
 our  
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their  
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect  
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.*] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance."

MALONE.

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*

*Or like a star dis-orb'd ?*] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> — *reason and respect*

*Make livers pale, &c.*] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

HECT. Brother, she is not worth what she doth  
 cost  
 The holding.

TRO. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will;  
 It holds his estimate and dignity  
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,  
 To make the service greater than the god;  
 And the will dotes, that is attributive<sup>7</sup>  
 To what infectiously itself affects,  
 Without some image of the affected merit.<sup>8</sup>

TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election  
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;<sup>9</sup>  
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 Of will and judgement: How may I avoid,

“ Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating die!  
 “ *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!—  
 “ Sad pause and deep regard bescem the sage.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ —and never learn'd  
 “ The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd  
 “ The sugar'd game before thee.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And the will dotes, that is attributive*—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says “ is better.”

MALONE.

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Without some image of the affected merit.*] We should read:  
 ———— *the affected's merit.*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit so affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *in the conduct of my will*;] i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

Although my will distaste what it elected,  
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
 To blench<sup>9</sup> from this, and to stand firm by honour:  
 We turn not back the filks upon the merchant,  
 When we have foil'd them;<sup>2</sup> nor the remainder  
 viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,<sup>3</sup>  
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
 Your breath with full consent<sup>4</sup> belly'd his fails;  
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
 And, for an old aunt,<sup>5</sup> whom the Greeks held cap-  
 tive,  
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
 freshness

<sup>9</sup> — blench —] See p. 220, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — foil'd them;] So reads the quarto. The folio:  
 — spoil'd them. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — unrespective sieve,] That is, unto a common voider. Sieve  
 is in the quarto. The folio reads:

— unrespective same;

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed:

— unrespective place. JOHNSON.

I am yet to learn, that *sieve* was ever used as synonymous to  
*voider*. The correction in the second folio, may therefore be  
 justifiable. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Your breath with full consent—] Your breaths all blowing  
 together; your unanimous approbation. See Vol. IX. p. 211, n. 2.  
 Thus the quarto. The folio reads—of full consent. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And, for an old aunt,] Priam's sister, Hecione, whom Hercules,  
 being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by  
 her had Ajax. MALONE.

This circumstance also is found in *Lydgate*, Book II. where  
 Priam says:

“ My syster eke, called Exiona

“ Out of this regyon ye have ladde away” &c.

STEEVENS.

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.<sup>6</sup>  
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,  
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)  
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,  
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now  
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;  
 And do a deed that fortune never did,<sup>7</sup>  
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;  
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
 But, thieves,<sup>8</sup> unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
 That in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

<sup>6</sup> — makes pale the morning.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

— makes stale the morning. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> And do a deed that fortune never did,] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is: "Act with more inconsistency and caprice than ever did fortune." HENLEY.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> But, thieves,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Base thieves*—

JOHNSON.

*That did* in the next line means—that which did. MALONE.

PRI. What noise? what shriek is this?

TRO. 'Tis our mad sifter, I do know her voice.

CAS. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

HECT. It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*<sup>9</sup>

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

HECT. Peace, sifter, peace.

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled  
elders,<sup>2</sup>  
Soft infancy, that nothing can't but cry,  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Cassandra, raving.*] This circumstance also is from the third book of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie* &c. 1555:

“ This was the noise and the pyteous crye

“ Of *Cassandra* that so dredefully

“ She gan to make aboute in euery strete

“ Through y<sup>e</sup> towne” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *wrinkled elders,*] So the quarto. Folio—*wrinkled old.*

MALONE.

*Elders*, the erroneous reading of the quarto, would seem to have been properly corrected in the copy whence the first folio was printed; but it is a rule with printers, whenever they meet with a strange word in a manuscript, to give the nearest word to it they are acquainted with; a liberty which has been not very sparingly exercised in all the old editions of our author's plays. There cannot be a question that he wrote:

— *mid-age and wrinkled old.*

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ The superstitious idle-headed *old.*”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Doth beg the alms of palsied *old.*” RITSON.

Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilium ſtand ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Our fire-brand brother,<sup>4</sup> Paris, burns us all.  
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :  
 Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

*HECT.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high  
 ſtrains

Of divination in our ſiſter work  
 Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood  
 So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,  
 Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,  
 Can qualify the fame ?

*TRO.* Why, brother Hector,  
 We may not think the juſtneſs of each act  
 Such and no other than event doth form it ;  
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
 Becauſe Caſſandra's mad ; her brain-ſick raptures  
 Cannot diſtaſte<sup>5</sup> the goodneſs of a quarrel,  
 Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd  
 To make it gracious.<sup>6</sup> For my private part,  
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons :

<sup>3</sup> *Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilium ſtand ;*] See p. 225, n. 6, and p. 231, n. 9. This line unavoidably reminds us of another in the ſecond book of the *Æneid*:

“ *Trojaque nunc ſtare, Priamique arx alta maneres.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Our firebrand brother,*] Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed ſhe ſhould be delivered of a burning torch :

———— *et ſacæ prægnans*

*Ciffæis regina Parin creat.*

*Æneid* X. 705. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *diſtaſte* —] Corrupt; change to a worſe ſtate.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *To make it gracious.*] i. e. to ſet it off; to ſhow it to advantage. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604: “ — he is moſt exquisite &c. in ſleeking of ſkinnes, bluſhing of cheeks &c. that ever made an *ould lady gracious* by torch-light.” STEEVENS.



And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain !

*PAR.* Else might the world convince of levity<sup>1</sup>  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :  
But I attest the gods, your full consent<sup>2</sup>  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*PRI.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*PAR.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;  
But I would have the foil of her fair rape<sup>3</sup>  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

<sup>1</sup> — convince of levity—] This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of—to overpower, subdue, seems in the present instance to signify—convict, -or subject to the charge of levity. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — your full consent—] Your unanimous approbation. See p. 286, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — her fair rape—] Rape in our author's time commonly signified the carrying away of a female. MALONE.

It has always borne that, as one of its significations; *raptus Helenæ* (without any idea of personal violence) being constantly rendered—the rape of Helen. STEVENS.

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
 Now to deliver her possession up,  
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,  
 That so degenerate a strain as this,  
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECT. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said  
 well;

And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glaz'd,<sup>2</sup>—but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle<sup>3</sup> thought

<sup>2</sup> — have glaz'd,] So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III.  
 viii. 14:

“ — could well his *glozing* speeches frame.”  
 To *gloze*, in this instance, means to *insinuate*; but in Shakspeare,  
 to *comment*. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ Which Salique land the French unjustly *gloze*

“ To be the realm of France.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Aristotle —] Let it be remembered as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of *Aristotle*, however (during our ancient propensity to quote the authorities of the learned on every occasion) is

Unfit to hear moral philosophy ;  
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
 Than to make up a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,  
 Have ears more deaf than adders <sup>4</sup> to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,  
 All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now  
 What nearer debt in all humanity,  
 Than wife is to the husband ? if this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection ;  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence <sup>5</sup>  
 To their benumbed wills, <sup>6</sup> resist the same ;  
 There is a law <sup>7</sup> in each well-order'd nation,  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.  
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—  
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd : Thus to persist  
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this, in way of truth : <sup>8</sup> yet, ne'ertheless,

not more absurd than the following circumstance in *The Dialoges of Creatures Moralyed*, bl. 1. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen,) where we find God Almighty quoting *Cato*. See *Dial. IV.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — more deaf than adders—] See Vol. X. p. 97, n. 4.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — of partial indulgence—] i. e. through partial indulgence.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — benumbed wills,] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> There is a law—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Is this, in way of truth :] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion ; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
 In resolution to keep Helen still;  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

TRO. Why, there you touch'd the life of our de-  
 sign:

Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,<sup>9</sup>  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown;  
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:<sup>2</sup>  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide world's revenue.

HECT. I am yours,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:  
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,  
 Whilst emulation<sup>3</sup> in the army crept;  
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</sup> — *the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *canonize us:*] The hope of being *register'd as a saint*, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this of the Trojan war. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *emulation* —] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

*Emulation* is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety

## SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter THERSITES.*

*THER.* How now, Thermites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.<sup>4</sup> If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;<sup>5</sup> if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their

in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning:

“ ————so every step,

“ Exemplified by the first pace that is sick

“ Of his superior, grows to an *envious* fever

“ Of pale and bloodless emulation.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a rare engineer.] The old copies have—*engineer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So *truncheoner*, *pioneer*, *mutiner*, *sonneter*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;) The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*. So Martial, Lib. VII. Epig. lxxiv:

*Cyllenes cœlique decus! sacunde minister,*

*Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.* STEEVENS.

massy irons,<sup>6</sup> and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!<sup>7</sup> for that, methinks, is the curfe dependant on those that war for a placket.<sup>8</sup> I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*PATR.* Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

*THER.* If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation:<sup>9</sup> but it is no matter; Thyself upon

<sup>6</sup> — *without drawing their massy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web.* They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the massy irons.* In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“ Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,  
 “ That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 “ The usurping helmets of our adversaries.” MALONE.

*Bruising irons* in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed in *loco*, signify—*maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See *Grofe on Ancient Armour*, p. 53. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the bone-ache!*] In the quarto,—*the Neapolitan bone-ache.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *that war for a placket.*] On this occasion Horace must be our expofitor:

— *fuit ante Helenam \*\*\*\*\* seterrima belli*  
*Causa.*

Sat. Lib. I. iii. 107. STEEVENS.

In mine opinion, this remark enlumineth not the English reader. See mine handling of the same subject in the play of *King Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. Vol. XIV. AMNER.

<sup>9</sup> *If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain allusion to the

thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction<sup>2</sup> till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*PATR.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*THER.* Ay; The heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*ACHIL.* Who's there?

*PATR.* Therfites, my lord.

*ACHIL.* Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

*THER.* Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*PATR.* Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*THER.* Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*PATR.* Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

counterfeit piece of money called a *flip*, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. and which has been happily illustrated in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. v. WHALLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *Let thy blood be thy direction*—] *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. See Vol. VI. p. 162, n. 8. MALONE.

So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*: “— for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden.” This word has the same sense in *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

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ACHIL. O, tell, tell.

THER. I'll decline the whole question.<sup>3</sup> Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.<sup>4</sup>

PATR. You rascal!

THER. Peace, fool; I have not done.

ACHIL. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHIL. Derive this; come.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.<sup>5</sup>

PATR. Why am I a fool?

THER. Make that demand of the prover.<sup>6</sup>—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

<sup>3</sup> — decline *the whole question*.] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

See Vol. X. p. 631, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Patroclus is a fool*.] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *a fool positive*.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *of the prover*.] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads,—*to thy creator*. STEEVENS.

There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Therfites. MALONE.



*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
and AJAX.

ACHIL. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—  
Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

THER. Here is such patchery, such juggling,  
and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold,  
and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous fac-  
tions,<sup>7</sup> and bleed to death upon. Now the dry  
*serpigo* on the subject!<sup>8</sup> and war, and lechery, con-  
found all! [Exit.

AGAM. Where is Achilles?

PATR. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my  
lord.

AGAM. Let it be known to him, that we are here.  
He shent our messengers;<sup>9</sup> and we lay by

<sup>7</sup> ——— to draw emulous factions,] i. e. envious, contending factions. See p. 293, n. 3. MALONE.

Why not rival factions, factions jealous of each other?

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Now the dry *serpigo* &c.] This is added in the folio.

JOHNSON.

The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. The term has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> He shent our messengers;] i. e. rebuked, rated.

WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book IV. ch. vi:

“ Yet for no bidding, not for being shent,

“ Would he restrained be from his attendement.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ He for such baseness shamefully him shent.”

STEEVENS.

The quarto reads—*sate*; the folio—*sent*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*He sent us mes-  
sengers*. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now

Our appertainments, visiting of him :  
 Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think  
 We dare not move the question of our place,  
 Or know not what we are.

PATR. I shall say so to him.

[Exit.

ULYSS. We saw him at the opening of his tent ;  
 He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you  
 may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ;  
 but, by my head, 'tis pride : But why, why ? let  
 him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

ULYSS. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who ? Therfites ?

ULYSS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have  
 lost his argument.

ULYSS. No ; you see, he is his argument, that has  
 his argument ; Achilles.

NEST. All the better ; their fraction is more our  
 wish, than their faction : But it was a strong com-  
 posure,<sup>2</sup> a fool could disunite.

ULYSS. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly  
 may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

adopted, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. Though  
*sent* might easily have been misprinted for *sbent*, how could *fate* (the  
 reading of the original copy) and *sbent* have been confounded ?

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *composure*,] So reads the quarto very properly ; but the  
 folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong*  
*counsel*. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

NEST. No Achilles with him.

ULYSSES. The elephant hath joints,<sup>3</sup> but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

PATR. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state,<sup>4</sup> To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.<sup>5</sup>

AGAM.

Hear you, Patroclus;—

<sup>3</sup> *The elephant hath joints, &c.*] So, in *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633:

“ — Is she pliant?”

“ Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her.”

Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

“ I hope you are no elephant, you have joints.”

In *The Dialogues of Creatures Morallyed, &c.* bl. l. is mention of “ the olifawnte that bowyth not the kneys;” a curious specimen of our early Natural History. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *noble state,*] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

*Noble state* rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of “ your greatness.” STEEVENS.

*State* was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: “ The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals—.”

Again, in Harrington's Translation of *Ariosto*, 1591:

“ The Greek demands her, whither she was going,

“ And which of these two great *estates* her keeps.”

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *breath.*] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for—*breathing*, i. e. exercise. So, in *Hamlet*: “ — it is the *breathing* time of day with me.” STEEVENS.

We are too well acquainted with these answers :  
 But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
 Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
 Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason  
 Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—  
 Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—  
 Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;  
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,  
 We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,  
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,  
 And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,  
 Than in the note of judgement ;<sup>6</sup> and worthier than  
 himself

Here tend the savage strangeness<sup>7</sup> he puts on ;  
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
 And underwrite<sup>8</sup> in an observing kind<sup>9</sup>  
 His humorous predominance ; yea, watch  
 His pettish lunes,<sup>2</sup> his ebbs, his flows, as if

<sup>6</sup> *Than in the note &c.]* Surely the two unnecessary words—*in the*, which spoil the metre, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — tend *the savage strangeness*—] i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— I'll prove more true,

“ Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*.”

To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *underwrite*—] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to *obey*.

So, in *King Lear* : “ You owe me no *subscription*.” JOHNSON.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *in an observing kind*—] i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ To do *observance* to a morn of May.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *His pettish lunes,*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's emendation of his *pettish lines*. The old quarto reads :

*His course and time.*

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions.

JOHNSON.

The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,  
 That, if he overhold his price so much,  
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
 Not portable, lie under this report—  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give<sup>3</sup>  
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

PATR. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[Exit.

AGAM. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,  
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.<sup>4</sup>

[Exit ULYSSES.

AYAX. What is he more than another?

AGAM. No more than what he thinks he is.

AYAX. Is he so much? Do you not think, he  
 thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM. No question.

AYAX. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—  
 he is?

AGAM. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as

The quarto reads:

*His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if  
 The passage and whole stream of his commencement  
 Rode on his tide.*—

His [his commencement] was probably misprinted for *this*, as it  
 is in a subsequent passage in this scene in the quarto copy:

“ And how his silence drinks up *his* applause.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — allowance give—] *Allowance is approbation.* So, in *King  
 Lear*:

“ — if your sweet sway

“ *Allow* obedience.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — enter.] Old copies, regardless of metre,—enter *you*.

STEEVENS.

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valiant, as wife, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

*AYAX.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*AGAM.* Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.<sup>5</sup>

*AYAX.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.<sup>6</sup>

*NEST.* And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?  
[*Aside.*]

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*ULYSS.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*AGAM.* What's his excuse?

*ULYSS.* He doth rely on none;  
But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*AGAM.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*ULYSS.* Things small as nothing, for request's  
fake only,

<sup>5</sup> — *whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — power, unto itself most commendable,  
“ Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
“ To extol what it hath done.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92—93. STEVENS.

He makes important : Possess'd he is with greatness ;  
 And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
 That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth  
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
 That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,<sup>7</sup>  
 And batters down himself : What should I say ?  
 He is so plaguy proud,<sup>8</sup> that the death tokens of it<sup>9</sup>  
 Cry—*No recovery*.

AGAM. Let Ajax go to him.—  
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :  
 'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,  
 At your request, a little from himself.

ULYSS. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !  
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles : Shall the proud lord,  
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,] So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ 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.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> He is so plaguy proud, &c.] I cannot help regarding the vulgar epithet—*plaguy*, which extends the verse beyond its proper length, as the wretched interpolation of some foolish player. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — the death-tokens of it —] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian* :

“ Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,  
 “ Are mere fore-runners of their ends.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Hodges, in his *Treatise on the Plague*, says : “ Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface,”

REED.

<sup>2</sup> — with his own seam ;] *Swine-seam*, in the North, is *bog's-lard*. RITSON.

And never suffers matter of the world  
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
 And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
 As amply titled as Achilles is,  
 By going to Achilles:  
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;<sup>3</sup>  
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
 With entertaining great Hyperion.<sup>4</sup>  
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;  
 And fash in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

NEST. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.  
 [*Aside.*]

DIO. And how his silence drinks up this applause!  
 [*Aside.*]

AJAX. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll  
 fash him  
 Over the face.<sup>5</sup>

See *Sherwood's English and French Dictionary*, folio, 1650.  
 MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That were to enlard &c.*] This is only the well-known proverb—*Grease a fat sow &c.* in a more stately dress. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— to Cancer, when he burns  
 [*With entertaining great Hyperion.*] Cancer is the Crab, a sign in the zodiac.

The same thought is more clearly expressed by Thomson, whose words, on this occasion, are a sufficient illustration of our author's:  
 "And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— I'll fash him  
 Over the face.] i. e. strike him with violence. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger, 1623:

"——— when the batt'ring ram  
 "Were fetching his career backward, to pass  
 "Me with his horns to pieces."



AGAM. O, no, you shall not go.

AYAX. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his  
pride:<sup>6</sup>

Let me go to him.

ULYSS. Not for the worth<sup>7</sup> that hangs upon our  
quarrel.

AYAX. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

NEST. How he describes  
Himself! [Aside.]

AYAX. Can he not be sociable?

ULYSS. The raven  
Chides blacknefs. [Aside.]

AYAX. I will let his humours blood.<sup>8</sup>

Again, in *Churchyard's Challenge*, 1596, p. 91: "—the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is *passed* all to pieces." REED.

<sup>6</sup> — pheeze his pride:] To pheeze is to comb or curry.

JOHNSON.  
Mr. Steevens has explained the word *Feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *seize* is to drive away; and the expression—*I'll seize his pride*, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. See Vol. VI. p. 385, n. 2.

WHALLEY.  
To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kersey in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. [See the reference at the end of the foregoing note.] But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified in our author's time to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cadere*, as he does to *seage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Not for the worth—] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> I will let his humours blood.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: *The letting of humours blood* in the head-vaine. MALONE.

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AGAM. He'll be physician,<sup>9</sup> that should be the patient. [*Aside.*]

AGAX. An all men  
Were o' my mind,——

ULYSS. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

AGAX. He should not bear it so,  
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

NEST. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

ULYSS. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

AGAX. I'll knead him, I will make him sup-  
ple:——

NEST. He's not yet thorough warm: force him  
with praises:<sup>2</sup>  
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

<sup>9</sup> *He'll be physician,*] Old copies—the physician. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll knead him, &c.*] Old copy:

Ajax. *I'll knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet thorough warm.*

Nest. — *force him with praises: &c.*

The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll pash him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses silyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. THEOBALD.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. MALONE.

— *force him*—] i. e. *stuff him*. Farcir, Fr. So again, in this play: "—— malice forced with wit." STEEVENS.

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ULYSS. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.  
[To AGAMEMNON.]

NEST. Our noble general, do not do so.

DIO. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSS. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.

NEST. Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous,<sup>3</sup> as Achilles is.

ULYSS. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AYAX. A whoreson dog, that shall palter<sup>4</sup> thus  
with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

NEST. What a vice  
Were it in Ajax now——

ULYSS. If he were proud?

DIO. Or covetous of praise?

ULYSS. Ay, or furly borne?

DIO. Or strange, or self-affected?

ULYSS. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of  
sweet composure;

<sup>3</sup> *He is not emulous,*] *Emulous* is here used in an ill sense, for *envious*. See p. 298, n. 7. MALONE.

*Emulous*, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify—*jealous of higher authority*.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *that shall palter*—] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ——— what other band

“ Than secret Romans, who have spoke the word,

“ And will not palter?” MALONE.

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:<sup>5</sup>  
 Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
 Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:<sup>6</sup>  
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,  
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
 And give him half: and, for thy vigour,  
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield<sup>7</sup>  
 To finewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,  
 Which, like a bourn,<sup>8</sup> a pale, a shore, confines  
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—  
 Instructed by the antiquary times,  
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—  
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,  
 You should not have the eminence of him,  
 But be as Ajax.

*AJAX.*                    Shall I call you father?

*NEST.* Ay, my good son.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — [*she that gave thee suck:*] This is from *St. Luke*, xi. 27: “Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — [*beyond all erudition:*] Thus the folio. The quartos, erroneously:

                    — [*beyond all thy erudition.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> [*Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield—*] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant,” &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — [*like a bourn,*] A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *King Lear*, Act III. sc. vi:

“Come o'er the *bound*, Bessy, to me.”

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Ajax, Shall I call you father?*

*Nest. Ay, my good son.*] In the folio and in the modern editions

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*DIO.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*ULYSSES.* There is no tarrying here; the hart  
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war;  
Fresh kings are come to Troy:<sup>2</sup> To-morrow,  
We must with all our main of power stand fast:  
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to  
west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*AGAMEMNON.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw  
deep.<sup>3</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Fresh kings are come to Troy: &c.*] We might complete this imperfect verse by reading:

*Fresh kings are come to succour Troy: &c.*

So, Spenser:

“ To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *draw deep.*] So, in the Prologue to this play: “ — the *deep-drawing* barks.” STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

PAN. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, fir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You do depend upon him, I mean?

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

SERV. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. 'Faith, fir, superficially.

PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope, I shall know your honour better.<sup>4</sup>

PAN. I do desire it.

SERV. You are in the state of grace.

*[Musick within.]*

PAN. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

<sup>4</sup> *I hope, I shall know your honour better.]* The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. MALONE.

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*SERV.* I do but partly know, fir; it is mufick in parts.

*PAN.* Know you the muficians?

*SERV.* Wholly, fir.

*PAN.* Who play they to?

*SERV.* To the hearers, fir.

*PAN.* At whofe pleasure, friend?

*SERV.* At mine, fir, and theirs that love mufick.

*PAN.* Command, I mean, friend.

*SERV.* Who fhall I command, fir?

*PAN.* Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whofe request do thefe men play?

*SERV.* That's to't, indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in perfon; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invifible foul,<sup>5</sup>——

*PAN.* Who, my coufin Cressida?

*SERV.* No, fir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

*PAN.* It fhould feem, fellow, that thou haft not feen the lady Cressida. I come to fpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary affault upon him, for my bufinefs feeths.

*SERV.* Soddan bufinefs! there's a few'd phrafe,<sup>6</sup> indeed!

<sup>5</sup> —— *love's invifible foul,*] may mean, the *soul of love* invifible every where elfe. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Soddan *bufinefs!* *there's a few'd phrafe,*] The quibbling fpeaker feems to mean that *soddan* is a phrafe fit only for the *few's*.

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HELEN. O, fir,—

PAN. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.<sup>7</sup>

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with

Thus, says the *Bawd* in *Pericles*:—"The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —in fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Satan. Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte*."

STEEVENS.



me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*HELEN.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*PAN.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*HELEN.* You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*PAN.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

*HELEN.* And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

*PAN.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,<sup>8</sup> that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*HELEN.* My lord Pandarus,—

*PAN.* What says my sweet queen?—my very very sweet queen?

*PAN.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

*HELEN.* Nay, but my lord,—

*PAN.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And, my lord, he desires you,]* Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words, “And to make a sweet lady” &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *You must not know where he sups. &c.]* These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner in Act II. sc. i. p. 276, four speeches

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PAR. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to Ajax. "Cobloaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same act, words that evidently belong to Nestor are given to Ajax, [See p. 307, n. 2.] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore hesitated to add the words, "You must not know where he sups," to the speech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to Helen instead of Paris. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen steadily perseveres in soliciting Pandarus to sing: "*My lord Pandarus,*"—"Nay, but my lord,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakspeare intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. M. Mason's objection also to such an arrangement is very weighty. "Pandarus (he observes) in his next speech but one clearly addresses Paris, and in that speech he calls Cressida his *disposer*." In what sense, however, Paris can call Cressida his *disposer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. M. Mason supposes that "Paris means to call Cressida his *governour* or *director*, as it appears from what Helen says afterwards that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*deposer*. What Pandarus says afterwards, that "Paris and Cressida are *twain*," supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *deposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for Cressida had not deposed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A speech in a former scene in which Pandarus says, Helen loves Troilus more than Paris, (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker,) [Mr. Ritson] proves nothing. Had he said that Troilus once loved Helen better than Cressida, and afterwards preferred Cressida to her, the observation might deserve some attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words,—*You must not know where he sups*,—I find Sir T. Hanmer had assigned to Pandarus. MALONE.

I believe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that—*You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line,—*I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be ob-

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PAN. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;<sup>2</sup> come, your dispofer is sick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN. Ay, good my lord. Why should you fay—Cressida? no, your poor dispofer's sick.

PAR. I spy.<sup>3</sup>

PAN. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

HELEN. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

tained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *depofer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine.—But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in *King Jobn*) is “not worth the coil that is made for it.” STEEVENS.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

“Par. Where sups he to-night?

“Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

“Pan. What says my sweet queen?

“Par. My cousin will fall out with you. [To Helen.

“Pan. You must not know where he sups, [To Paris.

“Helen. I'll lay my life with my depofer Cressida.”

She calls Cressida her *depofer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus in a preceding scene is ready to swear she *lov'd more than Paris*. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — you are wide;] i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland*: “Surely he shoots *wide* on the bow-hand, and very far from the mark.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Par. *I spy*.] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hic, spy, bic*. STEEVENS.

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HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.<sup>4</sup>

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord,<sup>5</sup> thou hast a fine forehead.<sup>6</sup>

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so:

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe:  
The shaft confounds<sup>7</sup>  
Not that it wounds,<sup>8</sup>  
But tickles still the fore.*

<sup>4</sup> *Falling in, after falling out, &c.*] i. e. the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> — *sweet lord,*] In the quarto—*sweet lad.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *a fine forehead.*] Perhaps, considering the character of Pandarus, Helen means that he has a forehead illuminated by eruptions. To these Falstaff has already given the splendid names of—*brooches, pearls, and ouches.* See notes on *King Henry IV.* Part II. Vol. IX. p. 78, 79, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The shaft confounds*—] To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *that it wounds,*] i. e. that *which* it wounds.

MUSGRAVE.

*These lovers cry—Ob! ob! they die!  
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
 Doth turn ob! ob! to ba! ba! be!  
 So dying love lives still:<sup>9</sup>  
 Ob! ob! a while, but ba! ba! ba!  
 Ob! ob! groans out for ba! ba! ba!*

Hey ho!

*HELEN.* In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*PAR.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*PAN.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers?<sup>2</sup> Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *These lovers cry—Ob! ob! they die!  
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
 Doth turn ob! ob! to ba! ba! be!  
 So dying love lives still:]* So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ For I have heard, it [love] is a life in death,  
 “ That laughs and weeps, and all but in a breath!”

MALONE.

*The wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal.*

JOHNSON.

*The wound to kill is the killing wound.* M. MASON.

A passage in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* may prove the aptest comment on the third line of this despicable ditty:

“ *Beaumelle.* [Within.] *Ha! ba! ba!*  
 “ *Charalois.* How's this? It is my lady's laugh—  
 “ When first I pleas'd her, in this merry language  
 “ She gave me thanks.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a generation of vipers? Here is an apparent allusion to the whimsical physiology of Shakespeare's age. Thus, says Thomas Lupton, in *The Seventh Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l.:

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*PAN.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*HELEN.* He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

*PAN.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*PAN.* To a hair.

*PAN.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*HELEN.* Commend me to your niece.

*PAN.* I will, sweet queen. [Exit.  
[A Retreat sounded.]

*PAN.* They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,  
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

“The female vyper doth open her mouth to receive the generative &c. of the male vyper, which received, she doth bite off his head. This is the manner of the froward *generating of vipers*. And, after that, the young vipers that springs of the same, do eat or gnaw asunder their mother's belly, thereby coming or burfing forth. And so they (being revengers of their father's iniurye) do kyll their owne mother. You may see, they were a towardly kynde of people, that were called the *generation of vipers*.”  
*St. Matthew*, iii. 7, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pan.* *Is this the generation of love? &c.*—Sweet lord, *who's a-field to-day?*] However *Pan.* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's*.

RITSON.

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HELEN. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

PAR. Sweet, above thought I love thee.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The same. Pandarus' Orchard.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

PAN. How now? where's thy master? at my  
cousin Cressida's?

SERV. No, fir; he stays for you to conduct him  
thither.

*Enter TROILUS.*

PAN. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

TRO. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TRO. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transporntance to those fields,  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deferver! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!

<sup>4</sup> — above thought *I love thee.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:  
“ She's cunning *past man's thought.*” STEEVENS.

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PAN. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her  
straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,  
When that the watry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp<sup>5</sup> in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come  
straight: you must be witty now. She does so  
blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were  
fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the pret-  
tiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a  
new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.]

TRO. Even such a passion doth embrace my bo-  
som:<sup>6</sup>  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

<sup>5</sup> — tun'd too sharp —] So the quarto, and more accurately than the folio, which has—and too sharp. JOHNSON.

The quarto has so instead of too. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“—rath-embraced despair.” MALONE.



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Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,<sup>4</sup> must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills.<sup>5</sup>—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.<sup>6</sup> Alas

<sup>3</sup> Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.] Mr. Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

“ Well may th' ignoble herd  
“ Start, if with heedless steps they unawares  
“ Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius  
“ Awes with superior greatness all beneath him.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — you must be watch'd ere you be made tame.] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ — to watch her as we watch these kites.” STEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — i'the fills.] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *shill*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See Vol. V. p. 431, n. 8.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words “draw backward” shew that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer supports the reading of the second folio, by saying—put you in the files, “alludes to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice [i. e. of drawing backward,] in the middle places.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.] It should seem from these words that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*,

the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kifs the mistress.<sup>7</sup> How now, a kifs in fee-farm!<sup>8</sup> build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.<sup>9</sup> Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:<sup>2</sup> go to, go to.

was intended to come in veil'd. Pandarus however had as usual a double meaning. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *So, so; rub on, and kifs the mistress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kifs *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ — So, a fair riddance;

“ There's three rubs gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*.”

Again, in Decker's *Satirastrophy*, 1602:

“ *Mini*. Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

“ *Sir Vaugh*. Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley.” MALONE.

An instance to the same effect was long ago suggested in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *a kifs in fee-farm!*] is a kifs of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

How much more poetically is the same idea expressed in *Coriolanus*, when the jargon of law was absent from our author's thoughts!

“ — O, a kifs,

“ Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———— does approve

“ By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath

“ Smells wooingly here.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:*] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the female. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:—at the tercel—. TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, l. iv. 410, is the following

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TRO. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*<sup>2</sup>—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PANDARUS.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

CRES. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

TRO. What should they grant? what makes this

stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

“ What? God forbid, alway that eche plefaunce  
 “ In o thing were, and in non othir wight;  
 “ If one can linge, anothir can wel daunce,  
 “ If this be godely, she is glad and light,  
 “ And this is faire, and that can gode aright;  
 “ Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,  
 “ *Both heroner and faucon for vivere.*”

Again, in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, bl. l. 4to. 1567:  
 “ — how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward  
*hawk to the ryver?*” P. 159, b.

Mr. M. Mason observes that the meaning of this difficult passage is, “ I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tiercel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the parties interchangeably* —] have set their hands and seals. So afterwards: “ Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it.” Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often expressed. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ But my kisses bring again,  
 “ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
 “ What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?”

MALONE.

pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my  
sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES. More dregs than water, if my fears have  
eyes.<sup>3</sup>

TRO. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never  
see truly.

CRES. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds  
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without  
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

TRO. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all  
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.<sup>4</sup>

CRES. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TRO. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we  
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame  
tigers;<sup>5</sup> thinking it harder for our mistress to de-  
vise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any  
difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in  
love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the exe-  
cution confined; that the desire is boundless, and  
the act a slave to limit.

CRES. They say, all lovers swear more perform-  
ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability

<sup>3</sup> ——— *if my fears have eyes.*] The old copies have—*tears*. Cor-  
rected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no  
monster.*] From this passage, however, a *Fear* appears to have been  
a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient Moralities.  
To this circumstance Aspasia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

“ ——— and then a *Fear*:

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”

See also *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;*] Here we  
have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando  
Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be  
imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* per-  
formed. MALONE.

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that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TRO. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:<sup>6</sup> no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.<sup>7</sup> Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;<sup>8</sup> and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRES. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

<sup>6</sup> — *our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:*] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit* lower part no affection, *in reversion, &c.* Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *his addition shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

*Addition* is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. REED.

<sup>8</sup> — *what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;*] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

TRO. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.<sup>9</sup>

CRES. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,  
For many weary months.

TRO. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRES. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness,<sup>2</sup> from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

TRO. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

<sup>9</sup> — *they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*:

“Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*, I shall stick.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Cunning in dumbness.*] The quarto and folio read—*Coming in dumbness.* The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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PAN. Pretty, i'faith.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :  
I am ashamed ;—O heavens ! what have I done ?—  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

PAN. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow  
morning,—

CRES. Pray you, content you.

TRO. What offends you, lady ?

CRES. Sir, mine own company.

TRO. You cannot shun  
Yourself.

CRES. Let me go and try :<sup>9</sup>  
I have a kind of self resides with you ;<sup>2</sup>  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. I would be gone :—  
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.<sup>3</sup>

TRO. Well know they what they speak, that  
speak so wisely.

CRES. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than  
love ;

<sup>9</sup> *Let me go and try :*] This verse being imperfect, I suppose our author to have originally written :

*Let me go in, my lord, and try.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I have a kind of self resides with you ;*] So, in our author's 123d Sonnet :

“ ——— for I, being pent in thee,

“ Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.” MALONE.

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I would be gone :—*

*Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads :

*To be another's fool. Where is my wit ?*

*I would be gone. I speak-I know not what.* MALONE.

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;  
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *But you are wise;*  
*Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,*  
*Exceeds man's might; &c.] I read:*  
— *but we're not wise,*  
*Or else we love not; to be wise, and love,*  
*Exceeds man's might; —*

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cressida's meaning is this: "Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might." M. MASON.

— *to be wise and love,*  
*Exceeds man's might;]* This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar,* March:

"To be wise, and eke to love,  
"Is granted scarce to Gods above." TYRWHITT.

The thought originally belongs to *Publius Syrus*, among whose sentences we find this:

"Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur."

Marston, in *The Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;  
"The gods themselves cannot be wise and love."

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential: "But you are wise, or else you are not in love; for no one who is in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is any corruption, as our author sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read:

— *But you are wise;*  
*Or else you love; for to be wise, and love,*  
*Exceeds man's might; &c.*

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not*: which is



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TRO. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you,)  
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;<sup>5</sup>  
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!<sup>6</sup>  
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—  
 That my integrity and truth to you  
 Might be affronted with the match<sup>7</sup> and weight  
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.<sup>8</sup>

not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—Sir T. Hanmer, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads:

*A sign you love not.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *To feed for aye her lamp &c.*] Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres:

“——— lasting flames, that burn

“ To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.”

See my note on *Pericles*, Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *swifter than blood decays!*] *Blood* in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

In the present instance, the word *blood* has its common signification. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Might be affronted with the match*—] I wish “ my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.” JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ —— that he, as 'twere by accident, may here

“ Affront Ophelia.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, “ Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy.”

WARBURTON.

CRES. In that I'll war with you.

TRO. O virtuous fight,  
 When right with right wars who shall be most right !  
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,  
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,<sup>9</sup>  
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,<sup>2</sup>—  
 As true as steel,<sup>3</sup> as plantage to the moon,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — compare,] i. e. comparison. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. III:

“ Beyond compare the son of God was seen—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,  
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well  
 as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading:  
 Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration,—.

So, a little lower in the same speech :

Yet after all comparisons of truth. TYRWHITT.

This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> As true as steel,] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, L. II. ch. xvi:

“ Thereto in love trewe as any stele.” STEEVENS.

*Mirrors* formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, “ as true as the mirror, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it.” But I now think with Mr. Steevens, that—*As true as steel* was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. A passage in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

“ Behold in her the lively glasse,

“ The pattern, true as steel.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — as plantage to the moon,] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or *sown*, which was therefore done in the increase:

“ Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,

“ Rite crescentem face noctilucam,

“ Prosperam frugum,——.” *Hor. Lib. IV. Od. vi.*

WARBURTON.

*Plantage* is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant,<sup>4</sup> as earth to the center,—  
 Yet, after all comparifons of truth,  
 As truth's authentick author to be cited,<sup>5</sup>  
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verfe,<sup>6</sup>  
 And sanctify the numbers.

CRES. Prophet may you be!  
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,  
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,<sup>7</sup>

we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in *Romeo and Juliet*; and yet in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

“ Sow next thy vines *mandrage*.”

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

*As true as flowing tides are to the moon.* STEEVENS.

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: “ The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutesfull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade.” FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> *As iron to adamant,*] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

“ As true to thee as *steel* to adamant.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *As truth's authentick author to be cited,*] Troilus shall crown the verfe, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — crown up the verfe,] i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,*] So, in *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1598:

“ And almost shoulder'd in this *swallowing* gulph

“ Of *blind forgetfulness* and dark *oblivion*.” MALONE.

And mighty states characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,  
 From false to false, among false maids in love,  
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as  
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;  
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 As false as Cressid.

PAN. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;  
 I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,  
 my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to an-  
 other, since I have taken such pains to bring you  
 together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to  
 the world's end after my name, call them all—  
 Pandars; let all constant men<sup>8</sup> be Troiluses, all false

<sup>8</sup> ——— constant *men*—] Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation  
 [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant*. He  
 seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially,  
 than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names.  
 Now it is certain, that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear an  
 expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for  
 a *jilt* and a *pimp*. TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his  
 opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which,  
 in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of  
 extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note  
 relative to the constancy of Troilus various proofs are furnished by  
 our old poets. So, in *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant inventions, &c.*  
 4to. 1578:

“ But if thou me forsake,  
 “ As Cressid that forgot  
 “ True Troilus, her make,” &c.

Again, *ibid*:

“ As Troilus' truth shall be my shield,  
 “ To kepe my pen from blame,  
 “ So Cressid's craft shall kepe the field,  
 “ For to refund thy shame.”

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading,

women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars !  
say, amen.

TRO. Amen.

CRES. Amen.

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,<sup>8</sup> which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, prefs it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear !

[*Exeunt.*]

because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him in consequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, " *if ever you prove false to one another,*" may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, *if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you who are now thus attached to each other*. This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false *to one another*; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was *Troilus* ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus, seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and consequently as *true* (or as *constant*) as *Troilus*. HEATH.

<sup>8</sup> — and a bed.] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shews that they were inadvertently omitted.

MALONE.

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, " — a chamber *with* a bed; which bed, because" &c.

STEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done  
you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,<sup>9</sup>  
That, through the fight I bear in things, to Jove<sup>2</sup>  
I have abandon'd Troy,<sup>3</sup> left my possession,

<sup>9</sup> — *Appear it to your mind,*] Sir Thomas Haumer, very properly in my opinion, reduces this line to measure, by reading:  
— *Appear it to you,*— STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *through the fight I bear in things, to Jove &c.*] This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus:

— *through the fight I bear in things to come,*—

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.

JOHNSON.

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That, through the fight I bear in things, to Jove*

*I have abandon'd Troy, &c.*] This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald; "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service."

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,

The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

— through the fight I have in things to come,  
I have abandon'd Troy —

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

"I have—expos'd myself,  
From *certain* and possess'd conveniences,  
To *doubtful* fortunes;—"

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Æliatics, there would be a greater demand for it.

WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts

From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all  
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
 And here, to do you service, am become  
 As new into the world,<sup>4</sup> strange, unacquainted:

to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

In p. 224, n. 5, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *services* to which he alludes, a short quotation from Lydgate will sufficiently explain. *Ancient Hist. &c.* 1555:

“ He entred into the oratorye,—  
 “ And besily gan to knele and praye,  
 “ And his things devoutly for to saye,  
 “ And to the god crye and call full stronge;  
 “ And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,  
 “ Sodaynly his answere gan attame,  
 “ And sayd *Calchas* twies by his name;  
 “ Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne  
 “ To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,  
 “ For finally lerne this thyng of me,  
 “ In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be:  
 “ This is in sooth, whych may not be denied.  
 “ Wherefore I will that thou be alyed  
 “ With the Greekes, and with Achilles go  
 “ To them anone; my will is, it be so:—  
 “ For thou to them shall be necessary,  
 “ In counseling and in giving redc,  
 “ And be right helping to their good spede.”

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit from having joined the Greeks after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends,



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I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAM. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,<sup>5</sup>

children, &c. and, having joined and *served* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phrase—*As new into the world*, (for so the old copy reads,) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this assertion, the following passages may be adduced:

“It was a pretty part in the old church-plays when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course.” Harfnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 4to. 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paston, July 8, 1468; *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 5: “— and they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly befeen,” &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth*, 1575: “— what time it pleased her to ryde forth *into* the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found, anon,” &c.

*Chafe* indeed may mean here, the place in which the queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary sense.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, Book IV. ft. 72, edit. 1602:

“She doth conspire to have him made away,—

“Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,

“But by her father's counsell and consent.”

Again, in our author's *All's well that ends well*:

“— I'll stay at home,

“And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *such a wrest in their affairs,*] According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the

That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.<sup>6</sup>

*lofs* of Antenor is such a *violent distortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene [p. 257. See n. 6.] we had *o'er-vested* for *o'er-wrested*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay* or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not the *lofs* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonsense.

MALONE.

I have been informed that a *wrest* anciently signified a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the strings of some musical instruments were screwed or *wrested* up to their proper degree of tension. Antenor's advice might be supposed to produce a congenial effect on the Trojan councils, which otherwise

“ ——— must *slack*,

“ Wanting his manage; ———.” STEEVENS.

*Wrest* is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Malone supposes in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings. Lancham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, p. 50, describing a minstrel, says, “ his harp in good grace dependant before him; his *wreast* tyed to a green lace and hanging by.” And again, in Wynne's *History of the Gwedir family*: “ And setting forth very early before day, unwittingly carried upon his finger the *wrest* of his *cosen's harpe*.” To *wrest*, is to *wind*. See Minshew's Dictionary. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp; in the Second Part of *Mersenna's Harmonics*, p. 69; and in the *Syntagmata of Prætorius*, Vol. II. Fig. xix. Douce.

<sup>6</sup> *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

*In most accepted pay.*

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage.

*AGAM.* Let Diomed bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

*DIO.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

*ULRS.* Achilles stands i'the entrance of his  
 tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—  
 I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,  
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
 him: ?

If so, I have derision med'cinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;  
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself, but pride; for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*AGAM.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on

*Her presence, says Calchas, shall strike off, or recompence the service  
 I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.*

JOHNSON.

? *Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him: }* If the  
 eyes were bent on him, they were turn'd on him. This tautology  
 therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show  
 that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

*Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:—* STEEVENS.

A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—  
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*ACHIL.* What, comes the general to speak with  
me ?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*AGAM.* What says Achilles? would he aught with  
us ?

*NEST.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

*ACHIL.* No.

*NEST.* Nothing, my lord.

*AGAM.* The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

*ACHIL.* Good day, good day.

*MEN.* How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

*ACHIL.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*AJAX.* How now, Patroclus?

*ACHIL.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*AJAX.* Ha?

*ACHIL.* Good morrow.\*

*AJAX.* Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

*ACHIL.* What mean these fellows? know they  
not Achilles?

*PATR.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd  
to bend,

\* *Good morrow.*] Perhaps in this repetition of the salute, we should read, as in the preceding instance,—*Good morrow, Ajax*; or, with more colloquial spirit,—*I say, good morrow.* Otherwise the metre is defective. STEEVENS.

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To fend their smiles before them to Achilles ;  
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep  
To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late ?  
'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;  
And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour ; but honour<sup>7</sup> for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :  
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;  
I'll interrupt his reading.—  
How now, Ulysses ?

ULYSS. Now, great Thetis' son ?

ACHIL. What are you reading ?

ULYSS. A strange fellow here  
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — but honour —] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but honour'd. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — how dearly ever parted,] However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned.

JOHNSON.  
Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just. So, in B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, he describes Macilente as a man

How much in having, or without, or in,—  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

*ACHIL.* This is not strange, Ulyffes.  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself<sup>9</sup>  
 (That most pure spirit<sup>a</sup> of sense) behold itself,  
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
 Salutes each other with each other's form.  
 For speculation turns not to itself,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there  
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

*ULYSS.* I do not strain at the position,  
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:

well *parted*; and in Maffinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, Sanazarro says of Lydia:

“ And I, my lord, chose rather  
 “ To deliver her better *parted* than she is,  
 “ Than to take from her.” M. MASON.

So, in a subsequent passage:

“ —no man is the lord of any thing,  
 “ (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)  
 “ Till he communicate his *parts* to others.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —nor doth the eye itself &c.] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ No Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,  
 “ But by reflexion, by some other things.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *To others' eyes*:—

(*That most pure spirit &c.*) These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *For speculation turns not &c.*] *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:

“ Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes  
 “ Which thou dost glare with.” MALONE.

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Who, in his circumstance,<sup>4</sup> expressly proves—  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
(Though in and of him there be much consistin<sup>g</sup>,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like<sup>5</sup> an arch,  
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun,<sup>6</sup> receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.<sup>7</sup>

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
there are,

Most object in regard, and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd.<sup>8</sup> O heavens, what some men do,

<sup>4</sup> — in his circumstance,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — which, like—] Old copies—*who*, like—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a gate of steel  
*Fronting the sun,*] This idea appears to have been caught from some of our ancient romances, which often describe gates of similar materials and effulgence. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *Now shall we see to-morrow,*  
*An act that very chance doth throw upon him,*  
*Ajax renown'd.*] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be:—*Now*

While some men leave to do!  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,<sup>9</sup>  
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting<sup>2</sup> in his wantonness!  
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
 And great Troy shrinking.<sup>3</sup>

*we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him—*  
 [we shall see] Ajax renown'd. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of fight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the ball of fortune, while others, though they but play the idiot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction.

JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to keep out of fight. While some men, says Ulysses, remain tamely inactive in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —fasting—] Quarto. The folio has *feasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And great Troy shrinking.*] The quarto—*sbricking*. The folio has, less poetically,—*sbrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene supports the reading of the quarto:

“Hark, how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;  
 “How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;  
 “And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead.” MALONE.

I prefer the reading of the folio. That the collective body of martial Trojans should *sbrink* at sight of their hero's danger, is surely more natural to be supposed, than that, like frightened women, they would unite in a general *sbrick*.

As to what Cassandra says, in the preceding note,—it is the fate of that lady's evidence—never to be received. STEEVENS.



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The present eye praises the present object:  
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,<sup>2</sup>  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions<sup>3</sup> 'mongst the gods them-  
 selves,  
 And drove great Mars to faction.

tion of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

*And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
 More laud than they will give to gold, o'er-dusted.*

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article—to in the second line: he should have written:

*More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted.* JOHNSON.

*Gilt* in the second line is a substantive. See Vol. XII. p. 29, n. 7.

*Dust a little gilt* means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in *All's well that ends well*:

"Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

"Of honour'd bones indeed;—"

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in "monumental mockery." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *went once on thee,*] So the quarto. The folio—*went out* on thee. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Made emulous missions* —] The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an

*ACHIL.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*ULYSS.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical :  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.<sup>4</sup>

*ACHIL.* Ha! known?<sup>5</sup>

*ULYSS.* Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state,  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;<sup>6</sup>  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;  
Keeps place with thought,<sup>6</sup> and almost, like the  
gods,

idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *fallion* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— one of Priam's daughters.] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Ha! known?] I must suppose that, in the present instance, some word, wanting to the metre, has been omitted. Perhaps the poet wrote—Ha! it's known? STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;] For this elegant line the quarto has only :

*Knows almost every thing.* JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's gold*; but, I think, we should read—*of Plutus' gold*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Act IV :

“ 'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold  
“ Lock'd in the heart of earth ———.” STEEVENS.

The correction of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification, though it was not admitted by Mr. Steevens in his own edition. The same error is found in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. sc. iii. where it has been properly corrected :

“ ——— within, a heart,  
“ Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold.”

So, in this play, Act IV. sc. i. we find in the quarto—to *Calcho's* house—instead of—to *Calchas's* house. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Keeps place with thought,] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*.

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.<sup>7</sup>  
 There is a mystery (with whom relation  
 Durst never meddle<sup>8</sup>) in the soul of state;  
 Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:  
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;  
 And better would it fit Achilles much,  
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
*Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;*  
*But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.*  
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.  
[Exit.]

The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to—*Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the divine omnipresence in the 139th Psalm? HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear from the defect of the metre that some word of two syllables was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. Shakspeare perhaps wrote:

*Does thoughts themselves unveil in their dumb cradles,—*

or,

*Does infant thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ And turn his *infant* morn to aged night.”

In *Timon of Athens*, we have the same allusion:

“ Joy had the like *conception* in my brain,

“ And at that instant, *like a babe sprung up.*” MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*Does even our thoughts &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — (with whom relation

*Durst never meddle*)—] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

*PATR.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:  
 A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;  
 They think, my little stomach to the war,  
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:  
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
 Be shook to air.<sup>9</sup>

*ACHIL.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*PATR.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour  
 by him.

*ACHIL.* I see, my reputation is at stake;  
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.<sup>2</sup>

*PATR.* O, then beware;  
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-  
 selves:

Omission to do what is necessary<sup>3</sup>  
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*ACHIL.* Go call Ther sites hither, sweet Patro-  
 clus:  
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,  
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

<sup>9</sup> — to air.] So the quarto. The folio—*ayrie air*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *My fame is shrewdly gor'd.*] So, in our author's 110th Sonnet:

“ Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—

“ Gor'd mine own thoughts,——.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Omission to do &c.*] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of *dis honour*, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. A labour fav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*THER.* A wonder!

*ACHIL.* What?

*THER.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*ACHIL.* How so?

*THER.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*ACHIL.* How can that be?

*THER.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard,<sup>2</sup> as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.<sup>3</sup> The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is

<sup>2</sup> — *with a politick regard,*] With a *sty* look. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

“ Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

“ And straight is cold again.” STEVENS.

grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*ACHIL.* Thou must be my embassador to him, Therfites.

*THER.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms.\* I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*ACHIL.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*PATR.* Jove blefs great Ajax.

*THER.* Humph!

*PATR.* I come from the worthy Achilles,——

*THER.* Ha!

*PATR.* Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent;——

*THER.* Humph!

*PATR.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*THER.* Agamemnon?

*PATR.* Ay, my lord.

*THER.* Ha!

*PATR.* What say you to't?

\* *He wears his tongue in his arms.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ My voice is in my sword.” STEEVENS.

THEER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR. Your answer, fir.

THEER. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATR. Your answer, fir.

THEER. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THEER. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.<sup>5</sup>

ACHIL. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THEER. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.<sup>6</sup>

ACHIL. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

<sup>5</sup> ——— to make catlings on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called *Simon Catling*.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— the more capable creature.] The more *intelligent* creature. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, capable.”  
See also Vol. XI. p. 177, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And I myself see not the bottom of it.*] This is an image frequently introduced by our author. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II*:  
“ I see the bottom of Justice Shallow.” Again, in *King Henry VI. Part II*:

“ ——— we then should see the bottom

“ Of all our fortunes.” STEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 355

*THER.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an afs at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.*

*PAR.* See, ho! who's that there?

*DEI.* 'Tis the lord Æneas.

*ÆNE.* Is the prince there in perfon?—  
Had I fo good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-  
ness  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*DIO.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

*PAR.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:  
Witness the procefs of your speech, wherein  
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*ÆNE.* Health to you, valiant fir,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — valiant *fir*,] The epithet—*valiant*, appears to have been caught by the compositor from the preceding speech, and is introduced here only to spoil the metre. STEEVENS.



During all question of the gentle truce :<sup>7</sup>  
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
 As heart can think, or courage execute.

*DIO.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
 Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health :  
 But when contention and occasion meet,  
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*ÆNE.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
 With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
 Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,  
 Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,<sup>8</sup>  
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*DIO.* We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,  
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
 A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
 With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

*ÆNE.* We know each other well.

*DIO.* We do; and long to know each other  
 worse.

*PAR.* This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,

<sup>7</sup> *During all question of the gentle truce:]* I once thought to read:

*During all quiet of the gentle truce :*  
 But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation.  
 JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 503, n. 5. Question of the gentle truce is, conversation while the gentle truce lasts. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *By Venus' hand I swear,]* This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand.

WARBURTON.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath.

STEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 357

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early?

*ÆNE.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I  
know not.

*PAR.* His purpose meets you;<sup>9</sup> 'Twas to bring  
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,  
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*ÆNE.* That I assure you;  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*PAR.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*ÆNE.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

*PAR.* And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell  
me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*DIO.* Both alike:  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her foilure,)  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her

<sup>9</sup> *His purpose meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders.  
JOHNSON.

(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :  
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;<sup>2</sup>  
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :  
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;  
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.<sup>3</sup>

*PAR.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

*DIO.* She's bitter to her country : Hear me,  
 Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

<sup>2</sup> — a flat tamed piece ;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. *WARBURTON.*

This word, with a somewhat similar sense, occurs in *Coriolanus* :  
 " His remedies are tame i'the present peace —."

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>3</sup> *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;  
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.*] I read :

*But he as he, each heavier for a whore ?*

*Heavy* is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. The quarto reads :

*But he as he, the heavier for a whore.*

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus :

*But he as he. Which heavier, for a whore ?*

That is, *for a whore flaked down, which is the heavier ?*

*JOHNSON.*

As the quarto reads,

— the heavier for a whore,

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this : the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. *STEEVENS.*

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one against the other, are exactly equal ; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,

— which heavier for a whore. *MALONE.*

A Grecian's life hath funk ; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*P.A.R.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.<sup>4</sup>  
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this : though you practice the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not sell.* STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn.*

TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood,) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you pay very dear for, *if you have her.* So Ajax says in a former scene, "however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

*Commend* is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have—

"To things of sale a feller's praise belongs."

Again, in his 21st Sonnet :

"I will not praise, that purpose not to sell."

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation ; but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced.

MALONE.

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one.

*We'll not commend what we intend not sell,*  
is evidently opposed to

"Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :"  
in the same speech.

Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warburton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

TRO. Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill<sup>s</sup> those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRES. Good morrow then.

TRO. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

CRES. Are you aweary of me?

TRO. O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys<sup>6</sup> no longer,  
I would not from thee.

CRES. Night hath been too brief.

TRO. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights<sup>7</sup>  
she stays,

<sup>s</sup> — Sleep kill —] So the old copies. The moderns have—  
*Sleep seal.* JOHNSON.

*Seal* was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr.  
POPE. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *bide our joys* —] Thus the quarto. The folio has—*bide*  
*our eyes.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — venomous *wights* —] i. e. *venefici*; those who practise  
nocturnal forcery. STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 361

As tediously<sup>8</sup> as hell; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRES. Pr'ythee, tarry;—  
You men will never tarry.—  
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's  
one up.

PAN. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open  
here?

TRO. It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*<sup>9</sup>

CRES. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-  
ing:  
I shall have such a life,—

PAN. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?  
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

<sup>8</sup> *As tediously*—] The folio has:  
*As hideously as bell.* JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre, with great probability,  
reads:

*Tedious as bell &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conver-  
sation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus*  
and *Cresseide*, Book III. v. 1561:

“ Pandare, a morowe which that comen was  
“ Unto his necè, gan her faire to grete,  
“ And faied all this night so rained it alas!  
“ That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,  
“ Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,  
“ All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,  
“ That some of us I trowe their heddis ake.

“ Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,  
“ Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care,  
“ God help me so, ye causid all this fare,” &c.

STEEVENS.

CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do,<sup>9</sup> and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

CRES. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,  
Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor *capocchia*!<sup>2</sup>—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking.]

CRES. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—  
My lord, come you again into my chamber:  
You smile, and mock me, as if<sup>3</sup> I meant naughtily.

<sup>9</sup> — to do,] *To do* is here used in a wanton sense. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says: "I would fain be doing." Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Lafew declares that he is "past doing." COLLINS.

<sup>2</sup> — a poor *capocchia*!] Pandarus would say, I think, in English—*Poor innocent! Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

The word in the old copy is *chipocchia*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capocchia* may perhaps be used with propriety in the same sense, when applied to a female; but the word has also an entirely different meaning, not reconcilable to the context here, for which I choose to refer the reader to Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — as if—] Here, I believe, a common ellipsis has been destroyed by a playhouse interpolation: *As*, in ancient language, has frequently the power of—as if. I would therefore omit the latter conjunction, which encumbers the line without enforcing the sense. Thus, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

"That with the noise it shook as it would fall."

STEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 363

TRO. Ha, ha!

CRES. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.]

PAN. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here?

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

ÆNE. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, yet go fetch<sup>4</sup> him hither; Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

TRO. How now? what's the matter?

<sup>4</sup> — yet go fetch &c.] Old copy, redundantly,—but yet &c. STEEVENS.



364 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ÆNE. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute  
you,

My matter is so rash:<sup>3</sup> There is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us;<sup>4</sup> and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The lady Cressida.

TRO. Is it so concluded?

ÆNE. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:  
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

TRO. How my achievements mock me!<sup>5</sup>  
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.<sup>6</sup>

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and ÆNEAS.]

<sup>3</sup> — matter is so rash:] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“ — aconitum, or *raff* gunpowder.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ It is too *raff*, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

“ Too like the lightning,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Deliver'd to us; &c.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

*Delivered to him, and forthwith.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *How my achievements mock me!*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ And *mock* our eyes with air.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

“ *I did not find you.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — the secrets of nature

*Have not more gift in taciturnity.*] This is the reading of both the elder folios; but the first verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 365

PAN. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

CRES. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah!

CRES. Why fight you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

CRES. O the gods!—what's the matter?

PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his

—the secrets of neighbour Pandar.

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:

*The secret's things of nature, &c.*

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

I suppose the editor of the folio meant—the *secretest* of nature, and that *secrets* was an error of the press. So, in *Macbeth*:

“The secret'st man of blood.” MALONE.

There is no need of change. *Secrets* is here used as a trisyllable. A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“In nature's infinite book of secrecy——”

Wherever there is redundant metre, as in the reading of the quarto, corruption may always be suspected. STEVENS.

death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

CRES. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRES. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

PAN. Thou must.

CRES. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;<sup>8</sup> No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,<sup>9</sup> If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love<sup>a</sup> Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

PAN. Do, do.

CRES. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

<sup>8</sup> *I know no touch of consanguinity;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ He wants the natural touch.”

Touch of consanguinity is *sense or feeling of relationship*.

<sup>9</sup> — *the very crown of falsehood,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ my supreme crown of grief.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — the crown and comfort of my life.” MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *the strong base and building of my love*—] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

“ And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,——.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

“ Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

“ To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

“ The fortrefs of it.” MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 367

Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart  
With founding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.<sup>3</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,  
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

*PAR.* It is great morning; <sup>4</sup> and the hour pre-  
fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon: <sup>5</sup>—Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*TRO.* Walk in to her house; <sup>6</sup>  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:

<sup>3</sup> — *I will not go from Troy.*] I believe the verb—*go* (which roughens this line) should be left out, in conformity to the ancient elliptical mode of writing, which, in like instances, omits it as unnecessary to sense. Thus, in p. 360, we find—

“ I would not from thee;”

i. e. I would not *go* from thee. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *great morning* ;] *Grand jour* ; a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Comes fast upon* :] Though *fast upon*, only signifies—*fast on*, I must suppose, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we ought to read:

*Comes fast upon* us:—

The metre, as it stands at present, is obviously defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Walk in to her house* ;] Here, I believe, we have an interpolation similar to those in p. 362 and at the top of this page. In elliptical language the word—*walk* (which in the present instance destroys the measure) is frequently omitted. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“ *I'll in* and haste the writer.”

i. e. I'll *walk*, or *go* in. Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

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And to this hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

*PAN.* I know what 'tis to love;  
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. .

*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*PAN.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*CRES.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: <sup>4</sup> How can I moderate it?

"*I'll in, I'll in*: follow your friend's advice; *I'll in.*"—*In*, therefore, in the speech of Troilus, will signify *walk or go in*, the omitted verb being understood. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The grief &c.*] The folio reads:  
*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,*  
*And no less in a sense as strong*  
*As that which causeth it.*—

The quarto otherwise:  
*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,*  
*And violenteth in a sense as strong*  
*As that which causeth it.*—

*Violenteth* is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenteth* is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*:

"Nor nature *violenteth* in both these."  
and Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." *Fuller's Worthies in Anglesea.*

If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying drofs;  
No more my grief, in such a precious los.

*Enter TROILUS.*

PAN. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

CRES. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

PAN. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

———— *o heart, o heavy heart,*<sup>5</sup>

*Why sigb'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,*

*By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

TRO. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd<sup>6</sup> a purity,  
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: “Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome.”

The modern and unauthorized reading was:

*And in its sense is no less strong, than that*

*Which causeth it.*— STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *o heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *strain'd* —] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have—*strange*. JOHNSON.

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CRES. Have the gods envy?

PAN. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRES. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

TRO. A hateful truth.

CRES. What, and from Troilus too?

TRO. From Troy, and Troilus.

CRES. Is it possible?

TRO. And suddenly; where injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
 Did buy each other,<sup>7</sup> must poorly sell ourselves  
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,<sup>8</sup>  
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Did buy each other,*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,

“ And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,*] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *configno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: “ It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *confign* to.” Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ But my kisses bring again,

“ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*] i. e. of tears to which

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ÆNE. [*Within*] My lord! is the lady ready?

TRO. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.<sup>2</sup>—  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PAN. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,<sup>3</sup>  
or my heart will be blown up by the root!<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

CRES. I must then to the Grecians?

we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken fobs*, or *broken slumbers*.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*disfasting*. MALONE.

*Broken tears* is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted tears*. So, in *King Henry VIII*: “You have now a *broken banquet*;” i. e. an *interrupted one*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so*

Cries, *Come! to him that instantly must die.*] An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

“My soul just now about to take her flight,  
“Into the regions of eternal night,  
“Methinks I hear some gentle *spirit* say,  
“Be not fearful, *come away!*”

After whom, Pope:

“Hark! they whisper; angels say  
“Sister spirit, *come away.*” MALONE.

Again, in *Eloisa to Abelard*:

“Come, sister, *come!* (it said, or seem'd to say,)  
“Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away!*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“That *tears* will drown the *wind.*”

Perhaps, rain, to lay this wind! is an optative, and as if he had said—O for tears &c. and so I have pointed it. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
“Holds back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
“At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —by the root! So the folio. Quarto—by *my throat*.

MALONE.



TRO. No remedy,

CRES. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks! <sup>4</sup>—

When shall we see again?

TRO. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of  
heart,——

CRES. I true! how now? what wicked deem is  
this? <sup>5</sup>

TRO. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;  
For I will throw my glove to death <sup>6</sup> himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart:  
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

CRES. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dan-  
gers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

TRO. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear  
this sleeve.

CRES. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TRO. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet, be true.

<sup>4</sup> *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!*] So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the merry Greeks understand me." STEEVENS.

See p. 233, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *what wicked deem is this?*] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion, surmise*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For I will throw my glove to death*—] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

CRES. O heavens!—be true, again?

TRO. Hear why I speak it, love;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature  
flowing,<sup>7</sup>  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
How novelty may move, and parts with person,<sup>8</sup>  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)  
Makes me afeard.

CRES. O heavens! you love me not.

TRO. Die I a villain then!  
In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot fing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt,<sup>9</sup> nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these

<sup>7</sup> They're *loving*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their* loving. This slight correction I proposed some time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It also has *gift* of nature. That emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. In the preceding line "*full of quality*," means, I think, absolute, perfect, in their dispositions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"So buxom, blithe, and *full of face*,

"As heaven had lent her all his grace." MALONE.

The irregularity of metre in this speech, (unless the epithet—*loving* be considered as an interpolation,) together with the obscure phrase—*full of quality*, induce me to suspect the loss of some words which are now irretrievable. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *with* person,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*with* portion. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the high* lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. See Vol. IX, p. 369, n. 8. STEEVENS.

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There lurks a still and dumb-discourfve devil,  
That tempts most cunningly :<sup>2</sup> but be not tempted.

CRES. Do you think, I will?

TRO. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

ÆNE. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

TRO. Come, kifs; and let us part.

PAR. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

TRO. Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

CRES. My lord, will you be true?

TRO. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault :  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;<sup>3</sup>  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain, and true,<sup>4</sup>—there's all the reach of it.

<sup>2</sup> *There lurks a still and dumb-discourfve devil,  
That tempts most cunningly:*] This passage may chance to  
remind the reader of another in *Othello* :

“ For here's a young and sweating devil here,

“ That commonly rebels.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *catch mere simplicity;*] The meaning, I think, is, *while  
others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a  
plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *the moral of my wit*

*Is—plain, and true,*] *Moral*, in this instance, has the same  
meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv :

“ Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this  
Benedictus.”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iv :

“ — he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or  
moral* of his signs and tokens.” TOLLET.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and  
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, fir Diomed! here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port,<sup>5</sup> lord, I'll give her to thy hand;  
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.<sup>6</sup>  
Entreat her fair; and, by my foul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*DIO.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*TRO.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her:<sup>7</sup> I tell thee, lord of Greece,

<sup>5</sup> *At the port,*] The *port* is the *gate*. So, in *King Henry IV.*  
Part II:

“ That keeps the *ports* of slumber open wide.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— possess thee *what she is.*] I will make thee fully understand.  
This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— Is he yet *possess'd*

“ How much you would?” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,*

*In praising her:*] [Old copies—the *zeal*.] *To shame the zeal*  
of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:

*To shame the zeal* ———

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I

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She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,<sup>8</sup>  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*DIO.* O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:  
 Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,  
 To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to my lust:<sup>9</sup> And know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth  
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't fo,  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*.

WARBURTON.

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomedes does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation:

"I charge thee use her well, *even for my charge*."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

"—— she will outstrip all praise ——." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *my lust*:] *Lust* I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.

*Lust* is, *inclination, will*. HENLEY.

So, in *Exodus*, xv. 9: "I will divide the spoil; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them." In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. *I'll answer to my lust, means*—I'll follow my inclination. STEEVENS.

*Lust* was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,

"Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*." MALONE.

TRO. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,<sup>2</sup> Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.  
[*Trumpet heard.*

PAR. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

ÆNE. How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

PAR. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field  
with him.

DEI. Let us make ready straight.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — I'll *tell thee*,] This phraseology (instead of—"I tell thee") occurs almost too frequently in our author, to need exemplification. One instance of it, however, shall be given from *King John*, Act V. sc. vi:

"I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night  
Passing these flats are taken by the tide."

Again, in the first line of *King Henry V*:

"My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd —."

Mr. Malone, conceiving this mode of speech to be merely a printer's error, reads, in the former instance,—"*I tell thee*," though, in the two passages just cited, he retains the ancient and perhaps the true reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Dei. *Let us make ready straight.* &c.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

But why should *Diomed* say,—*Let us make ready straight*? Was he to tend with them on Hector's heels? Certainly not. *Dio* has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of Paris's speech, or belongs to Deiphobus, who is in company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing to get ready:—he is now walking with Troilus and Cressida, towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp. RITSON.

This last speech cannot possibly belong to *Diomed*, who was a Grecian, and could not have addressed Paris and Æneas, as if they were going on the same party. This is in truth a continuation of the speech of *Paris*, and the preceding stage direction should run thus: "*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed who had the charge of Cressida.*" M. MASON.

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*ÆNE.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The Grecian Camp. Lifts set out.*

*Enter AJAX, arm'd; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.*

*AGAM.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,<sup>4</sup>  
Anticipating time with starting courage.

To the first of these lines, "*Let us make ready straight,*" is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.*

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From *Æneas's* first speech in p. 364, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this act, *Deiphobus* appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded. As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakespeare that Diomed should make his *exit* with Troilus and Cressida. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — in appointment *fresh and fair,*] *Appointment* is preparation. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I :

"What well-*appointed* leader fronts us here?"

i. e. what leader well prepared with arms and accoutrements?

STEEVENS.

On the other hand, in *Hamlet* :

"Unhousell'd, *disappointed*, unanneal'd." MALONE.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*AYAX.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek<sup>s</sup>  
Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

*ULYSS.* No trumpet answers.

*ACHIL.* 'Tis but early days.

*AGAM.* Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

*ULYSS.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*AGAM.* Is this the lady Cressid?

*DIO.* Even she.

*AGAM.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

*NEST.* Our general doth salute you with a kifs.

*ULYSS.* Yet is the kindness but particular;  
'Twere better, she were kifs'd in general.

<sup>s</sup> — *bias cheek*—] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

JOHNSON,

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

“ — Faith his cheek

“ Has a most excellent *bias* —.”

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. STEVENS.



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*NEST.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—  
So much for Nestor.

*ACHIL.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair  
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

*MEN.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*PATR.* But that's no argument for kissing now:  
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;  
And parted thus you and your argument.

*ULYSS.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!  
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*PATR.* The first was Menelaus' kifs;—this, mine:  
Patroclus kiffes you.

*MEN.* O, this is trim!

*PATR.* Paris, and I, kifs evermore for him.

*MEN.* I'll have my kifs, fir:—Lady, by your  
leave.

*CRES.* In kissing, do you render, or receive?<sup>6</sup>

*PATR.* Both take and give.<sup>7</sup>

*CRES.* I'll make my match to live,<sup>8</sup>  
The kifs you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kifs.

*MEN.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for  
one.

<sup>6</sup> *In kissing, do you render, or receive?*] Thus, Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:

“ — Fair lady, by your leave,

“ I come by note, to give, and to receive.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Patr. Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> *I'll make my match to live,*] I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kifs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—I'll lay my life. TYRWHITT.

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CRES. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

MEN. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

CRES. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true, That you are odd, and he is even with you.

MEN. You fillip me o'the head.

CRES. No, I'll be sworn.

ULYSS. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

CRES. You may.

ULYSS. I do desire it.

CRES. Why, beg then.º

ULYSS. Why then, for Venus' fake, give me a kifs,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRES. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSS. Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.ª

DIO. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.

NEST. A woman of quick sence.

º *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhyme we should read;  
*Why beg two.*  
If you think kiffes worth begging, beg more than one.

ª *Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulyffes beg a kifs; he asks that he may have it,

“ When Helen is a maid again,——.”  
She tells him that then he shall have it,—When Helen is a maid again :

“ *Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due ;  
“ *Ulyff.* Never's my day, and then a kifs for you.”  
But I rather think that Ulyffes means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

ULRSS. Fie, fie upon her !  
 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
 Nay, her foot speaks ;<sup>3</sup> her wanton spirits look out  
 At every joint and motive of her body.<sup>4</sup>  
 O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
 Nay, her foot speaks ; &c.*] One would almost think that Shak-  
 speare had, on this occasion been reading *St. Chrysoftom*, who says—  
 “ *Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu ; non loquuta es voce,  
 sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce ;*” i. e. “ they say nothing  
 with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with  
 their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies.” I have  
 borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the translation  
 of it, from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect ii.  
 Memb. 2. Subf. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — motive of her body.] *Motive, for part that contributes to  
 motion.* JOHNSON.

This word is also employed, with some singularity, in *All's well  
 that ends well* :

“ As it hath fated her to be my *motive*  
 “ And helper to a husband.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,*] Ere what comes ?  
 As this passage stands, the pronoun *it*, has no antecedent. Johnson  
 says, a *coasting* means an *amorous address, courtship*, but he has given  
 no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear  
 that meaning. I have no doubt but we should read :

*And give accosting welcome ere it come.* M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious; and yet,  
 without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A *coasting welcome* may mean a *side-long glance of invitation*. Ere  
*it comes*, may signify, *before such an overture has reached her*. Per-  
 haps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida  
 is one of those females who *throw out their lure, before any like signal  
 has been made to them by our sex*.

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by ex-  
 amples; and yet perhaps I may be allowed to add, that in some  
 old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that  
 the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns  
 from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did

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And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
 To every ticklish reader! set them down  
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,<sup>6</sup>  
 And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

ALL. The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAM. Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter* HECTOR, *arm'd*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other  
 Trojans, *with Attendants.*

ÆNE. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall  
 be done

To him that victory commands?<sup>7</sup> Or do you purpose,  
 A victor shall be known? will you, the knights  
 Shall to the edge of all extremity<sup>8</sup>

not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. So,  
*in Othello:*

“ They do discharge their shot of courtesy;

“ Our friends, at least.”

Again:

“ They give this greeting to the citadel:

“ This likewise is a friend.”

Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it  
 has been saluted. STEEVENS.

A *coasting* welcome is a conciliatory welcome; that makes silent  
*advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's  
*Venus and Adonis:*

“ Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,

“ And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose  
 chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — what shall be done

*To him that victory commands?*] This phrase is scriptural, and  
 signifies—*what honour shall he receive?* So, in *Samuel* I. xvii. 26:  
 “ *What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *to the edge of all extremity—*] So, in *All's well that ends*  
*well:* “ To the extreme edge of hazard.” STEEVENS.

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Pursue each other; or shall they be divided  
By any voice or order of the field?  
Hector bade ask.

AGAM. Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNE. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

ACHIL. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,] This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon. MALONE.

It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say,

“ If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point.

THEOBALD.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but Theobald is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is in this very speech, so much in character, that makes Æneas immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply,

“ If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride.—I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons. M. MASON.

— securely done,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspeare, “ for (says he) I have not been able to trace it elsewhere.” This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ O damned devil' how *secure* he is.”

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, “ neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents.” And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE. If not Achilles, fir,  
What is your name?

ACHIL. If not Achilles, nothing.

ÆNE. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know  
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;<sup>3</sup>  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:<sup>4</sup>  
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.<sup>5</sup>

ACHIL. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive  
you.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscan tongue."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:*] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *half Trojan, and half Greek.*] Hence Patroclus in a former scene called Ajax a *mongrel*. See p. 274, n. 8. MALONE.

*Re-enter* DIOMED.

AGAM. Here is fir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath:<sup>6</sup> the combatants being kin,  
Half stints<sup>7</sup> their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

ULYSS. They are oppos'd already.

AGAM. What Trojan is that fame that looks so  
heavy?

ULYSS. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;  
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;<sup>8</sup>  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon  
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;  
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought<sup>9</sup> with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

<sup>6</sup> — a breath:] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms.  
See p. 300, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — stints —] i. e. stops. So, in *Timon of Athens*:  
“ — make peace, stint war —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — deedless in his tongue;] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — an impair thought —] A thought unfuitable to the dignity  
of his character. This word I should have changed to *impair*,  
were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and con-  
currence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of  
Homer*, 1598: “ — nor is it more *impair* to an honest and  
absolute man” &c. STEEVENS.

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
 To tender objects; <sup>2</sup> but he, in heat of action,  
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth  
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,  
 Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.<sup>3</sup>

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

AGAM. They are in action.

NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TRO. Hector, thou sleep'st;  
 Awake thee!

AGAM. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

DIO. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

DIO. As Hector pleases.

HECT. Why then, will I no more:—  
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
 The obligation of our blood forbids  
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,  
 That thou could'st say—*This band is Grecian all,*

<sup>2</sup> — Hector, — subscribes  
 To tender objects;] That is, yields, gives way. JOHNSON.  
 So, in *King Lear*: “ — subscrib'd his power;” i. e. submitted.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — thus translate him to me.] Thus explain his character.  
 JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:  
 “ There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;  
 “ You must translate.” STEEVENS.



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*And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds—in my father's; by Jove multipotent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish mem-  
ber*

Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

*AGAX.* I thank thee, Hector:  
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition<sup>4</sup> earned in thy death.

*HECT.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable  
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes  
Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself<sup>5</sup>  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

<sup>4</sup> *A great addition—*] i. e. denomination. See p. 229, n. 5.

STREVEN'S.

<sup>5</sup> *Not Neoptolemus so mirable*

(*On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes,*

*Cries, This is he,*) could promise to himself &c.] Dr. Warburton observes, that "the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads:

*Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible,*

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention." MALONE.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus,

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ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

HECT.

We'll answer it ;<sup>6</sup>

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successes of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will show :

- “ Also the triumphant Trojans victorious,
- “ By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
- “ Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
- “ Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
- “ O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
- “ For multitude of people was there mortificate
- “ With condigne Priamus and all his progenie,
- “ And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate.”

In Lydgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen :

- “ The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
- “ That had his haire as blacke as any jet,” &c. p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father :

- “ Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wife
- “ Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
- “ To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
- “ He may revenge his father's death,” &c. p. 237.

STEEVENS.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium* : an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 350, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy :

- “ But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home*,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *We'll answer it ;*] That is, answer the expectance.

JOHNSON,

*AYAX.* If I might in entreaties find success,  
(As feld I have the chance,) I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*DIO.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*HECT.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.<sup>7</sup>

*AYAX.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*HECT.* The worthiest of them tell me name by  
name;  
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*AGAM.* Worthy of arms!<sup>8</sup> as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,  
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with  
husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

<sup>7</sup> — *your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

These knights to the amount of about *two hundred thousand* (for there were not less in both armies) Shakspeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Destructions of Troy*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Worthy of arms!*] Folio. *Worthy all arms!* Quarto. The quarto has only the first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision.

JOHNSON.

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,<sup>9</sup>  
From heart of very heart,<sup>2</sup> great Hector, welcome.

HECT. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.<sup>3</sup>

AGAM. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no lefs to  
you. [To TROILUS.

MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's  
greeting;—  
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECT. Whom must we answer?

MEN. The noble Menelaus.<sup>4</sup>

HECT. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:<sup>5</sup>  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

<sup>9</sup> —divine integrity,] i. e. integrity like that of heaven.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —heart of very heart,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ In my heart's core, ay in my heart of heart.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —most imperious Agamemnon.] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ *Imperious* supreme of all mortal things.” MALONE.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ King, be thy thoughts *imperious*, like thy name.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Men. *The noble Menelaus.*] Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to *Aeneas*. REED.

<sup>5</sup> *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:

*Mock not thy affect, the untraded earth.* JOHNSON.

—*the untraded oath*;] A singular oath, not in common use. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ —some way of common trade.”

Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear; unless the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*,

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*MEN.* Name her not now, fir; she's a deadly theme.

*HECT.* O, pardon; I offend.

*NEST.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth:<sup>6</sup> and I have  
seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur<sup>7</sup> thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,<sup>8</sup>

4to. 1577, sign. M ij: "At this upper borde nexte unto Jupiter on the right hande sat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddesse his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr satte *Venus*, the goddesse of love with a *GLOVE made of floures sticking in hyr bosome.*" MALONE.

*Glove*, in the preceding extract, must be a corruption of some other word, perhaps of—*Globe*. A flowery globe might have been worn by Venus as an emblem of the influence of Love, which, by adding graces and pleasures to the world, may, poetically, be said to cover it with flowers.

Our ancient nosegays also (as may be known from several old engravings) were nearly *globular*.—But what idea can be communicated by a *glove made of flowers*? or how could any form resembling a *glove*, be produced out of such materials?

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Labouring for destiny, &c.*] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"— His sword, *death's stamp*,  
" Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
" He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
" Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
" The mortal gate of the city, which he painted  
" With shunle's *destiny.*" MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *As hot as Perseus, spur*—] As the equestrian fame of *Perseus*, on the present occasion, must be alluded to, this simile will serve to countenance my opinion, that in a former instance his *horse* was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, for a ship. See p. 245, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.*

JOHNSON.

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,  
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd;<sup>9</sup>  
 That I have said to some my standers-by,  
*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!*  
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;  
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;  
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our-tents.

ÆNE. 'Tis the old Nestor.<sup>3</sup>

HECTOR. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

<sup>9</sup> *When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air, Not letting it decline on the declin'd;*] Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in the second act of his *Bufris*:

“ — my rais'd arm  
 “ Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,  
 “ And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe.”

STEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“ And hangs resolv'd correction in the air,  
 “ That was uprear'd to execution.”

The *declin'd* is the *fallen*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Not one accompanying his declining foot.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *thy grandfire,*] Laomedon. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis the old Nestor.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Old Cassius itill.”

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, Æneas means, “ Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be.” He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Nestor is the person who has addressed him. MALONE.

I believe, that Æneas, who acts as master of the ceremonies, is now merely announcing Nestor to Hector, as he had before announced Menelaus to him; for as Mr. Ritson has observed, the sixth speech, p. 391, most evidently belongs to Æneas.

STEVENS.

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That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.

NEST. I would, my arms could match thee in  
contention,  
As they contend' with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.

NEST. Ha!  
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

ULYSS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECT. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

ULYSS. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *As they contend—*] This line is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Threatening cloud kissing Ilium with annoy.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“Whose towers bore beads so high, they kiss'd the clouds.”

*Ilium*, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, “that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they raught up unto the heaven.” *The Destruction of Troy*, Book II. p. 478:

So also Lydgate, sign. F 8, verso:

“And whan he gan to his worke approche,

“He made it bulde hye upon a roche,

“It for to assure in his foundation,

“And called it the noble *Ilium*.”

Must kiss their own feet.

*HECT.* I must not believe you :  
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*ULYSS.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*ACHIL.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !<sup>7</sup>—

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote in the first act these lines. Troilus is the speaker :

“ Between our Ilium, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]  
“ Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !*] Should we not read—*though*? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, Act III. sc. i :

“ —O dissembling woman,  
“ Whom I must reverence *though* —.” TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou !* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night* : “ —if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.” Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou !*”

Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play : “ —thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou !*” STEEVENS.

Steevens's observations on the use of the word *thou*, are perfectly just, and therefore I agree with Tyrwhitt that we ought to read : “ —lord Ulysses, *though*,” as it could not be the intention of Achilles to affront Ulysses, but merely to inform him, that he expected to entertain Hector before he did. M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true ; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces. STEEVENS.



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Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;<sup>8</sup>  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.<sup>9</sup>

HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHIL. I am Achilles.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;  
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so opprefs me with thine eye?

ACHIL. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of  
his body  
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?  
That I may give the local wound a name;  
And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

HECT. It would discredit the blefs'd gods, proud  
man,  
To answer such a question: Stand again:  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

<sup>8</sup> Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lydgate. See p. 178. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. So, in Hamlet:

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not quoted him.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ *Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

“ *Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.” STEEVENS.

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ACHIL.

I tell thee, yea.

HECT. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,<sup>3</sup>  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never——

AJAX.

Do not chafe thee, cousin;—  
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.<sup>4</sup>

HECT. I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
We have had pelting wars,<sup>4</sup> since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

ACHIL.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night, all friends.

<sup>3</sup> But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,] A stithy is an anvil, and from hence the verb stithied is formed. M. MASON.

The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a stomach to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> —pelting wars,] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Hath every pelting river made so proud," &c.

See Vol. V. p. 42, n. 9. STEVENS.

*HECT.* Thy hand upon that match.

• *AGAM.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive<sup>4</sup> we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.—  
Beat loud the tabourines,<sup>5</sup> let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*TRO.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*ULYSS.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*TRO.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so  
much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*ULYSS.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was

<sup>4</sup> ——— *convive* ———] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanee*, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Beat loud the tabourines,*] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

*To taste your bounties.*

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*.

JOHNSON.

*Tabourines* are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *That this great soldier may his welcome know.*] So, in *Macbeth*:  
“ That this great king may kindly say,  
“ Our duties did his welcome pay.” STEEVENS.

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This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,  
That wails her absence?

TRO. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS,

ACHIL. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-  
night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.<sup>7</sup>

PATR. Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

ACHIL. How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch of nature,<sup>8</sup> what's the news?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to the height.*] The same phrase occurs in *King Henry VIII*:  
“ He's traitor *to the height.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou crusty batch of nature,*] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*.

JOHNSON.

*Batch* does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at

**THER.** Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

**ACHIL.** From whence, fragment?

**THER.** Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

**PATR.** Who keeps the tent now?

**THER.** The surgeon's box,<sup>8</sup> or the patient's wound.

**PATR.** Well said, Adversity!<sup>9</sup> and what need these tricks?

**THER.** Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

**PATR.** Male varlet,<sup>2</sup> you rogue! what's that?

one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Catiline*:

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Hast thou made a good *batch*? I pray thee give me a new loaf."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Is all the rest of this *batch*?"

Therites had already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The surgeon's box*,] In this answer Therites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

<sup>9</sup> *Well said, Adversity!*] *Adversity*, I believe, in this instance, signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Therites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess, addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue,) says—"avaunt, *Perplexity!*" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Male varlet*,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Male barlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*: "—'tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

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**THER.** Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies,<sup>3</sup> raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

**PATR.** Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

**THER.** Do I curse thee?

**PATR.** Why, no, you ruinous butt; <sup>4</sup> you whore-son indistinguishable cur,<sup>5</sup> no.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

There is nothing either criminal or extraordinary in a *male varlet*. The word *preposterous* is well adapted to express the idea of Thermites. The sense therefore requires that we should adopt Hanmer's amendment. M. MASON.

*Man-mistress* is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *cold palsies,*] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *you ruinous butt; &c.*] Patroclus reproaches Thermites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

JOHNSON.

The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

“Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *indistinguishable cur,*] i. e. thou cur of an undeterminate shape. STEEVENS.

*THER.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive filk,<sup>3</sup> thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peffer'd with such water-flies;<sup>4</sup> diminutives of nature!<sup>5</sup>

*PATR.* Out, gall!<sup>6</sup>

*THER.* Finch egg!<sup>7</sup>

*ACHIL.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love;<sup>8</sup> Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

<sup>3</sup> — *thou idle immaterial skein of sleive filk,*] All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

*Sleive filk* has been already explained. See Vol. VII. p. 418, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *such water-flies;*] So, Hamlet, speaking of Ofrick:

“Dost know this *water-fly*?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *diminutives of nature!*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— be shown

“For poor't *diminutives*, for dolts,——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Out, gall!*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out gall!*

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. HANMER.

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;  
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—  
 Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.—  
 Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

THEM. With too much blood, and too little brain,  
 these two may run mad; but if with too much  
 brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer  
 of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fel-  
 low enough, and one that loves quails; but he has  
 not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly  
 transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the  
 bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial  
 of cuckolds;<sup>9</sup> a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain,  
 hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but  
 that he is, should wit larded with malice, and ma-  
 lice forced with wit,<sup>2</sup> turn him to? To an ass, were

<sup>9</sup> *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;*] He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as himself explains it, the bull, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the primitive statue of cuckolds; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath observes, that “the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns.”

STEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *borned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton, I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —forced with wit,] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this



nothing; he is both afs and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,<sup>2</sup> a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therſites; for I care not to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! ſpirits and fires!<sup>3</sup>

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights.*

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 'tis;  
There, where we ſee the lights.

HECT. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

ULYSSES. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

quality in the bird. A ſimilar alluſion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ — the hot deſire of quails,  
“ To yours is modeſt appetite.” STEVENS.

In old French *caille* was ſynonymous to *ſille de joie*. In the *Diſc. Comique par le Roux*, under the article *caille* are theſe words:

“ Chaud comme une *caille*.—  
“ *Caille* coëffée,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes. Signifie femme éveillée, amoureuſe.”

So, in Rabelais:—“ *Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;”—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old tranſlation): “ coated quails and laced mutton, waggishly ſinging.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a fitchew,] i. e. a *polecat*. So, in *Othello*: “ 'Tis ſuch another *fitchew*, marry a perfum'd one —.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *ſpirits and fires!*] This Therſites ſpeaks upon the firſt ſight of the diſtant lights. JOHNSON.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes  
all.

AGAM. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good  
night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECT. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks'  
general.

MEN. Good night, my lord.

HECT. Good night, sweet Menelaus.<sup>4</sup>

THER. Sweet draught:<sup>5</sup> Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet  
fink, sweet sewer.

ACHIL. Good night,  
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

AGAM. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.]

ACHIL. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord; I have important businets,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great  
Hector.

HECT. Give me your hand.

ULYSS. Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

TRO. Sweet fir, you honour me.

<sup>4</sup> — *sweet Menelaus.*] Old copy, redundantly,—*sweet lord*  
Menelaus. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Sweet draught:*] *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is  
used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. MALONE.

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places, STEEVENS.

HECT. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

ACHIL. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST.]

THER. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;<sup>4</sup> but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,<sup>5</sup> there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,<sup>6</sup> and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.]

<sup>4</sup> — *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says,—“*Brabbling curs never want fore ears.*”

ANONYMUS.

<sup>5</sup> — *prodigious,*] i. e. portentous, ominous. So, in *King Richard III*:

“*Prodigious, and untimely brought to light.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,*] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

*Enter DIOMED.*

DIO. What are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [*Within.*] Who calls?

DIO. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

CAL. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.*

ULYSS. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

TRO. Cressid come forth to him!

DIO. How now, my charge?

CRES. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

TRO. Yea, so familiar!

ULYSS. She will sing any man at first fight.<sup>7</sup>

THER. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;<sup>8</sup> she's noted.

<sup>7</sup> *She will sing any man at first fight.*] We now say—sing at fight. The meaning is the same. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —her cliff;] That is, her key. *Clif*, French. JOHNSON. *Cliff*, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a

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DIO. Will you remember?

CRES. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then;<sup>8</sup>  
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TRO. What should she remember?

ULYSSES. Lift!

CRES. Sweet honey Greek; tempt me no more to  
folly.

THER. Roguery!

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRES. I'll tell you what:—

DIO. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are for-  
sworn.—

CRES. In faith, I cannot: What would you have  
me do?

THER. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

DIO. What did you swear you would bestow on  
me?

CRES. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;  
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

fong; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind  
of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio,  
employing musical terms, says:

“ — Will none but my C. *cliff* serve your turn?”

Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

“ ——— that's a bird

“ Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Nay, but do then;] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the  
word—*Nay*, should be omitted. Yet such is the irregularity or  
mutilation of this dialogue, that it is not always easy to determine  
how much of it was meant for prose or verse. STEEVENS.

DIO. Good night.

TRO. Hold, patience!

ULYSS. How now, Trojan?

CRES. Diomed,——

DIO. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

TRO. Thy better must.

CRES. Hark, one word in your ear,

TRO. O plague and madness!

ULYSS. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself  
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TRO. Behold, I pray you!

ULYSS. Now, my good lord, go off:  
You flow to great destruction;<sup>9</sup> come, my lord.

TRO. I pr'ythee, stay.

ULYSS. You have not patience; come.

<sup>9</sup> *You flow to great destruction;*] means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to *imminent danger*.

MALONE.

The folio has:

*You flow to great distraction;*——.

The quarto:

*You flow to great destruction;*——. JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading: *You flow to great destruction, or distraction,* means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *bricht of madness* from the predominance of your own passions.

STEEVENS.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just before:

“ —— this place is dangerous;

“ The time right deadly.” M. MASON.

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TRO. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

DIO. And so, good night.

CRES. Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

ULYSS. Why, how now, lord?

TRO. By Jove,

I will be patient.

CRES. Guardian!—why, Greek!

DIO. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.<sup>9</sup>

CRES. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

ULYSS. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

TRO. She strokes his cheek!

ULYSS. Come, come.

TRO. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

THER. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,  
and potatoe finger, tickles these together!<sup>2</sup> Fry,  
lechery, fry!

DIO. But will you then?

<sup>9</sup> — *palter*.] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ And *palter* in the shifts of lownefs.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*] Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEVENS.

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CRES. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

DIO. Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRES. I'll fetch you one. [Exit,

ULYSS. You have sworn patience.

TRO. Fear me not, my lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

THER. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

CRES. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — keep this sleeve.] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 12: "— One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Haftings wore."

Again, in the *Morte Arthur*, p. 3. ch. 119:

"When Queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 844. says, K. Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however was adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*." A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,  
Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;  
Within thy helmet put the same,  
Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystoryes of Troye*, tells us, "Bryssyde whom master Chaucer calleth *Cressyde*, was a damofell of great beaute; and yet was more quyaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condicions." FARMER.

This *sleeve* was given by *Troilus* to *Cressida* at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. M. MASON.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of ladies' *sleeves*



TRO. O beauty! where's thy faith?

ULYSS. My lord,—

TRO. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRES. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

DIO. Whose was't?

CRES. No matter, now<sup>2</sup> I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pry'thee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THER. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

DIO. I shall have it.<sup>3</sup>

CRES. What this?

DIO. Ay, that.

CRES. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!  
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On second consideration, I believe the sleeve of *Troilus*, which is here given to Diomed, was such a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: "Also the deepe smocke *sleive*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a *sleive*, is fashioned much like to that *sleive*." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *No matter, now &c.*] Old copies, redundantly,—*It is no matter, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I shall have it.*] Some word or words, necessary to the metre, are here apparently omitted. STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 41

As I kifs thee.<sup>4</sup>—Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO. I did swear patience.

CRES. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you  
shall not;

I'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this; Whose was it?

CRES. 'Tis no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRES. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you  
will.

But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. Whose was it?

CRES. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,<sup>5</sup>  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;  
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

TRO. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ft it on thy  
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

<sup>4</sup> *As I kifs thee.* &c.] In old editions:

*As I kifs thee.*

Dio. *Nay, do not snatch it from me.*

Cres. *He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.*

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD,

<sup>5</sup> *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“The silver-shining queen he would distain;

“Her twinkling band-maid: too, by him defil'd,

“Through night's black bosom should not peep again.”

MALONE.

414 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CRES. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet  
it is not;

I will not keep my word.

DIO. Why then, farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRES. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a  
word,  
But it straight starts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THER. Nor I, by Pluto:<sup>5</sup> but that that likes not  
you, pleases me best.

DIO. What, shall I come? the hour?

CRES. Ay, come:—O Jove!—  
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

DIO. Farewell till then.

CRES. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.

Troilus, farewell!<sup>6</sup> one eye yet looks on thee;

<sup>5</sup> Ther. *Nor I, by Pluto: &c.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer gives this speech to Troilus. It does not very much resemble the language of Therites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though it is here given as it stands in the folio, and the quarto 1609, "imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:

"She gave her heart and love to Diomed,  
"To shew what trust there is in woman kind;  
"For she of her new love no sooner sped,  
"But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,  
"As if she never had him known or seen,  
"Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean."

STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 415

But with my heart the other eye doth see.<sup>7</sup>—  
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,  
 The error of our eye directs our mind:  
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,  
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

HER. A proof of strength she could not publish  
 more,<sup>8</sup>  
 Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYSS. All's done, my lord.

TRO. It is.

ULYSS. Why stay we then?

TRO. To make a recordation to my soul  
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,  
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;<sup>9</sup>  
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
 Created only to calumniate.  
 Was Cressid here?

ULYSS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *But with my heart &c.*] I think it should be read thus:  
*But my heart with the other eye doth see.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

*But with the other eye my heart doth see.* TYRWHITT.

The present reading is right. She means to say, "one eye yet looks on thee, Troilus, but the other corresponds *with my heart*, and looks after Diomedes." M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *A proof of strength she could not publish more,*] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;*] i. e. that turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

TRO. She was not, sure.

ULYSS. Most sure she was.<sup>9</sup>

TRO. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSS. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

TRO. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!<sup>2</sup>  
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage  
To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,  
For depravation,<sup>3</sup>—to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule; rather think this not Cressid.

ULYSS. What hath she done, prince, that can foil  
our mothers?

TRO. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THER. Will he swagger himself out on's own  
eyes?

TRO. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Most sure she was.*] The present deficiency in the measure induces me to suppose our author wrote:

It is *most sure she was.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — for *womanhood!*] i. e. for the sake of womanhood.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *do not give advantage*

*To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,*

*For depravation,*] Critick has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“And critick Timon laugh at idle toys.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *If there be rule in unity itself,*] may mean,—If there be *certainty in unity*, if it be a *rule that one is one.* JOHNSON.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

M. MASON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

This was not she. O madness of discourse,  
 That cause sets up with and against itself!<sup>5</sup>  
 Bi-fold authority!<sup>6</sup> where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
 Without revolt;<sup>7</sup> this is, and is not, Cressid!  
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight<sup>8</sup>  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate<sup>9</sup>  
 Divides more wider<sup>2</sup> than the sky and earth;  
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

<sup>5</sup> — *against itself!*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*against itself.* In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—*This is not she.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Bi-fold *authority!*] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul *authority!*—

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once for and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid.* The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *where reason can revolt*

*Without perdition, and loss assume all reason*

*Without revolt;*] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Within my soul there doth commence a fight—*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Sir, in my heart, there was a kind of *fighting.*” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *a thing inseparate—*] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *more wider—*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far wider*; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He bears himself *more proudlier.*”

See note on this passage. STEVENS.

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.<sup>3</sup>  
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:  
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and  
 loos'd;  
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.*] *Is*,—the syllable wanting in this verse, the modern editors have supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos reads with the folio, *Ariachna's* broken woof, and the other *Ariatbna's*. It is not impossible that Shakspeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

“ — instead of these poor weeds, in robes  
 “ Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,  
 “ Or *Cytherea's* airy-moving vest.”

Again in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ — thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,  
 “ Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd.”

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“ Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;  
 “ But not an *Ariadne* in the world  
 “ To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,  
 “ The very maze of horror.”

Shakspeare, however, might have written—*Arachna*; great liberties being taken in spelling proper names, and especially by ancient English writers. Thus we have both *Alceme* and *Alcumene*, *Alcmena* and *Alcumena*. STEEVENS.

My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Ariachna's* broken woof; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says—*Ariatbna's*. The folio—*Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the mistake was not originally the author's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 419

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.<sup>5</sup>

ULYSSES. May worthy Troilus<sup>6</sup> be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?

TRO. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged  
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

“Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,  
“In true-love knots, which nought but death shall loose.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.*] Vows which  
she has already swallowed once over. We still say of a faithless  
man, that he has eaten his words. JOHNSON.

The image is not of the most delicate kind. “Her o'er-eaten  
faith” means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she  
was surfeited, and, like one who has over-eaten himself, had thrown  
off. All the preceding words, the fragments, scraps, &c. show that  
this was Shakspeare's meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“Give me excess of it [music]; that surfeiting  
“The appetite may sicken, and so die.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
“Their over-greedy LOVE hath surfeited.—

“O thou fond many! with what loud applause  
“Did'st thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
“Before he was what thou would'st have him be!  
“And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
“Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
“That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *May worthy Troilus*—] Can Troilus really feel on this oc-  
casion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm  
Ulysses. JOHNSON.



That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;  
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
 My sword should bite it:<sup>7</sup> not the dreadful spout,  
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,<sup>8</sup>  
 Constring'd in mafs by the almighty sun,  
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
 Falling on Diomed.

*THER.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.<sup>9</sup>

*TRO.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,  
 false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
 And they'll seem glorious.

*ULRSS.* O, contain yourself;  
 Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*ÆNE.* I have been seeking you this hour, my  
 lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

<sup>7</sup> *My sword should bite it:*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
 "— I have a sword, and it shall bite," &c. In *King Lear* we  
 have also "biting faulchion." STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the dreadful spout,*  
*Which shipmen do the hurricano call,*] A particular account of  
 "a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quarto,  
 1627: "A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely from  
 the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea,  
 where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the  
 language of Shakspeare, to *dizzy the ear of Neptune*.

So also, Drayton:

"And down the shower impetuously doth fall

"Like that *which men the burricano call.*" STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *concupy.*] A cant word, formed by our author from  
*concupiscence.* STEVENS.

TRO. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!<sup>2</sup>

ULYSS. I'll bring you<sup>3</sup> to the gates.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

THER. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode; I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!<sup>4</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> — and wear a castle on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

So, in *The most ancient and famous History of the renowned Prince Arthur*, &c. edit. 1634, ch. clviii: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head."—*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head*; i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a *castle* by way of crest to his helmet.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'll bring you &c.*] Perhaps this, and the following short speech, originally stood thus:

Ulyss. *I'll bring you to the gates, my lord.*

Tro.

*Accept*

*Distracted thanks.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *A burning devil take them!*] Alluding to the venerical disease, formerly called the *brenning* or *burning*. M. MASON.

So, in *Isaiab*, iii. 24: "— and *burning* instead of beauty."

STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.**Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*AND.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*HECT.* You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*AND.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.<sup>5</sup>

*HECT.* No more, I say.

<sup>5</sup> *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15147:

“ Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,  
“ That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,  
“ She dremed on the same night beforne,  
“ How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,  
“ If thilke day he went into bataille:  
“ She warned him, but it might not availle;  
“ He went forth for to fighten natheles,  
“ And was yslain anon of Achilles.” STEEVENS.

*My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day;* forebode ill to it, and shew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the seventh scene of this act:

“ — the quarrel's most ominous to us.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ — O thou bloody prifon,  
“ Fatal and ominous to noble peers!”

Mr. Pope, and all the subsequent editors, read—*will prove ominous to-day.* MALONE.

Do we gain any thing more than rough verification by restoring the article—*the*? The meaning of Andromache (without it) is—*My dreams will to-day be fatally verified.* STEEVENS.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*CAS.* Where is my brother Hector?

*AND.* Here, sifter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,<sup>6</sup>  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-  
ter.

*CAS.* O, it is true.

*HECT.* Ho! bid my trumpet found!

*CAS.* No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*HECT.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me  
swear.

*CAS.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish<sup>7</sup> vows;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*AND.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,<sup>8</sup>  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

<sup>6</sup> — dear *petition*,] *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean  
*important, consequential*. So, in *King Lear*:

“ ——— some *dear* cause

“ Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *peevish*—] i. e. foolish. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ ——— I will not so presume,

“ To send such *peevish* tokens to a king.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *For we would give &c.*] This is so oddly confused in the  
folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

“ ——— do not count it holy,

“ To hurt by being just; it is as lawful

“ *For we would count give much to as violent thefts,*

“ And rob in the behalf of charity.” JOHNSON.

*CAS.* It is the purpose,<sup>9</sup> that makes strong the  
vow ;  
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold :  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*HECT.* Hold you still, I say ;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :<sup>2</sup>  
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man<sup>3</sup>  
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—

I believe we should read :

*For we would give much, to use violent thefts,*  
i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word  
*count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr.  
Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading :

*For us to count we give what's gain'd by theft,*  
and all the subsequent editors have copied him. The last three lines  
are not in the quarto, the compositor's eye having probably passed  
over them; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra  
is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line  
of this.

In the first part of Andromache's speech she alludes to a doctrine  
which Shakspeare has often enforced. "Do not think you are  
acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have *sworn to do*  
*amisi.*" So, in *King John* :

" ——— where doing tends to ill,

" The truth is then most done, not doing it." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *It is the purpose,*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all  
the coolness and judgement of a skilful casuist. "The essence of  
a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end  
is wrong must not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :*] If this be not a  
nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we  
should read :

*Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate :*

i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in ; mine honour will  
avert the storms of fate, will protect my life amidst the dangers of  
the field.—A somewhat similar phrase occurs in *The Tempest* :

" In the lime grove that *weather-sends* our cell."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— dear man—] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read  
—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our author's man-  
ner. JOHNSON.

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

*AND.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*

*HECT.* No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*TRO.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion,<sup>4</sup> than a man.

*HECT.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

*TRO.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.<sup>5</sup>

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ This is *dear* mercy, and thou see'st it not.” STEEVENS.

*Brave* was substituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Which better fits a lion,*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

JOHNSON.

Hence Spenser's *Una*, attended by a lion. *Faery Queen*, I. iii. 7.  
See also Sir Perceval's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. XIV. c. vi.

T. WARTON.

<sup>5</sup> *When many times the captive Grecians fall,*—

*You bid them rise, and live.*] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by

HECT. O, 'tis fair play.

TRO. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECT. How now? how now?

TRO. For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

HECT. Fie, savage, fie!

TRO. Hector, then 'tis wars.<sup>6</sup>

HECT. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TRO. Who should withhold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon<sup>7</sup> my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;<sup>8</sup>

no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad*:

Οὐ γὰρ μύλικος ἴσκει πατὴρ τινὸς ἐν δαί' λυγρῇ.

"For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." Pope.

"Thy father, boy, bore never into fight

"A milky mind,——." Cowper.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hector, then 'tis wars.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we ought to read:

Why, Hector, then 'tis wars.

Shakspeare frequently uses this adverb emphatically, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Ninus' tomb, man: *Why*, you must not speak that yet." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *with fiery truncheon*——] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with recourse of tears*;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

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Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*CAS.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*PRI.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had vi-  
sions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*HECT.* Æneas is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*PRI.* But thou shalt not go.

*HECT.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect;<sup>9</sup> but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*CAS.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*AND.* Do not, dear father.

So, in *As you like it*:

“ ——— the big round tears

“ *Cours'd* one another down his innocent nose——.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *shame respect*;] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. STEVENS.



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HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you :  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.]

TRO. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O farewell, dear Hector.<sup>2</sup>  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours<sup>3</sup> forth!  
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,<sup>4</sup>  
Like witless anticks, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TRO. Away!—Away!—

CAS. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my  
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.]

HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:  
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

PRI. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about  
thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.]

<sup>2</sup> O farewell, dear Hector.] The interposition and clamorous  
frow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — shrills her dolours—] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*,  
1613:

“ Through all th' abyfs I have *brill'd* thy daughter's losfs,  
“ With my concave trump.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Behold, destruction, frenzy, &c.] So the quarto. The editor  
of the folio, for *destruction* substituted *distractiow*. The original  
reading appears to me far preferable. MALONE.

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TRO. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.<sup>5</sup>

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,  
PANDARUS.

PAN. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TRO. What now?

PAN. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

TRO. Let me read.

<sup>5</sup> In the folios and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the transposition proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the folio at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, (with a very slight variation,) are these:

“ Pand. Why but hear you——

“ Tro. Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and shame

“ Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!”

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But bear you*); no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its present place, precisely as it is here given; but the three lines above quoted do not constitute any part of the scene. For the repetition of those three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are answerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy.

MALONE.

PAN. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,<sup>6</sup> I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

TRO. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]  
The effect doth operate another way.—  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—  
My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

THER. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan afs, that loves the whore there, might fend that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,<sup>7</sup>—that stale old mouse-eaten

<sup>6</sup> — *curs'd,*] i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &c.]* But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being swear-

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dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, —is not prov'd worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,\* and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

*Enter* DIOMED, *TROILUS following.*

*TRO.* Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river  
Styx,  
I would swim after.

*DIO.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!

*THER.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy  
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!  
[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMED, fighting.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*HECT.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for  
Hector's match?  
Art thou of blood, and honour?‡

*ing rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that sneering is the true reading. They had colloqued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sncerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.*

THEOBALD.

§ — to proclaim barbarism,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

JOHNSON.

‡ *Art thou of blood, and honour?*] This is an idea taken from

THEB. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECT. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit.

THEB. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed:

“ And am her knight by proof.” STEEVENS.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat.

Alluding to this circumstance Cleopatra says:

“ These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
“ A meaner than myself.”

We learn from *Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 165, edit. 1735, that “ the Laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered, that he was neither Earl nor Lord, but a Baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindfay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse. But his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.”

These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Alumazar*, Act IV. sc. vii.  
REED.

## SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter* DIOMED, *and a* Servant: .

DIO. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;<sup>2</sup>

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

SERV.

I go my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.]*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

AGAM. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon<sup>3</sup>  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands colossus-wife, waving his beam,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *take thou* Troilus' horse;] So, in Lydgate:

“ That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force  
“ At unawares, he cast down from his *horse*,  
“ And gave it to his squire for to beare  
“ To *Cressida*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *bastard Margarelon*—] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from Lydgate, p. 194:

“ Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,  
“ One of king Priam's bastard children,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *waving his beam*,] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam,

Upon the passed <sup>4</sup> corfes of the kings  
 Epistrophus and Cediuz: Polixenes is slain;  
 Amphimachus, and Thoas; deadly hurt;  
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
 Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary  
 Appals our numbers; <sup>5</sup> haste we, Diomed,  
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

as Goliath's spear is described. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*,  
 B. III. vii. 40:

"All were the beame in bignes like a mast." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *passed*—] i. e. bruised, crushed. So, before, Ajax says:

"I'll *pass* him o'er the face." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the dreadful Sagittary*

*Appals our numbers* ;] "Beyonde the royalmé of Amalsonne  
 came an aunceynt kynge, wyfe and dyscreete, named Epytrophus,  
 and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouſe beste that was  
 called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horſe, and  
 to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horſe, and had his  
 eyen rede as a cole, and ſhote well with a bowe: *this beste made the  
 Grekes ſore aſerde, and ſlewe many of them with his bowe.*" *The  
 Three Deſtruſtions of Troy*, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

A more circumſtantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in  
*Lydgate's Aunceient Hiſtorie* &c. 1555:

"And with hym Guydo ſayth that he hadde

"A wonder archer of ſyght meruaylous,

"Of fourme and ſhap in maner monſtruous:

"For lyke myne auctour as I reherſe can,

"Fro the nauel vpwarde he was man,

"And lower downe lyke a horſe yſhaped:

"And thilke parte that after man was made,

"Of ſkinne was black and rough as any bere

"Couered with here fro colde him for to were.

"Paſſyng foule and horrible of ſyght,

"Whoſe eyen twain were ſparkeling as bright

"As is a furneis with his rede leuene,

"Or the lyghtnyng that falleth from y<sup>e</sup> heauen;

"Dredeful of loke, and rede as fyre of chere,

"And, as I reade, he was a goode archer;

"And with his bowe both at euen and morowe

"Upon Grekes he wrought moche ſorrowe,

"And gaſted them with many hydous loke:

"So ſterne he was that many of them quoke," &c.

STEEVENS.

Enter NESTOR.

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—  
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
 Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,<sup>6</sup>  
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — on Galathe his horse,] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD.

“ Cal'd Galathe (the which is said to have been)

“ The goodliest horse,” &c. *Lydgate*, p. 142.

Again, p. 175 :

“ And fought, by all the means he could, to take

“ Galathe, Hector's horse,” &c.

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has likewise continued the same appellation to Hector's horse :

“ My armour, and my trusty Galatee.”

Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from Lydgate. John Stephens, the author of *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by Ben Jonson in some lines prefixed to it,) has mounted Hector on an elephant. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — scaled sculls—] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expofitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592 : “ He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheafants.” The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement, to another. Again, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. VII. v. 399, &c.

“ ————— each bay

“ With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals

“ Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales

“ Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft

“ Bank the mid sea.”

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep.”

STEEVENS.

*Scaled* means here, dispersed, put to flight. See Vol. IV. p. 292, n. 2 ; and Vol. XII. p. 9, n. 9. This is proved decisively by the



Before the belching whale;<sup>8</sup> then is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy Greeks,<sup>9</sup> ripe for his edge,  
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:<sup>1</sup>  
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;  
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,

original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled* (with the same sense) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described.

The passage quoted above from Drayton does not militate against this interpretation. There the added epithet *silver* shews that the word *scaled* is used in its common sense; as the context here (to say nothing of the evidence arising from the reading of the oldest copy) ascertains it to have been employed with the less usual signification already stated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said, in the same manner, to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *History of Fish*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the species of whale alluded to by Shakespeare) is so large, that, according to Goldsmith, he could with ease swallow an ox. MALONE.

*Sculls* and *shoals*, have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — the belching whale;] So, in *Pericles*:

" ——— the belching whale,

" And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corse."

Homer also compares Achilles to a dolphin driving other fishes before him, *Iliad* XXI. v. 22:

Ὀς δ' ὑπὸ δελφῶος μυγακῆτιος ἰχθύος ἄλλοι  
 Φεύγοντες, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — the strawy Greeks,] In the folio it is—the *straying* Greeks. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — the mower's swath:] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. So, Tupper:

" With tossing and raking, and setting on cocks,

" Grass, lately in *swathes*, is meat for an ox." STEEVENS.

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That what he will, he does; and does so much,  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*ULYSS.* O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowfy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handles, hack'd and chipp'd, come  
to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastick execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*AJAX.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

*DIO.* Ay, there, there.

*NEST.* So, so, we draw together.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*ACHIL.* Where is this Hector?

<sup>3</sup> — *we draw together.*] This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his fallen fit by the loss of a friend. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: " 'Tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides, that *draws with him* there."

STEVENS.

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Come, come, thou boy-queller,<sup>8</sup> show thy face;  
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*AJAX.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMED.*

*DIO.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

*AJAX.* What would'st thou?

*DIO.* I would correct him.

*AJAX.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,  
 Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*TRO.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,  
 thou traitor,  
 And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*DIO.* Ha! art thou there?

*AJAX.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*DIO.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *boy-queller,*] i. e. murderer of a boy. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: “— a man-queller and a woman-queller.” See Vol. VII. p. 398, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I will not look upon.*] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

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TRO. Come both, you cogging Greeks;<sup>a</sup> have at  
you both. [Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest  
brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee,  
Hector.

HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.]

HECT. Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

“ Why stand we here—

“ Wailing our losses,—

“ And look upon, as if the tragedy

“ Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?”

These lines were written by Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — you cogging Greeks;] This epithet has no particular  
propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*.

JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least,  
who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both,  
*unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in  
the North—a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character  
of the ancient Greeks: “*Testimoniorum religionem & fidem nun-*  
*quam ista natio coluit.*” Again—“*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum*  
*parata sunt.*” STEEVENS.

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

TRO. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him;<sup>2</sup> I'll be taken too,  
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.]

*Enter one in sumptuous armour.*

HECT. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly  
mark:—  
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — carry him;] i. e. prevail over him. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — The count he woos your daughter,  
“ Resolves to carry her;—” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *I like thy armour well*;) This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196:

“ — Guido in his historie doth shew  
“ By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting  
“ To have the sumptuous armor of that king, &c.  
“ So greedy was thereof, that when he had  
“ The body up, and on his horse it bare,  
“ To have the spoil thereof such haste he made  
“ That he did hang his shield without all care  
“ Behind him at his back, the easier  
“ To pull the armour off at his desire,  
“ And by that means his breast clean open lay.” &c.

This furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the following line:

“ I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.”

STEVENS.

I quote from the original, 1555:

“ — in this while a Grekish king he mette,  
“ Were it of hap or of adventure,  
“ The which in sothe on his cote armoure  
“ Embrouded had full many ryche stone,  
“ That gave a lyght, when the sonne shone,  
“ Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,  
“ For perles white and emeraudes grene  
“ Full many one were therein sette.—  
“ Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,

I'll frush it,<sup>4</sup> and unlock the rivets all,

“ Towards him fast gan him drawe.  
 “ And fyrst I fynde how he hath him flawe,  
 “ And after that by force of his manheade  
 “ He hent him up afore him on his stede,  
 “ And fast gan wyth him for to ryde  
 “ From the wardes a lytell out of fyde,  
 “ At good leyser playnly, if he maye,  
 “ To spoyle him of his rych arraye.—  
 “ On horse-backe out whan he him ladde,  
 “ Recklessly the storye maketh mynde  
 “ He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,  
 “ To weld him selfe at more libertye,—  
 “ So that his brest disarmed was and bare.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll frush it,*] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that “ Hanmer’s explanation appears to be right; and the word *frush*, in this sense, to be derived from the verb *froisser*, to bruise, or break to pieces.”

To *frush* a chicken &c. is a term in carving, as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde’s book on that subject, 1508; and was succeeded by another phrase which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz.—to “*break up a capon*;” words that occur in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

Holinshed (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs the verb—to *frush*, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: “When they are sore *frush* with sickness, or too farre withered with age.” The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed. So, in Hinde’s *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: “High cedars are *frush*ed with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind.” Again, in *Hans Beer-pot’s invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

“ And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance.”

Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. 1. no date: “—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frush*ed all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward,” &c. Again, in Stanyhurst’s translation of the first book of Virgil’s *Æneid*, 1582:

“ All the *frush*e and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles.”

Again:

“ ——— yf that knight Antheus haplye

“ Were *frush*t, or remanent,” &c.

Again, in Sir John Mandevile’s account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Grete Chan*, p. 285: “And then they

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But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,  
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*The same.*

*Enter* ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your arms.<sup>5</sup>  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—  
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

make knyghtes to jousten in armes full lustyly, &c.—and they  
*fruschen* togidere full fiercely." Again, in Fairfax's *Tasso*:

"Rinaldo's armour *frusht*'d and hack'd they had."

STEVENS.

The meaning of the word is ascertained by the following passage  
in *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which Shakspeare certainly had  
before him, when he wrote this play:

"Saying these wordes, Hercules caught by the head poor Ly-  
chas,—and threw him against a rocke so fiercely that hee to-*frusbed*  
and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — execute *your arms.*] To *execute their arms* is to employ  
them; to put them to use. A similar expression occurs in *Othello*,  
where Iago says:

"Witness that here Iago doth give up  
"The *execution* of his wit, *bands*, heart,  
"To wrong'd Othello's service."

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosaline says to Biron:

"Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
"Which you on all estates will *execute.*" M. MASOK.

S C E N E VIII.

*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.*

*THER.* The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henn'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

*[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*MAR.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*THER.* What art thou?

*MAR.* A bastard son of Priam's.<sup>6</sup>

*THER.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: Farewell, bastard.

*MAR.* The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *A bastard son of Priam's.*] Bastard, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“*Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.*”  
See note on this passage, Vol. IX. p. 520. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E IX.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,  
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:  
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!  
 [*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
 Even with the veil<sup>6</sup> and dark'ning of the sun,  
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECT. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Even with the veil*—] The *veil* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, "*veil your regard upon*," signifies,—  
 Let your notice *descend* upon &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hanmer mentions:

- “ Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
- “ Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
- “ Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
- “ The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
- “ As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death.”

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by

ACHIL. Strike, fellows, strike; <sup>8</sup> this is the man  
 I seek. [HECTOR falls.  
 So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;  
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,  
*Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.*<sup>8</sup>

[A retreat sounded.  
 Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

MYR. The Trojan trumpets found the like, my  
 lord.

ACHIL. The dragon wing of night <sup>2</sup> o'erspreads  
 the earth,  
 And, stickler-like,<sup>3</sup> the armies separates.

Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth book :

“ Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,  
 “ And thee amaze that holdest thy selfe so wyfe,  
 “ On Achylles to set suche great a pryse  
 “ In thy bookes for his chivalrye,  
 “ Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,  
 “ That was so sleightly and so full of fraude,  
 “ Why gevst thou hym so hyc a prayfe and laude?”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Strike, fellows, strike;*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

<sup>9</sup> *On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,  
 Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.*]

Ἡράκλειος μύγα κῦδος ἐπιφρονέων Ἑκτορος δῖου,  
 Ὡ Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ, θείῳ ᾧ, σύχετόωντο. II. XXII. v. 393.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The dragon wing of night—*] See Vol. X. p. 122, n. 2.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And, stickler-like,]* A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. “Anthony (says Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch,) was himself in person a *stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough.” They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists.

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My half-supp'd sword,<sup>3</sup> that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: “—’tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*.” Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:

“And was the *stickler* ’twixt my heart and him.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

“As *sticklers* in their nation’s enmity.” STEEVENS.

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his *Dict.* 1617: “A *stickler* betwene two, so called as putting a *stick* or staffe betwene two fighting or fencing together.” MALONE.

*Sticklers* are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, *sidesmen*. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one’s self in any matter.

RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *My half-supp’d sword, &c.*] These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which “the blockish Ajax” is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition. STEEVENS.

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech as it came out of Shakspeare’s hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author’s gold was stolen and the thief’s brass left in its place. RITSON.

Perhaps this play was hastily altered by Shakspeare from an elder piece, which the reader will find mentioned in p. 214, n. 2. Some of the scenes in it therefore he might have fertilized, and left others as barren as he found them. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Along the field I will the Trojan trail.*] Such almost (changing the name of Troilus for that of  *Hector*) is the argument of Lydgate’s 31st chapter, edit. 1555: “How Achilles slewe the worthy Troylas unkneghtly, and after trayled his body through the fyelds eyed to his horse.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E X.

*The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

AGAM. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!  
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be so, yet bragless let it be,  
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

AGAM. March patiently along:—Let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—  
If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E XI.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:  
Never go home; here starve we out the night.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Never go home; &c.*] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. Hector is slain.

ALL. Hector?—The gods forbid!

TRO. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly fort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
Sit, gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!<sup>6</sup>  
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO. You understand me not, that tell me so:  
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;  
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

<sup>6</sup> ——— smile at Troy!] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read, with a former editor:

——— smite at Troy!

I say, at once! STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt but we should read *smite* at, instead of *smile*.—The following words, "I say at once," make that unquestionable. To call upon the heavens to *frown*, and on the Gods to *smile*, at the self-same moment, would be too absurd even for that violent agitation of mind with which Troilus is supposed to be actuated. M. MASON.

*Smite* was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." Pf. ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." Pf. xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, (he adds,) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown* on; but the Gods themselves *smile* at Troy; they hold Troy in derision, for its day is coming." MALONE.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
 Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:  
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,<sup>5</sup>  
 Cold<sup>6</sup> statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:  
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,  
 Thus proudly pight<sup>7</sup> upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-  
 fiz'd coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;  
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—  
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,*] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read—*welland*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press. So, in Spenser:

“His glitter*and* armour shined far away.”

Where the common editions have *glitter and*. WHALLEY.

There is surely no need of emendation. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Cold*—] The old copy—*Coole*. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *pight*—] i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to *pitch*. So, Spenser:

“Then brought she me into this desert vast,

“And by my wretched lover's side me *pight*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with comfort go* :

*Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.*] This couplet affords a full and natural close to the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama mentioned in p. 214, or

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*  
PANDARUS.

PAN. But hear you, hear you!

TRO. Hence, broker lackey!<sup>9</sup> ignomy and shame!  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit TROILUS.

PAN. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—  
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent de-  
spis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are  
you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should  
our endeavour be so loved,<sup>3</sup> and the performance so  
loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—  
Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sting,  
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:

the nonsense of some wretched buffoon who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare.

As evident an interpolation is pointed out at the end of *Twelfth Night*. See note Vol. IV. p. 173. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Hence, broker lackey!] Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which in the third was changed to *brothel*.

*Broker* in our author's time signified a bawd of either sex. So, in *King John*:

“ This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word,” &c.  
See Vol. VIII. p. 67, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — ignomy and shame—] *Ignomy* was used in our author's time for *ignominy*. See Vol. VIII. p. 588, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — loved,] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

And being once subdu'd in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—  
Good traders in the flesh, fet this in your painted  
cloths.<sup>4</sup>

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester<sup>5</sup> would his:

<sup>4</sup> — *set this in your painted cloths.*] i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung. See Vol. VI. p. 93, n. 4.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Some galled goose of Winchester*—] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

“ Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you ?

“ I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town,” &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monfieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“ — the famous school of England call'd *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*,” &c. Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan*:

“ — this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

“ That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,

“ Bred on the back in time of popery,

“ When Venus there maintain'd a mystery.”

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorettes Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

“ There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,

“ That blew these women over the ryver,

“ In wherye, as I wyll you tell:



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Till then I'll sweat,<sup>4</sup> and seek about for eases;  
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.<sup>5</sup>

“ Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,  
“ And many in *Holborne* were founde,  
“ Some at fainte *Gyles* I trowe:  
“ Also in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Westmenster*;  
“ And some in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,  
“ With grete lamentacyon;  
“ And by cause they have lost that fayre place,  
“ They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space,” &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile, “ As common as *Coleman Hedge* :”  
now *Coleman-street*. STEEVENS.

As the public stews were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a galled *Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me from the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose*. M. MASON.

Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1669, renders a *Winchester goose* by *pudendagra*. MALONE.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: *Tortive*,—*perfitrive*,—*protradrive*,—*importlesi*,—*infisture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next Act: *past-proportion*,—*unrespeitive*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> — I'll sweat,] i. e. adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pistol calls “ the malady of France.” Thus, says the *Bowd* in *Measure for Measure* :—“ what with the sweat, &c. I am custom-shrunk.” See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the

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writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therfites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achillean virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Effexe, Earl Marshall, &c.* and an anonymous Interlude, called *THERSYTES his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 35, makes mention of "*Thersytes the glorious noddie*" &c. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Thersytes* was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece,—"*Thersytes his Humours and Conceits*;" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

P. 410. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title *De Luxuria*. Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

"To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want foldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chefs*:

"— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

"(More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*),

"Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see

"Of *Lucrece's* dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*?—This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common

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now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780:

“ This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust*, and *that with great greediness*.”

Drayton, in the 20th song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

“ The *skirret*, which, some say, in falllets *stirs the blood*.”

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let a *tempest of provocation* come.”

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other *good unctuous meats*. So, T. Heywood, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

“ Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes

“ And a *potatoe pie*: besides all these,

“ What thinkest rare and costly.”

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633: “ — truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrow* stew'd, dove's brains, or swans' pizzels, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled skerrets, are your only lofty dishes.” Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “ If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me,” &c. Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

“ You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,

“ Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;

“ They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: “ — a banquet of oyster-pies, skerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venerie.” Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ *Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,

“ To corroborate the back.”

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: “ — by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe.” Again, in sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

“ You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;

“ A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*.”

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640 :

“ Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,  
“ *Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies,” &c.

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610 :

“ Give your play-gull a stool, and my lady her fool,  
“ And her usher *potatoes* and marrow.”

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menæchmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, “ Harke ye, some oysters, a *mary*-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please.”

Again, in Greene’s *Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher*, 1592 : “ I pray you, how many badde profittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall woulde wante patientes, and the surgians much woork: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes.” Again, in *Cymbia’s Revels*, by Ben Jonson : “ ——— ’tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world.” Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,  
“ And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!”

Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by the same authors :

“ Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato* ?  
“ ’Twill advance your wither’d state,  
“ Fill your honour full of noble itches,” &c.

Again in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher : “ Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie* ? ’tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent.” Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same authors :

“ ——— Oh, for some eringoes,  
“ *Potatoes*, or cantharides!”

Again :

“ See provoking dishes, candied eringoes  
“ And *potatoes*.”

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger :

“ ——— he hath got a pye  
“ Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes.”

Again, in *Massinger’s New Way to pay old Debts* :

“ ——— ’tis the quintessence  
“ Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,  
“ Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,  
“ Coral and ambergris,” &c.

Again, in *The Guardian*, by the same author :

“ ——— Potargo,  
“ *Potatoes*, marrow, caviare——.”

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Again, in *The City Madam*, by the same :

“ — prescribes my diet, and foretells

“ My dreams when I eat *potatoes*.”

Taylor, the water poet, likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : “ *Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery,” &c. Again, in *Marston's Satires*, 1599 :

“ — camphire and lettice chaste,

“ Are now cashier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate,

“ Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167 :

“ Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not.”

Lastly, in sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 :

“ Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of *ca-veare*, *eringus*, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations.”

In *The Good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a *tarte* that is a *courage* to a man or woman :—“ Take two *quinces*, and two or three *burre* rootes, and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots, and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender, and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves, and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge.”

Gerard elsewhere observes in his *Herbal*, that “ *potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats.”

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of clo-burre* “ being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and *stirreth up* *venercal* motions. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*,” &c.

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that “ thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust* of the body *very* mightily.” He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet :

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

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It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sifarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.



**TIMON OF ATHENS.\***



• TIMON OF ATHENS.] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“ Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

“ The actors names.

- “ Timon.
- “ Laches, his faithful servant.
- “ Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
- “ Gelasimus, a citty heyre.
- “ Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.
- “ Demeas, an orator.
- “ Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.
- “ Hermogenes, a fidler.
- “ Abyssus, a usurer.
- “ Lollo, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
- “ Stilpo, } Two lying philosophers.
- “ Speusippus, }
- “ Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
- “ Obba, Tymon's butler.
- “ Pœdio, Gelasimus page.
- “ Two serjeants.
- “ A failor.
- “ Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
- “ Blatte, her prattling nurse.

“ SCENE, Athens.”

STEVENS.

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

*Timon of Athens* was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

Timon, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius,  
Lucullus, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon.*  
Sempronius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,  
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*  
Servilius, }

Caphis,  
Philotus, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*  
Titus,  
Lucius,  
Hortensius, }

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Ifidore ;  
two of Timon's Creditors.*

*Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.*

*Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.*

*An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,\* } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*  
Timandra, }

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,  
and Attendants.*

*SCENE, Athens ; and the Woods adjoining.*

\* *Phrynia,*] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Pbryne,*) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,<sup>2</sup> and Others, at several doors.*

POET. Good day, fir.<sup>3</sup>

PAIN. I am glad you are well.

POET. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

PAIN. It wears, fir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that's well known:  
But what particular rarity?<sup>4</sup> what strange,

<sup>2</sup> — *Jeweller, Merchant,*] In the old copy: *Enter Sc. Merchant and Mercer, Sc.* STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Poet. *Good day, fir.*] It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

*Poet. Good day.*

*Pain. Good day, fir: I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The present deficiency in the metre also pleads strongly in behalf of the supplemental words proposed by Dr. Farmer. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *But what particular rarity? &c.*] I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

*Poet. Ay, that's well known.*

*But what particular rarity? what so strange,  
That manifold record not matches?*

*Pain. See!*

*Poet. Magick of bounty! &c.*

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*PAIN.* I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

*MER.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!

*FEW.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*MER.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as  
it were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes: <sup>4</sup>  
He passes.<sup>5</sup>

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as a particular rarity, which manifold record could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. MASON.

The poet is led by what the painter has said, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. “See, Magick of bounty!” &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — breath'd, as it were,

*To an untirable and continue goodnes:]* Breathed is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“It is the breathing time of day with me.” STEEVENS.

—continue—] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:

“Her handmaids join'd in a continue yell.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He passes.]* i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“Why this passes, master Ford.” STEEVENS.

**FEW.** I have a jewel here.<sup>6</sup>

**MER.** O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,  
sir?

**FEW.** If he will touch the estimate:<sup>7</sup> But, for  
that——

**POET.** *When we for recompense<sup>8</sup> have prais'd the  
vile,*

*It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*

**MER.** 'Tis a good form.  
[*Looking on the jewel.*]

**FEW.** And rich: here is a water, look you.

**PAIN.** You are rapt, sir, in some work, some  
dedication

To the great lord.

**POET.** A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes<sup>9</sup>  
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

<sup>6</sup> *He passes.*——

*I have a jewel here.*] The syllable wanting in this line, might  
be restored by reading:

*He passes.*—Look, *I have a jewel here.* STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *touch the estimate:*] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *When we for recompense &c.*] We must here suppose the poet  
busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the  
introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards  
gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> —— *which oozes*——] The folio copy reads—*which uses*.  
The modern editors have given it—*which issues*. JOHNSON.

*Gum and issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson.  
MALONE.

The two oldest copies read:

*Our poesy is as a gowne which uses.* STEVENS.

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes.<sup>2</sup> What have you there?

<sup>2</sup> — and, like the current, flies

*Each bound it chafes.*] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes*. WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparks from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-forted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another*. The old copy seems to read:

*Each bound it chafes.*

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the “—*se sequiturque fugitque*—” of the Roman poet. Somewhat similar occurs in *The Tempest*:

“Do *chafe* the ebbing Neptune, and do *fly* him

“When he pursues.” STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises merely from the mistake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by Shakespeare as two distinct sentences.—It should be pointed thus, and then the sense will be evident:

————— *our gentle flame*

*Provokes itself, and like the current flies;—*

*Each bound it chafes.*

Our gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a current; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force. M. MASON.

In *Julius Cæsar*, we have—

“The troubled Tyber *chafing* with her shores,—”

Again, in *The Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

“Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his bounds,

“With raging billowes *flies* against the rocks,

“And to the shore sends forth his hideous sounds,” &c.

MALONE.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 467

PAIN. A picture, fir.—And when comes your book forth?<sup>3</sup>

POET. Upon the heels<sup>4</sup> of my presentment,<sup>5</sup> fir. Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.<sup>6</sup>

POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.<sup>7</sup>

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the Poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> — And when comes your book forth?] And was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to perfect the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Upon the heels &c.] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — presentment,] The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because forty shillings I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis a good piece.] As the metre is here defective, it is not improbable that our author originally wrote—

'Tis a good piece, indeed.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"'Tis grace indeed." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — this comes off well and excellent.] The meaning is, the figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé*. JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It comes off very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1608: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

"Carz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly."

STEEVENS.



PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing!<sup>8</sup> what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ———— *How this grace  
Speaks his own standing!*] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

“ A station like the herald, Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

“ At once on th’ eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns.  
“ ———— *Like Maia’s son he stood.*” WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

————— *How this standing  
Speaks his own graces!*—————

*How this posture displays its own gracefulness.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

————— *How this grace  
Speaks understanding! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth!* JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its center, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. iv:

“ ———— never saw I figures  
“ So likely to report themselves.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.*] The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author’s time. The person

*PAIN.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

*POET.* I'll fay of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>a</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

Rather—one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *artificial strife*—] *Strife* for action or motion. WARBURTON.

*Strife* is either the contest of art with nature:

*Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

“ Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,  
“ Hath paid the author a great share of life.” &c. STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout:

“ This figure which thou here seest put,  
“ It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:  
“ Wherein the *graver* had a *strife*  
“ With *nature*, to *out-doo* the *life*.” HENLEY.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not *the contrast of forms or opposition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:

“ Look, when a *painter* would *surpass* the *life*,  
“ In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
“ His *art* with *nature's workmanship* at *strife*,  
“ As if the *dead* the *living* should exceed;  
“ So did this horse excell,” &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Barons' Wars*,) there are two lines nearly resembling these:

“ Done for the last with such exceeding *life*,  
“ As *art* therein *with nature* were at *strife*.” MALONE.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

PAIN. How this lord's follow'd!

POET. The senators of Athens;—Happy men!<sup>3</sup>

PAIN. Look, more!

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood  
of visitors.<sup>4</sup>

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world's doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly,<sup>5</sup> but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax:<sup>7</sup> no levell'd malice<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — Happy men!] Mr. Theobald reads—happy man; and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. MALONE.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — this confluence, this great flood of visitors.]

*Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — this beneath world—] So, in *Measure for Measure*, we have—"This under generation;" and in *King Richard II*:—"the lower world." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Halts not particularly,] My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> In a wide sea of wax:] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakspeare. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Arle observes in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progress of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you ?

POET. I'll unbolt to you.<sup>9</sup>  
You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures,<sup>2</sup> as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All forts of hearts ;<sup>3</sup> yea, from the glafs-fac'd flatterer<sup>4</sup>  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better

table-books covered with wax was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Translation of the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* :

" Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie waxe," &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — no levell'd malice &c.] To level is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> I'll unbolt—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — glib and slippery creatures,] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unrefitting. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Subdues—

*All forts of hearts* ;] So, in *Othello* :

" My heart's subdued

" Even to the very quality of my lord." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — glafs-fac'd flatterer—] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him,<sup>5</sup> and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*PAIN.* I saw them speak together.<sup>6</sup>

*POET.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the  
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts,<sup>7</sup> all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states:<sup>8</sup> amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady<sup>9</sup> fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

<sup>5</sup> — *even he drops down &c.*] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers.

STEEVENS.

The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I saw them speak together.*] The word—*together*, which only serves to interrupt the measure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occasionally omitted by our author, as unnecessary to sense, on similar occasions. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*: “—Bring me to hear them speak;” i. e. to speak together, to converse. Again, in another of our author's plays: “When spoke you last?” Nor is the same phraseology, even at this hour, out of use. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *rank'd with all deserts.*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To propagate their states.*] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd:*—

— *on this sovereign lady &c.*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“—bountiful fortune,

“Now my dear lady,” &c. MALONE.

*PAIN.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.<sup>2</sup>  
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
 In our condition.<sup>3</sup>

*POET.* Nay, sir, but hear me on :  
 All those which were his fellows but of late,  
 (Some better than his value,) on the moment  
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,<sup>4</sup>  
 Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
 Drink the free air.<sup>5</sup>

*PAIN.* Ay, marry, what of these?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *In our condition.*] *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,*] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *through him*  
*Drink the free air.*] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

A similar phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: "By this air, the most divine tobacco I ever drank!" To *drink*, in both these instances, signifies to *inhale*. STEVENS.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"His nostrils drink the air."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"I drink the air before me." MALONE.

**POET.** When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,<sup>6</sup>  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

**PAIN.** 'Tis common :  
A thousand moral paintings I can show,<sup>7</sup>  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune<sup>8</sup>  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes<sup>9</sup> have seen  
The foot above the head.

<sup>6</sup> — *let him slip down,*] The old copy reads :  
— *let him sit down.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A thousand moral paintings I can show,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *these quick blows of fortune—*] [Old copy—*fortune's—*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as I have already observed in a note on *King John*, Vol. VIII. p. 32, n. 3. The modern editors read, more elegantly,—*of fortune*. The alteration was first made in the second folio, from ignorance of Shakspeare's diction. MALONE.

Though I cannot impute such a correction to the ignorance of the person who made it, I can easily suppose what is here styled the phraseology of Shakspeare, to be only the mistake of a vulgar transcriber or printer. Had our author been constant in his use of this mode of speech (which is not the case) the propriety of Mr. Malone's remark would have been readily admitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *mean eyes—*] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes,*" &c. TOLLET.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.*

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you?<sup>2</sup>

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,<sup>3</sup>  
Periods his comfort.<sup>4</sup>

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me.<sup>5</sup> I do know him  
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free  
him.

VEN. SERV. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

<sup>2</sup> *Imprison'd is he, say you?*] Here we have another interpolation destructive to the metre. Omitting—*is he*, we ought to read: *Imprison'd, say you?* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *which failing to him,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*to him*, and consequently mutilates the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Periods his comfort.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakespeare's introduction into the English language. I find it, however, used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:

“How easy could I *period* all my care.”

Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

“To *period* our vain-grievings.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *must need me.*] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phrase,—“cannot but want my assistance.” STEEVENS.



'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.<sup>6</sup>—Fare you well.

VEN. SERV. All happiness to your honour!<sup>7</sup>

[Exit.

*Enter an old Athenian.*

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

TIM. I have so: What of him?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATH. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well; what further?

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis not enough &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter*:

“ More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean

“ Only to help the poor—to beg again.” JOHNSON.

It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship. See any old letter, or dedication of that age; and Vol. X. p. 572, where a Pursuivant, speaking to Lord Hastings, says,—“ I thank *your honour*.” STEEVENS.

OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
 On whom I may confer what I have got :  
 The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,  
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
 Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
 Join with me to forbid him her resort ;  
 Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon :<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Therefore he will be, Timon :*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent."

WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

*Therefore well be him, Timon :*

*His honesty rewards him in itself.*

That is, "If he is honest, *bene sit illi*, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter." The first transcriber probably wrote—*will be with him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to,—*will be*. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"— May he continue

" Long in his highness' favour; *and do justice*

" *For truth's sake and his conscience.*"

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

" This hath been

" Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour

" *He will remain so.*" STEEVENS.

*Therefore he will be, Timon :*] Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; and he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card*. The



For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!<sup>a</sup>

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your  
lordship!

TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting; which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out.<sup>b</sup> I like your work;

<sup>a</sup> ——— Never may

*That state or fortune fall into my keeping,*

*Which is not ow'd to you!*] The meaning is, let me never

henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:

“ Your servants ever

“ Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,

“ To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

“ Still to return *your own.*” MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> ——— pencil'd figures are

*Even such as they give out.*] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be. JOHNSON.

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*PAIN.* The gods preserve you!

*TIM.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your  
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*JEW.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*TIM.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw me quite.<sup>4</sup>

*JEW.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: But you well  
know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: ' believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.<sup>6</sup>

*TIM.* Well mock'd.

*MER.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common  
tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*TIM.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

<sup>4</sup> — unclaw me quite.] To unclaw is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To unclaw a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Therefore as you *unwind* her love from him,—

“ You must provide to bottom it on me.”

See Vol. III. p. 246, n. 9. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Are prized by their masters:*] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — by wearing it.] Old copy—by the wearing it.

STEVENS.

*Enter* APEMANTUS.<sup>7</sup>

*JEW.* We will bear, with your lordship.

*MER.* He'll spare none.

*TIM.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*APEM.* Till I be gentle, stay for<sup>8</sup> thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog,<sup>9</sup> and these knaves honest.

*TIM.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *stay for*—] Old copy—*stay thou for*—. With Sir T. Hanmer I have omitted the useless *thou*, (which the compositor's eye might have caught from the following line,) because it disorders the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *When thou art Timon's dog,*] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

This is spoken *δυσχερῶς*, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wot you who named me first the king's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has justly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where, Ulysses, desirous to avoid a kiss from Cressida, says to her; give me one

“When Helen is a maid again,” &c. STEEVENS.

VOL. XI.

I i

*APEM.* Are they not Athenians?<sup>7</sup>

*TIM.* Yes.

*APEM.* Then I repent not.

*FEW.* You know me, Apemantus.

*APEM.* Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*TIM.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*APEM.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*TIM.* Whither art going?

*APEM.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*TIM.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*APEM.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*TIM.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*APEM.* The best, for the innocence.

*TIM.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

*APEM.* He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*PAIN.* You are a dog.<sup>8</sup>

*APEM.* Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

*TIM.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*APEM.* No; I eat not lords.

*TIM.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

<sup>7</sup> *Are they not Athenians?*] The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Pain. You are a dog.*] This speech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake: it evidently belongs to the former. RITSON.

*APEM.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*TIM.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*APEM.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*TIM.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*APEM.* Not so well as plain-dealing,<sup>9</sup> which will not cost a man a doit.

*TIM.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*APEM.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*POET.* How now, philosopher?

*APEM.* Thou liest.

*POET.* Art not one?

*APEM.* Yes.

*POET.* Then I lie not.

*APEM.* Art not a poet?

*POET.* Yes.

*APEM.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*POET.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*APEM.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*TIM.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*APEM.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*TIM.* What, thyself?

<sup>9</sup> *Not so well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."



APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.\*—  
Art not thou a merchant?

<sup>2</sup> *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text,

*That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord,*  
it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II*:

“ And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool.” WARBURTON.

The meaning may be,—I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads:

*That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord.*

But the passage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

*Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.*

Or,

*Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit.* BLACKSTONE.

Perhaps we should read:

*That I had an angry wish to be a lord;*

meaning, that he would hate himself for having wished in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he says:

“ Heavens, that I were a lord!” M. MASON.

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the common expression—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty arises here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, wrote:

*That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!*

*Art thou, &c.*

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished to be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies,—For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited.

MALONE.

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

MER. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets found. Enter a Servant.*

TIM. What trumpet's that?

SERV. 'Tis Alcibiades, and  
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.<sup>3</sup>

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to  
us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*  
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,<sup>4</sup>  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, fir! [*They salute.*

APEM. So, so; there!—  
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,  
And all this court'fy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — all of companionship.] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and, when dinner's done,] And, which is wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

*ALCIB.* Sir, you have fav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*TIM.* Right welcome, fir:  
Ere we depart,<sup>5</sup> we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.  
[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

*Enter two Lords.*

1. *LORD.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

*APEM.* Time to be honest.

1. *LORD.* That time serves still.

*APEM.* The most accursed thou,<sup>6</sup> that still omit't  
it.

2. *LORD.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

*APEM.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine  
heat fools.

2. *LORD.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*APEM.* Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *LORD.* Why, Apemantus?

*APEM.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I  
mean to give thee none.

<sup>5</sup> *Ere we depart,*] Who *depart*? Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald proposes—*do part*. Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in *King John*:

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question. See Vol. VIII. p. 65, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The most accursed thou,*] Read:

*The more accursed thou,*— RITSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“The more degenerate and base art thou—.” STEEVENS.

1. *LORD.* Hang thyself.

*APEM.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *LORD.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

*APEM.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the afs. [Exit.]

1. *LORD.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2. *LORD.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed,<sup>7</sup> but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.<sup>8</sup>

1. *LORD.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2. *LORD.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *LORD.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> — no meed,] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.”

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

“ Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

“ Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*.”

See Vol. X. p. 251, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *All use of quittance.*] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.<sup>8</sup>*

VEN. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the  
 gods remember<sup>9</sup>

My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
 Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose  
 help  
 I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,  
 Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
 Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

<sup>8</sup> — *discontentedly.*] The ancient stage-direction adds—*like himself.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember*—] The old copy reads—*to remember.* But I have omitted, for the sake of metre, and in conformity to our author's practice on other occasions, the adverb—*so.* Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* Act IV. sc. ii. Vol. XI. p. 158:

“ — Patience, is that letter

“ I caus'd you write, yet sent away?”

Every one must be aware that the particle—*so* was purposely left out, before the verb—*write.* STEEVENS.

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.*] These two  
lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*

Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically, and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. **WARBURTON.**

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

*Our betters play that game; we must not dare*

*To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.* **JOHNSON.**

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding. **HEATH.**

Dr. Warburton with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon personally, who must therefore have seen and heard him; whereas it appears from a subsequent speech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he salutes him with some surprize—

“ O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.”

The term—*our betters*, being used by the inferior classes of men when they speak of their superiors in the state, Shakspeare uses these words, with his usual laxity, to express persons of high rank and fortune. **MALONE.**

So, in *King Lear*, Act III. sc. vi. Edgar says, (referring to the distracted king):

“ When we *our betters* see bearing our woes,

“ We scarcely think our miseries our foes.” **STEVENS.**

VEN. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, fit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

I. LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you  
not?<sup>3</sup>

TIM. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

APEM. No,

You shall not make me welcome:  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fic, thou art a churl; you have got a hu-  
mour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, that<sup>2</sup> *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.<sup>4</sup>

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine own peril,<sup>5</sup> Timon;

<sup>3</sup> — *confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd." See *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *They say, my lords, that* —] *That* was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *But yond' man's ever angry.*] The old copy has—*very angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*But yon man's very anger; i. e. anger itself*, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *at thine own peril,*] The old copy reads—*at thine apperil*.

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

*TIM.* I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:<sup>6</sup> 'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

*APEM.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.<sup>7</sup>—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood;<sup>8</sup> and all the madness is,

I have not been able to find such a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Apperil*, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other instance of it has been, or possibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual use in the metropolis, at this day.

RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *I myself would have no power:*] If this be the true reading, the sense is,—*all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune:*

I would myself have no *exclusive right or power in this house*. Perhaps we might read,—*I myself would have no power*. I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune. JOHNSON.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: *"I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent*. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests." TYRWHITT.

These words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth*.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should*

*Ne'er flatter thee.*] The meaning is,—I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

*For* has here perhaps the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

“ — Haply, *for* I am black,” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *so many dip their meat*

*In one man's blood;*] The allusion is to a pack of hounds



He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:  
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;<sup>8</sup>  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.  
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Left they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:<sup>9</sup>  
Great men should drink with harness<sup>2</sup> on their  
throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart;<sup>3</sup> and let the health go  
round.

trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Methinks, they should invite them without knives;*] It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*.

RITSON.  
<sup>9</sup> — *windpipe's dangerous notes:*] The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* favour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *with harness—*] i. e. armour. See Vol. VII. p. 573, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *My lord, in heart;*] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus:

*My love in heart;—*

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I will be never more *in heart* to you.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act IV. sc. i:

“ — *in heart* desiring still

“ You may behold,” &c.

2. LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEM. Flow this way !  
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon  
Those healths<sup>3</sup> will make thee, and thy state, look  
ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:  
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a barlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to't:  
Rich men sin,<sup>5</sup> and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

“ ——— Dost thou not wish *in heart*,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Timon*

[*Those healths* —] This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy; nor could it be exhibited as verse but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its present place. The transposition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and so have been misplaced. Yet, after all, I suspect many of the speeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a loose kind of metre, were intended by the author as prose; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Rich men sin,*] Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*sing*. REED.

*TIM.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now

*ALCIB.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*TIM.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*ALCIB.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*APEM.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

*I. LORD.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.<sup>6</sup>

*TIM.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?<sup>7</sup> I

<sup>6</sup> — *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Then comes my fit again; I had else been *perfect*;—.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?*] *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing. So, Milton:

“ Relations dear, and all the *charities*

“ Of father, son, and brother —.”

*Alms*, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the *act*, but in the *disposition*.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this:—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? JOHNSON.

have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.<sup>8</sup> O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and<sup>9</sup> would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!<sup>1</sup> Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:<sup>2</sup> to forget their faults, I drink to you.

<sup>8</sup> *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and—*] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ These violent delights have violent ends,

“ And in their triumph die.”

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this: *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them.* JOHNSON.

*APEM.* Thou weep'st to make them drink,<sup>4</sup> Timon.

2. *LORD.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe<sup>5</sup> sprung up.

*APEM.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *LORD.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*APEM.* Much!<sup>6</sup> [*Tucket sounded.*]

<sup>4</sup> — to make them drink,] Sir T. Hanmer reads:—to make them drink thee; and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — like a babe —] That is, a weeping babe. JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

“ Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall discours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

“ Men will not *looke for babes* in hollowd eyen.”

STEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception*, in the preceding line, shows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this passage is the true one. We have a similar imagery in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — and, almost like the gods,

“ Does *thoughts* unveil in their dumb *cradles.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Much!*] Apemantus means to say,—That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expression of admiration. See Vol. VI. p. 136, n. 3. MALONE.

*Much!* is frequently used, as here, ironically, and with some indication of contempt. STEVENS.

TIM. What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? What are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The ear, &c.*] In former copies:

There *taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,*

They *only now*——.

The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those in a very unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read:

Th' ear, *taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,*

These *only now, &c.*

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch, and smell,* are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *fight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says:

“—— All that may be had

“ To please the *eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,*

“ Are carefully provided.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors omit the word—*all*; but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Mufick, make their welcome.<sup>8</sup> [Exit CUPID.

I. LORD. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Mufick. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

APEM. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance!<sup>9</sup> they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.<sup>2</sup>

corrupted word—*There*, shews that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the present arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monosyllabification needless. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Mufick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

*Mufick, make known their welcome.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ We will require her welcome,—

“ Pronounce it for me, fir, to all our friends.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They dance!*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read:

*These are mad women.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> *Like madness is the glory of this life,*

*As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.*] *The glory of this life is very near to madness*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word like in this place does not express *resemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up again,  
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's  
 not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears  
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?<sup>3</sup>  
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of  
 TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out  
 an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a  
 lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace,  
 fair ladies,<sup>4</sup>

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,<sup>5</sup>  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;<sup>6</sup>  
 I am to thank you for it.

life was like madness, but it was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *fair ladies,*] I should wish to read, for the sake of metre—*fairest ladies.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *lively lustre,*] For the epithet—*lively,* we are indebted to the second folio: it is wanting in the first. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *mine own device;*] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprize his guests. JOHNSON.



1. *LADY.* My lord,<sup>7</sup> you take us even at the best.<sup>8</sup>

*APEM.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking,<sup>9</sup> I doubt me.

*TIM.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you:<sup>2</sup> Please you to dispose yourselves.

*ALL LAD.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*

*TIM.* Flavius,——

*FLAV.* My lord.

*TIM.* The little casket bring me hither.

<sup>7</sup> 1. *Lady.* *My lord, &c.*] In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnson, who observes, that *L* only was probably set down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is used in the old copy in this very scene, and in many other places. The next speech, however coarse the allusion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *even at the best.*] Perhaps we should read:  
—— *ever at the best.*

So, Act III. sc. vi:

“*Ever at the best.*” TYRWHITT.

*Take us even at the best*, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. Mr. Malone's subsequent explanation, however, pleases me better than my own.

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, “You have conceived the fairest of us,” (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene;) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book VI. c. ix:

“He would commend his guift, and *make the best.*”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *would not hold taking,*] i. e. *bear handling*, words which (if my memory does not deceive me) are employed to the same purpose in another of our author's plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *there is an idle banquet*

*Attends you:*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“We have a *foolish trifling* supper towards.” STEEVENS.

FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!  
 There is no crossing him in his humour;<sup>3</sup> [*Afide.*  
 Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,  
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.<sup>4</sup>  
 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;<sup>5</sup>  
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.<sup>6</sup>  
 [*Exit, and returns, with the casket.*

1. LORD. Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. LORD. Our horses.

TIM. O my friends, I have one word  
 To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

<sup>3</sup> *There is no crossing him in his humour;*] Read:

*There is no crossing him in this his humour.* RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *he'd be cross'd then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived,—*I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

So, in *As you like it*: “—yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.”

STEEVENS.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the senses intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*cross* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *had not eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

Perius has a similar idea, Sat. I:

— *cui vivere fas est*

Occipiti cæco. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
Advance this jewel;<sup>7</sup>  
Accept, and<sup>8</sup> wear it, kind my lord.

I. LORD. I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the  
senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near? why then another time I'll hear  
thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided<sup>9</sup>  
To show them entertainment.

FLAV. I scarce know how.  
[*Aside.*]

<sup>7</sup> ——— to  
Advance *this jewel*;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by  
wearing it. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Accept, and &c.] Thus the second folio. The first, unmet-  
rically—Accept it——. STEEVENS.

So, the Jeweller says in the preceding scene:

“ Things of like value, differing in the owners,

“ Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,

“ You mend the jewel by wearing it.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> I pr'ythee, let us be provided—] As the measure is here im-  
perfect, we may reasonably suppose our author to have written:

*I pr'ythee let us be provided straight—*

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Make her grave *straight*.”

i. e. immediately. STEEVENS.

*Enter another Servant.*

2. *SERV.* May it please your honour, the lord  
Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*TIM.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3. *SERV.* Please you, my lord, that honourable  
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company  
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your  
honour two brace of greyhounds.

*TIM.* I'll hunt with him; And let them be re-  
ceiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*FLAV.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer.<sup>2</sup>—  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out!

<sup>2</sup> *And all out of an empty coffer.] Read:*

*And all the while out of an empty coffer.* RITSON.

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

*TIM.*

You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own me-  
rits:—

Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. *LORD.* With more than common thanks I will  
receive it.

3. *LORD.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

*TIM.* And now I remember me,<sup>3</sup> my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2. *LORD.* I beseech you,<sup>4</sup> pardon me, my lord, in  
that.

*TIM.* You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true.<sup>5</sup> I'll call on you.

<sup>3</sup> —remember me,] I have added—*me*, for the sake of the  
measure. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ I do remember *me*,—Henry the sixth

“ Did prophecy——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I beseech you*,] Old copy, unmetrically,

O, *I beseech you*,——.

The player editors have been liberal of their tragick *O*'s, to the  
frequent injury of our author's measure. For the same reason I  
have expell'd this exclamation from the beginning of the next  
speech but one. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll tell you true*,] Dr. Johnson reads,—*I tell you* &c. in which  
he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not  
affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be  
proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. Thus, in  
the first line of *King Henry V*:

“ My lord, *I'll tell you*, that self bill is urg'd——.”

ALL LORDS.

None so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms<sup>6</sup> to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defiled land,<sup>7</sup> my lord.

1. LORD. We are so virtuously bound,——

TIM. And so  
Am I to you.

2. LORD. So infinitely endear'd,——

TIM. All to you.<sup>8</sup>—Lights, more lights.

Again, in *King John*:

“ I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power, this night ——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms—] Thus the passage stood in  
all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who restored—*My thanks.*

JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What  
I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion:  
Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on  
every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which  
I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Ay, *defiled land,*] *I,*—is the old reading, which apparently  
depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate*  
*lies in a pitch'd field.* Now *pitch,* as Falstaff says, *doth defile.*  
Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies *in defiled land.* This,  
as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published:

*I defy land,*——. JOHNSON.

*I* being always printed in the old copy for *Ay,* the editor of the  
second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *All to you.*] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.  
So, *Macbeth*:

“ All to all.” STEEVENS.

I. LORD. The best of happiness,  
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

APEM. What a coil's here!  
Serving of becks,<sup>2</sup> and jutting out of bums!

<sup>9</sup> *Ready for his friends.*] I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read:

*Ready ever for his friends.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Serving of becks.*] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. So, Milton:

“Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.”

To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“And with a low *beck*

“Prevent a sharp check.”

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

“Then I to every soul again,

“Did give a *beck* them to retain.”

In *Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the same word:

“I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“—wanton looks,

“And privy *becks*, favouring incontinence.”

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens.”

It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a *sign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*; as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment

“Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent?”

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's *Poems*, p. 29:

—“And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.”

TYRWHITT.

I doubt whether their legs<sup>3</sup> be worth the fums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,  
I'd be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for,  
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left  
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the  
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou  
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: <sup>4</sup>  
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay,  
An you begin to rail on society once,  
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better musick. [Exit.

APEM. So;—  
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,  
I'll lock<sup>5</sup>  
Thy heaven<sup>6</sup> from thee. O, that men's ears should  
be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> *I doubt whether their legs &c.*] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a bow or act of obedience. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *I fear me, thou*

*Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:*] i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock—*] The measure will be restored by the omission of an unnecessary word—*me*:

*Thou'lt not hear now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock—*  
STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy heaven—*] The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

SEN. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to  
Ifidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty<sup>6</sup> more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses:<sup>7</sup> No porter at his gate;

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice*, the only thing by which he could be saved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *twenty* —] Mr. Theobald has—*ten*. Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*twain*. REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,*  
And *able horses*:] Mr. Theobald reads:  
*Ten able horses*. STEEVENS.

“If I want *gold* (says the senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would sell my *horse*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him; why, I need but give my horse to Timon, to gain this point; and it presently fetches me *an horse*.” But is that gaining the point proposed? The first folio reads:

And *able horses*:—

But rather one that smiles, and still invites<sup>b</sup>  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

The passage which Mr. Theobald would alter, means only this: "If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horses." The same construction occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—and men are only turned into tongue, and *trim ones* too."

Something similar occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" — some twenty, young and handsome,  
As also able maids, for the court service."

STEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were transposed at the press. Shakspeare might have written:

— it foals 'em straight  
And able horses.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is understood here after *me*.

We have had this sentiment differently expressed in the preceding act:

" — no meed but he repays  
Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,  
But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance." MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites—] I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575] "a porter, tall of person, big of lim, and *stearn* of countenance." FARMER.

So also, in *A Knight's Conjuring* &c. by Decker: "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoes porter is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at Lordes gates &c.—yet hee's as *surly* as those key-turners are." STEVENS.

The word—*one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate, to keep people out, but a person who invites them in.

M. MASON.

Can found his state in safety.<sup>9</sup> Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*CAPH.* Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

*SEN.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd<sup>2</sup>  
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, *firrah*,<sup>3</sup>  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

<sup>9</sup> — *no reason*

*Can found his state in safety.*] [Old copy—*sound*.] The supposed meaning of this must be,—*No reason*, by founding, *fo* thoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the word stand, they imply, that *no reason can safely found his state*, I read thus:

— *no reason*

*Can found his state in safety.*—

*Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*. The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished.

JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Macbeth* affords countenance to Dr. Johnson's emendation:

“ Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;—.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *be not ceas'd*—] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceas'd*.”

Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“ — pity thy people's wrongs,

“ And *cease* the clamours both of old and young.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *firrah*,] was added for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:  
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
 Must not be tofs'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which flashes ' now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, fir.

SEN. I go, fir?<sup>6</sup>—take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.<sup>7</sup>

CAPH.

I will, fir.

SEN.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> — *a naked gull.*] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Which *flashes &c.*] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Caph. *I go, fir.*

Sen. *I go, fir?*] This last speech is not a captious repetition of what *Caphis* said, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatic writers, stands for—*ay*, as it does in this place.

M. MASON.

I have left Mr. M. Mason's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *take the bonds along with you.*

*And have the dates in compt.*] [Old copy—*And have the dates in.* Come.] Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour

## S C E N E II.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his band.*

*FLAV.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue; Never mind  
Was to be so unwise; to be so kind.<sup>9</sup>  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from  
                  hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

“Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Never mind*

*Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.*] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

— *Never mind*

*Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.*

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: “I was always to be blamed, whatever happened.”—“I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks.” JOHNSON.

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.*

CAPH. Good even, Varro:<sup>9</sup> What,  
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your buifness too?

<sup>2</sup>. *Good even, Varro:*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again, as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: "*Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*"

STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next act the servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth scene of the third act, where we find in the first folio, (p. 86, col. 2.) "*Enter Varro's man, meeting others.*" I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. MALONE.

*Good even*, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv:

"Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

"Mercutio. God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.

"Nur. Is it *good den*?

"Merc. 'Tis no less I tell you; for the ..... hand of the dial is now upon the ..... of *noon*."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. sc. i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*.

TYRWHITT.

## 514 TIMON OF ATHENS.

CAPH. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV. It is so.

CAPH. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

VAR. SERV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,<sup>3</sup>  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues? Whence are you?

CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Lancham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in 'till *five a clock* in the evening; what time it pleas'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of forz; which found anon, and after fore chased," &c. Again, "Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for coolness 'till about *five a clock*, her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Fauced and Gismund*, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

<sup>4</sup> *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord,——

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

ISID. SERV. From Ifidore;  
He humbly prays your speedy payment,<sup>5</sup>——

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's  
wants,——

VAR. SERV. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,  
six weeks,

And past,——

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath:——  
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;  
[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait on you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.  
[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *He humbly prays your speedy payment,*] As our author does not appear to have meant that the servant of Ifidore should be less civil than those of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at present imperfect, originally stood thus:

*He humbly prays your lordship's speedy payment.* STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —of date-broke bonds,] The old copy has:  
—— of debt, broken bonds.

Mr. Malone very judiciously reads—*date-broken*. For the sake of measure I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “I have broke [i. e. broken] with her father.” STEVENS.

To the present emendation I should not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that some change is absolutely necessary,



316 TIMON OF ATHENS.

And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*FLAV.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*TIM.* Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]

*FLAV.* I pray, draw near.  
[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.*<sup>7</sup>

*CAPH.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with  
Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

*VAR. SERV.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*ISID. SERV.* A plague upon him, dog!

*VAR. SERV.* How dost, fool?

*APEM.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*VAR. SERV.* I speak not to thee.

*APEM.* No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.  
[*To the Fool.*]

and this appears to be established beyond a doubt by a former line  
in the preceding scene:

“ And my reliances on his *fracted dates*.”

The transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places.  
Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors evaded the difficulty  
by omitting the corrupted word,—*debt*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost,  
in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him,  
was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience  
was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Ti-  
mandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which  
depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

ISID. SERV. [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!<sup>b</sup>

ALL. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Affes.

ALL. SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

FOOL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such

<sup>b</sup> *Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds &c.*] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*

Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*

All. *What are we, Apemantus?*

Apem. *Affes.*

All. *Why?*

Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak &c.*

Thus every word will have its proper place. it is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed by Johnson is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compose a part of it. M. MASON.

chickens as you are.<sup>8</sup> 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.<sup>9</sup>

APEM. Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *She's e'en setting on water to scald &c.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought occurs in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

“ — look parboil'd,

“ As if they came from Cupid's scalding house.”

STEEVENS.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry, instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6820:

“ Without scalding they hem pulle.” HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *'Would, we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: “ *Et CORINTHI supra mille prostitutas in templo Veneris assidue degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, & velut sacrorum ministras Deæ famulari.*” Milton, in his *Apology for Smeædymnus*, says: “ Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelates, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one.” WARBURTON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *my mistress' page.*] In the first passage this Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

“ *All.* How does your *mistress*?” —

“ *Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool.”

STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the

*PAGE.* [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

*APEM.* 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*PAGE.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*APEM.* Canst not read?

*PAGE.* No.

*APEM.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*PAGE.* Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*]

*APEM.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

*FOOL.* Will you leave me there?

*APEM.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

*ALL SERV.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*APEM.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

“Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him!”

Again, more appositely, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

“What ho, *M.* [*Master*] Lorenzo, and *M.* [*Mistress*] Lorenzo,”

In Vol. VI. p. 425, n. 9, and Vol. X, p. 24, n. 5, are found corruptions similar to the present, in consequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the MS. improperly, MALONE,

*FOOL.* Are you three usurers' men?

*ALL SERV.* Ay, fool.

*FOOL.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house<sup>3</sup> merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

*VAR. SERV.* I could render one.

*APEM.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*VAR. SERV.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*FOOL.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one:<sup>4</sup> He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*VAR. SERV.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*FOOL.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

<sup>3</sup> — *my mistress' house*—] Here again the old copy reads—*master's*. I have corrected it for the reason already assigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had silently made the same emendation; but in subsequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again restored.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *his artificial one*:] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 521

*APEM.* That answer might have become Ape-  
mantus.

*ALL SERV.* Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*APEM.* Come with me, fool, come.

*FOOL.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother,  
and woman; fometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

*FLAV.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you  
anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*]

*TIM.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this  
time,  
Had you not fully laid my state before me;  
That I might so have rated my expence,  
As I had leave of means?

*FLAV.* You would not hear me,  
At many leifures I propos'd.

*TIM.* Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister,<sup>s</sup>  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*FLAV.* O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

<sup>s</sup> — made your minister,] So the original. The second folio  
and the later editions have all:

— made you minister. JOHNSON.

The construction is:—*And made that unaptness your minister.*

MALONE.

Return so much,<sup>7</sup> I have shook my head, and wept;  
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have  
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,<sup>8</sup>  
 Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,<sup>9</sup>  
 The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Return so much,*] He does not mean so *great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. See a note on the words—"with *so many* talents," p. 536, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *My dear-lov'd lord,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the epithet—*dear*, and consequently vitiates the measure.

STEVENS,

<sup>9</sup> *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,

*Though you bear me now, yet now's too late a time.*

WARBURTON.

I think Sir T. Hamner right, and have received his emendation.  
 JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. "Though I tell you this (*says Flavius*) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts,*

TIM. *Let all my land be sold.*] The re-

FLAV. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?<sup>3</sup>

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word;<sup>4</sup>  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

dundancy of measure in this passage persuades me that it stood originally thus:

*Your greatest having lacks a half to pay  
Your present debts.*

Tim. *Let all my land be sold.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — and at length

How goes our reckoning?] This steward talks very wildly.  
The lord indeed might have asked, what a lord seldom knows:

*How goes our reckoning?*

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

Hold good our reckoning? WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand.

JOHNSON.

How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> O my good lord, the world is but a word;] The meaning is, as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.



When all our offices<sup>5</sup> have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders;<sup>6</sup> when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-  
 strelfy;  
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,<sup>7</sup>  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

<sup>5</sup> — our offices—] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domesticks, &c. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

“ Sent forth great largesse to your offices.”

Would Duncan have sent *largesse* to any but *servants*? See Vol. VII. p. 401, n. 8. It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, v. 8140, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

“ Houses of office stuffed with plente

“ Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> With riotous feeders;] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi: “ — one who looks on *feeders*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — a wasteful cock,] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning stopple *running* to *waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peafants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?<sup>8</sup>  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?  
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.<sup>9</sup>  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience  
lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument<sup>a</sup> of hearts by borrowing,

<sup>8</sup> *Who is not Timon's?*] I suppose we ought to read, for the sake of measure:

*Who is not lord Timon's?* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*

*Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.*] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *And try the argument—*] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean contents, as the arguments of a book; or evidences and proofs.

JOHNSON,

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*; which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are composed, what they

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.<sup>3</sup>

FLAV. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,<sup>4</sup>

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there, ho!<sup>5</sup>—Flaminius!<sup>6</sup> Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

SERV. My lord, my lord,—

TIM. I will despatch you severally.—You, to  
lord Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;  
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud; say,

*have in them, &c.* The old copy reads—*argument*, not, as Dr. Johnson supposed—*arguments*. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: “Have you heard the *argument*? Is there no offence in it?” Many more instances to the same purpose might be subjoined. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As I can bid thee speak.*] Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded measure that these words are a playhouse interpolation, I would not hesitate to omit them. They are understood, though not expressed. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *crown'd,*] i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Within there, ho!*] *Ho*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakspeare's use of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Flaminius!*] The old copy has—*Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably arose from *Fla.* only being set down in the MS. MALONE.

That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money: let the request  
Be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus?<sup>7</sup> humph!  
[*Aside.*]

TIM. Go you, fir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,<sup>8</sup>

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,<sup>9</sup>)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can it be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate  
voice,  
That now they are at fall,<sup>1</sup> want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-  
able,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
but<sup>3</sup>  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

<sup>7</sup> — lord *Lucullus* ?] As the steward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not scrupled to supply the title *lord*, which is wanting in the old copy, though necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Go you, fir, to the senators,*] To complete the line, we might read, as in the first scene of this play:

— *the senators* of Athens. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I knew it the most general way,*] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *at fall,*] i. e. *at an ebb*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *but—*] was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis  
pity—

And so, intending<sup>4</sup> other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,<sup>5</sup>  
With certain half-caps,<sup>6</sup> and cold-moving nods,<sup>7</sup>  
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them!—  
I pry'thee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:<sup>8</sup>  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it feldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

<sup>4</sup> — *intending* —] is regarding, turning their notice to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Good sir, *intend* this business.”

See Vol. V. p. 145, n. 6. STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

“ Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle.”

Again, in Pasquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623:

“ For we have many secret ways to spend,

“ Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *and these hard fractions*,] Flavius, by *fractions*, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *half-caps*,] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *cold-moving nods*,] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

*Cold-moving* is the same as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual sober gods*, for *perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing clouds*,—*loving-jealous-flattering sweet*, &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Have their ingratitude in them hereditary*:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.<sup>9</sup>—  
 Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To*  
 FLAVIUS,] be not sad,  
 Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously<sup>2</sup> I speak,  
 No blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius  
 lately  
 Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
 Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
 I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from  
 me;  
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
 Touches his friend,<sup>3</sup> which craves to be remem-  
 ber'd  
 With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAVIUS,*]  
 give it these fellows  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

<sup>9</sup> *And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.*] The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,  
 “ Which shows all honour is departed from us,  
 “ And we are earth again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *ingeniously.*—] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ A course of learning and *ingenious* studies.” REED.

<sup>3</sup> *Bid him suppose, some good necessity*

*Touches his friend,*] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness:—or, some *bonest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

So afterwards:

“ If his occasion were not *virtuous*,  
 “ I should not urge it half so faithfully.” STEEVENS.

FLAV. I would, I could not think it;<sup>4</sup> That  
 thought is bounty's foe;  
 Being free' itself, it thinks all others fo. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* Enter a Servant to him.

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming  
 down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a  
 gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt  
 of a silver basin and ewer<sup>6</sup> to-night. Flaminius,

<sup>4</sup> *I would, I could not think it; &c.*] I concur in opinion with some former editors, that the words—*think it*, should be omitted. Every reader will mentally insert them from the speech of Timon, though they are not expressed in that of Flavius. The laws of metre, in my judgement, should supersede the authority of the players, who appear in many instances to have taken a designed ellipsis for an error of omission, to the repeated injury of our author's verification. I would read:

*I would, I could not: That thought's bounty's foe—.*

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *free*—] is *liberal*, not *parfimonious*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *a silver basin and ewer*—] These utensils of silver being much in request in Shakspeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled

honest Flaminius ; you are very respectfully welcome, fir.<sup>7</sup>—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*FLAM.* His health is well, fir.

*LUCUL.* I am right glad that his health is well, fir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*FLAM.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, fir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*LUCUL.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every

to place them in the house of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ ——— my house within the city  
“ Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
“ *Basons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands,”

See Vol. VI. p. 499, n. 8. MALONE.

Our author, I believe, has introduced *basons and ewers* where they would certainly have been found. The Romans appear to have had them; and the forms of their utensils were generally copied from those of Greece. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*very respectfully welcome, fir.*] i. e. respectfully. So, in *King John*:

“ 'Tis too *respectful*,” &c.

See Vol. VIII. p. 19, n. 5. STEVENS.



man has his fault, and honesty is his; <sup>8</sup> I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*SERV.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*LUCUL.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wife. Here's to thee.

*FLA.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*LUCUL.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wife; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares<sup>9</sup> for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*FLAM.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive, that liv'd?<sup>10</sup> Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

*LUCUL.* Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

<sup>8</sup> Every man has his fault, and honesty is his;] *Honesty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — three solidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> And we alive, that liv'd?] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time*. WARBURTON.

FLAM. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thou disease of a friend,<sup>4</sup> and not himself!  
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
 It turns in less than two nights?<sup>5</sup> O you gods,  
 I feel my master's passion!<sup>6</sup> This slave  
 Unto his honour,<sup>7</sup> has my lord's meat in him:  
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

<sup>3</sup> *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, *The Dead Man's Song*:

" And ladles full of melted gold  
 " Were poured downe their throates."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that Flaminius more "probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou disease of a friend,*] So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— my daughter;  
 " Or rather, a disease" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or absence of milk. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *passion!*] i. e. suffering. So, in *Macbeth*:

" You shall offend him, and extend his *passion*."

i. e. prolong his *suffering*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Unto his honour,*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read—*Unto this hour*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour*, as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one. M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

534 TIMON OF ATHENS.

When he is turn'd to poison?  
 O, may diseases only work upon't!  
 And, when he is sick to death,<sup>8</sup> let not that part of  
 nature<sup>9</sup>  
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!<sup>a</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>8</sup> ——— to death,] If these words, which derange the metre, were omitted, would the sentiment of Flaminus be impaired?

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— of nature—] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*nurture*. JOHNSON.

*Of nature* is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminus considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— his hour!] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His for its.*

STEEVENS.

*His* in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here I think "*his hour*" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life*.

If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his being miserable; that sickness may "play the torturer by small and small," and "have him nine whole years in killing."—"Live loath'd and long!" says Timon in a subsequent scene; and again:

"Decline to your confounding contraries,

"And yet confusion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand *his hour* to mean *the hour of sickness*: and it must be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds support to his interpretation:

"This phyfick but *prolongs thy sickly days.*" MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further support from a passage in *Coriolanus*, where Menenius says to the Roman sentinel: "Be that you are, *long*; and your misery increase with your age."

STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*LUC.* Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *STRAN.* We know him for no less,<sup>3</sup> though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done<sup>4</sup> and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*LUC.* Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *STRAN.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;<sup>5</sup> nay, urged

<sup>3</sup> *We know him for no less,*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for—to *acknowledge*. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. v:

“ ——— You are to *know*

“ That prosperously I have attempted, and

“ With bloody passage led your wars—” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *are done*—] i. e. consumed. See Vol. IX. p. 623, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *to borrow* so many talents;] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily—*fifty talents*. So *many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: “ And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having

extremely for't, and show'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How?

2. STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour show'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,<sup>6</sup> I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.<sup>7</sup>

reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

So, Holinshed: "The bishop commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, *in such a place*." We should now write—in a *certain* place.

Again, in the Account-book, kept by Empson in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his History of that king:

"Item, Received of *such a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be repaid."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning a *certain portion* of his estate,) is yet the phraseology of Scotland.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,*] We should read: *mistook'd* him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him.

WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read—*yet had he missed him*. Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied &c.

STEEVENS.

That is, "had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne'er" &c. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received

*Enter* SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To* LUCIUS.

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir: Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeard'd to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.\*

such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should not have denied him so many talents. M. MASON.

*Had he mistook him* means, had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and sent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *mistook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

7 — *denied his occasion so many talents.*] i. e. a certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want. This passage, as well as a former, (see n. 6, p. 534.) shews that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

\* — *with so many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of talents wanted was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character, spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

*LUC.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me;  
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*SER.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.  
If his occasion were not virtuous,<sup>9</sup>  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.<sup>2</sup>

*LUC.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*SER.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*LUC.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish  
myself against such a good time, when I might have  
shown myself honourable? how unluckily it hap-  
pen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a  
little part, and undo a great deal of honour?<sup>3</sup>—

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind  
of phraseology in many books of Shakspeare's age. In *Julius*  
*Cæsar* we have the phrase used here. Lucilius says to his adver-  
sary:

“ There is *so much*, that thou wilt kill me straight.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] *Virtuous* for strong, forcible,  
pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be—If he did not want it for  
a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

“ Some *good necessity* touches his friend.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore,  
without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*.  
But he might have seen, that Shakspeare used *faithfully* for fer-  
vently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous*  
for forcible. WARBURTON.

*Zeal or fervour* usually extending *fidelity*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and*  
*undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a seeming plausible  
antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at  
the bottom. For a *little part* of what? *Honour* is the only sub-  
stantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis  
improved by the sense which my emendation gives? “ That I  
should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!”

THROBALD.

Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—  
[Exit SERVILIUS.]

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park.*  
JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place,) in a legal sense. See Jacobs's Dictionary.

STEVENS.  
I am neither satisfied with the amendments proposed, or with Steevens's explanation of the present reading; and have little doubt but we should read "purchase for a little *port*;" instead of *part*, and the meaning will then be—"How unlucky was I to have purchased, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means disabled myself from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *honour*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's reading is the true one. I once suspected the phrase "purchase *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and those of his contemporaries, has shewn me the folly of suspecting corruptions in the text, merely because it exhibits a different phraseology from that used at this day.

MALONE.



True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit Lucius.]

1. STRAN. Do you observe this, Hoftilius?<sup>4</sup>

2. STRAN. Ay, too well.

1. STRAN. Why this

Is the world's foul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit.<sup>5</sup> Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish?<sup>6</sup> for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

<sup>4</sup> *Do you observe this, Hoftilius?* I am willing to believe, for the sake of metre, that our author wrote:

*Observe you this, Hoftilius?*

*Ay, too well.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *flatterer's spirit.* This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read:

*Why, this is the world's foul;*

*And just of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.*

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

*Why, this is the world's sport;*

*Of the same piece is every flatterer's foul.*

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. This, says he, is the *soul* or *spirit* of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes *sport* with the confidence of his friend.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the transposition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for verse. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *that dips in the same dish?* This phrase is scriptural. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish." *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS.

And kept his credit with his purse;  
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
 And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)  
 He does deny him, in respect of his,<sup>7</sup>  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. STRAN. Religion groans at it.

I. STRAN. For mine own part,  
 I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — in respect of his,] i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

*In respect of his fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.* JOHNSON.

Does not *his* refer to the *lip of Timon*?—Though Lucius himself drink from a silver cup which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuses to *Timon*, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him,]* Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*I would have put my wealth into partition,  
 And the best half should have attorn'd to him,——.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning.

JOHNSON.

*Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him.* Either

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;  
For policy fits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not choose to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

The following lines, however, in *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is somewhat doubtful:

“ Put your dread pleasures more into command  
“ Than to entreaty.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iv:

“ And mad’st me *put into contempt* the suits  
“ Of princely fellows,” &c.

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have returned him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. Lady Macbeth has nearly the same sentiment:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ in compt  
“ To make their audit at your highness’ pleasure,  
“ Still to *return your own*.” STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this passage arises from the word *return’d*. Warburton proposes to read *attorn’d*; but that word always relates to persons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the passage appears to be this:—“ Though I never tasted of Timon’s bounty, yet I have such an esteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I should have considered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again.” To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to suppose it a donation.

M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (says the speaker) I never tasted Timon’s bounty in my life, I would have *supposed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phrase,—*Put yourself* [i. e. suppose yourself] in my place. The passages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully support the phrase—*into donation*.

“ *Return’d to him* ” necessarily includes the idea of having *come from him*, and therefore can not mean simply—*found its way, the interpretation first given by Mr. Steevens*. MALONE.

S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!  
'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison:<sup>9</sup> All these three<sup>6</sup>  
Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. O my lord,  
They have all been touch'd,<sup>3</sup> and found base metal;  
for  
They have all deny'd him?

SEM. How! have they deny'd him?  
Has Ventidius<sup>4</sup> and Lucullus deny'd him?

<sup>9</sup> *And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison:*] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee  
"From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,  
"To trample ore mee in my misery?" MALONE,

<sup>2</sup> — *these three*—] The word *three* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the measure; as was the exclamation *O*, for the same reason, in the following speech. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They have all been touch'd,*] That is, *tried*, alluding to the touchstone. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
"To try, if thou be current gold, indeed." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Has Ventidius &c.*] With this mutilated and therefore rugged speech no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. Sir T. Hanmer thus reforms the first part of it:

*Have Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,  
Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?*

And does he send to me? Three? humph!—  
 It shows but little love or judgement in him.  
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like phy-  
 sicians,  
 Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon  
 me?

Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor :

*Deny'd him, say you? and does he send to me?*

*Three? humph!*

*It shows &c.*

But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profess my inability to repair. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ———— *His friends, like physicians,*

Thrive, *give him over*;] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They *give him over shriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by shrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, is the best comment after all :

“ ———— Physicians thus

“ *With their hands full of money, use to give o'er*

“ *Their patients.*”

The passage will then mean:—“ His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate.” *To give over* in *The Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit :

“ And therefore let me be thus bold with you

“ *To give you over* at this first encounter,

“ *Unless you will accompany me thither.*” STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, the first and principal corrupter of these plays, for *Thrive*, substituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we find :

“ ———— Use me well, you were best ;

“ *What I have done, I have done ; I'll confess nothing.*”

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

Apparently from *Otbello* :

“ Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;  
“ From this time forth I never will speak word.”

Again the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says :

“ ——— Satisfy thy longing;  
“ The only way to make thee keep thy counsel,  
“ Is, not to tell thee.”

So, in *King Henry IV. Part I* :

“ ——— for secrecy  
“ No lady closer; for I well believe  
“ Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.”

Again, in *The White Devil* :

“ Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils.”

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— 'tis the eye of childhood  
“ That fears a painted devil.”

Again, in *The White Devil* :

“ ——— the secret of my prince,  
“ Which I will wear i'th' inside of my heart.”

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet* :

“ ——— Give me the man  
“ That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
“ In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.”

*The White Devil* was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*; Act IV. sc. ii.; and the last scene of the fourth act of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, which seems to have been copied from our author's *King Jobn*, Act IV. sc. ii.

*The Dutchess of Malfy* had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year :

“ To make a child new-swaddled to proceed  
“ Man,” &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webster's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it first appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the press, but our author's original word, which Webster imitated, not from the printed book, but from the representation of the play, or the Ms. copy.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the dutchess, who, like Desdemona, is strangled, revives after long seeming dead, speaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

That might have known my place: I see no sense  
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.<sup>6</sup>  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I had such a courage<sup>7</sup> to do him good. But now  
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

SERV. Excellent!<sup>8</sup> Your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made  
man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot  
think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will  
set him clear.<sup>7</sup> How fairly this lord strives to ap-

<sup>6</sup> *And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.*] [Old copy—and  
'mongst lords be thought a fool.] The personal pronoun was inserted  
by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I have changed the position of the personal pronoun, and added  
*she* for the sake of metre, which, in too many parts of this play, is  
incorrigible. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I had such a courage—*] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Excellent! &c.*] I suppose the former part of this speech to  
have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though  
the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables  
necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such ad-  
ditions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text. STEEVENS.

I suspect no omission whatsoever here. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he  
cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies  
of man will set him clear.*] I cannot but think that the negative

pear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like

not has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words.

JOHNSON.

— *will set him clear.*] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* must be supposed to know what he did; but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being puzzled and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we say, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *cross'd* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To *cross himself* may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex.— If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is nearly right; but I don't see how the insertion of the negative injures the sense, or why that should be considered as a corruption. Servilius means to say, that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himself by it; for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnson has rightly explained the words, "he crossed himself by it."—So, in *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says of himself:

" ————— It is I

" That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,

" By being worfe than they." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he*



those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.<sup>2</sup>

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

*was about, [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.*

*Clear* is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— nothing but heart's sorrow,

“ And a *clear* life ensuing.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— This Duncan

“ Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

“ So *clear* in his great office, ———.”

Again, in the play before us:

“ Roots, ye *clear* gods!”

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“ ——— I know myself am *clear*

“ As is the new-born infant.” MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself *clear*, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom.

RITSON.

Concerning this difficult passage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myself am in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil, — *puzzled*, instead of being *set clear* by them. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that under zeal for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire.* So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one; but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker.

WARBURTON.

Save the gods only:<sup>3</sup> Now his friends are dead,  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard fure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal courfe allows ;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.<sup>4</sup>  
 [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two servants of Varro, and the servant of  
 Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other  
 servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming  
 out.*

*VAR. SERV.* Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and  
 Hortensius.

*TIT.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*HOR.* Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

*LUC. SERV.* Ay, and, I think,  
 One businefs does command us all ; for mine  
 Is money.

*TIT.* So is theirs and ours.

<sup>3</sup> *Save the gods only :*] Old copy—*Save only the gods.* The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. ii: " You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will *keep the house.*" STEEVENS.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*LUC. SERV.* And fir  
Philotus too!

*PHI.* Good day at once.

*LUC. SERV.* Welcome, good brother.  
What do you think the hour?

*PHI.* Labouring for nine.

*LUC. SERV.* So much?

*PHI.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*LUC. SERV.* Not yet.

*PHI.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at  
seven.

*LUC. SERV.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter  
with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's;<sup>5</sup> but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,  
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.<sup>6</sup>

*PHI.* I am of your fear for that.

<sup>5</sup> ——— a prodigal course

*Is like the sun's;]* That is, like him in blaze and splendor.  
"Soles occidere & redire possunt." Catul. JOHNSON.

Theobald and the subsequent editors, elegantly enough, but  
without necessity, read—a *prodigal's* course. We have the same  
phrase as that in the text in the last couplet of the preceding scene:

"And this is all a *liberal course* allows." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— reach deep enough, and yet

*Find little.]* Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter,  
during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty pro-  
vision through a depth of snow. STEEVENS.

TIT. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. SERV. Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I am weary of this charge,<sup>7</sup> the gods can  
witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

I. VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:  
What's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

I. VAR. SERV. 'Tis much deep: and it should  
seem by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equal'd.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Else, surely, his had equal'd.*] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equal'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his* (i. e. my master's) *debt* (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) *would certainly have been as great as your master's* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so. RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendship subsisting between your master [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIM. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised* from *three* thousand crowns to *five* thousand."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C. for five, and C. requests that he may lend A. precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's servant therefore may mean, Else surely the *same* sums had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a REMARKER [Mr. Ritson] has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible.

This Remarker, however, it is observable, after saying, that he shall take no notice of *such see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely. MALONE.

It must be perfectly clear, that the Remarker could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himself of the above Remark, to vary the expression of his conjecture, and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had. RITSON.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 553

FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, fir?

I. VAR. SERV. By your leave, fir,—

FLAV. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, fir.

FLAV.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
Your fums and bills, when your false masters eat  
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and  
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but  
wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV.

If 'twill not,<sup>9</sup>

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.

<sup>9</sup> *If 'twill not,*] Old copy—If 'twill not *serve*. I have ventured to omit the useless repetition of the verb—*serve*, because it injures the metre. STEEVENS.

1. *VAR. SERV.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. *VAR. SERV.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*<sup>2</sup>

*TIT.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

*SER.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should much Derive from it:<sup>3</sup> for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*LUC. SERV.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick: And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

*SER.* Good gods!

*TIT.* We cannot take this for an answer,<sup>4</sup> sir.

*FLAM.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Servilius.*] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I should much*  
Derive from it: &c.] Old copy:

————— *I should*  
Derive much from it: &c.

For this slight transposition, by which the metre is restored, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for an answer,*] The article *an*, which is deficient in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

**TIM.** What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

**LUC SERV.** Put in now, Titus.

**TIT.** My lord, here is my bill.

**LUC SERV.** Here's mine.

**HOR. SERV.** And mine, my lord.<sup>5</sup>

**BOTH VAR. SERV.** And ours, my lord.

**PHI.** All our bills.

**TIM.** Knock me down with 'em :<sup>6</sup> cleave me to the girdle.

<sup>5</sup> Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this speech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the servant of *Hortensius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest,) because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed, *2. Var.* which from the words spoken [And *ours*, my lord.] meant, I conceive, *the two servants of Varro*. In the modern editions this latter speech is given to *Caphis*, who is not upon the stage. MALONE.

This whole scene perhaps was strictly metrical, when it came from Shakspeare; but the present state of it is such, that it cannot be restored but by greater violence than an editor may be allowed to employ. I have therefore given it without the least attempt at arrangement. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Knock me down with 'em.*] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Vol. IV. p. 477, n. 6. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Gresham says to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "— they durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*." STEEVENS.



*LUC. SERV.* Alas! my lord,——

*TIM.* Cut my heart in fums.

*TIT.* Mine, fifty talents.

*TIM.* Tell out my blood.

*LUC. SERV.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*TIM.* Five thousand drops pays that.—  
What yours?—and yours?

1. *VAR. SERV.* My lord,——

2. *VAR. SERV.* My lord,——

*TIM.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on  
you! [*Exit.*

*HOR.* 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw  
their caps at their money; these debts may well be  
call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*TIM.* They have e'en put my breath from me,  
the slaves:  
Creditors!—devils.

*FLAV.* My dear lord,——

*TIM.* What if it should be so?

*FLAV.* My lord,——

*TIM.* I'll have it so:—My steward!

*FLAV.* Here, my lord.

*TIM.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:  
I'll once more feast the rascals.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:  
I'll once more feast the rascals.]* Thus the second folio; except

*FLAV.* O my lord,  
 You only speak from your distracted soul;  
 There is not so much left, to furnish out  
 A moderate table.

*TIM.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
 I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide  
 Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.  
 [Exeunt.]

that, by an apparent error of the press, we have—*add* instead of *and*.

The first folio reads:

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: all,  
 I'll once more feast the rascals.*

Regularity of metre alone would be sufficient to decide in favour of the present text, which, with the second folio, rejects the fortuitous and unmeaning aggregate of letters—*Ullorxa*. This *Ullorxa*, however, seems to have been considered as one of the “ineffimable stones, unvalued jewels,” which “emblaze the forehead” of that august publication, the folio 1623; and has been set, with becoming care, in the text of Mr. Malone. For my own part, like the cock in the fable, I am content to leave this gem on the stercoraceous spot where it was discovered.—*Ullorxa* (a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome) must (if meant to have been introduced at all) have been a corruption as gross as others that occur in the same book, where we find *Billinggate* instead of *Basingstoke*, *Epton* instead of *Hyperion*, and an *ace* instead of *Até*. Types, indeed, shook out of a hat, or shot from a dice-box, would often assume forms as legitimate as the proper names transmitted to us by Messieurs Hemings, Condell, and C<sup>o</sup>. who very probably did not accustom themselves to spell even their own appellations with accuracy, or always in the same manner. STEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*The same. The Senate-House.**The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1. *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the  
 fault's bloody;  
 'Tis necessary, he should die:  
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. *SEN.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.<sup>8</sup>

*ALCIB.* Honour, health, and compassion to the  
 senate!

1. *SEN.* Now, captain?

*ALCIB.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
 For pity is the virtue of the law,  
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
 It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
 Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
 Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
 To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.  
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,<sup>9</sup>  
 Of comely virtues:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *shall bruise him.*] The old copy reads—*shall bruise 'em.* The same mistake has happened often in these plays. In a subsequent line in this scene we have in the old copy—with *him*, instead of—with *'em.* For the correction, which is fully justified by the context, I am answerable. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer also reads—*bruise him.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *setting his fate aside,*] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *He is a man, &c.*] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour.* All the

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;  
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)  
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
 He did oppose his foe:  
 And with such sober and unnoted passion  
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,<sup>3</sup>  
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

*He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;  
 Nor did he soil, &c.* JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And with such sober and unnoted passion*

*He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.] Unnoted for common, bounded. Behave, for curb, manage.* WARBURTON.

I would rather read:

————— *and unnoted passion*  
*He did behave, ere was his anger spent.*

*Unnoted passion* means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In sir W. D'Avenant's play of *The Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner:

“How well my stars *behave* their influence.”

Again:

“————— You an Italian, sir, and thus  
 “*Behave* the knowledge of disgrace!”

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

“Unnoted passion,” I believe, means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note*, or observe, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *behoove* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave*, which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author so very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have sometimes thought he might have written—“He did *behalve* his anger,”—i. e. suppress it. So, Milton:

“———— yet put he not forth all his strength,  
 “But check'd it *mid-way*.”

I. SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,<sup>4</sup>  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they la-  
 bour'd  
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
 When sects and factions were newly born:  
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe;<sup>5</sup> and make his  
 wrongs  
 His outfides; wear them like his raiment, care-  
 lessly;

*Behave*, however, is used by Spenser, in his *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. iii. in a sense that will suit sufficiently with the passage before us:

“ But who his limbs with labours, and his mind  
 “ *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy miss.”

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different signification from that in which it is now used. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *traſto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*.

MALONE.

On second consideration, the sense of this passage, (however perversely expressed on account of rhyme,) may be this: He managed his anger with such sober and unnoted *passion* [i. e. *suffering*, forbearance,] before it was spent, [i. e. before that disposition to endure the insult he had received, was exhausted,] that it seemed as if he had been only engaged in supporting an argument he had advanced in conversation. *Passion* may as well be used to signify *suffering*, as any violent commotion of the mind: and that our author was aware of this, may be inferred from his introduction of the Latin phrase—“ *hysterica passio*,” in *King Lear*. See also Vol. XII. p. 249, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> You undergo too strict a paradox,] You undertake a paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — that man can breathe;] i. e. can utter. So afterwards:  
 “ You breathe in vain.” MALONE.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,  
 “ The youth you breathe of, guilty.” STEEVENS.

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
 To bring it into danger.  
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

ALCIB. My lord,—

I. SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear;  
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
 If I speak like a captain.—  
 Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
 And not endure all threatenings?<sup>6</sup> sleep upon it,  
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
 Without repugnancy? but if there be  
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
 Abroad?<sup>7</sup> why then, women are more valiant,  
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
 And th' asfs, more captain than the lion; the felon,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — threatenings?] Old copy—*threats*. This slight, but judicious change, is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the next line but one, he also added, for the sake of metre,—*but*—. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *what make we*

*Abroad?]* *What do we, or what have we to do in the field.*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 447, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And th' asfs, more captain than the lion; &c.]* Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omission of—*captain*] the original reads thus:

————— *what make we*

*Abroad? why then, women are more valiant*

*That stay at home, if bearing carry it:*

*And the asfs, more captain than the lion,*

*The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,*

*If wisdom, &c.*

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

————— *what make we*

*Abroad? why then the women are more valiant*

*That stay at home;*

Loaden with irons, wifer than the judge,  
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good:  
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;<sup>9</sup>

*If bearing carry it, then is the ass  
 More captain than the lion ; and the felon  
 Loaden with irons, wifer &c.* JOHNSON.

— *if bearing carry it ;*] Dr. Johnson, when he proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line instead of the preceding words, seems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propensities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain*. They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said :

“ My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
 “ If I speak like a *captain*.——”

and by Shakspeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text :

“ And captive good attending *captain* ill.”

Again, in another of his Sonnets :

“ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 “ Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.”

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow*. MALONE.

The word *captain* has been very injudiciously restored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its spoiling what will otherwise be a metrical line. Nor is his using it elsewhere any proof that he meant to use it here. RITSON.

I have not scrupled to insert Dr. Johnson's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow*, in the text ; but do not perceive how the line can become strictly metrical by the omission of the word—*captain*, unless, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we transpose the conjunction—*and*, and read :

*The ass more than the lion, and the felon,——.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *sin's extremest gust ;*] *Gust*, for aggravation.

WARBURTON.

*Gust* is here in its common sense ; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.<sup>1</sup>  
 To be in anger, is impiety;  
 But who is man, that is not angry?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2. SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain? his service done  
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. Why, I say,<sup>3</sup> my lords, h'as done fair  
 service,  
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em,<sup>4</sup>  
 he

I believe *guft* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden  
*guft of wind*. STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden *guft* of passion. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — by mercy, 'tis most just.] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But  
 we must read:

—— 'tis made just. WARBURTON.

*Mercy* is not put for *equity*. If such explanation be allowed,  
 what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herself* to wit-  
 ness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a*  
*merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justi-  
 fiable. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the more spirited; but a passage in  
*King John* should seem to countenance that of Mr. Malone:

"Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

"And so doth yours——." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, I say,*] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor  
 of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — with 'em,] The folio—with *him*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.



Is a sworn rioter :<sup>5</sup> h'as a fin that often  
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
 If there were no foes, that were enough alone<sup>6</sup>  
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

I. SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.  
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
 And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
 Take my deserts to his, and join them both :  
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
 Security, I'll pawn<sup>7</sup> my victories, all  
 My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore ;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

I. SEN. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,  
 On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,  
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

<sup>5</sup> *Is a sworn rioter :*] A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expression, a *sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. See Vol. IX. p. 308, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *alone*—] This word was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. Thus, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ ————— Good *alone*

“ Is good ———.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *your reverend ages love*  
 Security, I'll pawn &c.] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

So afterwards :

“ ————— banish *usury*,

“ That makes the senate ugly.” MALONE.

ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2. SEN. How?

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.<sup>8</sup>

3. SEN.

What?

ALCIB. I cannot think, but your age has forgot  
me;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,<sup>9</sup>  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ake at you.

1. SEN.

Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;<sup>2</sup>  
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB.

Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1. SEN. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain  
thee,

Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell  
our spirit,<sup>3</sup>

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *remembrances.*] is here used as a word of five syllables. In the singular number it occurs as a quadrisyllable only. See *Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. i:

“ And lasting in her sad *remembrance*,” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I should prove so base,*] *Base* for dishonour'd.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Do you dare our anger?*

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;] This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:

our anger?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And, not to swell our spirit,*] I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. i:

ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
 you may live  
 Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
 I am worfe than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
 While they have told their money, and let out  
 Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
 Rich only in large hurts;—All thofe, for this?  
 Is this the balfam, that the ufuring fenate  
 Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banifhment?<sup>4</sup>  
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banifh'd;  
 It is a caufe worthy my spleen and fury,  
 That I may ftrike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
 My difcontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
 'Tis honour, with moft lands to be at odds;<sup>5</sup>  
 Soldiers fhould brook as little wrongs, as gods.  
 [Exit.]

“ The hearts of princes kifs obedience,  
 “ So much they love it; but, to stubborn fpirits,  
 “ They *fwell* and grow as terrible as ftorms.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *ha!* banifhment?] Thus the fecond folio. Its ever-blundering predeceffor omits the interjection, *ha!* and confequently fpoils the metre.—The fame exclamation occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ *Ha!* banifhment? be merciful, fay—death——.”

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *and lay for hearts.*

'*Tis honour, with moft lands to be at odds;*] But furely even in a foldier's fenfe of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which fhows rather a quarrelfome difpofition than a valiant one. Befides, this was not Alcibiades's cafe. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrafe in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, fays he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and fignifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which fhould be read thus:

<sup>5</sup>*'Tis honour with moft hands to be at odds;*

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at difadvantage; as he muft do againft the united ftrength of Athens; and this, by foldiers, is accounted

## SCENE VI.

*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1. LORD. The good time of day to you, fir.

2. LORD. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

*Honourable.* Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He lurch'd all swords.” WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play for hearts*.

JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say, to *lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, [Mr. Whalley's edition] Vol. IV. p. 33:

“ Lay for some pretty principality.” TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“ He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them

“ When he shall finger Castile's crown.” MALONE.

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;] I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the greatest part of the world, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the Senate, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say:

'Tis honour with most lords to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable to wrangle for a score of kingdoms, (as Miranda expresses it,) than to enter into quarrels with lords, or any other private adversaries.

STEVENS.

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord;

1. *LORD.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,<sup>6</sup> when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. *LORD.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. *LORD.* I should think so: He hath sent me an

(or with any other person;) but not so easy to be at odds with his *land*. Neither does the observation just made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported. MALONE.

By *most* lands, perhaps our author means *greatest* lands. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act IV. sc. i:

“ But always resolute in *most* extremes;”

i. e. in *greatest*. Alcibiades, therefore, may be willing to regard a contest with a great and extensive territory, like that of Athens, as a circumstance honourable to himself. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Enter *divers* Lords,] In the modern editions these are called *Senators*; but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords*. The old copy has “ Enter *divers* friends.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon that were my thoughts tiring,] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed; fastened*, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

“ *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,—”

*Tirouër*, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose.

In *King Henry VI.* Part II. we have a kindred expression:

“ ——— your thoughts

“ *Beat* on a crown.” MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is said to be “ woman-tir'd,” i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now say, with a similar allusion, *hen-pecked*.

STEVENS.

earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *LORD.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *LORD.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *LORD.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *LORD.* A thousand pieces.

2. *LORD.* A thousand pieces!

1. *LORD.* What of you?

3. *LORD.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*TIM.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. *LORD.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. *LORD.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

*TIM.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1. *LORD.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

*TIM.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. LORD. My noble lord,—

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, sir.

2. LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.<sup>1</sup>—Come, bring in all together.

2. LORD. All cover'd dishes!

1. LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. LORD. How do you? What's the news?

3. LORD. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. LORD. Alcibiades banish'd!

3. LORD. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. LORD. How? how?

2. LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.<sup>2</sup>

2. LORD. This is the old man still.

3. LORD. Will't hold? will't hold?

2. LORD. It does: but time will—and so—

<sup>1</sup> ——— *your better remembrance.*] i. e. your *good* memory: the comparative for the *positive* degree. See Vol. VII. p. 450, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Here's a noble feast toward.*] i. e. in a state of readiness. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.”

STEEVENS.

3. LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.<sup>9</sup> Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,<sup>2</sup> O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag<sup>3</sup> of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,

<sup>9</sup> — your diet shall be in all places alike.] See a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VII. p. 29, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The rest of your fees,*] We should read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *the common lag*—] Old copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The *fag-end* of a web of cloth is, in some places, called the *lag-end*. STEEVENS.



You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm  
water

Is your perfection.<sup>4</sup> This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,<sup>5</sup>  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune,<sup>6</sup> trencher-friends, time's flies,<sup>7</sup>  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!<sup>8</sup>  
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady<sup>9</sup>  
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

<sup>4</sup> [*Is your perfection.*] Your perfection, is the highest of your excellence. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

“ ——— let not that part

“ Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour.*”

Again:

“ Gods keep you *old enough,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *fools of fortune,*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ O! I am *fortune's fool.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

So, before:

“ ——— one cloud of winter showers,

“ These *flies* are couch'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *minute-jacks!*] Sir T. Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See note on *King Richard III.* Vol. X. p. 620, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the infinite malady*—] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—  
 [Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.  
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—  
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1. LORD. How now, my lords?<sup>2</sup>
2. LORD. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3. LORD. Pish! did you see my cap?
4. LORD. I have lost my gown.
3. LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?
4. LORD. Did you see my cap?
2. LORD. Here 'tis.
4. LORD. Here lies my gown.
1. LORD. Let's make no stay.
2. LORD. Lord Timon's mad.
3. LORD. I feel't upon my bones.
4. LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.<sup>3</sup> [Exeunt.

<sup>2</sup> *How now, my lords?*] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *stones.*] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests, except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama described in p. 460, had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

TIM. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
 And minister in their steads! to general filths<sup>4</sup>  
 Convert o'the instant, green<sup>5</sup> virginity!  
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,  
 steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel!<sup>6</sup> son of sixteen,

introduced from it the "painted stones" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles, appears to want propriety. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *general filths*—] i. e. common sewers. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *green*—] i. e. immature. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:  
 "When I was *green* in judgement——." STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *o'the brothel!*] So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *i'the brothel*. JOHNSON.

One would suppose it to mean, that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir T. Hanmer understood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now of the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'tb'*, *o'tb'*, and *a'tb'*, are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places. MALONE.

"Of the brothel" is the true reading. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. ii. the Steward says to Kent, "Art of the house?"

STEVENS.

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,  
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries,<sup>7</sup>  
 And yet confusion<sup>8</sup> live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty<sup>9</sup>  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!<sup>1</sup>  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

<sup>7</sup> ——— confounding *contraries*,] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— as doth a galled rock

“ O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— yet *confusion* —] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *let confusion*; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *liberty* —] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ And many such like *liberties* of sin;”

apparently meaning—*libertines*. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— multiplying *banns*!] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the *active* participle with a *passive* signification. See Vol. III. p. 225, n. 3. STEVENS.

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS,*<sup>8</sup> *with two or three Servants.*

1. *SERV.* Hear you, master steward, where's our  
 master?  
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*FLAV.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to  
 you?

Let me be recorded<sup>9</sup> by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1. *SERV.* Such a house broke!  
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him!

2. *SERV.* As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Let me be recorded—*] In compliance with ancient elliptical phraseology, the word *me*, which disorders the measure, might be omitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*Let it be recorded &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *— to his buried fortunes—*] So the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might stand. JOHNSON.

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*FLAV.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *SERV.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the furies threat: we must all part  
 Into this sea of air.

*FLAV.* Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

I should suppose that the words *from*, in the second line, and *to* in the third line, have been misplaced, and that the original reading was:

*As we do turn our backs  
 To our companion thrown into his grave,  
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away;—*

When we leave a person, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him.  
 M. MASON.

*So his familiars to his buried fortunes, &c.*] So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away, &c. MALONE.

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt Servants.*

O, the fierce wretchedness<sup>4</sup> that glory brings us!  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
 But in a dream of friendship?  
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — rich in sorrow, parting poor.] This conceit occurs again in *King Lear*:

“ Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, the fierce wretchedness—] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*:

“ And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,

“ One fit him with a larger pair of ears.”

In *King Henry VIII.* our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says:

“ Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ O vanity of sickness! *fierce* extremes

“ In their continuance will not feel themselves.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Strange, unusual blood,*] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

— *Strange, unusual mood,*  
 may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination, propensity*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

*Strange, unusual blood,* may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition.

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—blest'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*The Woods.*

*Enter TIMON.*

*TIM.* O blest breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb<sup>6</sup>  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Again, in the 5th book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. iii. b:

“ And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*  
 “ Stant the memorie unto this daie.”

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome. STEEVENS.

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. See Vol. IV. p. 254, n. 7; and p. 456, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *below thy sister's orb*—] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.



Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.<sup>7</sup>

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— Not nature,

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this:

Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage “but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*.” The meaning will then be—“Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures.”—The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus:

“——— Call the creatures

“Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite

“Of wreakful heaven,” &c.

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the measure by reading:

——— not those *natures*,——. STEEVENS.

But *by* is here used for *without*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;] [Old copy—*deny't* that lord.] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be refer'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to raise that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune raise this beggar, and let her strip and despoil that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration:

——— and denude that lord;——.

So, lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: “All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes and estates.” And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament says: “*Denude* ourselves of all.”—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15, octavo edit. WARBURTON.

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.  
 It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,<sup>9</sup>

So, as Theobald has observed, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :  
 " Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures."

MALONE.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in *King Lear* :

" Since now we will *deveſt* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604 :

" As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,*] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best ; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing : and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus :

*It is the pasture lards the wether's fides,  
 The want that makes him lean.*

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection ; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgements, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition :

*It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,  
 The want that makes him leave.*

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus :

*It is the pasture lards the beggar's fides,  
 The want that makes him lean.*

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate, with allusion to the pastour, ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus :

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,*

*'Tis want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasturer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander, before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pasturers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's collection, which seems to afford much the same meaning as this passage in Shakspeare:—"Every one basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II :

"That were to enlard his fat-already pride."

STEEVENS.

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus :

*It is the pasturer lards the broader sides,*

*The gaunt that makes him leave.*

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in *murther*, *murder*, *burthen*, *burden*, &c. REED.

That the passage is corrupt as it stands in the old copy, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but necessity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *bigber* for *bire*, and *hope* for *bolp*; in the present play *reverends* for *reverends't*; and in almost every play similar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here :

In purity of manhood stand upright,

“ ——— and bedew

“ Her *pastors*’ grafs with faithful English blood.”

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, “ I have heard him read many *lectors* againft it;” instead of *lectures*.

*Pasture*, when the *u* is founded thin, and *pastor*, are fcarcely diftinguifhable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the firft difputed word of this contefted paffage is afcertained. In *As you like it* we have—  
“ good *pasture* makes fat fheep.” Again, in the fame play:

“ Anon, a carelefs herd,

“ Full of *the pasture*, jumps along by him,” &c.

The meaning then of the paffage is,—It is the land alone which each man poffeffes that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I fuppofe, with Dr. Johnson, that Shakspeare was ftill thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already defcribed.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnson himfelf was fatisfied with his far-fetched explication of *pastour*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one elfe can be fatisfied with it. In order to give it fome little fupport, he fuppofes “ *This man’s a flatterer,*” in the following paffage, to relate to the imaginary *pastor* in this; whereas thofe words indubitably relate to *any* one individual felled out of the aggregate mafs of mankind.

Dr. Warburton reads—*breather’s fides*; which affords a commodious fenfe, but is fo far removed from the original reading as to be inadmittible. Shakspeare, I have no doubt, thought at firft of thofe animals that are fattened by *pasture*, and paffed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *foil*.

I have fometimes thought that he might have written—the *breather’s fides*. He has thrice ufed the word elfewhere. “ I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myfelf,” fays Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets*:

“ When all the *breathers* of this world are dead;”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ She fhowes a body, rather than a life;

“ A ftatue than a *breather*.”

If this was the author’s word in the paffage before us, it muft mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in fuch conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old fpelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the MSS. of our author’s time is not to be diftinguifhed from an *n*. Add to this, that in the

And say, *This man's a flatterer?*<sup>2</sup> if one be,

first folio *u* is constantly employed where we now use a *v*; and hence, by inversion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almost every *proof-sheet* of every book that passes through the press). Of this I have given various instances in a note in Vol. III. p. 474, n. 3. See also Vol. VII. p. 197, n. 6.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to these instances. This very word *leave* is again printed instead of *lean*, in *King Henry IV.* Part II. quarto, 1600:

“ The lives of all your loving complices

“ *Leave* on your health.”

On the other hand, in *King Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *lean* instead of *leave*: “ You'll *lean* your noise anon, you rascals.” But any argument on this point is superfluous, since the context clearly shews that *lean* must have been the word intended by Shakspeare.

Such emendations as those now adopted, *thus founded* and supported, are not capricious conjectures, against which no one has set his face more than myself, but almost certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I shall make no other apology than that finding it *necessary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any sense, I thought it incumbent on me to support the readings I have chosen, in the best manner in my power. MALONE.

As a *brother* (meaning, I suppose, a churchman) does not, literally speaking, fatten himself by feeding on *land*, it is probable that *pasture* signifies *eating* in general, without reference to *terra firma*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Food for his rage, *repasture* for his den.”

*Pasture*, in the sense of nourishment collected from fields, will undoubtedly fatten the sides of a sheep or an ox, but who ever describes the owner of the fields as having derived from them his *embonpoint*?

The emendation—*lean* is found in the second folio, which should not have been denied the praise to which it is entitled.

*Breather's* sides can never be right, for who is likely to grow fat through the mere privilege of *breathing*? or who indeed can receive sustenance without it?

The reading in the text may be the true one; but the condition in which this play was transmitted to us, is such as will warrant repeated doubts in almost every scene of it. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And say, This man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular person before mentioned, as Dr. Johnson thought,

So are they all; for every grize of fortune<sup>3</sup>  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our curf'd natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind!<sup>4</sup>—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, fauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist.<sup>5</sup> Roots, you clear heavens!<sup>6</sup>  
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,  
 fair;

but to some supposed individual. Who, says Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

“ Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
 “ When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —[for every grize of fortune—] Grize for step or degree.

POPE.

See Vol. IV. p. 105, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —[fang mankind!] i. e. seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:

“ —bite any catchpole that fangs for you.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —[no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —[you clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudless skies*, or ye *deities exempt from guilt*. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *King Lear*; and in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, a stranger is thus addressed: “ Good stranger or alyen, *clere gest*,” &c. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Then Collatine again by Lucrece' fide,  
 “ In his *clear* bed might have reposed still.”

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 547. MALONE.

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?  
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;<sup>1</sup>  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:<sup>2</sup>  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy<sup>3</sup> ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench; this is it,<sup>3</sup>  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *Why this*

*Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;*] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;*] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *the hoar leprosy* —] So, in P. Holland's Translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: " — the foul white leproe called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *this is it,*] Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either repeat the pronoun—*this*; or avail ourselves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically used,  
— why, *this is it*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So, our author, in *King Richard III*:

" A beauty-waining, and distressed widow." JOHNSON.

In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker,

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous fores

1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

“ *Moll.* And there you shall *wap* with me.

“ *Sir B. Nay, Moll,* what’s that *wap*?”

“ *Moll.* *Wapping* and *niggling* is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.”

Again, in Ben Jonson’s *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphos’d*:

“ Boarded at Tappington,

“ *Bedded at Wappington.*”

Again, in *Martin Mark-all’s Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610: “ *Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores.” Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 417: “ Deal courteously with the Queen, &c. and with Mistress Anne Hawte for *wappy*” &c.

Mr. Amner observes, that “ the editor of these same Letters, to wit, Sir John Fenn, (as perhaps becometh a grave man and a magistrate,) professeth not to understand this passage.”

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in *The Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

“ My fewertye in *waped* countenance.”

*Wappened*, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified.* So, in *Hamlet*:

“ The instances that second marriage move,

“ Are base respects of *ibristy*, but none of *love.*”

And if the word *desunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. So, in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled, *The little Barley Corne*:

“ ’Twill make a *weeping* widow laugh,

“ And soon incline to pleasure.” STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens fully support the text in my apprehension, nor do I suspect any corruption. *Unwapper’d* is used by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*; and perhaps we should read there *unwappen’d*.

Mr. Steevens’s interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the *wappen’d* widow’s *seeking* a husband, (though “ her *curiosity* has been *gratified,*”) but for her *finding* one. It is



Would cast the gorge at,<sup>3</sup> this embalsms and spices

her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrif*t than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here used for *wedded*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act I. sc. i:

“ In Syracufa was I born, and *wed*

“ Unto a woman, happy but for me.”

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her second marriage*. MALONE.

I believe, *wrapper'd* means undebilitated by *venery*, i. e. not *balting under crimes many and bale*. STEEVENS. •

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *stupified*; a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare. The *wapper'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I suspect that there is another error in this passage, which has escaped the notice of the editors, and that we should read—*“woo'd again,”* instead of *“wed again.”* That a woman should *wed* again, however *wapper'd*, [or *wapper'd*] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumstance is, that she should be *woo'd* again, and become an object of desire. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores*  
*Would cast the gorge at,*] Surely we ought to read:  
*She, whose ulcerous sores the spital-house*  
*Would cast the gorge at:*

or, should the first line be thought deficient in harmony,—

*She at whose ulcerous sores the spital-house*  
*Would cast the gorge up,——.*

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

“ And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
 “ He spewed up his gorge.”

The old reading is nonsense.

I must add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me in suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and is satisfied with the emendation I have proposed. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death, for honourable death*. “The spital-house and ulcerous sores,” therefore may be used for *the contaminated spital-house*; the spital-house replete with ulcerous sores. If it be asked, how can the spital-house, or how can ulcerous sores, *cast the gorge* at the female here described, let the following passages answer the question:

“ Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon *winks*.”

*Othello*.

To the April day again.<sup>4</sup> Come, damned earth,

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Whose *spirit*, with divine ambition puff’d,  
“ *Makes mouths* at the invisible event.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ —till our *ground*,  
“ Singing his *pate* against the burning zone,” &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—  
“ Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope their ruby lips*,—”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ —when the bag-pipe sings i’ the *nose*,—”

Again, in the play before us:

“ —when our vaults have *wept*  
“ With drunken spilth of wine —.”

In the preceding page, all *fores* are said to lay *siege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the passage is to be understood literally, than they can *cast the gorge* at the sight of the person here described.—In a word, the diction of the text is so very Shakspearian, that I cannot but wonder it should be suspected of corruption.

The meaning is,—Her whom the spital-house, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looser paraphrase) Her, at the sight of whom all the patients in the spital-house, however contaminated, would sicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, disgusted by the view of still greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and spices, &c.

To “ cast the gorge at,” was Shakspeare’s phraseology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i: “ How abhor’d in my imagination it is! my *gorge* rises at it.”

To the various examples which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these:

“ Our *fortune* on the sea is *out of breath*,  
“ And sinks most lamentably.” *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ Mine *eyes* did *sicken* at the sight.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our faults.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ —we will fetters put upon this fear,  
“ Which now goes too *free-footed*.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ His *evasions* have *ears* thus long.” MALONE.

*ALCIB.* How came the noble Timon to this change?

*TIM.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :  
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*ALCIB.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*TIM.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*ALCIB.* What is it, Timon?

*TIM.* Promise me friendship, but perform none : If  
Thou wilt not promise,<sup>9</sup> the gods plague thee, for  
Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound  
thee,  
For thou'rt a man !

*ALCIB.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*TIM.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*ALCIB.* I see them now ; then was a blessed time.<sup>2</sup>

*TIM.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*TYMAN.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the  
world  
Voic'd so regardfully ?

*TIM.* Art thou Tymandra ?

*TYMAN.* Yes.

<sup>9</sup> ————— If  
[*Thou wilt not promise, &c.*] That is, however thou may'st act,  
since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — then was a blessed time.] I suspect, from Timon's answer, that Shakspeare wrote—*thine* was a blessed time.

MALONE.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now*, and *then*, were designedly opposed to each other. STEEVENS.

TIM. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that  
 use thee;  
 Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
 Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
 For tubs, and baths;<sup>3</sup> bring down rose-cheeked  
 youth<sup>4</sup>  
 To the tub-fast, and the diet.<sup>5</sup>

TYMAN. Hang thee, monster!

<sup>3</sup> *Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;  
 Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
 Make use of thy salt hours: &c.*] There is here a slight trans-  
 position. I would read:

————— *they love thee not that use thee,  
 Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,  
 Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves  
 For tubs, and baths;—.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *bring down rose-cheeked youth—*] This expressive epi-  
 thet our author might have found in Marlow's *Hero and Leander*:  
 "Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *To the tub-fast, and the diet.*] [Old copy—*sub-fast*.] One  
 might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet  
 with this preposterous word *sub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed  
 current with all the editors. We should read—*sub-fast*. The  
 author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that  
 time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial  
 unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm  
 and close; that in the first application the sweat might be pro-  
 moted; and left, in the other, he should take cold, which was  
 fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Friend,  
 in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely  
 circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a  
 dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fal-  
 lopus expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was  
 macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this  
 purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the  
 unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he  
 observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an  
 extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *sub-fast*.  
 WARBURTON.

*ALCIB.* Pardon him sweet Tymandra; for his wits

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

“ — You had better match a ruin'd bawd,  
“ One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*.”

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor says: “ — O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I shall burst myself with laughing else.” Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: “ Our embassage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: Hast thou a *tub*?”

*The diet* was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So, in *Springes to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

“ Priscus gave out, &c. —  
“ Priscus had tane *the diet* all the while.”

Again, in another collection of ancient Epigrams called *The Mafive*, &c.

“ She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season.”

Thus, also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ — whom I in *diet* keep  
“ Send lower down into the cave,  
“ And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot,” &c.

Again, in the same play:

“ — caught us, and put us in a *tub*,  
“ Where we this two months sweat, &c.  
“ This bread and water hath our *diet* been,” &c.

STEVENS.

The preceding lines, and a passage in *Measure for Measure*, fully support the emendation:

“ Truly, sir, she [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the *tub*.” MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontispiece representing the sweating-tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howel. Some account of the sweating-tub with a cut of it may be seen in Ambrose Paræus's Works, by Johnson, p. 48. Another very particular representation of it may be likewise found in the *Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet*, with the following lines:

“ Pour un petit plaisir je souffre mille maux ;  
“ Je fais contre un hyver deux este ci me fembre :  
“ Partout le corps je sue, et ma machoir tremble ;  
“ Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux.”

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—  
 I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
 The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
 In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,  
 How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
 Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
 But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,<sup>6</sup>—

TIM. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:  
 Here's some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all i<sup>n</sup> thy conquest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALCIB. Why me, Timon?

TIM. That,  
 By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
 My country.

For another print of this tub, see *Holmes's Academy of Armory.*  
 DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> — trod upon them.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—had trod upon them. Shakspeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;  
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
 Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
 In the sick air:<sup>7</sup> Let not thy sword skip one:  
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,  
 He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
 It is her habit only that is honest,  
 Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek  
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  
 paps,  
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
 Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
 In the sick air:]* This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque.  
 WARBURTON.

We meet with the same image again in *King Richard II*:

“ ——— or suppose

“ Devouring pestilence hangs in our air.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,]* The virgin  
 that shews her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following  
 passage in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— or let her beauty

“ Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

“ And be false with them.”

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency  
 in the wantons of his own time, which is also animadverted on by  
 several contemporary dramatists. So, in the ancient interlude of  
*The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

“ Your garment must be worne alway,

“ That your *white pappes* may be seene if you may.—

“ If young gentlemen may see your white skin,

“ It will allure them to love, and soon bring them in.

“ Both damfels and wives use many such feates.

“ I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*.”

All this is addressed to Mary Magdalen.

To the same purpose, Jovius Pontanus:

“ Nam quid lacteolos sinus, et ipsas

“ Præ te fers sine linteo papillas?

“ Hoc est dicere, posce, posce, trado,

“ Hoc est ad Venerem vocare amantes.” STEEVENS.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
Set them down ' horrible traitors : Spare not the  
babe,

Our author has again the same kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint* :

“ — spite of heaven's fell rage,  
“ Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.”

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modest English woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as described on the present occasion by Shakspeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated song, the “ hills of snow,” but to the “ pinks that grow” upon their summits. See Vol. IV. p. 315, n. 5. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus:

— nor those milk-paps,  
That through the widow's barb bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. Cressida, in *Ghaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, Book II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads—*wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. v:

“ Must I go shew them my *unbarbed* sconce?”

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

The folios read—*barne*, and not improperly; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberless instances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but should not have been removed from the text. RITSON.

1 Set them down—] Old copy, in defiance of metre,—  
But set them down. STEEVENS.



Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy;<sup>9</sup>

Think it a bastard,<sup>2</sup> whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat<sup>3</sup> shall cut,  
And mince it fans remorse: Swear against objects;<sup>4</sup>  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor  
babes,

Nor fight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-  
diers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*ALCIB.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
thou giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel.

*TIM.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*PHR. AND TYM.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
Hast thou more?

<sup>9</sup> —exhaust *their mercy*;] For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*bastard*,] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*thy throat*—] Old copy—*the* throat. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Swear against objects*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—'gainst *all objects*:

So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:

“ Or made them *swear against the thing they see*.”

STEVENS.

Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *objects*. FARMER.

*Against objects* is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:

“ For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

“ To tender *objects*.” M. MASON.

*TIM.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 And to make whores, a bawd.<sup>5</sup> Hold up, you fluts,  
 Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—  
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
 The immortal gods that hear you,<sup>6</sup>—spare your  
 oaths,  
 I'll trust to your conditions:<sup>7</sup> Be whores still;  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
 And be no turncoats:<sup>8</sup> Yet may your pains, six  
 months,  
 Be quite contrary:<sup>9</sup> And thatch your poor thin  
 roofs<sup>a</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And to make whores, a bawd.*] That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The immortal gods that hear you,*] The same thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. iii:

“ Though you with swearing shake the throned gods.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I'll trust to your conditions:*] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And be no turncoats:*] By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of prostitution, were, among other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-side outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of—*turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reasoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive satisfaction from that which affords no assistance to the commentator. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Yet may your pains, six months,*

*Be quite contrary:*] This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity

With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore  
still ;

of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this : he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery : that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade ; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair*, &c. **WARBURTON.**

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read :

— *Yet may your pains six months*

*Be quite contraried :—*

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them ; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

*To contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king. **JOHNSON.**

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be said of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully support it : " And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have lost the greater part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. **MALONE.**

I believe this means,—Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction. **STEVENS.**

These words should be included in a parenthesis. Johnson wishes to connect them with the following sentences, but that

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :  
A pox of wrinkles !

PHR. AND TYM. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—  
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an instruction. Timon is giving instructions to those women ; but, in the middle of his instructions his misanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation against them. I have no objection to the reading of *contraried*, instead of *contrary*, but it does not seem to be necessary. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — [*bathe your poor thin roofs &c.*] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608 : “ — to wear perriwigs made of another's hair, is not this against kind ? ”

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf* :

“ And with large fums they stick not to procure  
“ *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean ;  
“ To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
“ The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
“ To live a second life on second head,  
“ *Ere beauty's dead fleece* made another gay.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall discours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593 :

“ The *perwickes* fine must curl where haire doth lack  
“ The swelling grace that fills the empty sackle.”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Book IX. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that “ women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.” STEVENS.

See also Vol. V. p. 471, n. 8.

The first edition of Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

TIM, Consumptions sow  
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
 And mar men's spurring.<sup>3</sup> Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false title plead,  
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly:<sup>4</sup> hoar the flamen,<sup>5</sup>  
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — men's spurring.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word.

JOHNSON.  
*Spurring* is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their shins would have this effect. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Nor sound his quilllets shrilly:] *Quilllets* are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "— a quillet well applied!"

STEEVENS.  
 Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet*, *res frivola, recula*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — hoar the flamen,] Mr. Upton would read—*hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*." So, in Webster's *Doctors of Malfy*, 1623:

"— shew like *leprosy*,  
 "The whiter the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leprosy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — that his particular to foresee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—*forefend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to provide for, but to provide against. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense.

JOHNSON.

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate  
 ruffians bald;  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!'

*PHR. AND TYM.* More counsel, with more money,  
 bounteous Timon.

*TIM.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
 given you earnest.

*ALCIB.* Strike up the drum towards Athens.  
 Farewell, Timon;  
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*TIM.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*ALCIB.* I never did thee harm.

*TIM.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.<sup>a</sup>

*ALCIB.* Call'st thou that harm?

<sup>a</sup> *And ditches grave you all!]* To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?"

To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba*:

"—and me, now dead,

"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks

"To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,

"I seek slow rest."

See Vol. VIII. p. 278, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.]* Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.

TIM. Men daily find it such.<sup>8</sup> Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him.—  
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,  
and TYMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-  
ness,  
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,<sup>9</sup>  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,<sup>2</sup>  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *find it such.*] For the insertion of the pronoun—*such*, I am answerable. It is too frequently used on similar occasions by our author, to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast.*] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παντάλοσ φόνις πάντων μητρῶν; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfauçon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

*Whose infinite breast* means no more than *whose boundless surface*. Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *eyeless venom'd worm.*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“Adder's fork, and *blindworm's* sting.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *below crisp heaven*—] We should read—*crypt*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

JOHNSON.

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,<sup>4</sup>  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conceitious womb,<sup>5</sup>  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!<sup>6</sup>  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion<sup>7</sup> all above  
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;<sup>8</sup>

Perhaps Shakspere means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

“ On the *curl'd* clouds.”

Chaucer, in his *House of Fame*, says,

“ Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*.”

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

“ Her face as *beauteous* as the *crisp'd* morn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *who all thy human sons doth hate,*] Old copy—*the human sons do hate*. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Ensear thy fertile and conceitious womb,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“ *Dry up* in her the organs of encrease.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!*] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the Athenians that they were *αυτοχθονες*;  *sprung from the soil on which they lived*; and it is in allusion to this, that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the ground. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a scholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boast, I fear that Shakspere knew no more of it than of the many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the marbled mansion* —] So, Milton, Book III. l. 564:

“ Through the pure *marble* air —.”

Virgil bestows the same epithet on the sea. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*:

“ Now by yon *marble* heaven, —.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;*] The sense is



606 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*APEM.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*TIM.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a  
dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

*APEM.* This is in thee a nature but affected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune.<sup>9</sup> Why this spade? this  
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,<sup>2</sup> and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,

this: O nature! cease to produce men, ensue thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrow, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plow-torn leas. Here are effects corresponding with causes, liquorish draughts, with vines, and unctuous morsels with marrow, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *This is in thee a nature but affected;*

*A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung*

*From change of fortune.]* The old copy reads *infected*, and *change of future*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Hug their diseas'd perfumes,]* i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

So, in *Othello*:

“ 'Tis such another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one.”

STEEVENS.

By putting on the cunning of a carper.<sup>3</sup>  
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,<sup>4</sup>  
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-  
 come,<sup>5</sup>

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likenefs.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

<sup>3</sup> — the cunning of a carper.] For the philosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

“ — Do not assume my likenefs.” WARBURTON.

*Cunning* here seems to signify counterfeit appearance. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these words, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his Translation of Terence's *Andria*; 1588, says: “Of the curious carper I look not to be favoured.” Again, *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,

“Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable.”

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — hinge thy knee,] Thus, in *Hamlet*:

“To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — like tapsters, that bid welcome,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

“Soothing the humour of fantastick wits.”

The old copy has—*bad* welcome. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these mofs'd trees,<sup>5</sup>  
That have outliv'd the eagle,<sup>6</sup> page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-  
tures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoufed trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,<sup>7</sup>—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find——

TIM. A fool of thee: Depart.

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worse.

<sup>5</sup> — mofs'd trees,] [Old copy—*moist* trees,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,

— mofs'd trees. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV:

“ Under an oak, whose boughs were *mosi'd* with age.”

STEVENS.

So also Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:

“ Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts

“ Upon a forest of old branching oakes,

“ And with his furie teyrts their *moissy* loaks.”

*Mosi'd* is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet—*moist*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. Thus, our author, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, observes, that it is one of the properties of time

“ To *dry* the *old* oak's sap——.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *outliv'd the eagle*,] *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Answer mere nature*,] So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iii:

“ And with presented nakedness outface

“ The winds,” &c. STEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 609

APEM. Why?

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APEM. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?

APEM. To vex thee.<sup>7</sup>

TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thyself in't?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. What! a knave too?<sup>8</sup>

APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:<sup>9</sup>  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

<sup>7</sup> *To vex thee.*] As the measure is here imperfect, we may suppose, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, our author to have written,  
Only to vex thee. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What! a knave too?*] Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in vexing, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies,—*What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *is crown'd before:*] Arrives sooner at high wish; that is, at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON.

So, in a former scene of this play:

“ And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,

“ That I account them blessings.”

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — my supreme crown of grief.” MALONE.

610 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.<sup>2</sup>

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath,<sup>3</sup> that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; <sup>4</sup> but bred a dog.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Worse than the worst, content.*] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *by his breath,*] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

*By his breath*, I believe, is meant his *sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

“ Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,  
“ The youth you *breathe* of, guilty,” &c. STEVENS.

By his *breathe* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his *sentence*. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice so used in this play. See p. 560, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd;*] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by William Smith, 1596, a similar image is found:

“ Doth any live that ever had such hap,  
“ That all their actions are of none effect?  
“ Whom *Fortune* never dandled in her lap,  
“ But as an abject still doth me reject.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *but bred a dog.*] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our author was not obliged to have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furnished him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard English words*, octavo, 1604: “ CYNICAL, *Doggish*, froward.” Again, in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616: “ CYNICAL, *Doggish*, or curriſh. There was in Greece an old sect of philosophers so called, because they did ever sharply *bark* at men's vices,” &c. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low state, and used from thy infancy to hardships. MALONE.

Hadst thou, like us,<sup>6</sup> from our first swath,<sup>7</sup> proceeded  
The sweet degrees<sup>8</sup> that this brief world affords

<sup>6</sup> *Hadst thou, like us,*] There is in this speech a fullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence:

“ God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so bumble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly.*” JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in a MS. metrical translation of an ancient French romance, preserved in the Library of King's College, Cambridge. [See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. x:]

“ For heretofore of hardnesse hadest thou never;  
“ But were brought forth in blisse, as swich a burde ought,  
“ Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to misse them now  
“ It were a botles bale,” &c. p. 26, b. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *first swath,*] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,  
“ Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding-sheets.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The *sweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read—*Through* &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEVENS.

## 612 TIMON OF ATHENS.

To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command,<sup>9</sup> thou would'st have plung'd thy-  
 self

In general riot; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect,<sup>2</sup> but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *command,*] Old copy—*command'st*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *precepts of respect,*] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

*Respect*, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, has emphatically styled "one of the greatest controuling powers on earth, the *sense of fame and estimation*." STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *respect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnson supposes; for a poor man is more likely to be impressed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a station of nobility and affluence. *Respect* may possibly mean, as Steevens supposes, a regard to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged signification, and implies a consideration of consequences, whatever they may be. In this sense it is used by Hamlet:

" — There's the *respect*

" That makes calamity of so long life." M. MASON.

" The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — Reason and *respect*,

" Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Then, childish fear, avaunt! *debating* die!

" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!

" Sad pause and deep regard become the sage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the King says:

" I will converse with iron-witted fools,

" And *unrespective boys*; none are for me,

" That look into me with *considerate eyes*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *But myself,*] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines:

Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of  
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment ;<sup>4</sup>  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare<sup>5</sup>  
For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden :  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou  
hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?  
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,<sup>6</sup>

*Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.*

————— *But myself,*

*Who had the world as my confectionary ; &c.*

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of  
passion. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *than I could frame employment ;*] i. e. frame employment  
for. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. See p. 185, n. 2 ; and  
Vol. XII. p. 138, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *with one winter's brush*

*Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare &c.]* So, in  
Massinger's *Maid of Honour* :

“ O summer friendship,

“ Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our

“ Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

“ In the autumn of adversity.” STEVENS.

Somewhat of the same imagery is found in our author's 73d  
Sonnet :

“ That time of year thou may'st in me behold,

“ When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

“ Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

“ Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *that poor rag,*] If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correspond  
rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour ; in



Must be thy subject; who in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.<sup>7</sup>

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was  
No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now :  
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!  
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.]

the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio speaks of a “tara-rag player.” STEVENS.

We now use the word *ragamuffin* in the same sense.

M. MASON.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated—Tag, rag, &c. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—if the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him,—I am no true man.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

*Knave* is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical super-serviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 615

*APEM.* Here; I will mend thy feast.  
[Offering him something.]

*TIM.* First mend my company,<sup>8</sup> take away thyself.<sup>9</sup>

*APEM.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*TIM.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

*APEM.* What would'st thou have to Athens?

*TIM.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*APEM.* Here is no use for gold.

*TIM.* The best, and truest: For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*APEM.* Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

*TIM.* Under that's above me.<sup>2</sup> Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

*APEM.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

*TIM.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

*APEM.* Where would'st thou send it?

*TIM.* To sauce thy dishes.

<sup>8</sup> *First mend my company.*] The old copy reads—*mend thy company.* The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's *Life of Antony.* It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation: "Apemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banquet *Timon.* *Timon* answered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?*

*Tim. Under that's above me.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

"*Cor.* Under the canopy." STEEVENS.

*APEM.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity;<sup>2</sup> in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*TIM.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*APEM.* Dost hate a medlar?

*TIM.* Ay, though it look like thee.<sup>3</sup>

*APEM.* An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

*TIM.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

<sup>2</sup> — for too much curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1606: "— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." Again, in Hobby's Translation of *Castiglione's Cortegiano*, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. Thus, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seem'd to mislike."

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

*I, though it look like thee.*

Perhaps we should read,

*I thought it look'd like thee.* *JOHNSON.*

*APEM.* Myself.

*TIM.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*APEM.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*TIM.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*APEM.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*TIM.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*APEM.* Ay, Timon.

*TIM.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the asfs: if thou wert the asf, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,<sup>4</sup> pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert

<sup>4</sup> — *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him." *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Vol. XII. p. 288, n. 2.

german to the lion,<sup>5</sup> and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion;<sup>6</sup> and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that feest not thy loss in transformation?

*APEM.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*TIM.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*APEM.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*TIM.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*APEM.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

“Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne.”—*Pope*.

See Vol. IX. p. 215, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *were remotion;*] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear*:

“’Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her.” STEEVENS.

*Remotion* means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion. See Vol. IV. p. 203, n. 3; and Vol. VIII. p. 538, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou art the cap &c.*] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had also the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

In *All's well that ends well*, “the *cap* of the time,” apparently means—the *foremost* in the fashion. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 619

TIM. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEM. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.<sup>8</sup>

TIM. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.<sup>9</sup>

APEM. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!  
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;  
I swoon to see thee.

APEM. 'Would thou would'st burst!

TIM. Away,  
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose  
A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!  
[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]  
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon it.  
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

<sup>8</sup> Apem. *A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.*] Thus, the old copies, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Theobald, however, is of a contrary opinion; for, according to the present regulation, says he, Apemantus is "made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse." He would therefore give the former part of the line to Timon. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.*] The same sentiment is repeated in *King Lear*:

"Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,  
"When others are more wicked." STEVENS.

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire!'<sup>2</sup> thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap!'<sup>3</sup> thou visible god,  
That folder'ft close impossibilities,  
And mak'ft them kifs! that speak'ft with every  
tongue,  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!<sup>4</sup>  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

APEM. 'Would 'twere so;—  
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to?

APEM. Ay.

<sup>2</sup> 'Twixt natural son and fire!]

Διὰ τῦτον ἢ ἀδελφός

Διὰ τῦτον ἢ τοῦτις. Anac. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquisitely  
beautiful and sublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn  
given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*:

“ —yon simpering dame,

“ Whose face *between her forks* prefaces snow.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —O thou touch of hearts!] *Touch*, for *touchstone*. So, in  
*King Richard III*:

“ O, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,

“ To try if thou be'ft current gold——.” STEVENS.

TIM. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit APEMANTUS.  
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor  
them.

*Enter Thieves.*<sup>6</sup>

1. THIEF. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. THIEF. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. THIEF. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. THIEF. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. THIEF. Is not this he?

<sup>5</sup> *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, instead of Timon, so the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—*I am quit*, seem to mark his exit. MALONE.

The words—*I am quit*, in my opinion, belong to Timon, who means that he is quit or clear, has at last got rid of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phrase is yet current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti.*

STEEVENS.



*THIEVES.* Where?

2. *THIEF.* 'Tis his description.

3. *THIEF.* He; I know him.

*THIEVES.* Save thee, Timon.

*TIM.* Now, thieves?

*THIEVES.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*TIM.* Both too; and women's sons.

*THIEVES.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*TIM.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *you want much of meat.*] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

— *you much want of meet.*

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *besitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

— *you want much of men.*

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

*Your greatest want is, you want much of me.*

rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

*Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat  
Why should you want? Behold, &c.* STEEVENS.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;<sup>5</sup>

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. *THIEF.* We cannot live on grafs, on berries,  
water,  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*TIM.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,  
and fishes;  
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,<sup>6</sup>  
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions.<sup>7</sup> Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the  
grape,  
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays

<sup>5</sup> — *the earth hath roots; &c.*]

“ Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,  
“ Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:  
“ Flumine vicino stultus fitit.”

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Yet thanks I must you con,*] *To con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramattick writers. So, in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“ Yea and well said, I *con you* no thanke.”

Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: “ It is well done to practise my wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *In limited professions.*] *Limited*, for legal. WARBURTON.

Regular, orderly, professions. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ For 'tis my *limited service*.”

i. e. my appointed service, prescribed by the necessary duty and rules of my office. MALONE.

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;  
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,<sup>8</sup>  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears:<sup>9</sup> the earth's a thief,

<sup>8</sup> — *since you profess to do't;*] The old copy has—*protest*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

(<sup>9</sup>) *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears:*] The moon is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the sea, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the moon with moisture, robs her in turn of the soft tears of dew which the poets always fetch from this planet. Soft for salt is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *ber moist continent*. *Paradise Lost*, Book V. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says:

“ ——— the moist star

“ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.”

STEVENS.

We are not to attend on such occasions merely to philosophical truth; we are to consider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakespeare, might possibly have considered the waning of the moon as a gradual dissolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increase of the sea at the time she disappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a similar increase in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once established, the reasons urged against them are but little attended to. It may also be observed, that the moon, when viewed through a telescope, has a humid appearance, and seems to have drops of water suspended from the rim of it; to which circumstance Shakespeare probably alludes in *Macbeth*, where Hecate says:

“ Upon the corner of the moon

“ There hangs a vaporous drop,” &c. M. MASON.

That feeds and breeds by a composture <sup>a</sup> stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, [See *The Tempest*, Vol. III. p. 158,] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "*watry beams*."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry moon*."

Again, more appositely in *King Richard III*:

"That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,

"May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "*— your salt tears' head —*." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Distasted with the *salt* of broken *tears*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn *salt tears*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry VI*. Part II:

"— to drain

"Upon his face an *ocean* of *salt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read—*The main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV*. Part II. Act III. sc. i: "*The continent melt itself into the sea*." An observation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 298, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "*No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them*."—In the first line the sun is the *thief*; in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea. MALONE.

The laws, your curb and whip,' in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;

(9)  
Cont.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albunaxar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albunaxar* and *The Alchymist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albunaxar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albunaxar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

“ ——— petere inde coronam

“ Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.”

The play of *Albunaxar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albunaxar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

“ The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers

“ Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.

“ And in this world of ours, this microcosm,

“ Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare

“ The meseraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;

“ Where (left it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,

“ 'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,

“ And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,

“ In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property

“ Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.

“ Now all these pilferies, couch'd, and compos'd in order,

“ Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery.”

STEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a “ reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's Odes very well translated by Ronsard the French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:” and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronsard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it:

“ La terre les eaux va boivant;

“ L'arbre la boit par sa racine,

“ La mer falee boit le vent,

“ Et le soleil boit la marine.

Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;  
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,  
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,<sup>4</sup>  
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less,<sup>5</sup> for this  
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!  
 Amen. [TIMON retires to his cave.]

3. THIEF. He has almost charm'd me from my  
 profession, by persuading me to it.

1. THIEF. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that  
 he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our  
 mystery.<sup>6</sup>

2. THIEF. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give  
 over my trade.

9  
cont.

“ Le soleil est beau de la lune,  
 “ Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas :  
 “ Suivant cette règle commune,  
 “ Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas ?”

Edit. fol. p. 507.  
 FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiarist stigmatized by Puttenham,  
 was *John Southern*, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that  
 has hitherto been discovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one  
 of his Odes. See also the *European Magazine*, for June 1788.

STEVENS.

② — by a composure—] i. e. composition, composit.

STEVENS.

3 *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Measure for Measure*:  
 “ ——— most biting laws,  
 “ The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds.”

MALONE.

4 — *nothing can you steal,*] To complete the measure I would  
 read:

—— where *nothing can you steal,*— STEVENS.

5 — *Steal not less,*] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in  
 the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have  
 us thrive in our mystery.*] The reason of his advice, says the thief,  
 is *malice to mankind*, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us  
 thrive in our mystery. JOHNSON.

S s 2

\*You are a ass, Sir! There are no  
 notes numbered "I" anywhere.

I. THIEF. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt* Thieves.]

*Enter* FLAVIUS.

FLAV. O you gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour has  
Desperate want made!<sup>7</sup>  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
How rarely<sup>8</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.* [Dr. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. WARBURTON.

The second thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the same exhortation to the dying Falstaff. " — Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made!* [An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *How rarely does it meet—*] Rarely for fitly; not for seldom. WARBURTON.

How curiously; how happily. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *When man was wish'd to love his enemies:*] We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

*Wish'd* is right. It means *recommended*. See Vol. IV. p. 462, n. 4; and Vol. VI. p. 417, n. 8. REED.

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!<sup>2</sup>  
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man,<sup>3</sup> I have forgot  
 thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Then  
 I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man  
 About me, I; all that<sup>4</sup> I kept were knaves,<sup>5</sup>  
 To serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witness,  
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

<sup>2</sup> *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

*Those that would mischief me, than those that do!]* It is plain, that in this whole speech friends and enemies are taken only for those who profess friendship and profess enmity; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *thou'rt man,*] Old copy—*thou'rt a man.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *that —*] I have supplied this pronoun, for the metre's sake. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *knaves,*] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal. JOHNSON.



TIM. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—  
 then I love thee,  
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:<sup>4</sup>  
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
 weeping!

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
 To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
 So comfortable? It almost turns  
 My dangerous nature wild.<sup>5</sup> Let me behold

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Pity's sleeping:*] I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read:

————— *eyes do never give,*

*But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping:—*

*Eyes never flow* (to give is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) but by lust or laughter, undisturb'd by emotions of pity. JOHNSON.

————— *Pity's sleeping:*] So, in Daniel's second Sonnet, 1594:

“Waken her sleeping pity with your crying.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *It almost turns*

*My dangerous nature wild.*] i. e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant wildness. Shakspeare wrote:

*It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.*

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *reſtè*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is to *distract*. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

“————— Let me behold

“Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—”

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

“Perpetual-jober gods!”

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

JOHNSON.

He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already distracted,

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—  
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
 Perpetual-sober<sup>6</sup> gods! I do proclaim  
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
 I fell with curses.  
 Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wife;  
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
 For many so arrive at second masters,  
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
 If not a usuring<sup>7</sup> kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* such “a dangerous nature wild:” it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does  
 “Even make me *wild*.”)

but surely the kindness and fidelity of his steward was more likely to soften and compose him; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore strongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Perpetual-sober*—] Old copy, unmetrically,  
 You *perpetual* &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> If not a *usuring*—] *If not* seems to have slipped in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty.

MALONE.

My opinion most perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The sense of the line, with or without the contested words, is nearly the same; yet, by the omission of them, the metre would become sufficiently regular. STEEVENS.

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*FLAV.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*TIM.* Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:  
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;<sup>7</sup>  
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,  
Debts wither them:<sup>8</sup> Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*FLAV.* O, let me stay,  
And comfort you, my master.

<sup>7</sup> — *from men* ;] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Debts wither them* :] Old copy—

*Debts wither them* to nothing:—

I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless. Our author has the same phrase in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Age cannot *wither* her,—” STEVENS.

*TIM.* If thou hat'st  
 Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blest'd and free:  
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; 9 TIMON behind, unseen.*

*PAIN.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

9 *Enter Poet and Painter;]* The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected, that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.*—Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour

*POET.* What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. *RITSON.*

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive some impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. *REED.*

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. X. p. 364, n. 6.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last.

*MALONE.*

*PAIN.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tyandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*POET.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*PAIN.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish<sup>2</sup> with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*POET.* What have you now to present unto him?

*PAIN.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*POET.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*PAIN.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.<sup>3</sup> To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of

<sup>2</sup> — a palm—and flourish &c.] This allusion is scriptural, and occurs in *Psalm* xcii. 11: "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the deed of saying is quite out of use.] The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— In my true heart

" I find the names my very deed of love."

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet*:

" As he, in his peculiar act and force,

" May give his saying deed."

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will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

*TIM.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*POET.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

*TIM.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*POET.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*PAIN.* True;  
When the day serves,<sup>4</sup> before black-corner'd night,<sup>5</sup>  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of saying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

I claim the merit of having restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It must be a personating of himself:*] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *When the day serves, &c.*] Theobald with some probability assigns these two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *before black-corner'd night,*] An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned*? See *Paradise Lost*, Book IV."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramid pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."

TIMON OF ATHENS: 637

TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's  
gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the  
foam;  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Fit I do meet them.<sup>6</sup> [Advancing.]

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble master.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

POET. Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you!  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

PAIN. He, and myself,

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, Night which is as obscure as a dark corner. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." Mr. M. Mason proposes to read, "black-crown'd night;" another correspondent, "black-cover'd night." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> 'Fit I do meet them.] For the sake of harmony in this hemistich, I have supplied the auxiliary verb. STEEVENS.



Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*TIM.* Ay, you are honest men.

*PAIN.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*TIM.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*BOTH.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*TIM.* You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;  
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

*PAIN.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

*TIM.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'ft a counterfeit<sup>6</sup>  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'ft most lively.

*PAIN.* So, so, my lord.

*TIM.* Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—  
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault:  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

<sup>6</sup> — a counterfeit—] It has been already observed, that a portrait was so called in our author's time:

“ ———— What find I here?

“ Fair Portia's counterfeit!” *Merchant of Venice.*

STEEVENS.

*BOETH.* Beseech your honour,  
To make it known to us.

*TIM.* You'll take it ill.

*BOETH.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*TIM.* Will you, indeed?

*BOETH.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*TIM.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a  
knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*BOETH.* Do we, my lord?

*TIM.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-  
semble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.<sup>7</sup>

*PAIN.* I know none such, my lord.

*POET.* Nor I.<sup>8</sup>

*TIM.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you  
gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — a made-up villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.

JOHNSON.

A made-up villain, may mean a complete, a finished villain.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> Nor I.] As it may be supposed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a similar occasion) that our author designed his Poet's address to be not less respectful than that of his Painter, he might originally have finished this defective verse, by writing:

Nor I, my lord. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — in a draught,] That is, in the jaker. JOHNSON.

So, in *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 735: " — he was then sitting on a draught." STEEVENS.

Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

BOETH. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this, but two in  
company: <sup>2</sup>—

<sup>9</sup> — *but two in company:*] This is an imperfect sentence,  
and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company* spoils all.

WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

JOHNSON.

This passage may receive some illustration from another in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*." The sense is, each man is a *double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578: "Go, and a *knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"—— if you needs will go away,

"Take *two knives* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEVENS.

There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus:

—— not *two in company*:

*Each man apart*,——. M. MASON.

*You that way, and you this, but two in company*:—

*Each man apart, all single, and alone,*

*Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.*] The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being



## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*FLAV.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

1. *SEN.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

2. *SEN.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*FLAV.* Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*TIM.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
and be hang'd:

<sup>3</sup> *Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!*] "Thine eyes," says King Lear to Regan, "do comfort, and not burn."

A similar wish occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"O, sun,

"Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!" STEVENS.

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
 Be as a caut'ring<sup>4</sup> to the root o' the tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking!

I. SEN. Worthy Timon,—

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them; and would send them back  
 the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

I. SEN. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,<sup>5</sup>

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2. SEN. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, grows:

Which now the publick body,<sup>6</sup>—which doth seldom

<sup>4</sup> — a caut'ring.—] The old copy reads—*cantberizing*; the poet might have written, *cancering*. STEVENS.

To *cantberize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a fore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *n* changed to an *m*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — with one consent of love,] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th *Pfalm*:

"With one *consent* let all the earth."

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. See Vol. IX. p. 211, n. 2; and p. 319, n. 7. MALONE.

This sense of the word consent, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of the first part of *King Henry VI*. See Vol. IX. p. 506, n. 5. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which now the publick body,] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our author frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before:

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own fall,<sup>7</sup> restraining aid to Timon ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And send forth us, to make theirorrowed render,<sup>9</sup>  
 Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;<sup>2</sup>

for which perhaps the carelessness and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. III. p. 12, n. 2. So afterwards in the third scene of this act :

“ Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
 “ Yet our old love made a particular force,  
 “ And made us speak like friends.”

See also the Poet's last speech in p. 637.—Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what oversight could *Which* be printed instead of *And*? MALONE.

The mistake might have been that of the transcriber, not the printer. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Of its own fall,*] The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once suspected that our author wrote—*Of its own fail*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ That if you *fail* in our request, the blame  
 “ May hang upon your hardness.”

But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ In, and prepare :  
 “ Ours is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the snare.”

Again, in sc. iv :

“ Before proud Athens he's fet down by this,  
 “ Whose *fall* the mark of his ambition is.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *restraining aid to Timon ;*] I think it should be *restraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

Where is the difference? To *restrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — *orrowed render,*] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. iv :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ may drive us to a *render*  
 “ Where we have liv'd.”

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;*] This, which was in the former editions, can scarcely be right, and yet I know

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;  
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

I. SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with  
us,  
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power,<sup>3</sup> and thy good name  
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up<sup>4</sup>  
His country's peace.

not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompense that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——— *Ay, ev'n such heaps,  
And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,  
As shall to thee——.* JOHNSON.

The speaker means, a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness. M. MASON.

A recompense so large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompense will outweigh the offence, which, instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Allow'd *with absolute power,*] *Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *like a boar too savage, doth root up—*] This image



2. SEN. And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

1. SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, fir, I will; therefore I will, fir;

Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks  
it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care  
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,<sup>5</sup>  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,<sup>6</sup>  
As thieves to keepers.

might have been caught from *Psalm lxxx. 13*: "The wild boar  
out of the wood doth root it up" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,*] A *whittle* is still in  
the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife,  
such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *ibwittell*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *of the prosperous gods,*] I believe *prosperous* is used here  
with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense:  
*the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind*. So, in  
*Othello*:

"To my unfolding lend a *prosperous* ear."

I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great  
distributors of prosperity, that they may *so* keep and guard you, as  
sailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALONE.

I do not see why the epithet—*prosperous*, may not be employed

*FLAV.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*TIM.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness<sup>7</sup>  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*I. SEN.* We speak in vain.

*TIM.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit<sup>8</sup> doth put it.

*I. SEN.* That's well spoke.

*TIM.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*I. SEN.* These words become your lips as they  
pass through them.

*2. SEN.* And enter in our ears, like great  
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

*TIM.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love,<sup>9</sup> with other incident throes

here with its common signification, and mean—the gods who are prosperous in all their undertakings. Our author, elsewhere, has blessed gods, clear gods, &c.; nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his *Medea*, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ παύσι; ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *My long sickness*—] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *bruit*—] i. e. report, rumour. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ The *bruit* whereof will bring you many friends.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Their pangs of love, &c.*] Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them :<sup>2</sup>

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. SEN. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree,<sup>3</sup> which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,<sup>4</sup>  
From high to low throughout, that who so please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you still  
shall find him.

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*I will some kindness—*] i. e. I will do them some kindness; for such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of these words, independent of the supplemental—*do them*, which only serves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> [*I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, for this thought. He might however have found it in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28, as well as in several other places. STEVENS.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, (the people being assembled in the market-place, about dispatch of some affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speake unto the people; and silence being made, everie man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.'" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

*TIM.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Which once a day<sup>5</sup> with his embossed froth<sup>6</sup>  
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end:  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!  
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.  
 [Exit TIMON.]

1. *SEN.* His discontents are unremoveably  
 Coupled to nature.

2. *SEN.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear peril.<sup>7</sup>

2. *SEN.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> Which once a day—] Old copy—*Who*. For the correction [*whom*] I am answerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the second folio) read—*Which* once, &c.

MALONE.

*Which*, in the second folio (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—*Who*. Surely, it is the *everlasting mansion*, or the *beach* on which it stands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpse of *Timon*. Thus we often say that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it, is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — embossed froth —] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *embosid*. See Vol. VI. p. 391, n. 2. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEVENS.

*Embossed froth*, is swollen froth; from *bosse*, Fr. a tumour. The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *In our dear peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numerous places. WARBURTON,

## SCENE III.

*The Walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1. SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as thy report?

MES. I have spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2. SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring  
not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier,<sup>8</sup> one mine ancient  
friend;<sup>9</sup>—  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,

*Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*. So, in *Hamlet*:  
"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

*Dear* may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate each of the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

In the following situations, however, it cannot signify either *dire* or *dreadful*:

"Confort with me in loud and *dear* petition."

*Troilus and Cressida.*

"——— Some *dear* cause

"Will in concealment wrap me up a while." *King Lear.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — a courier,] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read—*once mine ancient friend*. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 651

And made us speak like friends:<sup>a</sup>—this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from Timon.*

1. SEN. Here come our brothers.

3. SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

SOL. By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is  
this?

<sup>a</sup> Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,

*Yet our old love made a particular force,*

*And made us speak like friends:]* Our author, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet the force of our old affection wrought so much upon, as to make him speak to me as a friend. See Vol. XII. p. 178, n. 6. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage.—The awkward repetition of the verb—*made*, very strongly countenances my present observation. STEVENS.

652 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:  
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.*] [Old copy—*read this.*] Some beast *read* what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read:

*Some beast rear'd this;—*

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

"The soldier (says Theobald) had *yet* only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it." In support of his emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*:

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *boase*

"Built by a better architect than *beasts*." MALONE.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON.

It is evident, that the soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has *not* seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier; *Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough*, and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?

RITSON.

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—*Some beast rear'd this.* Our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed

Dead, sure; and this his grave.—  
 What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character  
 I'll take with wax:  
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.

*Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
 Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

*Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does afterwards.

Besides; from the time he asks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this inscription?] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beast read this,"—the soldier is first made to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifest that it must have been formed by a beast.

A passage in *King Lear* also adds support to the emendation:

"————— this hard *house*,

" More hard than are the stones whereof 'tis *rai'd*."

MALONE.



With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,<sup>3</sup> and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,<sup>4</sup>  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, *No more*:<sup>5</sup> now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;  
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

I. SEN. Noble, and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.<sup>6</sup>

The foregoing observations are acute in the extreme, and I have not scrupled to adopt the reading they recommend. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — travers'd arms,] Arms across. JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in *The Tempest*:

“ His arms in this sad knot.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — the time is flush,] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,*

*Cries, of itself, No more:*] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. Holland's translation, B. VIII. c. xviii.

REED.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

I wish the reader may not find himself affected in the same manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a similar exclamation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Above their quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages*. WARBURTON.

2. SEN. So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;<sup>7</sup>  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

1. SEN. These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs :<sup>8</sup> nor are they such,  
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should  
fall  
For private faults in them.<sup>9</sup>

2. SEN. Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out ;<sup>2</sup>

*Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," must be considered as parenthetical. The modern editors have substituted *ingratitude* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;*] *Promis'd means* must import the recruiting of his sunk fortunes ; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made :

————— and by *promis'd means*. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

*By promis'd means*, is by promising him a competent subsistence. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II : "Your *means* are very slender, and your waste is great." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *You have receiv'd your griefs :*] The old copy has—*grief* ; but as the senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, *griefs* was probably here an error of the press. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *For private faults in them.*] That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the motives that you first went out ;*] i. e. those who made the motion for your exile. This word is as perversely employed in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" ————— her wanton spirits look out

" At every joint and *motive* of her body." STEVENS.

650 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
 Hath broke their hearts.<sup>4</sup> March, noble lord,  
 Into our city with thy banners spread :  
 By decimation, and a tithed death,  
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
 Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

I. SEN. All have not offended ;  
 For those that were, it is not square,<sup>5</sup> to take,  
 On those that are, revenges :<sup>6</sup> crimes, like lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
 Spare thy Athenian cradle,<sup>7</sup> and those kin,  
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 With those that have offended : like a shepherd,

<sup>4</sup> *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
 Hath broke their hearts.*] Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of  
 shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough  
 not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some  
 emendation may be offered that will make the construction less  
 harsh, and the sentence more ferious. I read :

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,  
 Hath broke their hearts.*

*Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost  
 excess.* JOHNSON.

I think that Theobald has, on this occasion, the advantage of  
 Johnson. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we should  
 not have recourse to correction.—*Cunning* was not, in Shakspeare's  
 time, confined to a bad sense, but was used to express knowledge  
 or understanding. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — *not square,*] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *revenges :*] Old copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr.  
 Steevens. See the preceding speech. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *thy Athenian cradle,*] Thus *Ovid*, Met. VIII. 99 :

“ — *Jovis incunabula Crete.*” STEEVENS.



658 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied,<sup>4</sup> to your publick laws  
At heavieft answer.

*BOTH.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*ALCIB.* Descend, and keep your words.<sup>5</sup>

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*SOL.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:  
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.<sup>6</sup>

*ALCIB.* [*Reads.*] *Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *But shall be remedied,*] The construction is, But he shall be remedied; but Shakspeare means, that his offence shall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the second folio, for *to*, in the last line but one of this speech, substituted *by*, which all the subsequent editors adopted.

MALONE.

I profess my inability to extract any determinate sense from these words as they stand, and rather suppose the reading in the second folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpse of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Descend, and keep your words.*] Old copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *for my poor ignorance.*] *Poor* is here used as a disyllable, as *door* is in *The Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in fir T. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs.* STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 659

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here  
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow,<sup>8</sup> and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.<sup>9</sup> Dead

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

“ My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and past,  
“ My carren corps entered here, is graspt in ground,  
“ In weltring waves of fwelling seas by sourges cast;  
“ My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *our brain's flow*,] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,—*brine's flow*. *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*; but we may read, *our brine's flow*, *our salt tears*. Either will serve. JOHNSON.

*Our brain's flow* is right. So, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“ I shed not the tears of my *brain*.”

Again, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,

“ Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *on faults forgiven*.] Alcibiades's whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addresses to the Athenian senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy.

THEOBALD.

I suspect that we ought to read:

————— One *fault's forgiven*.—Dead

*Is noble Timon*; &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, “ why should Neptune weep over



130. Cont.

15. The ... of the ...  
... ..

16. The ... ..

17. The ... ..

18. The ... ..

19. The ... ..










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