THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. IV.
THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
WINTER'S TALE.
MACBETH.

LONDON,

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MDCCCLXXV.
ALL's WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL,
Persons represented.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rouillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertrami! a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward.}
Clown.} Servants to the Countess of Rouillon.

Countess of Rouillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, Daughter to the widow.
Violenta, } Neighbours and friends to the widow.
Mariana, }

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

* The persons were first enumerated by Roscoe.
  2 Parolles. I suppose we should write this name Paroles, i.e. a creature made up of empty words. Steevens.
  3 Violenta only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. Steevens.
All's Well that Ends Well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rouillon's house in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rouillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in Black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's

4 The story of All's Well that Ends Well, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, Love, Labour Wonne, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakespeare from Painter's Giletta of Narbon, in the first vol. of the Palace of Pleasure, 4to, 1569, p. 90. Farmer.

Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. Steevens.

5 In delivering my son from me,] To deliver from, in the sense of giving up, is not English. Shakespeare wrote, in delivering my son from me—The following words, too,—I bury a second husband—demand this reading. For to deliver implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the burying a husband; which delivering does not. W arburton.

Of this change I see no need: the present reading is clear and, perhaps, as proper as that which the great commentator would substitute; for the king delivers her son from her, she only delivers him. Johnson.
command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father; He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthinefs would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty’s amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon’d his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. *This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage ’tis!) whose skill was

6 *in ward,— in ward,—]* Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king’s wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

Howell’s fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnishes Shakespeare with a reason why the king compelled Rousillon to marry Helen.

Tollet.

*in ward—]* The prerogative of a wardship is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. Sir J. Hawkins.

7 *whose worthinefs would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.* An opposition of terms is visibly designed in this sentence; tho’ the opposition is not so visible, as the terms now stand. Wanted and abundance are the opposites to one another; but how is lack a contrast to stir up? The addition of a single letter gives it, and the very sense requires it, Read slack it. Warren.

8 *This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage ’tis!)* Lafcalf was speaking of the king’s desperate condition: which makes the countefs recall to mind the deceased Gerard de Narbon, who, she thinks, could have cured him. But in
was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly:

using the worn had, which implied his death, she stops in the middle of her sentence, and makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the present reading, is unintelligible. We must therefore believe Shakspere wrote (O that had! how sad a preface 'tis) i. e. a preface that the king must now expect no cure, since so skilful a person was himself forced to submit to a malignant distemper:

Warburton:

This emendation is ingenious; perhaps preferable to the present reading, yet since passage may be fairly enough explained; I have left it in the text. Passage is any thing that pass'd, so we now say, a passage of an author, and we said about a century ago, the passages of a reign. When the countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word bad pass'd through her mind.

Johnson:

Thus Shakspere himself. See The Comedy of Errors, act III, sc. 1:

"Now in the stirring passage of the day,"

So, in The Gamester, by Shirley, 1647: "I'll not be witness of your passages myself," i. e. of what passes between you.

Again, in A Woman's a Weathercock, 1612:

"—never lov'd these prying listening men"

"That ask of other's states and passages."

Again:

"I knew the passages 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in the Dumb Knight; 1633:

"—have beheld"

"Your vile and most lascivious passages."

Again, in the English Intelligencer, a tragico-comedy, 1641: "—two philosophers that jeer and weep at the passages of the world."

Steevens:

O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis! Imitated from the

Heauton.
ingly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king lan-
guishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thofe hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean

Heautontimorumenos of Terence (then translated) where Menede-
mus fays:

"Filium unicum adolescentulum
"Habeo. Ah, quid dixi? habere me? imo
" —babui Chreme,
" Nunc habeas nec neince incertum est." BLACKSTONE.

9 where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there com-
mandations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicefs; she derives her bounty, and at-
tiches her goodness.] This obscure encomium is made still more obscure by a flight corruption of the text. Let us explain the pas-
sage as it lies. By virtuous qualities are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the Italians say, qua\[lità virtuosa; and not moral ones. On this account it is, the fays, that, in an ill mind, these virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. But, says the countefs, in her they are the better for their simplicefs. But simplicefs is the same with what is called bounty, immediately after; which cannot be predicted of the qualities of education. We must certainly read—her simplicefs, and then the sentence is properly concluded. The countefs had faid, that virtuous qua-
"lities are the worfe for an unclean mind, but concludes that Helen's are the better for her simplicefs, i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then sums up the character, she had before given in detail, in these words, she derives her bounty, and achieves her goodness, i. e. she derives her bounty, her simplicefs, her moral character, from her father and her ancestors; but the achieves or wins her goodness, her virtus, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour. Warlerton.

This is likewise a plausible but unnecessary alteration. Her vir-
tues
THAT ENDS WELL

unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicities; she derives her honesty, and acquires her goodnes.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leave it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf.

vices are the better for their simplicities, that is, her excellences are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained virtues, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word traitors, and therefore has not shewn the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The Faerie, mentioning the sharps of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.

JOHNSON.

Virtue, and virtuous, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean ingenuity and ingenious. Of this tenor perhaps an instance occurs in the eighth book of Chapman's Version of the Iliad:

"Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous engine bind,
And by it every thing shall hang, &c."

Again, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, p. 1, 1590:

"If thee had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauties worthinesses,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

STEEVENS.

—all livelihood—] i.e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here that she does not with should be understood by the Countess. Her affected sorrow was for the death of her father; her real grief for the lowness of her situation, which
Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall

which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. MALONE.

*If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.* This seems very obscure; but the addition of a negative perfectly dispels all the mist. If the living be not enemy, &c. excessive grief is an enemy to the living, says Lafue. Yes, replies the countess; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i.e. strive to conquer it,] the excess makes it soon mortal. WARBURTON:

This emendation I had once admitted into the text, but restored the old reading, because I think it capable of an easy explication. Lafue says, excessive grief is the enemy of the living; the countess replies, If the living be an enemy to grief; the excess soon makes it mortal: that is, if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess. By the word mortal I understand that which dies; and Dr. Warburton, that which destroys. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined.

Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

A passage in The Winter's Tale, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

"—scarce any joy

"Did ever live so long; no sorrow,

"But kill'd itself much sooner."

In Romeo and Juliet we meet with a kindred thought:

"These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die," MALONE.

That thee may furnish——] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.

Ber. [To Helena.] 
'The best wishes, that can be
forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be com-
tortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of
her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the
credit of your father. [Exeunt Bertram and Lafau.

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more;
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's,
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star;
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague;

5 They best wishes; &c.] That is, may you be mistress of your
wisdom, and have power to bring them to effect. Johnson.
6 These great tears——] The tears which the king and
Countess shed for him. Johnson.
7 In his bright radiance, &c.] I cannot be united with him and
move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the
radiance that shoots on all sides from him. Johnson.

Milton, b. x:

"——from his radiant seat he rose
"Of high collateral glory." Steevens.

'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour,
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

*Enter Parolles.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his face;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's feely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,*

*In our heart's table;* So in our author's 24th Sonnet:

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath feel'd"

"Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

A table was in our author's time a term for a picture, in which
fence it is used here. *Tableau.* Fr. *Malone.*

9 — *trick of his sweet favour,* So, in *King John:* "he hath
a trick of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity or feature. *Johnson.*

*Trick* is an expression taken from *drawing,* and is so explained in another place. The present instance explains itself:

—to fit and draw

*His arched brows, &c.*

—and *trick of his sweet favour.*

*Trick,* however, may mean *peculiarity.* *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's explanation of this word is supported by a passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour,* 1620: "O I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the
*tricking*." *Malone.*

1 *Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.*] Cold for naked; as superfluous for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. *Warburton.*

2 *And you, monarch.*] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to *Monarchus,* a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of *Shakespeare.* Concerning this person, see the notes on *Love's Labour Lost,* act IV. sc. i. *Steevens.*

*Par.*
Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he affails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselfes made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. *Loses of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: tis too cold a companion; away with it.

3 stain of soldier—] Stain for colour. Parolles was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called red-tail'd humble-bee.

Warburton.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that Parolles was entirely drest in red. Shakspere writes only some stain of soldier, meaning in one sentence, that he had red breeches on, (which is sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards red-tail'd humble-bee,) and in another, that he was a disgrace to soldier. Stain is used in an adverse sense by Shakspere, in Troilus and Cressida:

"—nor any man an attain't, but he carries some stain of it."

Stevens.

Stain rather for what we now say tincture, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. Johnson.

* Loss of virginity is rational increase;—] I believe we should read, national. Tyrwhitt.

Rational increase may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. Stevens.
Hep. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds' mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuse but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself two; which

5 He, that hangs himself, is a virgin:] But why is he that hangs himself a virgin? Surely, not for the reason that follows; Virginity murders itself. For though every virgin be a suicide, yet every suicide is not a virgin. A word or two are dropped, which introduced a comparison in this place; and Shakspeare wrote it thus:

as be, who hangs himself, so is a virgin.

And then it follows naturally, virginity murders itself. By this emendation, the Oxford editor was enabled to alter the text thus:

He that hangs himself is like a virgin.

And this is his usual way of becoming a critic at a cheap expence.

Warburton.

I believe most readers will spare both the emendations, which I do not think much worth a claim or a contest. The old reading is more sprightly and equally just. Johnson.

6 inhibited sin] i.e. forbidden. So in Othello:

"——praeterfer

"Of arts inhibited and out of warrant."

So in the first folio. Theobald reads prohibited. Steevens.

7 within ten years it will make itself two, which is greatly increased;] I think we should either read: within ten years it will make itself ten; or, within two years it will make itself two. Instead of two, Mr. Tolet would read twelve. Steevens.

I have no doubt that we ought to read — Out with it; within ten months it will make itself two. Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itself; 'twill produce a child.

When we recollect that our author's imagery is here borrowed
which is goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hol. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: 'Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less's worth; off with't, while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill,

rowed from the practice of laying out money at interest, there can, I think, be no doubt of this emendation. "Cent. per cent. (says Parolles, as the text now stands), in ten years, is a goodly increase." Nothing very extraordinary; for the common interest of money being in Shakspere's time ten per cent. [see his will], a hundred pounds in ten years (without taking compound interest into the account) would double itself; but if it doubled itself in ten months, then indeed it might very properly be called "a goodly increase." Add to this, that the term of ten months agrees with the principal subject of which Parolles is speaking; whereas, that of ten years has no relation whatever to it.

"Out with it," is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In The Tempest we have——


8—'Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.'—Parolles, in answer to the question, how one shall lose virginity to her own liking? play upon the word liking, and says, she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity. Johnson.

9—which wear not now——] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakspere often uses the active for the Passive. The modern editors read, "which we wear not now." Tyrwhitt.

——Your date is better——] Here is a quibble on the word date, which means both age, and a kind of candied fruit much used in our author's time. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry." The same quibble occurs in Troilus and Cressida: "—and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out." Steevens.
it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. 3 Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

2 For yet, as it stood before, sir Thomas Hanmer reads yes.

3 Not my virginity yet.] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it suppositions. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

Not my virginity yet——You're for the court,
There shall your master, &c.

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, said, will you any thing with me? to which Helen may reply.——I know not what to do with the paflage. Johnson.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantic wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be. Were I to propose any change, I would read should instead of shall. It does not however appear that this rapturous exhibition of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. Steevens.

Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with us? i.e. will you lend any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough——

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in Twelfth Night, act III. sc. i:

"You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?"

Tyrwhitt.

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles's speech. "I am now bound for the Court; will you any thing with it [i.e. with the court]?" Malone,

A phœnix
THAT ENDS WELL.

4 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet diaster; with a world
Of pretty fond, adoptious Christianoms 6,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court’s a learning place;—and he is one—
Par.

4 A phoenix, captain, &c.] The eight lines following friend, I am persuaded, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen’s saying, as it should be read for the future:

There shall your master have a thousand loves;
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
I know not what he shall—God send him well,

Where the fellow, finding a thousand loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a mother’s, a mistress’s, and a friend’s, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his loves with eunuchics, and makes of the whole such finisht nonsense as is never heard out of Bedlam. Warburton.

5 —a traitress,—] It seems that traitress was in that age a term of endearment, for when LASFUS introduces Helena to the king, he says, You are like a traitor, but such traitors his majesty does not much fear. Johnson.

I cannot conceive that traitress (spoken seriously) was in any age a term of endearment. From the present passage, we might as well suppose enemy (in the last line but one) to be a term of endearment. In the other passage quoted, LASFUS is plainly speaking ironically. Tyrwhitt.

Traditor, a traitress, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helen is, that she shall prove every thing to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties. Steevens.

Falstaff, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, says to Mrs. Ford:

Thou art a traitor to say so.” In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love. Malone.

6 —Christianoms,] This word, which signifies the collective body
Par. What one’s, i’ faith?
Hel. That I wish well.—’Tis, pity——
Par. What’s pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in’t,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose bafer stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you...
[Exit Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on this occasion.

Sthervens.

It is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author’s time, the signification which he has affixed to it. So in a Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeties, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

She is baptiz’d in Christendom,
[i.e. by a christian name,]

"The Jew cries out he’s undone——."

These lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the Story of the Merchant of Venice, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew’s daughter, and not Portia, that saves the Merchant’s life by pleading his cause. There should seem therefore to have been some novel on this subject, that has hitherto escaped the researches of the Commentators. In the same book are ballads founded on the fables of Much ado about Nothing, and the Winter’s Tale. Malone.

1. And shew what we alone must think;——] And shew by realities what we now must only think. Johnson.

Par.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.
Par. That's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's council, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast done, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

*is a virtue of a good wing.* Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a virtue of a good wing refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's Parrot, 1606: "I love my horse after a journeying ealiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk, for the goodness of his wing, &c. Or it may be taken from dress: So, in Every Man out of his Humour: "I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a wing, such a sleeve, &c." Mr. Tolet observes, that a good wing signifies a strong wing in lord Bacon's Natural History, experiment 866: "Certainly many birds of a good wing (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." Steevens.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in K. Henry V. in which we meet with a similar expression: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing."

Again, K. Henry iv. p. 1:

"Yet let me wonder, Harry,
"At thy affections, which do hold a wing,
"Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors."

VOL. IV. C

Which
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our flow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
9 What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
9 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

9 What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means,
by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left so long
after it, without the food of hope? Johnson.
2 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kifs like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been.———

All these four lines are obscure, and, I believe, corrupt; I shall
propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present
reading are at liberty to reject;
Through mightiest space in fortune nature brings
Likes to join likes, and kifs like native things.
That is, nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through
any distance that fortune may set between them; she joins them
and makes them kifs like things born together.
The next lines I read with Hamner:
Impossible be strange attempts to shose
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be.

New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour
or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what
they see before them. Johnson.
Shakespeare uses one of these contested phrases in a different
sense, in Julius Caesar:
"And fell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much traffic as might be grasped thus."

I have offered this instance for the use of any succeeding com-
mentator who can apply it to the passage before us. Part of the
same thought is less ambiguously expres'd in Timon:
"That folder'lt close impossibilities,
And mak'lt them kifs.——" Steevens.

I understand the meaning to be this. The affections given us
by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or acci-
dent has placed the greatest distance, or disparity, and cause
them to join, like likes, (insofar parium) like persons in the same
situation.
THAT ENDS WELL. 19

To join like likes, and kifs like native things,
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.
The court of France.

Flourish cornets. Enter the king of France, with letters,
and divers attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;

Have

situation of life.—This interpretation is strongly confirmed
by a sublequent speech of the Countess's steward, who is sup-
poised to have over-heard this soliloquy of Helena: "Fortune,
the said, was no goddess, that had put such difference between
their two estates."

The mightiest space in fortune, for, persons the most widely separated
by fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a li-
cence as Shakspere often takes. Thus, in Cymbeline, the di-


mination of space is used for the diminution of which space, or ra-

erther distance, is the cause.

If he had written—spaces, (as in Troilus and Cressida—

—her whom we know well

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.—)

The passage would have been more clear; but he was confined
by the metre. We might, however, read:

The mightiest space in nature Fortune brings,

To join, &c.

i.e. accidents sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank
has separated. MALONE.

—— When of ourselves we publish them,] So again in Troilus
and Cressida:

"The worthines of praise discontents his worth,
"If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth."

MALONE.

2 Senoys—] The Sainet, as they are term'd by Boccace.

Painter, who translates him, calls them Senois. They were the

people
Have fought with equal fortune; and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, and the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplyst credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Roufillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in Friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far

people of a small republick, of which the capital was Sienna. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. Steevens.

---Roufillon---] The old copy reads Rognold.

Steevens.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
4 He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
5 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were

4 He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.]
1. e. ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and
make it pass for desert. The Oxford editor, not understanding
this, alters the line to
Ere they can use their levity with his honour. WARBURTON.
I believe honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputa-
tion: Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of ja-
tirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not
what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults
with great merit.

This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and flight of-
fences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them
by great qualities. JOHNSON.

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords: but they may jest,
Till their own scorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. BLACKSTONE.

A passage in the second act of the Merry Wives of Windsor may
serve to shew, that Hanmer’s change is needless:

‘—hiding mine honour in my necessity.’ STEEVENS.

5 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak’d them;—]

This passage is so very incorrectly pointed, that the author’s mean-
ing is lost. As the text and tlops are reformed, these are most
beautiful lines, and the sense is this—“He had no contempt or
bitterness; if he had any thing that look’d like pride or sharpness,
(of which qualities contempt and bitterness are the excesses,) his
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak’d them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey’d his hand: who were below him.
He us’d as creatures of another place;
And bow’d his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,

equal had awakened them, not his inferior: to whom he scorn’d to
discover any thing that bore the shadow of pride or sharpness.”

The original edition reads the first line thus:

So like a courtier, contemn nor bitterness.
The fense is the same. Nor was used without reduplication. So,
in Measure for Measure:
"More nor less to others paying,
"Than by self-offences weighing."
The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier,
that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in
his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness
ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a
man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of
a well bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his
hero Lewis XIV. Johnson.

His tongue obeyed his hand:—
His is put for its; so, in Othello:
"———her motion
"Blush’d at herself;"—instead of itself: Steevens.

He us’d as creatures of another place;] i. e. He made allowances
for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from
one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not understanding the
fense, has altered another place, to a brother-race. Warburton.

Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise, he humbled——]

But why were they proud of his humility? It should be read and
pointed thus:

—Making them proud; and his humility,
In their poor praise, he humbled——
i.e. by condescending to floop to his inferiors, he exalted them
and made them proud; and, in the gracious receiving their poor
praise, he humbled even his humility. The sentiment is fine.

Every man has seen the mean too often proud of the humility of
the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be humbled in the
praises
THAT ENDS WELL.

In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
9 So in approbation lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would, I were with him! He would al-
ways say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plau-sive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—Let me not live,—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,

praises of the mean, of those who commend them without convic-
tion or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the mean
are found more frequently than the great. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving
such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so
elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling
himself, by swooping to accept of the encomiums of mean per-
fsons for that humility.—The construction seems to be, “he be-
ing humbled in their poor praise.” MALONE.

9 So in approbation lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

Epitaph for character. WARBURTON.

I should wish to read:

Approbation lives not in his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

Approbation is approbation. If I should allow Dr. Warburton’s inter-
pretation of Epitaph, which is more than can be reasonably ex-
pected, I can yet find no sense in the present reading. JOHNSON.

We might, by a slight transpo-sition, read:

So his approbation lives not in epitaph.

Approbation certainly means approbation. So, in Cynthia’s Revenge,
“A man so absolute in my approb,
“ That nature hath reserv’d small dignity
“ That he enjoys not.”

Again, in Measure for Measure:

“Either of condemnation or approbation.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this: His epitaph or inscription on his
tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your
royal speech. TOLLET.

C 4

On
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are.

1. Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd;
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2. Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died
He was much fam'd.

Her. Some fix months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet:—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out

* * * * *

2. whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; —
Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new
modes of dresse. Johnson.
I have a suspicion that Shakespeare wrote—meer feathers of
their garments; i.e. whose judgments are meerly parts (and insigni-
nificant parts) of their dresse, worn and laid aside, as feath'ris are,
from the meer love of novelty and change. He goes on to say,
that they are even less constant in their judgments than in their
dress:

—-their constancies
Expire before their fashions. Tyrwhitt.
The reading of the old copy is supported by a similiar passage
in Cymbeline:

"—some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting—",
Again, by another in the same play:

"—No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee."

Here the garment is said to be the father of the man:—in
the text, the judgment, being employed solely in inventing new
dresses, is called the father of the garment. Malone.
THAT ENDS WELL. 25

With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son’s no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A room in the count’s palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown. 2

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew

2—Steward, and Clown.] A Clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licentia jestor, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder, that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More’s family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patifon the fool. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wife.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a clown. Johnson.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, willing to shew King Henry a mark of his respect, sent him his fool Patch, as a present, whom, says Stowe, “the king received very gladly.”

Malone.

This dialogue, or that in Twelfth Night, between Olivia and the Clown, seems to have been particularly cenfured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verles prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

“Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
“l’th’ lady’s questions, and the fool’s replies;
“Old fashion’d wit, that walk’d from town to town
“In trunk hose, which our fathers call’d the Clown.”

In the MS. register of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: “Tom Derry, his majesty’s fool, at 2s. per diem, 1615: paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty’s jestor, for 13 weeks, 10l. 18s. 6d.—1616. See vol. II. p. 15. Stevens.

The following lines in The Careless Shepherdess, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

“Why,
Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my flow'ness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery's yours.

Clo.

"Why, I would have the fool in every act,
"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
"'Till I cry'd again, to see what faces
"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
"To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,
"And twirl his bable. There is ne'er a part
"About him but breaks jets.—
"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
" Than hear the graveit speech in all the play.
"I never saw Reade peeping through the curtain,
"But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart." —Malone.

— to even your content; ——] To act up to your desires.

4——you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery's yours.] Well, but if he had folly to commit them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing else, sure, to make them his own? This nonsense should be read, To make such knavery's yare; nimble, dextrous. i. e. Though you be fool enough to commit knavery, yet you have quickness enough to commit them dextrously: for this observation was to let us into his character. But now, though this be set right, and, I dare say, in Shakspeare's own words, yet the former part of the sentence will still be inaccurate—you lack not folly to commit them. Them, what? the sense requires knavery, but the antecedent referred to, is complaints. But this was certainly a negligence of Shakspeare's, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot see that this is an inaccuracy which the author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read Shakspeare very little, or greatly mispent his pains. The principal office of a critic is to distinguish between those two things. But 'tis that branch of criticism which no precepts can teach the writer to discharge, or the reader to judge of.

Warburton.

After
That Ends Well.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

After premising that the accusative, them, refers to the precedent word, complaints, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear. You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability. Revisal.

5 —to go to the world,—] This phrase has already occurred in Much Ado About Nothing, and signifies to be married: and thus, in As you like It, Audrey says: "—it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world." Steevens.
ALL's WELL

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends ⁶; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of ⁷. He, that ears my land ⁸, spares my team, and

⁶ Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a weary of.——]
The meaning seems to be, you are not deeply skilled in the character or offices of great friends. Johnson.
I would read,
You are shallow, madam: ev'n great friends.
Ev'n and in are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.
The same mistake has happened in another place in this play.
Act III. sc. 1. (folio 1623).
"Lad. What have we here?"
"Clown. In that you have there."

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"No more but in a woman."
Again, in Twelfth Night, act I. sc. v. "'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man, &c."
The modern editors have rightly corrected all these passages, and read—"Ev'n that you have there"—"No more but ev'n a woman, &c.
Ev'n was formerly contrasted thus, e'n. See act IV. of this play, sc. i. sixth speech, in the old copy.] Hence the mistake was the more easy.
Again, in the Merchant of Venice, quarto, 1630: "We were Christians now before, in as many as could well live one by another." Malone.

— the knaves come to do that for me which I am a weary of.]
The same thought is more dilated in an old MS. play, entitled,
the Second Maiden's Tragedy:

Soph. I have a wife, would she were so preferr'd!
I could but be her subject, so I am now.
I allow her her owne friend to stop her mouth,
And keep her quiet, give him his table free,
And the huge feeding of his great stone-horfe,
On which he rides in pomp about the cittie,
Only to speake to gallants in bay-windowes.
Marry, his lodging he pales deerly for,
He gets me all my children, there I save by't;
Belide I drawe my life owte by the bargaine
Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed,
When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten
Some five and fortie yeares before I'm coffin'd.

'Was
and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuck-old, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poylsam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are fever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
*Tis the right waie to keep a woman honest:
One friend is baracadoe to a hundred
And keepes'em owte; nay more, a husband's sure
To have his children all of one man's gettinge,
And he that performes best, can have no better:
I'm e'en as happie then that save a labour. STEEVENS.

*that ears my land,——] To ear is to plough. So, in
Anthony and Cleopatra: 8
"Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind." STEEVENS.

* A prophet, I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:] It
is a superstitation, which has run through all ages and people, that
natural fools have something in them of divinity. On which ac-
count they were essemed sacred: travellers tell us in what eseem
the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them
heretofore in France, as appears from the old word bene, for a
natural fool. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advis'd
Panturge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which
gives occasion to a fatirical stroke upon the privy counsel of Fran-
cis the first—Par l'avis, confel, prediction des fôls vos savez
quants princes, &c. on est confervez, &c.—The phrase—speak
the truth the next way, means directly; as they do who are only
the instruments or canals of others; such as inspired persons were
fuppeted to be. WARBURTON.

Next way, is nearest way. So, in K. Hen. IV. Part I:
"Tis the next way to turn taylor, &c." STEEVENS.

Your
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind¹.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo.² Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.
  Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
  Fond done, done fond³,
  Was this king Priam's joy.

¹—sings by kind.] I find something like two of the lines of this ballad in John Grange's Garden, 1577:
  "Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
  "As cuckoldescome by deflinic, so cuckoldes sing by kinde."

Steevens.

²— was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
  Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
  Fond done, fond done;
  Was this king Priam's joy.

This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he. Warburton.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. Steevens.

Was this fair causi, &c.] The name of Helen, whom the Countess has just called sir, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the Clown's mind.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's Maid in the Mill, the following stanza of another old ballad:

"And here fair Paris comes,
"The hopeful youth of Troy,
"Queen Hecuba's darling son
"King Priam's only joy." Malone.

³— fond done, is foolishly done. See Vol. II. p. 53.

Steevens.

With
THAT ENDS WELL.

With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,*
And gave this sentence then;
*Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. *That man should be at a woman's command, and

* With that she sighed as she stood.[

At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italic characters the word bis, denoting, I suppose, the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was twice printed, as it is here inverted, from the ancient and only authentic copy. STEEVENS.

* Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.[

This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song, which shews the song said,

Nine good in ten.
If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pandrom, Paris, and Polites. WARBURTON.

*— but every blazing star,—] The old copy reads—but every blazing star. STEEVENS.

1 Clo. That man, &c. The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is commanded. He answers with the licentious
and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice
tious petulance of his character, that if a man does as a woman com-
mands, it is likely he will do amiss; that he does not amiss, being at
the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady’s
goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very nice or
puritanical, will do no hurt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors,
and wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart;
will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of
submission.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the
obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical
habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of
union, and, perhaps, to intimate, that the modest purity of
the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. Johnson.

I cannot help thinking that we should read—Though ho-
nesty be a puritan. Tyrwhitt.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had
meant to say—‘though honesty be no puritan,” why
should he add, that “it would wear the surplice, &c.” or, in
other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that
puritans in general reprobated.—What would there be extraor-
dinary in this?—The Clown, I think, means to say, “though
honesty be rigid and formal, as a puritan, yet it will not be
obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its
superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly re-
volts against them. I suspect, however, a still farther corruption;
and that the compiler caught the words—“no hurt” from the
preceding line. Our author probably wrote—Though honesty
be a puritan, yet it will do its duty; it will wear the surplice,
&c.” I will therefore obey my mistress, and go, however re-
luctantly, for Helena. Malone.

The averton of the puritans to a surplice is alluded to in many
of the old comedies. So in the following instances:

“‘She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman
of her function about the town; and truly that’s the reason that
your sincere puritans cannot abide a surplice, because they say ’tis
made of the same thing that your villainous fin is committed in,
of your profane holland.” Cupid’s Whirligig by E. S. 1616.

Again, in the Match at Midnight, 1633, by W. R.

“He has turn’d my stomack for all the world like a puritan’s at
the sight of a surplice.”

Again, in The Hollander, 1655:

“a puritan, who, because he saw a surplice in the church,
would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes.” Steevens.

of
of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit Clown.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim

8 — Fortune, she said, was no goddes, &c. Love no god, &c. complained against the queen of virgins, &c.] This passagestands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level, queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible reader that something must have slipt out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he over-heard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love, no god, for another; — what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue, &c.

For in poetical history Diana was well known to preside over chastity, as Cupid over love, or Fortune over the change or regulation of our circumstances. Theobald.
in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; thence, in the loos that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

**Count.** You have discharg’d this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform’d me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.  

[Exit Steward.]

**Enter Helena.**

**Count.** Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature’s, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the shew and seal of nature’s truth,

Where love’s strong passion is imprest in youth:

1 By our remembrances of days foregone,

2 Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.

Her eye is fick on’t; I observe her now.

**Hel.** What is your pleasure, madam?

**Count.** You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

**Hel.** Mine honourable mistress.

**Count.** Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said a mother,

Methought you swaw a serpent: What’s in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

---O! then we thought them none.

A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker. This was sent to the Oxford **editor**, and he altered O, to *theo*. **Warburton.**

And
THAT ENDS WELL.

And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppres'sd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? 3 What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?
   Hel. That I am not.
   Count. I say, I am your mother.
   Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from huimble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vaffal die:
He must not be my brother.
   Count. Nor I your mother?
   Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—4 Or were you both our mothers,
   I care

3 What's the matter
   That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
   The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?]
There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which gimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his Rape of Lucrece:
   And round about her tear distained eye
   Blue circles fream'd like rain-bows in the sky.
   HENLEY.

4 —— or were you both our mothers,
   I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
   So I were not his father:—]
The second line has not the least glimmering of sense. Helen, by
   D 2 the
I care no more for, than I do for heaven;
So I were not his sister: 5 Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: 6 Now I see
The

the indulgence and invitation of her mistress, is encouraged to discover the hidden cause of her grief; which is the love of her mistress's son; and taking hold of her mistress's words, where she bids her call her mother, she unfolds the mystery: and, as she is discovering it, embolds herself by this reflection, in the line in question, as it ought to be read in a parenthesis:

(I can no more fear, than I do fear heaven.)
i.e. I can no more fear to trust so indulgent a mistress with the secret, than I can fear heaven, who has my vows for its happy issue. This break, in her discovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine. Here again the Oxford editor does his part. Warburton.

I do not much yield to this emendation; yet I have not been able to please myself with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Or were you both our mothers,
I cannot ask for more than that of heaven,
So I were not his sister: can't be no other
Way I your daughter, but he must be my brother? Johnson.
"Were you both our mothers,
"I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
"So I were not his sister."

There is a designed ambiguity: I care no more for, is, I care as much for.—I wish it equally. Farmer.

5 Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?]
The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction. Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter he must be my brother? Johnson.

Now I see
The mystery of your loveliness, and find
Your fault fear's head.—]
The mystery of her loveliness is beyond my comprehension: the old Countes is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here; which it could not, unless sarcastically employed, and with non-spleen. I dare warrant
THAT ENDS WELL.

The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your faint tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confes it one to the other; and thine eyes
So grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
Their kind they speak it; only sin
And obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it not, forswear't: how'er, I charge thee,
As then shall work in me for thine avail,
To me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
Warrant the poet meant his old lady should say no more than this:
"I now find the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weeping,
And pining in secret." For this reason I have amended
The text, loneliness. The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where
He gives the Countess intelligence of Helena's behaviour, says,
Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to
Her own ears. THEOBALD.
The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—
your loneliness. TYRWHITT.
I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To chuse solitude
Is a mark of love. STEEVENS.
"Your faint tears' head." The source, the fountain of your tears,
The caufe of your grief. JOHNSON.
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religion in mine error, I adore
The fun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,

--- captious and intenable sieve.] The word captious I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless capacious for rotten, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copyers than used by the author. Johnson.

Dr. Farmer supposes captious to be a contraction of capacious, as violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

By captious, I believe, Shakspeare only meant recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by intenable, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed. Malone.

And lack not to lose still:——
Perhaps we should read:

And lack not to love still. Tyrwhitt.

I believe love is right. So afterwards in this speech:

--- whole state is such, that cannot choose

"But lend and give, where she is sure to lose."

Helena means, I think, to say, that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment, though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that the waters of her love are still lost, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavours to accomplish her wishes.—The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danans. Malone.
THAT ENDS WELL.

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
With chaftly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd loft.

1 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth.] i.e. whose respectable conduct in age bonus, or proves, that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is proved by citing witnesses, or examples from books, our author with his usual licence uses to cite in the sense of to prove. MALONE.

2 With chaftly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; ] i.e. Venus. Helena means to say, if ever you wished that the deity who resides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words—if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires,

I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read,

Love dearly, and with chaftly, that your Dian, &c.

3 ——notes, whose faculties inclusive—] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[4] have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. 5 There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Doft thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

---[4] Embowell'd of their doctrine,—i.e. exhausted of their skill.
---[5] There's something in't
More than my father's skill—
—that his good receipt, &c.
Here is an inference, [that] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the sentence vicious, and shews that we should read:

There's something hints
More than my father's skill,—
—that his good receipt—

i.e. I have a secret premonition, or preface. Warburton.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with young lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish cornets.

King. Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles

6—into thy attempt:] So in the old copy. We might better read, according to the third folio—unto thy attempt.

7 In all the latter copies these lines stood thus:
Farewel, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, farewel;
Share the advice beixwixt you; if both again.
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd.

The third line in that state was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:
Farewel young lord, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, farewel;
Share the advice beixwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

The first edition, from which the passage is restored, was sufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not understand. Johnson.

Do
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: 'tis let higher Italy

(Those

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords
(besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy; and therefore I think
the king's speech should be corrected thus:

"Farewel, young lord; these warlike principles
"Do not throw from you; and you my lord, farewel;"

what follows, shews this correction to be necessary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, &c"

TYRWHITT.

This is obscure. Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three
very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the Roman
emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from
Constantine, another; and the third was compos'd of free states.
Now by the last monarchy is meant the Roman, the last of the four
general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the
tremble, several cities let up for themselves, and became free
states; now these might be said properly to inherit the fall of the
monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider Venice. The
king says, higher Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to
France; but he corrects himself and says, I except those from that
precedency, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy; as all
the little petty states; for instance, Florence, to whom these vo-
lunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour
to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states.

WARBURTON.

The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and
the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of par-

partition
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry aloud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: 'beware of being captives,
Before you serve.'

Both.

ition; the side next the Adriaticck was denominated the higher
Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the
same terms of distinction, the Adriaticck being called the Upper
Sea, and the Tyrrehene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones,
or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at
war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Armi-
nium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriaticck. Hanmer.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Those bastards that inherit, &c.

with this note:

Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities
and states which arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire,
the last of the four great monarchies of the world. Hanmer.

Dr. Warburton’s observation is learned, but rather too subtle;
Sir Tho. Hanmer’s alteration is merely arbitrary. The passage is
confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explana-
tion. I am of opinion that the epithet higher is to be understood
of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this,
Let Upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that
you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace
and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame,
and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. To abate is used by
Shakespeare in the original sense of abate, to deprest, to sink, to
deject, to subdue. So, in Coriolanus:

“———till ignorance deliver you,
“As most abated captives to some nation
“That won you without blows.”

And bated is used in a kindred sense in the Merchant of Venice:

“——— in a bondman’s key,
“With bated breath and whisp’ring humbleness.

The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law.

1 —Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.]
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a Couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain mansonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accurs'd, and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

The word serve is equivocal; the sense is, Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers.

JOHNSON.

2 and no sword worn,

But one to dance with! It should be remembered that in Shakspere's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient custom in Antony and Cleopatra: act III. sc. ix:

"He, at Philippi, kept

"His sword even like a dancer."

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

3 I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body. I read thus: Our parting is the parting of a tortur'd body. Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

So, in K. Henry VIII. act II. sc. iii:

"it is a sufferance, panging

"As soul and body's fevering." STEEVENS.

1 Lord.
THAT ENDS WELL.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Paroles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the lift of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, his cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his sinister cheek;] It is surprising, none of the editors could see that a flight transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common sense in the passage, as it stands without such transposition. Paroles only means: "You shall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a scar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my sword gave him."

Theobald.

—they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do nyst, true gait, &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, do nyst, to nyst.—To wear themselves in the cap of the time, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion; the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps—there to nyst true gait, signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy. Warburton.

I think this emendation cannot be laid to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus:

They do nyst with the true gait, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the first of a soldier. Johnson.

Perhaps we should read—nyst true gait. To nyst any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in the First Part of K. Hen. IV:

"As
A L L's W E L L

do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd; after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [Exeunt.

Enter Lafeu. [Lafeu kneels.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man Stands, that has bought his pardon ⁶. I would, you Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, ⁷ across:—but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity;

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat No grapes, my royal fox? ⁸ yes, but you will,

My

“As if he master'd there a double spirit
“Of teaching and of learning”—

Again, in K. Hen. V:

“Between the promise of his greener days,
“And those he masters now.”

In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600, and 1608, read mysters. Steevens.

⁶—that has bought his pardon.] The old copy reads—brought.

Steevens.

⁷—across—] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. Johnson.

Mr. Davies, with some probability, supposes the meaning to be—“With all my heart, sir, even though you had broke my head across;” and supports his idea by a passage in Twelfth Night: he has broke my head across, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.” Malone.

⁸ Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an' if]

These words, my noble grapes, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer
THAT ENDS WELL

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicin,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araife king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor the: My lord, there's one ar-

riv'd,

If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her,
(For that is her demand) and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Hammer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently
omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great losis,
but I believe they are Shakspeare's words. You will eat, says
Lafeu, no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes as I bring
you, if you could reach them. JOHNSON.

——I have seen a medicin,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

Mr. Rich. Broom, in his comedy, intituled, The City Wit, or the
Woman wears the breeches, act IV. sc. i. mentions this among other
dances; "As for corantoes, levoltos, jigs, measures, pavins,
brawls, galliards or canaries; I speak it not swellingly, but I sub-
scribe to no man." Dr. GREY.

—her years, profession.] By profession is meant her declaration
of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

—Than I dare blame my weaknesses.] This is one of Shakspeare's
perplexed expreffions. To acknowledge how much she has anffoi-
nished me, would be to acknowledge a weaknesses; and this I have
not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, and not be all day neither. [Exit Laf.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [Returns.] Nay, come your ways. [Bringing in Helena.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways; this is his majesty, say your mind to him; a traitor you do look like; but such traitors his majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle 3, that dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises toward him; knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, which, as the dearest issue of his practice, and of his old experience the only darling, he bad me floure up, as a triple eye 4, safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so: and, hearing your high majesty is touch'd with that malignant cause wherein the honour 5 of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it, and my appliance, with all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden; but may not be so credulous of cure,—when our most learned doctors leave us; and the congregated college have concluded,

3 ———Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See Troilus and Cressida. Johnson.

4 ———a triple eye,] i.e. a third eye. Steevens.

5 ———wherein the honour, Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,] Perhaps we may better read:

———wherein the power, Of my dear father's gift stands chief in honour. Johnson.

That
THAT ENDS WELL.

That labouring art can never answer nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to disfellow so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call’d grateful:
Thou thought’st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that with him live:
But, what’at full I know, thou know’st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest against remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakeft minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry’d,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny’d. 6
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits. 7

6 When miracles have by the greatest been deny’d.]
I do not see the import or connection of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been loft. Johnson.

I point the passage thus; and then I see no reason to complain of want of connection:
When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.
When miracles have by the greatest been deny’d,
I. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the wisest men have been writing against the possibility of them. Steevens.
7 —and despair most fits.] The old copies read—and despair most; &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Vol. IV. E King.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid;
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim:
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'it thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,

3 Myself against the level of mine aim;]
I: e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. WARBURTON.
I rather think that she means to say, I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud: I think what I speak. JOHNSON.

9 The greatest grace lending grace,]
I should have thought the repetition of grace to have been superfluous, if the grace of grace had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of Macbeth concludes. STEEVENS.
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Scar'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King.

That ends well.

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Scar'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

This passage is apparently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified? I have no great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the whole thus:

King. What dar'st thou venture?
Hec. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name;
Scar'd otherwise; to worst of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

When this alteration first came into my mind, I supposed Helena to mean thus: First, I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation; but if your distrust extends my character to the worst of the worst, and supposes me feared against the sense of infamy, I will add to the stake of reputation, the stake of life. This certainly is sense, and the language as grammatical as many other passages of Shakespeare. Yet we may try another experiment:

Fear otherwise to worst of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

That is, let me act under the greatest terrors possible.

Yet once again we will try to find the right way by the glimmer of Hanmer's emendation, who reads thus:

my maiden name
Scar'd; otherwise the worst of worst extended, &c.

Perhaps it were better thus:

my maiden name
Scar'd; otherwise the worst to worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended. Johnson.

Let us try, if possible, to produce sense from this passage without exchanging a syllable. I would bear (lays the) the tax of impudence, which is the denotation of a strumpet; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and hence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i.e. provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman, being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line.

Steevens.

Ez

Tax
King. 2 Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful found, within an organ weak:
3 And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate

Tax of impudence, &c.] That is, to be charged with having
the boldness of a strumpet—a divulged shame, i. e. to be traduced
by odious ballads:—my maiden's name feared otherwise, i. e. to
be stigmatized as a prostitute:—no worse of worse extended,
i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those
who are most publicly reported to be infamous. Shakspeare has used
the words fear and extended in The Winter's Tale, both in the
same sense as above:
For calumny will fear
Virtue itself.
And,
The report of her is extended more than can be thought.
Henley.

2 Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful found, within an organ weak:]
To speak a found is a barbarism: for to speak signifies to utter an
articulate found, i. e. a voice. So, Shakspeare, in Love's Labour
Lost, says with propriety, And when love speaks the voice of all the
gods. To speak a found therefore is improper, though to utter a
found is not; because the word utter may be applied either to an
articulate or inarticulate. Besides, the construction is vicious with
the two ablative, in the, and, within an organ weak. The lines
therefore should be thus read and pointed:
Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak:
His power full founds within an organ weak.
But the Oxford editor would be only so far beholden to this emen-
dation, as to enable him to make sense of the lines another way,
whatever become of the rules of criticifm or ingenious dealing:
It powerful founds within an organ weak. Warburton.
The verb, doth speak, in the first line, should be understood to
be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:
His powerful found speaks within a weak organ. Revival.
This, in my opinion, is a very just and happy explanation.
Steevens.

3 And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.] i. e. and that
which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I
yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think
thee capable of effecting. Malone.

Worth
Worth name of life, in thee hath esteem:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
That minifters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

*—in thee bath esteem:* May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by them. Johnson.

5 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all][
The verse wants a foot. Virtue, by mischance, hath dropt out of the line. Warburton.

6 —prime,—] Youth; the spring or morning of life. Johnson.

Should not we read—pride? Dr. Johnson explains prime to mean youth; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; youth, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and youth can happy call." Happiness and pride may signify. I think, the pride of happiness; the proudest state of happiness. So, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act III. 1: the voice and echo, is put for the voice of echo, or, the echoing voice. Tyrwhitt.

Perhaps the words were transposed at the press—I read,
That happiness can prime and happy call. Malone.

7 King. Make thy demand,

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of help.]
The king could have but a very slight hope of help from her, scarce enough to swear by: and therefore Helen might suspect he meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest part of the scene is strictly in rhyme: and there is no shadow of reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven. Thirlby.
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuse from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King, Here is my hand; the premises observ’d,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv’d:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv’d patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam’st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion’d welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rousillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly
taught: I know my business is but to the court.

8 With any branch or image of thy state;] Shakespeare unquestionably wrote impage, grafting. Image a graft, or slip, or sucker; by which she means one of the sons of France. Caxton calls our prince Arthur, that noble imp of fame. Warburton.

Image is surely the true reading, and may mean any representative of thine; i.e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. There is no such word as impage. Steevens.

Our author again uses the word image in the same sense as here in his Rope of Lucrèce:

O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn.

Malone.

Count.
Count. But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contemp? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruff for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it; here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count.

9 It is like a barber's chair, &c.] This expression is proverbial. See Ray's Proverbs. Steevens.

So, in More Fools yet, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to. 1619:

E 4

"More-
Count. To be young again, if we could—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, I think,

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping; and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir, is very frequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, sir: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there's serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,

"Moreover fattin futes he doth compare
"Unto the service of a barber's esbayre;
"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
"As for a knight or worthy gentleman." Steevens.

To be young again,—] The lady cenfures her own levity in trifling with her jesller, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. Johnson.

O Lord, sir,—] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in Every Man out of his Humour:

"You conceive me, sir, —" O Lord, sir."

Cleiveland, in one of his fongs, makes his gentleman,

"Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths."

Farmer.

And
And urge her to a present answer back:  
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;  
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.  
Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.  
Count. Haste you again.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear 3.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus 4.

Laf.

3 —unknown fear.] Fear is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

4 Par. So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,—]  
Shakspeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jupified Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account learned is applied to Galen, and authentick or fashionable to Paracelsus. Buneay, in his Confession Catholique, p. 310. Ed. Col. 720, is made to say: "Je trouve la Riviére premier médecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens là. Il est bon Galéniste, et tres bon Paracelsiste. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, et non méprisable pour la pathologie, et profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourvoir que ce fust de vrais preceptes de Paracelsus,
Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—
Par. Right, so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable,—
Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.
Laf. Not to be help'd,—
Par. Right; as 'twere, a man affirm'd of an—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—
Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. 'That's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—
Par.

celse, est bonne a fuivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l’esprit, en femme pour la Therapeutique.” WARBURTON.
As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are followed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafenier. I read this passage thus:
Laf. To be relinquished of the artists—
Par. So I say.
Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows—
Par. Right, so I say. JOHNSON.
5 authentick fellows,—] The phrase of the diploma is, authentice licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.
6 Par. It is indeed; if you will have it in shewing, &c.] We should read, I think: “It is, indeed, if you will have it a shewing—you shall read it in what you do call there.”—TYRWHITT.
7 A shewing of a heavenly effect, &c.] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.
8 Why, your dolphin is not lustier:—] By dolphin is meant the dauphin, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.
What Mr. Steevens observes is certainly true; and yet the additional word your induces me to think that by dolphin in the passage before us the fish so called was meant. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:

“——His
THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be—
Laf. Generally thankful.

"———His delights
"Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back
"Above the element he liv'd in."
Lafen, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's son, would surely have said——"the dolphin." I use the old spelling. MALONE.

9 facinorus spirit,—] This word is used in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:
"And magnified for high facinorous deeds."
Facinorus is wicked. The old copy spels the word facinerosus; but as Parolles is not design'd for a verbal blunderer, I have adher'd to the common spelling. STEEVENS.

1—which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, &c.] Between the words us and a farther, there seems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpose—should, indeed, give us [notice, that there is of this,] a farther use to be made——so that the passage should be read with afterisks for the future. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that there is any biatus, or other irregularity of language than such as is very common in these plays. I believe Parolles has again usurped words and senfe to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:
Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.
Par. As to be
Laf. Generally thankful. JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piece-real transcripts, how eaily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEVENS.

Enter
Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banisht senfe
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forfake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtal*, and his furniture,

* Lustick, as the Dutchman says: ——— ] Lustigh is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. It is used in Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy, 1618:

" ——— can walk a mile or two
" As lustique as a boor"

Again, in the Witches of Lancashire, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

" What all lustick, all frolicksome!"

The burden also of one of our ancient Medleys is

" Hey Lustick. Steevens.

3 — marry, to teach but one!] I cannot understand this passage in any other sense, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in consequence of Helena's wish of one fair and virtuous mistress to each of the lords. If that be so, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. Tyrwhitt.

* — bay curtal — ] i. e. a bay, dock'd horse. Steevens.
THAT ENDS WELL.

My mouth no more were broken than these boys, And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor’d the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already;

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

"We blush, that thou should’st choose, but be refus’d;
Let the white death fit on thy cheek for ever;"

We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial love, that god most high,

5 My mouth no more were broken———] A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

6 We blush, that thou should’st choose, but be refus’d;

Let the white death fit on thy cheek for ever;

We'll ne'er come there again.

"We blush that thou should’st have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refus’d, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never revit them again."

The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refus’d, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written "and be refus’d," not but be refus’d means the same as "thou being refus’d," or, "be thou refus’d." MALONE.

7 Let the white death fit on thy cheek for ever.

The white death is the chlorosis. JOHNSON.

8 And to imperial love,] Thus the first folio: the second reads imperial Jove. JOHNSON.
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?
1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.*

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them
to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the
French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father
drunk

* —— all the rest is mute.] i. e. I have no more to say to
you. So Hamlet: "—the rest is silence." Steevens.

9 —ames-ace—] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. So, in the
Ordinary, by Cartwright: "—— may I at my last stake, &c.
throw aces thrice together." Steevens.

1 Laf. Do they all deny her?—None of them have yet denied
her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so
regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they
may see what pass'd between Helena and the lords, but not hear it,
so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. Johnson.

2 There's one grape yet,—] This speech the three last editors
have perplexed themselves by dividing between Lafeu and Parol-
les, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of
sense.
drunk wine. — But if thou be’st not an as, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

_Hel._ I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

_[To Bertram._

_King._ Why then, young Bertram, take her, she’s thy wife.

_Ber._ My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

_King._ Know’st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

_Ber._ Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

_King._ Thou know’st, she has rais’d me from my sickly bed.

_Ber._ But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father’s charge:
A poor physician’s daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

_King._ ’Tis only title thou disdain’st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour’d all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik’st,

fence. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought
no explanation necessary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently mis-
understood it.

Old Lafen having, upon the supposition that the lady was re-
 fused, reproached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing his eyes
on Bertram who remained, cries out, _There is one yet into whom his
father put good blood;_ — but I have known thee long enough to know
thee for an as. _Johnson._
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'd
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropped honour: *good alone

From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,
This easy correction (when) was prescribed by Dr. Thirlby.

The text is here corrupted into nonsense. We should read:

Is good without a name; vileness is so.
Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so.
I. e. good is good, though there be no addition of title; and
vileness is vileness, though there be. The Oxford editor, understand-
ing nothing of this, strikes out vileness, and puts in its place,
in it self. Warburton.

The present reading is certainly wrong, and, to confess the truth, I do not think Dr. Warburton's emendation right; yet I have nothing that I can propound with much confidence. Of all the conjectures that I can make, that which least displeases me is this:

Is good without a name; Helen is so;
The rest follows easily by this change. Johnson.

I would wish to read:

Is good without a name; in vileness is so.
I. e. good alone is good unadorned by title, nay, even in the mean-
cist state it is so. Vileness does not always mean moral turpitude, but
b) humility of situation: and in this sense it is used by Drayton.

Shakespeare, however, might have meant that external circum-
cstances have no power over the real nature of things. Good alone
(i. e. by itself) without the name (i. e. without the addition of ti-
tles) is good. Vileness is so. (i. e. is itself.) Either of them is
what its name implies:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.
Let's write good angel on the Devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's crest." Measure for Measure.

I have no doubt the meaning is—Good is good, independent
on any worldly distinction or title; so, vileness is vile, in whatever
THAT ENDS WELL

Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In ever state it may appear. The very same phraseology is found in Macbeth:

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so."

I. e. must still look like grace—like itself. MALONE.

She is young; wise, fair;
In these by nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour;

The objection was, that Helen had neither riches nor title: to this the king replies, she's the immediate heir of nature, from whom she inherits youth, wisdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the immediate heir to nature, we must understand one who inherits wisdom and beauty in a supreme degree. From hence it appears that young is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wisdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore she could not, with regard to that, be said to be the immediate heir of nature; for in that she was only joint-heir with all the rest of her species. Besides, though wisdom and beauty may breed honour, yet youth cannot be said to do so. On the contrary, it is age which has this advantage. It seems probable that some fool of a player, when he transcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondering to find youth not reckoned among the good qualities of a woman when she was propoised to a lord, and not considering that it was comprised in the word fair, foisted in young, to the exclusion of a word much more to the purpose. For I make no question but Shakespeare wrote:

She is good, wise, fair.

For the greatest part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been against all the rules of good speaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactness in our author which we should not expect. For who could reason with the force our author doth here (and we ought always to distinguish between Shakespeare on his guard and in his rambles) and illustrate that reasoning with such beauty of thought and propriety of expression, could never make use of a word which quite destroyed the exactness of his reasoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expression. WARBURTON.

Here is a long note which I wish had been shorter. Good is better than young, as it refers to honour. But she is more the immediate heir of nature with respect to youth than goodness. To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus.
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire: Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duff, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive
to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. 8 My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: here, take her hand,
Proud

she inherits beauty immediately from nature, but honour is transmitted by ancestors; youth is received immediately from nature, but goodness may be conceived in part the gift of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore loses on one side what it gains on the other. Johnson.

————that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire.

Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as honour-born,—honourably descended: the child of honour. Malone.

8 And is not like the fire: Honours best thrive.] Bish is an interpolation made by the ignorant editor of the second folio; who did not know that the word fire was here used by Shakspere like fire, hour, &c. as a diffusible. It certainly ought therefore to be rejected. Malone.

8 My honour's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power:

The poor king of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make use of his authority to defeat, but to defend, his honour. Theobald.
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poising us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
We plie the have it grow: Check thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the flaggers 9, and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,  
Looking upon thee in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.  

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,  
What great creation, and what dole of honour,

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the implication or clause of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent  
"Which danger to defeat,"—there had been no need of his wit  
or his alteration. Farmer.

Notwithstanding Mr. Theobald's pert censure of former editors  
for retaining the word defeat, I should be glad to see it restored  
again, as I am persuaded it is the true reading. The French  
verb defaire (from whence our defeat) signifies to free, to disem-  
barbati, as well as to defray. Defaire en noes, is to untie a knot;  
and in this sense, I apprehend, defeat is here used. It may be  
observed, that our verb undo has the same variety of signification;  
and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been  
much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been  
written:—My honour's at the stake, which to undo I must produce  
my power. Tyrwhitt.

9 Into the flaggers,—] One species of the flaggers, or the  
horses' apoplexy, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash  
himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this  
the allusion, I suppose, is made. Johnson.

Shakspeare has the same expression in Cymbeline, where Post-  
humus says:  
"Whence come these flaggers on me?" Steevens.
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born to.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,¹
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious: else, does err.

[Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafau²:

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

¹ Whose ceremony
² Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief;
³ And be perform'd to-night; —

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

What ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief;
Shall be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend —]

The brief is the contract of espousal, or the licence of the church. The king means, What ceremony is necessary to make this contract a marriage; shall be immediately performed; the rest may be delayed. Johnson.

The only authentick ancient copy reads—now-born. I do not perceive that any change is necessary. Malone.

¹ The old copy has this singular false direction: Parolles and
² Laf. a slay behind, commenting of this wedding. Steevens.
³ To comment means here, I believe, to assume: the appearance of person's discourling, observing, &c. Malone.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. A most harsh one: and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

---for two ordinaries,---] While I sat twice with thee at table. Johnson.

---taking up;---] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground. Johnson.

Par. F 3
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge: that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

5 — in the default, — That is, at a need. Johnson.
6 — for doing I am past: as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. ] Here is a line lost after past; so that it should be distinguished by a break with afteriks. The very words of the lost line it is impossible to retrieve; but the sense is obvious enough. For doing I am past; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right, as I will by thee, in what motion [or in the best manner] age will give me leave. Warburton.

This intimation of chaff is groundless. The conceit which, is so thin that it might well escape a hafty reader, is in the word past, I am past, as I will be past by thee. Johnson.

Doing is here used obscenely. See vol. ii. p. 15.

Collins.

7 Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: ] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confessions. Warburton.

Re-enter
THAT ENDS WELL.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly befeech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hope of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wast best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee; I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the 9 heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave.

I leave you.

[Exit.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

8 In former copies: than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you ber
Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.
Par. What? what, sweet heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars;
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the
import is,
I know not yet.
Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my
boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curve:
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!
Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house,1 and the detested wife.

9 That hugs his kicksy-wicksy, &c.]
Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes that kicksy-wicksy is a
made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-
poet, has a poem in disdain of his debters, intituled, a kicksy-winksy,
or a Larry come-tawang Dr. Grey.
1 To the dark house,—] The dark house is a house made gloomy
by discontent. Milton says of death and the king of hell prepar-
ing to combat:
"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew darker at their frown." Johnson.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in K. Henry IV,
only more solemnly express'd;
THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?
Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health:
she's very merry; but yet she's not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?
Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Paralles.

Par. Blest you, my fortunate lady!

"He's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house."

The old copy reads—detest'd wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. Steevens.

The emendation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:
"'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord." Malone.

Hel,
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par: Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and right of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

*But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;*}

*But puts it off by a compelled restraint;* The original and only authentick ancient copy of this play reads—to a compell'd restraint. The reading of the text is that of the third folio.—I am not sure that alteration is necessary. Our poet might have meant in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes to a future day, till which he is compelled to restrain his defiles. But this it must be confessed is very harsh, Malone.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. [Exit Paroles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, firrah. [To the Clown.

[Exeunt.

3 Whose want, and whose delay, &c.] The sweets with which that want are strewed, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness. Johnson.

I rather conceive, that the sweets which are distilled by the restraint said to be imposed on Bertram, are the sweets of expectation; which are more likely to make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, and pleasure drown the brim, than any professions of kindness. Paroles is, I think, speaking of Bertram's feelings during this "curbed time," not of Helena's.

The following line in Troilus and Cressida may prove the best comment on the present passage:

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
"The imaginary relief is to sweet,
"That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
"When that the watry palate tafles indeed
"Loves's thrice-reputed nectar. Death, I fear me;
"Swooning destruction, &c." Malone.

4 — probable need.] A specious appearance of necessity. Johnson.

SCENE
ALL's WELL

SCENE V.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approvo.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then finned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. I pray you, sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is he gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

5 —a bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lully's Love's Metamorphosis, 1601: "— but foresters think all birds to be bunting." Barrett's Alphabetic, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alauda similis, &c. Dieta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra veretur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A goshawk beats not at a bunting." Steevens.

The Bunting is a species of Lark, larger, with very trilling note seldom seen before May when it sits on top branches of low hedges etc. The name may be local. The meaning appears to be, that he took this Lark which sang his own praises for the gloomy silent Bunting, of no use or value whatever. S. A.
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses
a known truth to pass a thousand nothing's with,
should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save
you, captain!

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and
you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into
my lord’s displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and
spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;
and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer
question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this
of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the
soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in
matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them
tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur:
I have spoken better of you, than you have or will
deferve at my hand; but we must do good against
evil.

[Exit.

"You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like
him that leapt into the custard;"
This odd allusion is not introduc'd
without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city enter-
tainments, whilst the jest or zany was in vogue, for him to jump
into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity
of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his Hamlet. I do
not advance this without some authority; and a quotation from
Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

"He may perhaps, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
"Skip with a rhyme o'th' table, from New-nothing;
"And take his Almaine leap into a custard,
"Shall make my lady mayores, and her ladies,
"Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

Devil's own abs, act I. sc. t. Theobald.
Par. An idle lord, I swear.
Ber. I think so.
Par. Why, do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled; this drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

[And rather muse, &c.] To muse is to wonder. So, in Macbeth: "Do not muse at me my most noble friends." See vol. I. 85.

Steevens.

6

Ber.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewel, hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe; 8
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith,
yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do funder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. 9 I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

8—the wealth I owe; i.e. I own. See vol. I. p. 38.

StEVENS.

9 In former copies:

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord;
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewel.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come.

What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countes, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a shew of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission. Theobald.

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence; two French Lords; with soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reason of this war;
Whose great design hath much blood let forth;
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France,
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield;
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found

2 —— I cannot yield:] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

2 —— an outward man,] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs.

So inward is familiar, admitted to secrets. "I was an inward of his." Measure for Measure. See vol. II. p. 193. Johnson.

3 By self-unable motion, ——] We should read motion.

Warburton.

This emendation has been recommended by Mr. Upton.

Stevens. Myself.

I rather think he means it is proper to not to inform me of what he does not know them.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gues’d.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure; the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rousillon, in France.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
else, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this
trick of melancholy, fold a goodly manor for a song.

— the younger of our nature,

i.e. as we say at present, our young fellows. The modern editors
read nation. I have restored the old reading. Steevens.

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff, and sing;] The tops of the boots in our author’s time turned
down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the
Clown means by the ruff. Ben Jonson calls it ruffle; and per-
haps it should be so here. “Not having leisure to put off my
silver spurs, one of the rowels catch’d hold of the ruffle of
my boot.” Every Man out of his Humour. Act IV. sc. vi.
Whalley.

—fold a goodly manor for a song.] Thus the modern editors.
The old copy reads—hold a goodly, &c. The emendation, which
was made in the third folio, however seems necessary.

Steevens.

Vol. IV. C

Count.
Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Countess reads a letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be bread 'bough here in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they
they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter Helena, and two gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
2 Gen. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?
2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sanguinely alters it to, When thou canst get the ring from my finger. Warburton.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient; but I once read it thus: When thou canst get the ring upon thy finger, which never shall come off mine. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

"—there is your ring;
"And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring, &c."

Malone.

G 2 1 Gen.
1 Gen. Ay, madam; And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains. 
Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; 
If thou engrossest, all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.---Towards Florence is he? 
2 Gen. Ay, madam. 
Count. And to be a soldier? 
2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't, The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims. 
Count. Return you thither? 
1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. 
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. 
'Tis bitter. [Reading. 
Count. Find you that there? 
Hel. Ay, madam. 
1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which His heart was not consenting to. 
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly; mistress. Who was with him? 
1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known. 
Count. Parolles, was't not? 
1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he. 
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. 
My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement. 
1 Gen. Indeed, good lady, 
The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.* 

*---a deal of that, too much. 
Which holds him much to have.*
THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will intreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. *Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? *[Exit Countess and gentlemen.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rouillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chafe thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event;
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Waft shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air!

That

That is, his vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered
this thought in all the beauty of expression:

—I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, falsely a coward;
Yet these first evils fit so fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's fleety bones
Look bleak in the cold wind—

But the Oxford editor reads:
Which bores him not much to have. Warburton.

9 Not so, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are servants
to the Countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns
the same offices of civility. Johnson;

move the still-piercing air;
That sings with piercing——

The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read:
—pierce the still-moving air,
That sings with piercing,
i.e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no
injury by piercing. Warburton.

G 3

The
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever Shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miferies, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all, I will be gone;
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conolute thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Duke's court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence; Bertram, drum and trumpets, soldiers, &c.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,

The old copy reads—the still-peering air.
Perhaps we might better read:
— the still-peering air.
i.e. the air that closes immediately. This has been proposed already, but I forget by whom. STEEVENS.
I have no doubt that still-peering was Shakspere's word. But the passage is not yet quite found. We should read, I believe,—route, the still-peering air.
i.e. fly at random through. The allusion is to shooting at rovers in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim.

TYRWHITT.

Great
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extrem edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistres!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Rousillon in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With fainted vow my faults to have amended.

2 To the extrem edge of hazard.]
Milton has borrowed this expression Par. Reg. B. i:
"You see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard." Steevens.
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard. So in our author's 116th sonnet:
"But bears it out even to the edge of doom." Malone.

3 St. Jaques' pilgram,—] I do not remember any place fa-
mous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is
common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another
faint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out
of the road from Rousillon to Compostella. Johnson.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may bye;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far;
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth;
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp slings are in her mildest
words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pafs so, had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love; which of them both

4 [Jun.—] Alluding to the story of Hercules. **Johnson.**
5 [lack advice so much,] Advice, is direction or thought. **Johnson.**
THAT ENDS WELL.

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense.
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence.

Aucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and
Mariana, with other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta’en their greatest
commander; and that with his own hand he slew the
duke’s brother. We have lost our labour; they are
gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their
trumpets.

Mar. Come, let’s return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed
of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name;
and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave; hang him! one Parol-
lcs: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the
young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises,
enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of
lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid
hath

6—are not the things they go under;—] Mr. Theobald explains
these words by, They are not really so true and sincere as in appear-
ance
hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diffuse succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not advice you further: but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so loft.

**Dia.** You shall not need to fear me.

**Enter Helena, disguis'd like a pilgrim.**

**Wid.** I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

**Hel.** To St. Jaques le grand.

**Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?**

Once they seem to be. He found something like this sense would fit the passage, but whether the words would fit the sense he seems not to have considered. The truth is, the negative particle should be struck out, and the words read thus—are the things they go under, i.e. they make use of oaths, promisés, &c. to facilitate their design upon us. The allusion is to the military use of covered-ways, to facilitate an approach or attack; and the scene, which is a besieged city, and the persons spoken of who are soldiers, make the phrase very proper and natural. The Oxford editor has adopted this correction, though in his usual way, with a but; and reads, are but the things they go under. WARBURTON.

I think Thiebold's interpretation right; to go under the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass.

**Johnson.**

--palmers-- Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, a palmer had not; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim must go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant." Stowley's Roman Horsfeich. BLO.

**Wid.**
THAT ENDS WELL.

Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [A march afar off.

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you!

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rouillon. Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What so 'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

*—(examined.) That is, question'd, doubted. JOHNSON.
"Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honest left defence.

Enter with drum and colours, Bertram, Parolles, Of-
ciers, and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Esclus.

* A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly:—

It has been already observed, that there is great reason to believe,
that, when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber
trifted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and
another transcribing. Hence, when we wish to amend any cor-
rupted passage, we ought, I apprehend, to look for a word simi-
lar in sound, rather than for one of a similar appearance to that
which we would correct.

The old copy exhibits this line thus:

I write: good creature wheresoe'er she is——
I would correct:—

A right good creature, &c.

Mr. Rowe reads—Ab! right good creature! Others, Ay right:
—Good creature!

The same expression is found in The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634:
"A right good creature, more to me deserving,
"Than I can quit or speak of." Malone.
Some change is necessary; and Mr. Malone's being the most
caly, I have inserted it in the text. Steevens.

—brokes—] Deals as a broker. Johnson.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentle
man?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall hoist: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,

---Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places;—

What places? Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, any particular locality? I make no question but our author wrote:
That leads him to these places.
i.e. such irregular steps, to courtesies of debauchery, to not loving his wife. Theobald.
The places are, apparently, where he
---brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt, &c. Steevens.
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A L L’s  W E L L

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We’ll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to’t; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv’d in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he’s a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-maker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship’s entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; left, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the league of the adversaries,

3 a hilding.] See note on 2d part of Henry IV. act I. sc. i.

EDITOR.

when
THAT ENDS WELL.

when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your

4 when your lordship sees the bottom of his success, in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be remov'd.] Lump of ours has been the reading of all the editions. Oe, accroding to my emendation, bears a consonancy with the other terms accompanying, (viz. metal, lump and melted) and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for no one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the meaning of John Drum's entertainment? Lafeu several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Christian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motly interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, The Comedy of Pasquil and Catharine. In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foil'd, and given the drop. And there is another old piece (published in 1627) call'd, Apollo Shroving, in which I find these expressions:

"Thuriger. Thou lozel, hath Slug infected you?"

"Why do you give such kind entertainment to that cobweb?"

"Scopas. It shall have Tom Drum's entertainment: a flap with a fox-tail."

But both these pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the assistance of our author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect: 'My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cast him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be remov'd.'—I'll now subjoin a quotation from Holingshed, (of whose books Shakspeare was a most diligent reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarfesfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the sim-
your lordship sees the bottom of his success in’t, and
to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be
inmelted, if you give him not John Drum’s entertain-
ment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he
comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the
humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in
any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely
in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on’t, let it go; ’tis but a drum.
Par. But a drum! Is’t but a drum? A drum so
loft! There was an excellent command! to charge
in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend
our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command
of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar
himself could not have prevented, if he had been there
to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:
whom dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but
it is not to be recover’d.

pleth man, that referred to his house, Tom Drum’s entertainment, which
is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both
the shoulders. Theobald.

In the comedy quoted by Mr. Theobald this expression is used
in the same manner as here; so that there is no reason to suspect
any corruption in the text: “In faith, good gentlemen, I
think we should be forced to give you right John Drum’s en-
tertainment [i.e. to treat you very ill, or, according to Holing-
shead’s explanation, to thrust you out, &c.] for he that composed
the book we should present, hath [march’d it from us at the
very instants of entrance.” Introduction to Jack Drum’s Entertain-
ment, 1601. Malone.

5 —in any hand.] The usual phrase is—at any hand, but in
any hand will do. It is used in Holland’s Pliny, p. 456,—“he
must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand.” Again, p. 508,
553, 546. Steevens.
**THAT ENDS WELL.**

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now flumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

---I will presently pen down my dilemma's---]

By this word, Parolles is made to intitulate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. *For a dilemma is an argument that concludes both ways.* Wardurton.

Shakspeare might have found the word thus used in Holinshed.

---possibility of thy soldiership,---]

I will subscribe (says Bertram) to the possibility of your soldiership. He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its probability.

**Steevens.**

---Vol. IV.---

**Steevens.**

---Par.---
Par. *I love not many words:* [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better to be damn'd than do't.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imbro'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

---

8 I love not many words.
1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) ought in strict propriety to be written--Paroles. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trifyllable:

"Rust sword, cool blushers, and Paroles fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

9--we have 'almost' imbro'd him.---] See notes to Taming of the Shrew. Induction, vol. II. STEEVENS.

"To know when a flag is weary (as Markham's Country Contents say), you shall see him imbro'd, that is, foaming and flattering about the mouth with a thick white froth, &c." ToLLETT.

1--ere we case him.] That is, before we strip him naked. JOHNSON.
THAT ENDS WELL.

2 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.
Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.
2 Lord. As't please your worship: I'll leave you.

[Exit.
Ber. Now will I lead to the house, and shew you
The last I spoke of.
1 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.
Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?
1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Florence. The Widow's house.
Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, 3 what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

2 But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.] i.e by discovering herself to the count. WARDERTON.
3 — to you sworn counsel — — 1 To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.
ALL's WELL

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, content,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
"Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his Idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chaftly absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and fongs compos'd

4 Now his important blood will nought deny]
Important here, and elsewhere, is importunate. Johnson,
So, Spenser in the Fairy Queen, by ii. c. vi. st. 29:
"And with important outrage him assailed."
Important, from the Pr. Important. Tyrwhitt.
To her unworthiness: it nothing steals us,
To chide him from our caves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exeunt.

5 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we should read the second line thus:
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
The sense of the two lines is this: It is a wicked meaning because the woman's intent is to deceive; but a lawful deed, because the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a lawful meaning because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a wicked act because he goes intentionally to commit adultery.

The riddle conclude thus: Where both not sin and yet a sinful fact, i.e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense:

Unlawful meaning in a lawful act. JOHNSON.

I believe the following is the true signification of the passage.——Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful fact, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's explanation appears to me rather ingenious than true. And lawful and unlawful are so near in sound, that I have no doubt the latter (which Sir T. Hanmer proposed) was the author's word.

This line, I think, is only a paraphrase on the foregoing.

MALONE.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedgecorner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what limly-woolly hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us of some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose; chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, in-

--- some band of strangers in the adversary's entertainment.] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON.

7 So we seem to know, is to know.—] I think the meaning is — Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to make him to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him.

To know, in the last instance, signifies to make known. MALONE.

terpreter,
that ends well. 103
terpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet flight ones will not carry it. They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.

8— the instance? —— ] The proof. JOHNSON.

9—and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,—[ In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan. STEEVENS.

Par. I e'th that he must change his prating tongue for a silent, in plain English, that he may learn to hold his tongue. [A.
Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.
Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of
the citadel——
Lord. How deep?
Par. Thirty fathoms.
Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that
be believ'd. [Aside.
Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies'; I
would swear, I recover'd it.
Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.
Par. A drum now of the enemies! [Alarum within.
Lord. Thro'sea movoytus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, vilianda par cobo, cargo.
Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine
eyes. [They seize him and blindfold him.
Inter. Boskos thromuludo boskos.
Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.
Inter. Boskos vaucado:——
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:——
Kereh,bonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. Oh!
Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revunia duiche.
Lord. Ofcorbi dulchos volivorco.
Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink't as thou art, will lead thee on
to gather from thee: haply, thou may'lt inform
Something to fave thy life.
Par. Oh, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
T H A T E N D S W E L L.

Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Acorda linta.—

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit with Parolles.

[A short alarum within.

Lord. Go, tell the count Rouillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddes:
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My
106 A L L's W E L L

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. \(\text{No more of that!}\)
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, to you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselvses,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by

But

\(\text{No more of that!}\)

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her?

Against his vows, I believe, means against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena; and this vow, or resolution, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess.

STEEVENS.

There can, I think, be no doubt that this is Bertram's meaning. If Mr. Steevens's explanation wanted support, it might be had from a passage in Vitellia Coromona, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612, in which the duke Brachiano, after having declared that he would never more cohabit with his wife, uses the same expression which Shakespear has here given to Bertram:

``Henceforth I'll never lie with thee—by this,

This ring———————

This my vow

Shall never on my foul be satisfied,

With my repentance: let thy brother rage

Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,

My vow is fix'd.''

MALONE.

\(\text{What is not holy, that we swear not by,}\)

``The sense is, We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witnesses, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this; If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience}
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding;
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unscal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

experience that I lov'd you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit
with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely, but
you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attrib-
utes, and that my oaths were mere words of courfe. For that
oath can certainly have no tye upon us, which we swear by him
we protest to love and honour, when at the same time we give the
strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which
we know will offend and disfavour him. By not comprehending
the poet's scope and meaning, Dr. Warburton hath been reduced
to the necessity of fathering upon him such strange English as this:
"What is not holy, that no swear," to signify, If we swear to
an unholy purpose; a feme these words will by no means bear.
"Not hides," to signify, The oath is dissolved in the making; a
meaning which can no more be deduced from the words than the
former.

As to the remaining words, "But take the Highest to witness,"
they so plainly and directly contradict Dr. Warburton's interpre-
tation, that it was utterly impracticable for him to reconcile
them to it, and therefore he hath very prudently passed them
over without notice." Revival.

1 this has no holding, &c. It may be read thus:
This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I attest to love,
That I will work against him.

There is no consistence in expressing reverence for Jupiter by
calling him to attest my love, and shewing at the same time, by
working against him by a wicked passion, that I have no respect to
the name which I invoke. Johnson.

2 To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him:
This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by
him whom she loves, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read, to
swear to him. There is, says she, no holding, no consistence, in
swearing to one that I love him, when I swear it only to injure him.
Johnson.

Ber.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs 4,
That we'll forfake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber.

*I see, that men make hopes in such affairs*

The four folio editions read:

——— make ropes in such a sarre.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word sarre in the Tragedy of Huffman, 1631:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,
Look'd never but aance, through a small creek, e
Or little cranny of the fretted sarre:
There I have sometimes liv'd, &c."

Again: ——— "Where is the villain's body?"

"Marry, even heaved over the sarre, and sent a swimming, &c."

Again: ——— "Run up to the top of the dreadful sarre."

Again: ——— "I flood upon the top of the high sarre."

Ray says, that a sarre is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon carre, cutes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of Scarborough. Steevens.

Mr. Rowe's emendation being entirely arbitrary, any that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy fence, is better entitled to a place in the text.

I have no doubt that our author wrote——in such a scene——

"I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of eternal attachment, and acting their assumed parts in this kind of amorous interlude, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our affections to yield to their desires." So in Much ado about Nothing: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter—that's the scene that I would see," &c.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor first suggested this emendation to me. In the fifth act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night disguis'd
(Wherin fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty sarre)
Milt Slender take her——"
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
to give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
Mine house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my cham-
ber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Action, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing
thee.

[Exit.]
A L L's W E L L

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife’s dead; therefore I’ll lie with him,
When I am bury’d. 5 Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I’ll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think’t no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.  [Exit.

5 —Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I’ll live and die a maid;]
What! because Frenchmen were false, the that was an Italian
would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we should read:
—Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry 'en that will, I’ll live and die a maid.
I.e. since Frenchmen prove so crooked and perverse in their manners,
let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid,
than venture upon them. This she says with a view to Helen,
who appeared so fond of her husband, and went through so many
difficulties to obtain him. WAREURTON.

The passage is very unimportant, and the old reading reasonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on such occasions, to say in a pet what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally resolve. JOHNSON.

Braid does not signify crooked or perverse, but crafty or deceitful.
So, in Greene's Never too Late, 1616:
“Dian roft with all her maids,
“Blushing thus at love his braids.”
Chaucer uses the word in the same sense; but as the passage
where it occurs in his Troilus and Cressida is contested, it may be
necessary to observe, that Braid is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying praers, oftis. Again, in Tho. Drant's Translation of Horace's
Epistles, where its import is not very clear:
“Professing thee a friend, to pleae the ribbalde at a braise.”
In the Roman of the Rose, 1336, Braid seems to mean forthwith, or, at a jerk. There is nothing to answer it in the Fr. except tautôte. STEEVENS.

SCENE
SCENE III.

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother’s letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to fink Happinefs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

6 1 Lord.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, capt. E. and capt. G. It is true that CAPTAIN E. in a former scene is called LORD E. but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakspeare have been uied to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

JOHNSON.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell.

MALONE.

2 Lord.
2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor’d ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o’erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters in our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not ’till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approachés apace: I would gladly have him see his company ‘anatomiz’d; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

---till they attain to their abhor’d ends;---] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

---in his proper stream o’erflows himself:] This is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk. The reply shews that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

9 Is it not meant damnable, &c.] I once thought that we ought to read—most damnable; but no change is necessary.

Dammable seems to have been used as an adverb in our author’s time. So in the Winter’s Tale:

“That did but shew thee of a fool, inconstant,
“And damnable ungrateful.”

Again, in Maffinger’s Very Woman: “I'll beat ye damnable; yea and nay I'll beat you.”

Again, perhaps in Springs for Woodcocks, 8vo. 1613:

“For here’s the spring, faith he, whence pleasures flow,
“And bring them damnable excessive gains.” MALONE.

---his company,---] i.e. his companion. It is so used in many other places. MALONE.

---be might take a measure of his own judgment,---] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

---wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. Counterfeit, besides its ordinary signification,—a person pretending to be what he is not,] signified also in our author’s time a false coin, and a picture. The word for shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MALONE.

2 Lord.
2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.
1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?
2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.
1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.
2 Lord. What will count Rouillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?
1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsels.
2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.
2 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most applause sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and, there regarding, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.
2 Lord. How is this justified?
1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.
2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?
1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.
2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.
1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!
2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.
1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if vol. iv. I our
our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tawtness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesies, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of conquest: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these many parcels of dispatch, effect'd many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: he has fat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

——bring forth this counterfeit module; ———], Module being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himself a pattern. *Johnson.*
THAT ENDS WELL. 115

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv’d it, in
usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry him-
sel?  

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the
stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would
be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed
her milk: he hath confess’d himself to Morgan,
whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his
remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting
in the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confess’d?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?  

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read
to his face: if your lordship be in’t, as I believe
you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say no-
thing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—Porto tartarossa.

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you
say without ’em?—

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint;
if ye pinch me like a pafty, I can say no more.

Inter. Bosko chicurmurcho.

2 Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Inter. You are a merciful general:—Our general
bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. First demand of him how many horse the duke
is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or fix thousand; but very weak and
unserviceable: the troops are all scatter’d, and the
commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation
and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par.
Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-faving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorique of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speake truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't; in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

5 —— all's one to him.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read —— "all's one to me," but without authority. I believe these words should begin the next speech. They would then appear as a proper remark made by Bertram on the afferation of Parolles. Steevens.

6 —— that had the whole theorique] i. e. theory. So in Montaigne's Essays, translated by J. Florio, 1603: They know the theorique of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice. Malone.

7 —— I con him no thanks for't,—] i. e. I shall not thank him in studied language. I meet with the same expression in Pierce Pennielese his Supplication, &c.

—-- "I believe he will con thee little thanks for it." Again, in Wily Beguiled, 1613:

"I con matter Churms thanks for this."

Again, in Any Thing for a Quiet Life: "He would not trust you with it, I con him thanks for it." To con thanks may, indeed, exactly answer the French se voir gré. To con is to know. Steevens.

Par.
THAT ENDS WELL. 117

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Scabantian so many, Corambs so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Colino, Lodewick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumont, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muffer file, rotten and found, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, left they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

—if I were to live this present hour, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read:—

"If I were to live but this present hour." Steevens.

Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to die this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries:

"Spare all I have, and take my life." Tollet.

—off their cassocks. Cassock signifies a horfeman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakespeare. So, in Every Man in his Humour, Brainworm says,—

"He will never come within the fight of a cassock or a musquet rest again," Something of the same kind likewise appears to have been part of the drees of rusticks, in Macedorus, an anonymous comedy, 1598, attributed by some writers to Shakespeare:

"Within my clostere there does hang a cassock,

"Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's."—

Again, in Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"I will not flack to wear A blue cassock."

On this occasion a woman is the speaker. So again, Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589:—"Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her cassock of mumado?" In The Hollander, a comedy by Gaphorne, 1640, it is again spoken of as part of a soldier's drees:

"Here sir, receive this military cassock, it has seen service."

"—This military cassock has, I fear, some military hangbys." Steevens.

I 3

Inter.
Inter. Well, that’s set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i’th’ camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertise in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories 1: Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher’s prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp’d for getting the sheriff’s fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay 2. [Dumain lifts up his hands in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; 3 though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls,

1 interrogatories] i.e. interrogatories. EDITOR.
2 ——— he was whipp’d for getting the sheriff’s fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. Innocent does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an idiot or natural fool. Agreeable to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of Charleswood in Surrey: “Thomas Sole, an innocent about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605.” Whalley.

Doll Common in the Alchymist, being asked for her opinion of the widow Plant, observes that the is—“a good dull innocent.” Again, in I Would and Would not, a poem, by B.N. 1614:

“I would I were an innocent, a foolie,
That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,
And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
Weare a pide coate, a cockes-combe, and a bell,
And think it did become me palling well.”

See also note on Ford’s ‘Tis Pity She’s a Whore, new ed. of Dodgley’s Collection of Old Plays, vol. VIII. p. 24. STEEVENS.

3 “Though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.” In Lucian’s “Contemplantes” Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day; Ꚅ μελαγχολικος, ἀπὸ τῆς σαρκῆς, ἢ κυριακῆς ἑκάστης ἡμέρας ἢ τῇ ἀναπνοῇ: ἀνετὸς ἐστὶν. See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.

Inter.
THAT ENDS WELL

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence’s camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.
Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.
Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him out o’the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.
Inter. Marry, we’ll search.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke’s other letter, in my tent.
Inter. Here ‘tis; here’s a paper; Shall I read it to you?
Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
Lord. Excellently.
Inter. + Dian. The count’s a fool, and full of gold,—
Par. That is not the duke’s letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish; I pray you, sir, put it up again.
Inter. Nay, I’ll read it first, by your favour.
Par. My meaning in’t, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable, both fides rogue!

* Dian. The count’s a fool, and full of gold, —
After this line there is apparently a line left, there being no rhime that corresponds to gold. JOHNSON.
I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.
The count’s a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;
and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verbs.

Steevens.

Interpreter
Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:

5 Half won, is match well made; match, and well
make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to well with, boys are not to kifs:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

Paroles.

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhime in his forehead.

5 Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it.

This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very flight alteration: Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it. That is, a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are mis-placed, and should be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And say——

That is, take his money, and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connection out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. Johnson.

Perhaps we should read:

H a f w on i s ma t c h w e l l m a d e, m a t c h an' we'll make it.

i.e. if we mean to make a match of it at all. Steevens.

6 Men are to well with, boys are not to kifs.

The advice of Paroles to Diana simply is, to grant her favours to men and not to boys.—He himself calls his letter, "An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy." Malone.

Theobald, and later editors, read—but to kifs. Editor.
2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, in the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Neblis. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volatility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue: for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the
English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call’d Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain’d villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he’s a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d’eau he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What’s his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2 Lord. 8 Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What’s he?

Par. E’en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be faved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roufillon.

Inter. I’ll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I’ll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and 9 to beguile the sup-

8 Why does he ask him of me?] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour’s character than his own. JOHNSON.

9 —to beguile the supposition—] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well. JOHNSON.
That ends well

position of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger : Yet, who would have suffected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside.

Inter. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends! [Unbinding him.

So, look about you; know you any are here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of that fame sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I’d compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt.

Inter. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on’t yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush’d with a plot?

Inter. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

[Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, ’Twould burst at this: Captain I’ll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an as.
A L L's W E L L

Ruff, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safeest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them.

[Exit

S C E N E IV.

The Widow's house at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be 'my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
THAT ENDS WELL.

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dian. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——

But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night!——

i.e. makes the person guilty of intentional adultery. But trusting a mistake cannot make any one guilty. We should read and point the lines thus:

When fancy, trusting of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night.

i.e. the fancy, or imagination, that he lay with his mistress, though it was, indeed, his wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. Night, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obscene, and abominable. The poet, alluding to this, says, with great beauty, Defiles the pitchy night, i.e. makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable. Warburton.

This conjecture is truly ingenious, but, I believe, the author of it will himself think it unnecessary, when he recollects that fancy may very properly signify luxurious, and by consequence luscious. Johnson.

But with the word, the time will bring on summer.

With the word, i.e. in an instant of time. The Oxford editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) Bear with the word.

Warburton.

The meaning of this observation is, that as briars have sweetness with their prickles, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy. Johnson.

I would read:

Yet I say you
But with the word: the time will bring, &c.
And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word suffer; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." Blackstone.

Our
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us: 
*All's well that ends well:* still the fine's the crown; 
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

**Scene V.**

Rousillon.

**Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.**

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a 
*snipt-taffata* fellow there; *whose villainous saffron would

*Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;]*
The word *revives* conveys so little sense, that it seems very liable 
to suspicion.

---*and time revyse us;*

i.e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten. WARBURTON.

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation 
none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the word 
*revyse*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why 
may we not read for a shift, without much effort, *the time invites 
us?* JOHNSON.

To *eye* and *revye* were terms at several ancient games at cards, 
but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in Greene's *Art of Conty-catchyng*,
1592: "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore 
*I'll vie* and *revye* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or 
mine come out; therefore *12d. upon this card*, my card come first." Again: "---*so they vie and revye till some ten shilling be on the flake, &c.*" Again: "This fleeth the Conie, and 
the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to 
vie and revye than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revye*, and 
for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, 
however, *revyse* is not the true reading. Shakespeare 
might have written—*time reviles us*, i.e. reproaches us for 
waiting it. Yet, *time revives us* may mean, it *rouyes us*. So, 
in another play of our author:

"---*I would revyse the soldiers' hearts,*

*Because I found them ever as myself.* STEEVENS.

---*whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbald 
and doughty youth of a nation in his colour:—*] Parolles is repres-
seated as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of 
his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says, *Use a 
more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in th*
THAT ENDS WELL.

would have made all the unbak’d and doughty youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been

snap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. Snipte-ruffs need no explanation; but villainous saffron is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using yellow starch for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his Queen of Corinth:

"-Has he familiarly
"Diftik’d your yellow starch; or said your doublet
"Was not exactly trenchified?"

And Jonson’s Devil’s an Ais:

"Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the yellow starch."

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention defiled the name of villainous saffron. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a yellow ruff of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. ‘Tis this then to which Shakspere alludes: but using the word saffron for yellow, a new idea presented itself, and he purifies his thought under a quite different allusion—Who’s villainous saffron would have made all the unbak’d and doughty youths of a nation in his colour, i.e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring paña with saffron, is alluded to. So, in the Winter’s Tale:

"I must have saffron to colour the warden pyes."

WARBURTON.

This play was probably written long before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury.—The plain meaning of the passage seems to be:—“Who’s evil qualities are of so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself.” MALONE.

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours:

"The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil’s kingdom of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call flourisch, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of bran, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other things: of all colours and hues, as white, redde, blew, purple, and the like.”

In
been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. "I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallet, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

In The World tos'd at Tennis, a masque by Middleton, 1619, the five farches are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority. Again, in Alburnazar, 1615:

"What price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's fo stiff and yellow?"

Again, in Heywood's If you know not Me, you know Nebbe, 1623: "—have taken an order to wear yellow garters, points, and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought yellow will grow a custom."

"It has been long used at London."

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things; not to wear shirts stained with saffron. Stevens.


"I would, I had not known him! ———"

This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

Johnson.
THAT ENDS WELL. 129

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.
Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.
Clo. At your service.
Laf. No, no, no.
Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.
Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?
Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his

7 — I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service. —
Part of the furniture of a fool, was a bauble, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called Comedies Italiens. A faint resemblance of it may be found in the frontispiece of L. de Guernier to king Lear, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. SIR J. HAWKINS.
So, in Marston's Dutch Courtezain, 1654:

"— if a fool, we must bear his bauble."

Again, in The Two angry Women of Abingdon, 1559: "The fool will not leave his bauble for the Tower of London." Again, in

Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1691:

"She is enamoured of the fool's bauble."

In the Stultifera Navis, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in Cocks Lorilla's Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's Herbal; "In the hollows of the said flower (the great blue wolfe's bane) grow two small crooked hayres, somewhat great at the end, fashioned like a fool's bauble." An ancient proverb, in Kay's collection, points out the materials of which these baubles were made: "If every fool should wear a bauble, fewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the Second Part of King Henry IV, with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers " take away that fool's bauble," pointing to the speaker's mace. BLACKSTONE.

8 — an English name; — } The old copy reads maine. STEEVENS.

Vol. IV. K. philomony
philosophy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

---his philosophy is more hotter in France than there.--- This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid editors, because the devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but hotter. We should read, more honour'd. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair. ---to suggest thee from thy master.--- Thus the old copy. The modern editors read——seduce, but without authority. To suggest had ancietly the same meaning. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested;"

"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower." ---But, sure, he is the prince of the world.--- I think we should read—But since he is, &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. "My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promised me to do it: and, to stopt up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is not fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here

4 unhappy.] That is, mischievously vagabond, unlucky. See vol. II. p. 257. Johnson.

5 So he is. "My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Should not we read—no place, that is, no station, or office in the family?

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. Johnson.

K 2 to-night:
to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

_Laf._ Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

_Count._ You need but plead your honourable privilege.

_Laf._ Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

_Re-enter Clown._

_Clo._ O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pikes and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

_Laf._ A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

_Clo._ But it is your carbonado'd face.

_Laf._ Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

_Clo._ 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exeunt.

---

**ACT V. SCENE I.**

_The Court of France at Marseilles._

_Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendants._

_Hel._ But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;

---

6 _Carbonado'd_ means scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. _Stevens._

But,
THAT ENDS WELL.

But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Enter a gentle Astringer.] Perhaps a gentle stranger, i.e. a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. The error of this conjecture which I have learn'd (since our edition first made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) should teach diffluence to those who conceive the words, which they do not understand, to be corruptions. An astringer or astringer is a falconer, and such a character was probably to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in Hamlet:

"We'll c'en to it like French Falconer." A gentle astringer is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from offereus or auffereus, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell in his Law Dictionary: "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an astringer." Again, in the Book of Hawking, &c. b. l. no date: "Now because I spoke of offereus, ye shall understand that the ben called offereus that keep goshawks or terceels, &c." I learn from Blount's Ancient Tenures, that a "goshawk is in our records termed by the several names Offurcum, Offricum, Effericum, Auffurcum, and Anfurcum," and all from the French Asfhour. Steevens.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit,—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;
Go, go, provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rousillon.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher

*Our means will make us means.*

Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert. *Johnson.*

clothes;
clothes; but I am now, sir, muddy’d in fortune’s moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune’s displeasure is but f littish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune’s buttering; and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles’s petition to Lafeu, that hath fall’n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy’d withal. And again, Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, &c. In all which places, ’tis obvious a moat or a pond is the allusion. Beside, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of fortune’s strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the moats round old farts were always replenish’d with fish, do the Clown’s joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourously says, when Parolles is prizing him to deliver his letter to lord Lafeu, Frosh! privy’s stand away; a paper from fortune’s closetool, to give to a nobleman!

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton’s correction may be supported by a passage in the Alchemist:

“Subtle. ——-Come along, sir,
“Now must shew you fortune’s privy lodgings.
“Face. Are they perfumed, and his bath round?
“Sub. All.
“Only the sugardragings somewhat strong.”

I believe the old reading, “in fortune’s mood,” is the true one.—By the whimsical caprice of fortune, I am fallen into the moat, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure.—In Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

“but fortune’s mood

“Varies again.”

Mood is again used for refinement or caprice, in Othello: “You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice.”

Again, for anger, in Romeo and Juliet: ” Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood as any in Italy.”

Again, in the oldanning of a Shrew, 1607:

“—This brain-flick man,
“—That in his mood cares not to murder me.”

All the expressions mentioned by Dr. Warburton agree sufficiently well with the text, without any alteration. MALONE.
forth eat no fish of fortune’s buttering. Pr’ythee, allow the wind 1.

Par. Nay, you need not to flop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor flink, I will flop my nose; or against any man’s metaph 2. Pr’ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr’ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune’s cloze-flool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he conies himself.

Enter Laisu.

Here is a pur of fortune’s, sir, or of fortune’s cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy’d withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay’d, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. 3 I do pity his distress in my smiles of

1 —allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the windward of me.

2 Indeed, sir, if your metaphor flink, I will flop my nose; or against any man’s metaph.] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the flinking metaphor is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her as Hecloth did the fury Tritilitia:

Της η βίω πολέσιν ον.

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it, in his book de Orat. 4 Quamiam, he says, vel summa lateat in verbis transirendis ut persum feriat id, quod translation fit; sed si quae omnia turbidus erat corum, ad quos corum animos, qui audiant, trahat semelitudo. Noli mo te dei Africani castratam esse repulsam. Nolo stercus curris: dixisse Gallicam. Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in Hamlet, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

3 —I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,—] We should
of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'ecu for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha' t; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.——Cox' my passion! give me your hand:——How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dut thou put upon

should read,—families of comfort, such as the calling him fortune's cat, carp, &c. Warburton.

The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading may stand.

Revisal.

Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pytiche families, comfortable and profitable for all men to reade." Steevens.

[ver?] Added in the second folio. Malone.

1 You beg more than one word then.——] A quibble is intended on the word Parolles, which in French is plural, and signifies words. One, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio.

Malone.
me at once both the office of God and the devil? one
brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.
[Sound trumpets.] The king's coming, I know by
his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I
had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and
a knave, you shall eat⁶; go to, follow.
Par. I praise God for you.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, At-
tendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our estem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know,
Her estimation home⁸.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth⁹;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbeats it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

⁶—you shall eat;—] Parolles has many of the lineaments
of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakespeare de-
lighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though
justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his
voices fit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve.

⁷—censure] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered
this word to censure; in his own he lets it stand and explains it by
worth or estate. But censure is here reckoning or estimate. Since
the los of Helen with her virtues and qualifications, our account is
junk; what we have to reckon ourselvys king of, is much poorer
than before. Johnson.

⁸—home.] That is, completely, in its full extent. Johnson.

⁹—blade of youth;] In the spring of early life, when the man
is yet green. Oil and fire fuit but ill with blade, and therefore Dr.
Warburton reads, blaze of youth. Johnson.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon.—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn’d to serve,
Humbly call’d mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear,—Well, call him
hither;—

We are reconcile’d, and the first view shall kill?
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So ’tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you
spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your high-
ness.

1 Of richest eyes; Shakespeare means that her beauty had
astonished those who had seen the greatest number of fair
women, might be said to be the richest in ideas of beauty. So,
in As you like It: "to have seen much and to have no-
thing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands." STEVENS.

2 The first view shall kill

All repetition:—

The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.
Shakespeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his mat-
ter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on
other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his
action. Decency required that Bertram’s double crime of cruelty and
disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise
more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive
him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own au-
thority and Helen’s merit. Of all this Shakespeare could not be
ignorant, but Shakespeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

King.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repentent blamed, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;

Extended

3 I am not a day of season.] That is, of uninterrupted rain. The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been least mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakespeare's time are still current. Henley.

4 My high-repentent blamed.] High-repentent blaming, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakespeare has high-fantastical in the following play. Steevens.

5 Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; First, it is to be observed, that this young man's case was not in difference
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prai’sd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov’d, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus’d:
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sinner turns a four offence,
Crying, That’s good that’s gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,

difference to the sex in general, but a very strong attachment to
one; therefore he could not scorn a fair colour; for it was that
which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be said
to do what men, strongly attached to one, commonly do, not al-
low beauty in any face but his mistress’s. And that this was the
thought here, is evident:

1. From the latter part of the verse:

2. From the preceding verse:

3. From the following verses:

Secondly, It is to be observed, that he describes his indifference
for others in highly figurative expressions. Contempt is brought
in lending him her perspective glass, which does its office properly
by warping the lines of all other faces; by extending or contract-
ing into a hideous object: or by expressing or slaving native red
and white as paint. But with what propriety of speech can this gla-
s be said to scorn, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the
metaphor becomes miserably mangled; but the foregoing obser-
vation will lead us to the genuine reading, which is:

Scorch’d a fair colour, or express’d its soul:
 i.e. this glass represented the owner as brown or tanned; or, if
not so, caused the native colour to appear artificial. Thus he
speaks in character, and consistently with the rest of his speech.
The emendation restores integrity to the figure, and, by a beau-
tiful thought, makes the scornful perspective of contempt do the office
of a burning-glases. WARBURTON.

It was but just to insert this note, long as it is, because the com-
mentator seems to think it of importance. Let the reader judge.

JOHNSON.

Not
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what’s done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen’s knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main contents are had; and here we’ll stay
To see our widower’s second marriage-day.

Count. 7 Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blest!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house’s name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that’s on’t, Helen, that’s dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere she 8 took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

6 Our own love awaking, &c.]——
These two lines I should be glad to call an interpolation of a play.
They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper
in themselves. I believe the author made two couplets to the same purpose; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and so they happened to be both preserved.

For sleep I think we should read slept. Love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that hatred still continues to sleep at ease, while love is weeping; and so the present reading may stand.

7 Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blest!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!]——
I have ventur’d, against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Countess’s name to these two lines. The king appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the king such mortal pangs? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day: and from her the wife of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety.

8 she] So the old copy. The correction by Mr. Rowe. Malone.
That Ends Well.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should steal her moft?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it to,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me 9,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: 't was noble she was, and thought
I flood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd

9 In Florence was it from a casement thrown,]
Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen.
He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew
that he had it not from a window. Johnson.

—noble she was, and thought
I flood engag'd; ————

The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she
thought me engaged to her. Johnson.

The first folio reads — engag'd, which perhaps may be intended
in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald,
i.e. not engaged; as Shakspeare in another place uses gag'd for
engaged. Merchant of Venice, act I. sc. i. Tyrwhitt.
I have no doubt that ingaged (the reading of the folio) is right.

Gaged is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for
engaged. So, in a Pastoral, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did gage
"Unto the husbandman
"Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Engaged, in the sense of unengaged, is a word of exactly the same
formation as inhabitable, which is used by Shakspeare and the con-
temporary writers for uninhabitable. Malone.
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, the ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tintâ and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself;
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she called the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. 'Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine ho-
nour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—

\[2 \text{ King. Plutus himself,]
That knows the tintâ and multiplying medicine,\]

Plutus, the grand alchemyst, who knows the tinture which confers
the properties of gold upon base metals, and the matter by which
gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to
communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.

In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid all men
thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication. Of
which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of
transmutation, procured a repeal. \text{Johnson.}

\[3 \text{ Then, if you know}
That you are well acquainted with yourself,\]
i.e. then if you be wife. A strange way of expressing so trivial a
thought! \text{Wareburton.}

The true meaning of this strange expression is, if you know that
your faculties are so found, as that you have the proper consciousness
of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you
have done, tell me, &c. \text{Johnson.}

And
THAT ENDS WELL.

And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead: which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-pass proofs, how'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—  
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram, guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal workings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importunity, and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

The King reads.

—Upon his many protestations to marry me, when bis

4 My fore-pass proofs, how'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.—

The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to shew that  
my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto  
to more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear.

—JOHNSON.

5 Who hath for four or five removes, come short]  
Removes are journeys or post-stages. —JOHNSON.
wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is
the count Roussillon a widower; his vows are forfeited
to me, and my honour’s paid to him. He stole from
Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his
country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best
lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is
undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a fon-in-law in a fair, and toll
for this. I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

6 I will buy me a fon-in-law in a fair, and toule for this.
I’ll none of him.

Thus the first folio. The second reads:
I will buy me a fon-in-law in a faire, and toule him for this. I’ll
none of him.

The reading of the first copy seems to mean this: I’ll buy me
a new fon-in-law, &c. and toll the bell for this; i.e. look upon
him as a dead man.—The second reading, as Dr. Percy sug¬
gets, may imply: I’ll buy me a fon-in-law as they buy a horse in a
fair; toul him, i.e. enter him on the toul or toll-book, to prove I
came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. In a play
called The famous History of Tho. Stukeley, 1605, is an allusion to
this custom:
“Gov. I will be answerable to thee for thy horses.
“Stuk. Doit thou keep a sole-book? zounds, doit thou make
a horse-courser of me?”
Again, in Hudibras, p. 11. c. 1.
“——a roan gelding
“Where, when, by whom, and what y’were sold for
“And in the open market toll’d for.

Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating
to the sale of horses, 2 & 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz. c. 12
and publicly tolling them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as
were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner.
If the reading of the second folio be the true one, we must
alter the punctuation thus:
I will buy me a fon-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I’ll
none of him. STEEVENS.

Second folio certainly right. 8.

Enter
Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch’d.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you?; And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—What woman’s that?

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capulet; My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She’s none of mine, my lord.

This passage is thus read in the first folio:

I wonder, sir;—I wonder, sir, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them, as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—

Which may be corrected thus:

I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters, &c.

The editors have made it—wives are so monstrous to you, and in the next line—swear to them, instead of—swear them lordship. Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose lordship is put for that protection, which the husband in the marriage-ceremony promises to the wife. Tyrwhitt.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose emendation I have placed in the text. Steevens.

—shall cease, —] i.e. decease, die. So, in King Lear: "Fall and cease." I think the word is used in the same sense in a former scene in this comedy. Steevens.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am to embody'd yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your high-
ness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-
nour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,

9 a common gamester to the camp.

The following passage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, intituled
The Second Maiden's Tragedy, will sufficiently elucidate the idea
once affixed to the term—gamester, when applied to a female:

"It is to me wondrous how you should spare the day
From amorous clips much left the general season
When all the world's a gamester."

Again, in Pericles:

"Were you a gamester at five or at seven."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"—daughters of the game." Steevens.
That ends well.

Whose high respect, and rich validity,¹
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o’the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and ’tis it:²
Of fix preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr’d by testament to thesequent issue,
Hath it been ow’d, and worn. ’This is his wife;
That ring’s a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dio. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name’s Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He’s quoted³ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o’the world tax’d and debofs’d:⁴
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:⁵

---

¹ *Whose high respect, and rich validity,*]

*Validity means value.* So, in K. Lear:

“No less in space, validity, and pleasure.”

Again, in Twelfth Night:


² *Count. He blushes, and ’tis it:*]

The old copy has:

*He blushes, and ’tis hit.*

Perhaps we should read:

*He blushes, and is hit.* Malone.

³ *He’s quoted for a most perfidious slave,*]

*Quoted* has the same sense as noted, or observed. See vol. I.

⁴ —— *debofs’d:* See a note on the Tempest, act III. sc. ii.


⁵ *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*]

Here the modern editors read:

*Whose nature sickens with:*

—a most licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the
punctuation only wants to be corrected. We should read, as here
printed:

*Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*

—*i.e. only to speak a truth.* Tyrwhitt.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing;

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did argue for me,
Madding my cagernefs with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

6 All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy:——

Everything that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened.
And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word modern, which, perhaps, signifies rather meanly pretty.

JOHNSON.

I believe modern means common. The sense will then be this—Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i.e. with the appearance of her being to be had as we say at present. Shakespeare uses the word modern frequently, and always in this sense.

"—scorns a modern invocation." K. John.
"Full of wife favs and modern instances." As you like it.
"Trifles, such as we present modern friends with."
"—to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless." STEEVENS.
That Ends Well

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. It is, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been
an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in
him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love
this woman?
Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a
woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—What
an equivocal companion is this?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-
mand.
Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
crator.
Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?
Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk’d of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry’d: But thou art too fine in thy evidence?; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. When did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours but none of all these ways, how could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman’s an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; to prison with her: and away with him.—Unles’st thou tell’st me where thou hast this ring, thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I’ll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

——But thou art too fine in thy evidence;——] Too fine, too full of finery; too artful. A French expression—trop fin.

So in Sir Henry Wotton’s celebrated Parallel: “We may rate this one secret, as it was fairly carried, at 4000l. in former money.” Malone.
**THAT ENDS WELL.**

**Dia.** I'll put in bail, my liege.

**King.** I think thee now some common customer. 3

**Dia.** By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

**King.** Wherefore haft thou accus'd him all this while?

**Dia.** Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to Lafeu.]

**King.** She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

**Dia.** Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; 

[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [To Bert. Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick; So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick. And now behold the meaning.

**Re-enter Widow, with Helena.**

**King.** Is there no exorcist 4, Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real, that I see? 5

**Hel.** No, my good lord;

---

3 *customer.* i.e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*:

"I marry her!—what?—a customer!" STEEVENS.

4 *He knows himself; &c._—*

The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

5 *exorcist._ This word is used not very properly for *enchanter.* JOHNSON.

'Tis
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
  Ber. Both; both; oh, pardon!
  Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
  Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
  Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[To the Countess.

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: [To Pa-
rilles.] So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll
make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they
are scurvy ones,
  King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:——
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [To Diana.
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
And yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing:

* The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That

* The king's a beggar, now the play is done:] Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet per-
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
3 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.

haps there is some allusion to the old tale of the King and the
Beggar, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should
seem from the following lines in King Richard II. of some pop-
ular interlude also:

"Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
"And now chang’d to the beggar and the king. MALONE.
3 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without in-
terruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently
probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor pro-
duced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a
boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the
stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than
in the hands of Shakspere.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without
generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a
coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his
unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a
woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and
is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mar-
iana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be
heard a second time. JOHNSON.
TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.
Perfons Represented.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.
Valentine, Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.
Curio.
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.
Fabian, servant to Olivia.
Malvolio, a fantastical steward to Olivia.
Clown, servant to Olivia.

Olivia, a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.
Viola, in love with the Duke.
Maria, Olivia’s woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, a city on the coast of Illyria.

The first edition of this play is in the folio of 1623.
The persons of the drama were first enumerated, with all the cant of the modern stage, by Mr. Rowe. Johnson.
TWELFTH-NIGHT:
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.
The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this
Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history
in the fourth volume of Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques. It appears
from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that
there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques,
partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belle-
forest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes
appear to have been entirely the production of Shakespeare. Au-
gust 6, 1607, a Comedy called What you Will (which is the sec-
ond title of this play), was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho.
Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that
name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault
with Shakespeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of Twelfth-Night
in his Every Man out of his Humour, at the end of act III. sc. vi.
where he makes Miti say: "That the argument of his comedy
might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love
with a countess, and that countess to be love with the duke's
son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: some such
strange wooing, with a clown to their serving man, better than be
thus near and familiarly allied to the time." Stevens.

The
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
The appetite may ficken, and so die——
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving colour.—

Among the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting music, here described, though it takes away the natural, sweet tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of music, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music:

"That Orpheus' self may heave his head
"From golden slumbers on a bed
"Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
"Such strains as would have won the ear
"Of Pluto, to have quite set free
"His half-regain'd Eurydice." L'Allegro.

If to melancholy——

"Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
"Such notes as warbled to the string,
"Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
"And made hell grant what love did seek." Il Penseroso

WARBURTON.

These self-same strains of Orpheus, as Mr. Edwards has likewise observed, are, in the first instance, what are performed by another person, when Orpheus is only a hearer; in the second, Orpheus sings himself. Milton, in his Paradise Lost, b. iv. has very successfully introduced the image:

"—now gentle gales,
"Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
"Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
"Those balmy spoils." STEVENS.

—That breathes upon a bank of violets——] Here Shakspeare makes the south steal odour from the violet. In his 99th Sonnet, the violet is made the thief:

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
"Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
finells,
"If not from my love's breath?" MALONE.

O, it
WHAT YOU WILL.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch forever.
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

—the sweet south,] The old copy reads—sweet sound,
which Mr. Rowe changed into wind, and Mr. Pope into south.

4 —Of what validity and pitch forever.] Validity is here used for value. See p. 140. Malone.

5 —so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.] High fantastical, means fantastical to the height.

So, in All's Well that ends Well:

"My high-repeated blames
"Dear sovereign, pardon me." Steevens.

6 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing: an interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. Johnson.

Vol. IV. M And
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistreful she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,

7 The element itself, till seven years hence,] This is the reading of some modern editor. All the old copies read:
The element itself, till seven years beat—.
Might not our author have used beat for brated? The air,
till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun,
shall not, &c.
So, in King John: "The iron of itself, though hot red
hot—.
Again, in Macbeth:
"—And this report
""Hath so exasperate the king."" MALONE.
8 O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! —

Dr. Hurd observes, that Sime, in the Andrian of Terence, renders
his son's concern for Chrybys in the same manner:
"Nonnunquam confarumabat: placuit tum id mihi,
"Sic cogitabam: hic parvus confuetudinis
"Causs hujus mortem tam fert familiariter:
"Quid si ipse amasvet? quid mihi hic faciet patri?"
WHAT YOU WILL.

These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

SCENE II.

The street.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.

—the flock of all affections——
So, in Sidney's Arcadia: "—has the flock of unspeakable virtues." Steevens.

° These sovereign thrones,——
We should read—three sovereign thrones. This is exactly in the manner of Shakspeare. So, afterwards, in this play, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, do give their fivefold blazon. Warburton.

(her sweet perfections)——
We should read and point it thus: (O sweet perfection!) Warburton.

There is no occasion for this new pointing, as the poet does not appear to have meant exclamation. Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakspeare calls, her sweet perfections, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. Steevens.

(her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!] The original and authentick copy reads—with one self king. Same was added unnecessarily by the editor of the second folio, who, in many instances, appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre. The verse is not defective; perfections being used as a quadrisyllable. So, in a sub sequent scene:

"Methinks I feel this youth's perfections.
Self king is king o'er herself; one who reigns absolute in her bo tim. In Love's Labour's Love we have self-sovereignty. Malone.

° Enter Viola.—] Viola is the name of a lady in the fifth book of Gower de Confessione Amantis. Steevens.

M 2 Perchance,
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were fav'd,

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could sec.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whe'reto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know.

--- and that poor number sav'd with you.] We should rather read --- his poor number. The old copy has those. The sailors who were sav'd enter with the captain.

A noble duke in nature, as in man.] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in duke, or in Orsino, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family.

JOHNSON.

What
WHAT YOU WILL.

What great ones do, the less will prattle of
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the fight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world, 5
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haft a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke 6;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,

5 And might not be deliver'd, &c.

I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the fate of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast; hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts. Johnson.

6—[I'll serve this duke;]

Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. Johnson.
That will allow me very worth his service?
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.  

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and
so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang
themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her
wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man - as any's in Illyria.

Mar.

7 That will allow me - ] To allow is to approve. See note
on King Lear: act II. sc. iv. Steevens.
8 care's an enemy to life. ] Alluding to the old proverb,
Care will kill a cat. Steevens.
9 as tall a man - ] Tall means stout, courageous. So, in
Why Befuddled?
WHAT YOU WILL.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the guilt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat,

"Ay, and he is a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too."

Again:

"If he do not prove himself as tall a man as he."

Steevens.

1 viol-de-gambo. The viol-de-gambo seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In The Return from Parnassus, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper description:

"Her viol de-gambo is her best content,

"For rais'd her legs she holds her instrument." Collins.

So, in the induction to the Malcontent, 1606.

"Come fit between my legs here.

"No indeed, cousin, the audience will then take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that you play upon me."

In the old dramatic writers frequent mention is made of a case of violi, consisting of the viol-de-gambo, the tenor and the treble.


2 He hath indeed, almost natural: Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

He hath indeed, all, most natural. Malone.

M 4 and
and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyfril, and will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wenche? Caliliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter

*a coyfril,* i.e. a coward cock. It may however be a hefril, or a bawdard hawk; a kind of Stone hawk. So, in Arden of Faversham, 1592:

"* as dear as ever coyfril bought fo little sport.*" STEVENS.

A coyfril is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, vol. I. p. 162: 'Cysterels, or bearers of the arms of barons or knights.' Vol. III. p. 48: 'so that a knight with his esquire and coyfril with his two hoots.' P. 272, 'women, lackies, and cysterels, are considered as the warlike attendants on an army. So again, in p. 127, and 217 of his Hist. of Scot. and. For its etymology, see Cowstall and Cowstaller in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

* — like a parish-top. — ] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frothy weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

"To sleep like a town-top," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to sleep, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE.

* — Caliliano volgo; — ] We should read volgo. In English, put on your Caliliano countenance; that is, your grave, solemn face. The Oxford Editor has taken my emendation: But, by Caliliano countenance, he supposes it meant most civil and courteously looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness. WARRINGTON.

Caliliano volgo; ] I meet with the word Caliliano and Castilian in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. The best in the M. IV. of Windsor, calls Caus a Caliliano king Uxial; and in the Merry Devil of Edmon- ton, one of the characters says: "Ha! my Castilian dialogues!" In an old comedy called Lock abut you, 1660, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspere:

"And Riva will he cry, and Castile too."

So again, in Marlowe's Jeal of Maha, 1633:

"Hey, Riva Castiliano, man's a man."

Again, in the Statey Moro: of the Three Lords of London, 1590:

"Three Cavalieros Castilianos here, &c."

Cotgrave,
WHAT YOU WILL. 169

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?
Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!
Sir And. Blefs you, fair shrew.
Mar. And you too, sir.
Sir To. Accoft, sir Andrew, accoft.
Sir And. What’s that?
Sir To. My niece’s chamber-maid.
Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better ac-
quaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, affail her.

Sir Cotgrave, however, informs us, that Castille not only signifies the noblest part of Spain, but contention, debate, brabling, alterca-
tion. Il s’est en Castille, There is a jarre betwixt them; and prend-
dre la Castille pour autruy: To undertake another man’s quarrel.
Mr. Malone observes, that Castilian seems likewise to have been a
canter for a finical affected courtier. So, in Marston’s Satires, 1599:

“——— The absolute Castillo,
“ He that can all the points of courtship shew.”

Again:

“When some flie golden-flop’d Castillo
“Can cut a manor’s strings at Primero.”

These passages, and others from the same writer, Mr. Malone
supposes to confirm Dr. Warburton’s emendation, and Sir T.
Hammer’s comment. Marston, however, seems to allude to the
famous Balthasar Castigioni, whose most celebrated work was
Il Corigiano, or The Courtier. Steevens.

6 Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.] To accost had a signification in our author’s time that the word now seems to have lost. In the second part of The English Dictionay, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader “who is diliious of a more refined and elegant speech,” is furnished with hard words, “to draw near,” is ex-
plained thus: “To accost, appropriate, appropinquate.” See
also Cotgrave’s Dict. in verb. accostier.” Malone.

7 Accost, is, from her, board her———]

“I hinted that board was the better reading. Mr. Steevens
supposed
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoi't? Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'ft never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistrefs, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Supposed it should then be board with her; but to the authorities which I have quoted for that reading in Jonson, Catullus, act. II. sc. iv. we may add the following:

I'll board him straight; how now Cornelio?

All Fools, act V. sc. i.

He brings in a parasite, that floweth, and boardeth them thus.

Nayth's Lenten Stuff; 1599.

I can board when I see occasion.

'Tis pity She's a Whore, p. 58. Whalley.

I am still unconvinced that board (the naval term) is not the proper reading. It is sufficiently familiar to our author in other places. So, in the Merry Wives, act II. sc. I.

unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

"Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck," &c. &c. StEEVENS.

Probably board her may mean no more than salute her, speak to her, &c. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his Treatise of Bodies, 1643. fo. Paris, p. 253, speaking of a blind man says, "He would at the first abroad of a stranger as soon as he spake to him frame a right apprehtation of his stature, bulke, and manner of making." EDITOR.

It's dry, sir.] What is the jest of dry hand, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend
WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my finger's ends. marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Muria.

Sir To. O knight, thou lackst a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir. I oby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And: What is pourquoy? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

JOHNSON.

"But to say you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a fire-fly); a dry hand, which is the sign of a bad liver, as he said you were, being toward a husband too, this was intolerable."

Monseur, D'Olive, 1606.

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "Of all dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me." Again, in Wofford, Hoc, by Decker and Webster, 1606: "———Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shall not be much troubled by him. My husband has a hand as dry as his brains, &c." The Chief Justice likewise in the second part of A. Hen. IV. enumerates a dry hand among the characteristics of debility and age. Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian says: "———if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear." All these passages will serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's latter supposition. STEEVENS.
Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for 'tis thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff: and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; 'and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

* In former copies:—thou see'st, it will not cool my nature.] The emendation by Theobald. STEEVENS.

---and yet I will not compare with an old man.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present. WARBURTON.

This stroke of pretended satire but ill accords with the character of the foolish knight. Ague-check, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weaknesses. In short, he would say with Falstaff:—"I am old in nothing but my understanding." STEEVENS.

Sir


Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duft, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou

[—mistress Mall's picture?—] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by Sir Toby, was Mary Frish. The appellation by which she was generally known, was Mall Cut-purse. She was at once an hermaphrodite, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered — "A Booke called the Madde Francks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds them."

The title of this piece is — The Roaring Girl, or, Moll Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players, 1617. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. Nath. Field, in his Amends for Ladies, another comedy, 1618, gives the following character of her:

"——Hence lewd impudent,
"I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
"For nature, flaming to acknowledge thee
"For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
"Without a sex: Some say that thou art woman;
"Others, a man: to many thou art both
"Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
"Or man, or horfe, as Centaurus old was feign'd."

A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the curtain which Sir Toby mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characterisick. Steevens.

It appears from many passages in the old English plays, that, in our author's time, curtains were hung before all pictures of any value. So, in Pistoria Coromona, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

"I yet but draw the curtain — now to your picture."

MALONE.


EDITOR.

In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain.
Thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd flock. Shall we jest about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[Exeunt.]

Iain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 2. 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing panance: "This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place [Paul's Crofs], where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippell'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen Noie College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." MALONE.

3 ——— a sink a-pace. ——— i.e. a cinque-pace; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

4 ——— flame-coloured flock. ——— The old copy reads—a dam'd colour'd flock. Stockings were in Shakspeare's time, called flocks. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:

"— or would my flilk flock shoulde lose his glosse else."

The same felicitous concerning the furniture of the legs makes part of matter Stephen's character in Every Man in his Humour:

"I think my leg would show well in a flilk hose."

See vol. I. p. 197. STEEVEN.

5 Taurus? that's sides and heart.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preferred in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.
WHAT YOU WILL

SCENE IV.

The palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man’s attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know’st no less but all; I have unclasped To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny’d access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, ’Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon’d to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke.


**TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,**

_Duke._ Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belye thy happy years,  
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, thrill, and sound,  
And all is femblative a woman's part.  
I know, thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best,  
When leaft in company:—Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.  

_Vio._ I'll do my best,  
To woo your lady: [Exit Duke.] yet, a barrful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.  
[Exeunt.

**SCENE V.**

_Olivia's house._

_Enter Maria and Clown._

_Mar._ Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or  
I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter,  
in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for  
yth absence.

_Clo._ Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in  
this world, needs to fear no colours.

_Mar._

*6—a woman's part.*
That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women  
were then personated by boys. _Johnson._

*7—a barrful strife!*  
i.e. a contest full of impediments. _Steevens._

*8—fear no colours.* This expression frequently occurs in  
the old plays. So, in Ben Jonson's _Sejanus._ The person conversing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the physician to the prince's  
_Livia:*

"_Sej._ You minister to a royal lady then?  
"_Eud._ She is, my lord, and fair."  
"_Sej._ That's understanded.

*"Of*
WHAT YOU WILL.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good Lenten answer: I can tell thee where that faying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away: Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. 'Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar.

"Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
"And those that would be, phisicks soon can make 'em:
"For those that are, their beauties fear no colours."

Again, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:
"—are you disposed, sir?"
"Yes indeed: I fear no colours; change sides, Richard."

Steevens.

—lenten answer:—] A leau, or as we now call it, a dry answer. Johnson.

Sure a Lenten answer, rather means a short and spare one, like the commons in Lent. So, in Hamlet: "—what Lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you." Steevens.

[Marry, a good hanging, &c.] The first and authentic copy reads—Many a good hanging, &c. There is clearly no need of change. Marry is an innovation introduced by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

—and for turning away, let summer bear it out.] This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of turning away and turning of wry.

I found this observation among some papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the perusal of which, I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of Medea and Leonidas, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the rest of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and apposite. For turning away, let summer bear it out. It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grown negligent of their business towards sum-
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit.

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thosc wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. God blest thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Anything, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that trans-

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mer; and the sense of the passage is: If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismission; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge. Steevens.

——Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.——] Hall, in his Chronicle, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, "that he knows not whether to call him: a foolish wife man, or a wise foolish man," Johnson.

——Madona,—] Ital. mistress, dame. So, La Maddona, by way of pre-eminence, the Blessed Virgin. Steevens.
WHAT YOU WILL.

gresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that
amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple
syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What re-
medy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so
beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the
fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

c. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, Ci-
cillus non facit monachum; that's as much as to say, I
wear not motley in my brain. Good Madona, give
me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

c. Dexterously, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

c. I must catechize you for it, Madona; Good
my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll abide
your proof.

c. Good Madona, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

c. I think, his soul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

c. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for
your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the
fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth
he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death
shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wife, doth ever
make the better fool.

c. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
better increasring your folly! sir Toby will be sworn,
that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for
two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such
a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day
with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a

N 2 stone:
Stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wife men, that crew to at these fet kind of fools, no better than the fools zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail: nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. 5 Now Mercury induc thee with leasng, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your Kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now

5 Now Mercury induc thee with leasng, for thou speak'st well of fools!'] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, _with pleasing_, i.e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the first editors, who did not understand the phrase, _induc thee with pleased_, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and fo, in his Oxford edition, reads, _with learning_; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as _learning_, though they well might in the word _pleasing_, as it is used in this place. Warburton.

I think the present reading more humourous. _May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools._ Johnson.
WHAT YOU WILL.

you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater!

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman?

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. A gentleman here—A plague o’these pie-sherrying!—How now, hot?

Oli. Good Sir Toby,

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early in this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There’s one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it’s all one. [Exit.

Oli. What’s a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown’d man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat  makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him fit o’ my coz; for he’s in the third degree of drink, he’s drown’d: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mad. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes

---above heat---] i.e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. Steevens.

N 3 on
on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him. he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squaw is before 'tis a peacod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he is speaks very shrewish; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

[It was the custom for that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:

"To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the Shriever's post.

So again, in the old play called Lingua:

"Knows he how to become a scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?" Warburton.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that 'tis by this post meant a post to mount his horse from, a horse-block, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door.'

In the Contention for Honour and Riches, a masque by Shirley, 1633, one of the competitors swears

"By the Shrieve's post, &c."

Again, in A Woman never weard, Com. by Rowley, 1632:

"If e'er I live to see thee, sheriff of London,
"I'll gild thy painted postscum privilegio."

Steevens.

Oli.
Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.
Mul. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is
she?
Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your
will?
Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beau-
ty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the
house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast
away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently
well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good
beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comp-
tible, even to the laest finifter usage.
Oli. Whence came you, sir?
Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and
that question's out of my part. Good gentle one,
give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the
house, that I may proceed in my speech.
Oli. Are you a comedian?
Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the
very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play.
Are you the lady of the house?
Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.
Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp
yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to
reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on

---I am very comptible,—] Comptible for ready to call to
account. Warburton.

Viola seems to mean just the contrary. She begs she may not
be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to
lighter marks of reprehension. Steevens.
with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in fo skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. —Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

---skipping---] Wild, frolick, mad. Johnson.
So, in K. Henry IV. P. I:
"The slipping king, he ambled up and down, &c.

Steevens.

---I am to hull here---] To hull means to drive to and fro upon the water, without fails or rudder. So, in the Noble Soldier, 1634:
"That all these mischiefs hull with flagging fail."

Steevens.

---some mollification for your giant.---] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, being the waiting-maid to eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. Johnson.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of Maria, who is called on subsequent occasions, little villain, youngest son of mine, &c. Steevens.

---Tell me your mind, I am a messenger.---] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus:

Oli. Tell me your mind.
Vio. I am a messenger.

Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, Tell me your mind. The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word mind, which signifies either business or inclinations, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, I am a messenger. Warburton.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Viola. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yer you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [Exit Maria.] we will hear this divinity. Now, fir, what is your text?

His Most sweet lady,—

Is such an inviolable doctrine, and much may be said: what has your text?

Oli. In Quinno's bosom.

Viola. In Quinno's bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

O. I have read it; it is herely. Have you none to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your tent, but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, fir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [Unveiling.

Viola.

—Look you, fir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? This is nonsens. The change of was to wear, I think, clears a cup, and gives the expression an air of gallantry. Viola prefers to see Olivia's face: the other at length pulls off her veil, and says: we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another tomorrow; jocularity intimating, that the parted the other, next at the jail, says, " Excellently done, if God did all." Perhaps, it may be
Vio. Excellently done, if God did all

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent\textsuperscript{5}, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'th she alive,
*If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will
give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be
inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd
to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item,
two

be true, what you say in jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent fact.
'Tis in grain, &c. replies Olivia. WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with this emendation. She says, I was this
present, instead of saying I am; because she has once shewn her-
self, and perfonates the beholder, who is afterwards to make the
relation. SFEVENS.

\textsuperscript{5} 'Tis beauty truly blent,—] i.e. blended, mix'd together.
Blent is the ancient particle of the verb to blend. So, in a Looking Glass for London and England, 1617:

"—-the beautiful encrace
"Is wholly blent."

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. i. c. 6:
"—-for having blent
"My name with guile, and traiterous intent." SFEVENS.

* If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shak-
peare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their Phileas:
"I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir."

Shakspere has copied himself in his 11th sonnet:
"She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
"Thou shoul'dst print more, nor let that copy die"

Again, in the 3d sonnet:
"Die single, and thine image dies with thee."

SFEVENS.

Again, in his 9th Sonnet:
"Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
"The world will hail thee like a makeless wife,
"The world will be thy widow, and still weep
"That thou no form of thee best left behind."

Again,
two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck,
one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise
me?'

_Vio._ I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

_Oli._ How does he love me?

_Vio._ With adorations, with fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

_Oli._ Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainlefs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

Again, in the 13th Sonnet:

"O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give."_Malone._

7—*Were you sent hither to praise me?* The foregoing words
_schedule and inventoried, shew, I think, that this ought to be
printed:

"Were you sent hither to 'praise me?'
i.e. to appretiate or appraie me._Malone.

8—*with fertile tears.* _With,* which is not in the old
copy, was added by Mr. Pope to supply the metre. I am not
sure that it is necessary. Our author might have used *tears* as a
dissyllable, like *fire,* *hour,* *fire,* &c.
With adoration's fertile tears, i.e. with the copious tears that
unbounded and adoring love pours forth._Malone.

9 *With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.*
This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor,* and, if not said in
mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule
on a passagge in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer,*
1598:

"Love thunder'd out a sigg;"
or, on another in *Lodge's Religions,* 1592:

"The winds of my deepe sighes
"That thunder still for noughts, &c."_Stevens._
He might have took his answer long ago.

_Vio._ If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

_Oli._ Why, what would you?

_Vio._ Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of condemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

_Oli._ You might do much: What is your parentage?

_Vir._ Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

_Oli._ Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unles, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

_Vio._ I am no fe'd post, lady; keep your purse;

_2 Write loyal cantons of condemned love._] The old copy has cantons; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into cantors.
—There is no need of alteration. Cantor was used for cantus in our author's time. So, in _The London Prodigal_, a Comedy, 1605: What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third cantor. See the Supplement to Shakspeare, Vol. II. Appendix, p. 73.

_2 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills._] I have corrected, reverberant. Theobald.

Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspere frequently uses the adjective passive, actively. Theobald's emendation is therefore unnecessary. B. Jonson, in one of his masques at court, says:

"which skill, Pythagorn

"First taught to men by a reverberate glass." Steevens.

My
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Piec'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft?
soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly—may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at my eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Defire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.

[Mine eye, &c.] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress
of my own actions, I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and
flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love.

Johnston.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravaganey. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

---to express myself:---] That is, to reveal myself.

---Messaline---] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read Motelín, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakespeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play:

"Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father." Steevens.

Ant.
Act. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Act. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Act. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness: and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell.

[Exit.

Act. The gentlefrefs of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

6—with such estimable wonder.—] These words Dr. Warburton calls an interpolation of the players, but what did the players gain by it? they may be sometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a speech only to make it longer. Shakespeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. Estimable wonder is esteeming wonder, or wond-er and eftem. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. Johnson.

Thus Milton uses unexpressive notes for unexpressible, in his hymn on the Nativity. Malone.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord’s taking of this. Receive it so.

Viol. She took the ring of me, I’ll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return’d: if it be worth flooping for, there it lies in your eye? if not, be it his that finds it.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm’d her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, that, sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, for she did speak in starts distractedly.

7 She took the ring of me, I’ll none of it.] Surely here is an evident corruption. We should read, without doubt,

She took no ring of me;—I’ll none of it.

So afterwards:—“I left no ring with her.—Viola expressly denies having given Olivia any ring. How then can she afford, as she is made to do in the old copy, that the lady had received one from her?

This passage, as it stands at present, (as an ingenious friend observes to me,) might be rendered less exceptionable, by a different punctuation:

She took the ring of me!—I’ll none of it.

I am, however, still of opinion that the text is corrupt, and ought to be corrected as above. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would, I think, have written

She took a ring of me!—I’ll none of it. MALONE.

8 ———that, sir,—] Sure, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second.

9 ———her eyes had lost her tongue,] We say a man leaves his company when they go one way and he goes another: So Olivia’s tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.
WHAT YOU WILL.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, the were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas;

—_the pregnant enemy—_]

Is, I believe, the dexterous
fend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.
Pregnant is certainly dextrous, or realy. So, in Hamlet: "How
pregnant sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

How easily is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
This is obscure. The meaning is, how easy is disguise to women;
how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen
changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances!
The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus:

For such as we are made, if such we be,

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is just. Viola has been
condemning them who disguise themselves, because Olivia had
fallen in love with the specious appearance. How easily is it, she
adds, for those who are at once proper (i.e. fair in their appear-
ance) and false (i.e. deceitful) to make an impression on the hearts
of women?—The proper false is certainly a less elegant expression
than the false deceiver, but seems to mean the same thing. A
proper man, was the ancient phrase for a handsome man:

"This Ludovico is a proper man." OTHELLO.
The proper false may be yet explained another way. Shakespeare
sometimes uses proper for peculiar. So, in OTHELLO:

"In my deiform and proper satisfaction."
The proper false will then mean those who are peculiarly false,
through premeditation and art. To set their form means, to plant
their images, i.e. to make an impression on their easy minds.
Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in the first supposition, and adds—
"Instead of transfiguring these lines according to Dr. Johnson's
conjecture, I am rather inclined to read the latter thus:

"For such as we are made of, such we be."

So, in the TEMPEST:

"we are such stuff
As dreams are made of." STEEVENS.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR;
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless fights shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and difficule surgere, thou know'st——

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right.
Of and if are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus, in the first folio, p. 173. [Merchant of Venice.] "But of mine, then yours"—instead of—"if mine."
Again, in the folio, 1632, King John, p. 6:
"Lord of our presence, Angiers, and if you."
instead of—"of you." MALONE.

*—our frailty——] The old copy reads——O frailty.

Steevens.

3 How will this fadge?——
To fadge, is to suit, to fit. So, in Decker's comedy of Old Fad-linatus, 1600:
"I shall never fadge with the humour, because I cannot lie."

So, in Mother Bombic, 1594:
"I'll have thy advice, and if it fadge, thou shalt eat."
"But how will it fadge in the end?"
"All this fadge well."
"We are about a matter of legerdemain, how will this fadge?"
"——in good time it fadge." See vol. II. p. 499.

Steevens.
WHAT YOU WILL. 195

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unful’d can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, as. Now let’s have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.

—I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which suppos’d health to consist in the just temperament and balance of these elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

stoop—] A stoop, Cadus, à τροπα, Belgis stoop. Ray’s Proverbs, p. 111. In Hexham’s Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a gallon is explained by een haune. wan tave stoopen. A stoop, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a Catalogue of the Rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there 4to. 1701, is “The bladder of a man containing four stoop (which is something above two English gallons) of water.” EDITOR.

6 By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.—] Breast, voice. Breast has been here propofed: but many infances may be brought to justify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke-college, founded by archbishop Parker, 1535, Strype’s Parker, p. 9: “Which said queristers, after their breasts are changed, &c.” that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes’ Life of Woffy, Append. p. 128: “Singingmen well-breasted.” In Tuffter’s Bystandrie, p. 155. edit. P. Short: “The better breast, the leffer rest,” “To serve the queer now there now here.” Tuffter in this piece, called The Author’s Life, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford castle; and
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, 'tis faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; Hadst it?

Cle.

that, on account of the excellence of his voice, he was successively removed to various choirs. Warton.

B. Jonson uses the word breast in the same manner, in his Malques of Gyppes, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called the 4 P's, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this passage:

"Potciary. I pray you, tell me, can you sing?
"Pedler. Sir, I have some girt in singing.
"Potciary. But is your breast any thing sweet?
"Pedler. Whatever my breast is, my voice is mete."

I suppose this cant term to have been current among the minstrels of the age. All professions have in some degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal science, and the less consequential to the general interests of life, the more they strive to hide themselves behind affected terms and barbarous phraseology.

Steevens.

1 — I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon; hadst it? But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly mistaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have restored leman, i.e. I send thee sixpence to spend on thy mistrel.

Theobald.

I receive Theobald's emendation, because I think it throws a light on the obscurity of the following speech.

Leman is frequently used by the ancient writers, and Spenser in particular. So again, in The Noble Soldier, 1634:

"Fright him as he's embracing his new leman."

The money was given him for his leman, i.e. his mistrel. He says he did impostor the gratuity, i.e. he gave it to his proper companion; for (fys he) Malvolio's not is no whipstock, i.e. Malvolio may smell out our connexion, but his luspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. My mistrel has a white band, and the myrmidons are no bottle ale houses, i.e. my mistrel is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A whipstock is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself. So, in Albumazar, 1616:

"— on,
WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. I did impeccoach thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-flock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a teatril of me too: if one knight give a ——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? 9

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:

"———— out, Carter."
"Hence dirty whipstock——"

Again, in the Two Angry women of Abingdon, 1599:
"———— the coach-man fit!
"His duty is before you to stand,
"Having a lufy whipstock in his hand."

The word occurs again in The Spanish Tragedy, 1605:
"Bought you a whistle and a whipstock too."

Steevens.

9 I did impeccoach, &c.] This, sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the
fame with impocket thy gratuity. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read, I did impeccoach thy gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. John son.

Figure 12 in the plate of the Morris-dancers, at the end of K. Henry IV. P. II. sufficiently proves that petticoats were not always a part of the dresse of fools or jesters, though they were of idlers, for a reason which I avoid to offer. Steevens.

The old copy reads——"I did impeccoach thy gratillity."

Malone.

9 of good life?] I do not suppose that by a song of good life, the Clown means a song of a moral turn; though sir Andrew answers to it in that signification, Good life, I believe, is barne-

—-mirth and jollity. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow

a von crouant. Steevens.

O 3 Trip
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a fluff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight,
Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, 'faith.
Sir To. 'To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?

1 In delay there lies no plenty] No man will ever be worth much, who delays the advantages offered by the present hours, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in K. Rich III. act IV. sc. iii.

"Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary."
Again, in K. Henry VI. p. 1:
"Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends."
Again, in a Scots proverb: "After a delay comes a let." See Kelly's Collection, p. 52. Steevens.

2 Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty.] This line is obscure; we might right read:
Come, a kiss then, sweet, and twenty.
Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties sweet and twenty, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. Johnson.

So, in Wife of a Woman, 1604:
"Sweet and twenty: all sweet and sweet." Steevens.

Again, in Rowley's When you see me you know Me, 1632:
"God ye good night and twenty, sir."
Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:
"Good even and twenty." Malone.

3 —make the welkin dance——] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. Johnson.
Thus, Mr. Pope:
"Hidotto 'ips and dances, till she see
"The doubling lustres dance as fast as she." Steevens.
Shall
Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will
draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do
that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog
at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, Thou knave.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be
constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd
one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, Hold
thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[They sing a Catch.]

Enter

WHAT YOU WILL.

Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have
shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of
mufick is familiar with our author. Much ado about Nothing:
"Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should
bale souls out of men's bodies?"—Why, he says, three souls, is be-
cause he is speaking of a catch of three parts. And the peripatetic
philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three
souls. The vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational.
To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his Posthaste: "What, will I
turn shark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I scorn it with
my three souls." By the mention of these three, therefore, we
may suppose it was Shakespeare's purpose, to hint us those fur-
prizing effects of mufick, which the ancients speak of. When
they tell us of Amphin, who moved stones and trees; Orpheus
and Arion, who tamed savage beasts; and Timotheus, who go-
verned, as he pleased, the passions of his human auditors. So noble
an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this
buffoon character. Warburton.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's
Trial of Witts, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the
three souls, "vegetative, sensitive, and reasonable." Farmer.

* They sing a catch. This catch is lost. Johnson.

A catch is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or
more persons; and is so contrived, that though each sings pre-
cisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at itated
periods of time from each other there results from the perform-
ance
Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Ance a harmony of as many parts as there areingers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called Canons in the unison; and as properly, Catches, when the words in the different parts are made to catch or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true catch is that of Purcell, Let's live good honest lives, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes, with the words, "The devil."

The catch above-mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of theingers calls the other knave in turn; and for this the clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to called him knave. I have here subjoined the very catch, with the musical notes to which it was sung in the time of Shakespeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy.

A 3 voc.

From thy peace and I pray thee hold thy peace

Thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace thou knave.

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entitled, "Pammelia, Mufick, Miscellaneous, or mixed Varitie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, parts in one." Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1600, a second part of this book was published with the title of Deuteromelia, and in this book is contained the catch above given.

Sir J. Hawkins.

Sir
Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and Three merry men be we.

Am

---a Cataian,---] It is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. I have attempted already to explain it in a note on the Merry Wives of Windsor. I find it used again in Love and Honour, by Sir W. Davenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold Cataian." StEvens.

1 Peg-a-Ramsey,---] I do not understand. Tilly wally was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. Johnson.

In Durfee's Pills to purge Melancholy is a very obscene old song, entitled Peg-a-Ramsey. See also Ward's Lives of the Professors of Grayham College, p. 207. Percy.

Tilly wally is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle; and is likewise a character in a comedy intituled Lady Alimony.

Naft mentions Peg of Ramsey among several other ballads, viz. Roger, Basilia, Turkelony, All the flowers of the Broom, Pepper is black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramsey. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name. Stevens.

Peg-a-Ramsey] Or Peggy Ramsey, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it.

Peggy Ramsey.

Three merry men we be, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find recitated in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"Three merry men"

"And three merry men"

"And three merry men be we."

Again, in The bloody Brother of the same authors:

"Three
Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tilly valley's, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon,
lady, lady!

[Song.
Clo.

"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
  And three merry boys are we,
  As ever did sing, three parts in a string,
  All under the triple tree."

Again, in Ram-ally, or Merry Tricks, 1611:
  And three merry men, and three merry men,
  And three merry men be we a."

This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect is the following:

  The wise men were but seaven, nor more shall be for me;
  The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
  And three merry boys, and three merry boys, and three merry boys are wee.

  The vertues they were seaven, and three the greater bee;
  The Caesars they were twelve, and the fateful sisters three.
  And three merry girls, and three merry girls, and three merry girls are wee."

There are ale-houses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of the Three Merry Boys: there was one at Highgate in my memory. Sir J. Hawkins.

—three merry men be we."

May, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of Robin Hood and the Tanner. Old Ballads, vol. I. p. 89:

  Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
    With a hey, &c.
  And danced about the oak-tree;
  For three merry men, and three merry men,
    And three merry men be we.

But perhaps the following, in The Old Wives Tale, by George Peele, 1595, may be the original. Antioch, one of the characters, says, "—let us rehearse the old proverb,

  Three merrie men, and three merrie men
  And three merrie men be wee;
  I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
  And Jack sleepe in the tree."

See "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches." 4to. 1661. p. 69. Editor.

Filly valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.] Malvolio’s use of the word lady brings the ballad to Sir Toby’s remembrance:
WHAT YOU WILL: 203

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[Singing.
Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your 'coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse

membrane: Lady, lady, is the burden, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. I. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where Mercutio applied it, in Romeo and Juliet, act II. sc. iv. Farmer.

I found what I once supposed to be a part of this song, in All's lost by Luft, a tragedy by William Rowley, 1633:

"There was a nobleman of Spain, lady, lady,
"That went abroad and came not again
"To his poor lady.
"Oh, cruel age, when one brother, lady, lady,
"Shall scorn to look upon another
"Of his poor lady." Steele.

—There dwelt a man in Babylon—Lady, lady.] This song, or, at least, one with the same burden, is alluded to in B. Jonson's Magnetic Lady, vol. IV. p. 449:

"Com. As true it is, lady, lady, the song." Tyrwhitt.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burden is in the old Morality, entitled, The Trial of Treasure, quart, 1567.

Malone.

'—coziers—] A cozier is a taylor, from coude to few, part. confu, French. Johnson.
The word is used by Hall in his Virginiarum, lib. iv. sat. 2.
"Himself goes patch'd like some bare Cotyer,
"Left he might ought his future stock impair." Steele.

Ye squeak out your coziers catches] Mr. Steele's retains Dr. Johnson's interpretation, which, I apprehend, is not the proper one. Minshew tells us, that co-

cozier
morse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 

Sir To. We did keep time; sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though the harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdeemors, you are welcome to the house; if not, as it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Sir is a cobler or sawter: and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobler uses in mending shoes, we call a coddler's end. If Mr. Steevens will take the trouble to read over again the passage he adduces from Hall, he will find the taylor is neither a taylor, nor a cobler, but the law English of the law Latin Cotarius, a cottager. Whalley.

---Sneek up!]. The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a bickup. It is however used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pistle, as it should feem, on another occasion:

"let thy father go sneek up, he shall never come, between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the same play:

"Give him his money, George, and let him go sneek up."

Again, in Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

"She shall not rise: go let your matter sneek up."

Again, in Blurt Master Constable, 1602:

"I have been believed of your betters, marry sneek up."

Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"if they be not, let them go sneek up."

Perhaps, in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In Hen. IV. P. I. Falstaff says: "The Prince is a Jack, a Sneak-cup." i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read sneek cup, at least, in sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that sneek the door is a north country expression for latch the door.

STEEVENS.

2 Farewel, dear heart, &c.] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. STEEVENS.
Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.
Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.
Mal. Is't even so?
Clo. But I will never die.
Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
Sir To. Shall I bid him go?
Clo. What an if you do?
Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir To. Out o'tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? 3 Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot 'tis mouth too.
Sir To. Thou'rt 'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A ftoop of wine, Maria?—
Mal.

3 ——Doft thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?] It was the custom on holidays or saint's days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan. See, Quarlous's Account of Rabbi Basy, act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

Letherland.

4 ——rub your chain with crumbs:]
That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the Martial Maid of Beaumont and Fletcher:
“Doft thou think I shall become the steward's chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a chain?”
Again:
“Pia. Is your chain right?
“Bob. It is both right and just, sir;
“For though I am a steward, I did get it
“With no man's wrong.”
The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs. Nash, in his piece entitled Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with “having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain, at his lord's installling at Windsor.”
To conclude with the most apposite instance of all. See, Web-ster's Dutches of Malfy, 1623:

“Yes,
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Don't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recrea-

"Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him
"To gowe his gold chain." Steevens.

Rule is method of life, so misrule is tumult and riot. Johnson.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common method of life. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"Caf't in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such rule
"In any place but here, at bon-fire or at yeule."

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:

"What guefts we harbour, and what rule we keep."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

"And let him in the stocks for his ill rule."

In this last instance it signifies behaviour.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called Lord of Misrule. So, in Decker's Satironomix: "I have some cousins german at court shall beget you the reversion of the matter of the king's revels, or else be lord of his Misrule now at Christmas." So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606; "We are fully bent to be lords of Misrule in the world's wild heath." In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. Steevens.

—a nayword.—] A nayword is what has been since called a byeword, a kind of proverbial reproach. Steevens.
WHAT YOU WILL.

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tion, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed; I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, posses us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; as an affected as, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg; the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly perfonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

7 Posses us.—That is, inform us, tell us, make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

8—an affected as,—]

Affected means affected. In this sense, I believe, it is used in Hamlet—"no matter in it that could indite the author of affection." i. e. affectation. See vol. II. p. 492. STEEVES.

Mar.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mr. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.


Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyfick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; obferve his conftuction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Pentheflea.'

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight,—Thou hadst need fend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou haft her not i'the end, call me Cut. 2

9 Sir And. And your horse now, &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for Sir Andrew. It should be given, I believe, to Sir Toby; as well as the next short speech: O, 'twill be admirable. Sir Andrew does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. Tyrwhitt.

1 ——— Pentheflea. i.e. amazon. Steevens.

2 ——— call me Cut.] So, in a Woman's. a Weathercock; 1612: "If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me Cut." This contemptuous distinction is likewise preferved in the Merry Wives of Windsor:

"He will maintain you like a gentlewoman——

"Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'quire."

Again, in the Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"I'll meet you there; if I do not, call me Cut."

This expression likewise occurs several times in Heywood's If you know not me you know Nobody, 1633, second part. Steevens.

Sir
WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morn, friends:—Now, good Cefario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-pac'd times:—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while:—

[Exit Curio. [Musick.

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd—How dost thou like this tune?

3 ——recollected——] Studied. WARBURTON.
I rather think, that recollected signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, recalled, repeated, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
I'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she the level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women as are roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:

---

1. The word favour ambiguously used. Johnson.
2. Though lost and worn may mean lost and worn out yet lost; and worn being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir T. Hanmer. Johnson.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to haunt it; it is filly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[Music.

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My froward of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;

—free—is, perhaps, vacant, unengaged, eafs in mind.

I rather think, that free means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

1 —filly sooth.] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.
8 And dallies with the innocence of love.] To dally is to play harmlessly. So, act III. "They that dally nicely with words."

Again, in Sweetnam Arraise'd, 1620:

"—he void of fear
"Dallied with danger—"

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's Albouine, 1629: "Why dost thou dally thus with feeble motion?" STEEVENS.
9 —old age.] The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

1 Fly away, fly away,] The old copy reads—tie. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

2 My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Though death is a part in which every one acts his share, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I. JOHNSON.

Not
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR,

Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where

Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal— I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might

Sad true-love never find my grave.

The old copy has love. I would therefore read— Sad true-lover never find my grave. MALONE.

—a very opal! A precious stone of almost all colours. POPE.

So, Milton describing the walls of heaven:

"With opal towers, and battlements adorn'd."
The opal is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. So, in the Muse's Elizium, by Drayton:

"With opals more than any one"
"We'll deck thine altar fuller,"
"For that of every precious stone
"It doth retain some colour."

"In the opal (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat Hist. b. xxxvii. c. 6,) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

—that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; — Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read, — and their intent no where. Because a man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any intent; for that word signifies a determination of the mind.
might be every thing, and their intent every where;
for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of
nothing.—Farewel.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—[Exit.
Once more, Cefario,
Get thee to yon fame soveraign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beftow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
'But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems.
That nature pranks her in, attracts my foul.
Vio. But, if she cannot love you, he?
Duke. I cannot be fo answer'd.
Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of making a good
voyage out of nothing directs to this emendation. Warburton.
An intent every where, is much the same as an intent so where,
as it hath no one particular place more in view than another.

RevisAL.

6 But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in,—[1
What is that miracle, and queen of gems? we are not told in this
reading. Besides, what is meant by nature pranking her in a mi-
racle?—We should read:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks, her mind,—
i.e. what attracts my soul, is not her fortune, but her mind, that
miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks, i.e. fets out, adorns.
Warburton.
The miracle and queen of gems is her beauty, which the commen-
tator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to
her mind, he that should be cautious would say, that though it
may be formed by nature, it must be pranked by education.
Shakspeare does not lay that nature pranks her in a miracle, but
in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful.
Johnson.

7 I cannot be so answer'd.] The folio reads,—It cannot be, &c. The correction by Sir
Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

P 3 As
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides, Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,— No motion of the liver, but the palate,— That suffer forfeit, cloysment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe: In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud 8, Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought 9;

8 ———like a worm i'the bud.] So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose, "Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name." — Steevens.

Again, in King Richard II:

"But now will canker sorrow eat my bud, "And chase the native beauty from his cheek."

9 ———She pin'd in thought;] Thought formerly signified melancholy.

So in Hamlet:

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Again, in The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet, 1562:

"The cause of this her death was inward care and thought."

Malone, And,

And,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument.

Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

"And her bestdis consider discreetly
Dame patience yseating there I foes
With face pale, upon a hill of fonde."

And adds: "If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in brightening the picture! How much does the green and yellow melancholy transcend the old bard's pale face; the monument his hill of fand."—I hope this critic does not imagine Shakspere meant to give us a picture of the face of patience, by his green and yellow melancholy; because, he says, it transcends the pale face of patience given us by Chaucer. To throw patience into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The green and yellow then belonged not to patience, but to her who sat like patience. To give patience a pale face was proper: and had Shakspere described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakspere is speaking of a marble statue of patience; Chaucer, of patience herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to patience exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of patience on a monument. The old bard speaking of patience herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as sitting on a hill of sand, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddes, but left her, like a stroller, sauntering herself upon a heap of sand. Warburton.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of Pericles. I think, Shakspere's hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only:—two or three passages, which he was unwilling to lose, he has transplanted, with some alteration, into his own plays.

"She sat like patience on a monument,
"Smiling at grief."

In Pericles: "Thou (Mariana) dost look like patience gazing on king's graves, and smiling extremity out of act."

Thus
TELEFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? We then may say more, swear more: but, indeed,

Our

Thus a little before, Mariana asks the bawd, "Are you a woman?" Bawd, "What would you have me to be, if not a woman?" Mor. "An honest woman, or not a woman."—Somewhat similar to the dialogue between Iago and Othello, relative to Cassio:

"I think, that he is honest.
"Men should be what they seem,
"Or those that be not, would they might seem none."

Again, "Sh. saves the ears she feeds. (says Pericles,) and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech."

So, in Hamlet:

"As if increase of appetite had grown
"By what it fed on," Farmer.

She sat like patience on a monument.

Smiling at grief," So in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his tears."

In the passage in the text, our author, I believe, meant to personify Grief as well as Patience; for we can scarcely understand "at grief" to mean "in grief?" as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Perhaps Shakspeare borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument, on which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in The Winter's Tale seem to add some support to my interpretation:

"I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
"False accusation blith, and Tyranny
"Tremble at Patience."

In King Lear, we again meet with the two personages introduced in the text:

"Patience and Sorrow strove
"Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in Cymbeline, the same kind of imagery may be traced:

"—nobly he yokes
"A smiling with a sigh."

"—I do note
"That Grief and Patience, rooted in him both,
"Mingle their furts together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυν γελαται, and a passage in Machi

"—My plenteous joys
"Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
"In drops of sorrow—"

may be urged against what has been suggested; but it should be remem-
WHAT YOU WILL.

Our shows are more than will; for ill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy’d thy fither of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father’s house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that’s the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE remembered, that in these instances it is joy which bursts into tears. There is no instance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of sorrow smiling in anguish. In pain indeed the face is different; the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Perci, however, observes to me that grief may mean here grievance, “in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel’s History of Wales, 1584, 4to. p. 556. Of the wrongs and griefs done to the noblemen at Stratalyn, &c. In the original (printed at the end of Wynne’s History of Wales, 8vo.) it is graramiau, i.e. grievances.”

The word is certainly likewise used by our author in this sense in one of his historical plays, but not, I believe, in the singular number. MALONE.

2 I am all the daughters of my father’s house,
And all the brothers too;—]

This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the fither died of her love;* she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father’s house. But the Oxford editor, a great enemy, as should seem, to all equivocation, obliges her to answer thus:

She’s all the daughters of my father’s house,
And I am all the sons—

But if it should be asked now, how the duke came to take this for an answer to his question, to be sure the editor can tell us.

WARBURTON.

Such another equivocque occurs in Lyly’s Galathea, 1592:

—my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no fither.” STEEVENS.

3 bide no denay.]

Deny is denial. To deny is an antiquated verb sometimes used by
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil’d to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly raschally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?+?

Mar. by Holinshead: so, p. 620: "— the state of a cardinal which was nailed and denailed him." Again, in Warner’s Albion’s England, 1602, b. ii. ch. 10:

"—— thus did say

"The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I deny." STEEVENS.

*— nettle of India? The poet must here mean a zoophyte, called the Urtica Marina, abounding in the Indian seas.

"Qua taeta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen urticae est fortuita." Wolfgang, Frangii Hift. Animal.


Perhaps the same plant is alluded to by Greene in his Card of Fancy, 1608: "——the flower of India pleasant to be seen, but who so smelleth to it, feeleth present smart." Again, in his Ma-
WHAT YOU WILL.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio’s coming down this walk; he has been yonder at the fun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemptible idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[They hide themselves. Maria throws down a letter, and Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. ’Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on’t?

Sir To. Here’s an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets five under his advance’d plumes!

Sir And. ’Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

millia, 1593: “Consider, the herb of India is of pleasant smell, but who so cometh to it, feeleth present smart.” Again, in P. Holland’s translation of the 9th book of Pliny’s Nat. Hist. “As for those nettles, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewise change their colour. Leaves they carry of a fleshly substantice, and of flesh they feed. Their qualities is to raise an itching smart.” The old copy, however, reads—nettles of India, which may mean, my girl of gold, my precious girl; and this is probably the true reading. The change, which I have not disturbed, was made in the second folio. Steevens.

—how he jets. To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

“Is now become the kewead of the house,
“And bravely jets it in a filken gown.”

Again, in Bussy’s D’Ambois, 1640:

“’To jet in others’ plumes so haughtily.” Steevens.

Mal.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mal. To be count Malvolio; —
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for’t; 6 the lady of the
Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

6 —the lady of the Strachy—[We should read Trachy,
i. e. Thrace; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville
says: “As Trachye and Macedoine, of the which Alisdane was
king.” It was common to use the article the before names of
places: and this was no improper influence, where the scene was
in Illyria. Warburton.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some
old story which I have not yet discovered. Johnson.

Straceo (see Torriano’s and Altiere’s dictionaries) signifies shaw
and tatters; and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dic-
tionary, says that straceo was pronounced stracchi. So that it
is probable that Shakespeare’s meaning was this, that the lady of the
queen’s wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king’s, who was
vastly inferior to her. Smith.

Such is Mr. Smith’s note; but it does not appear that Strachy
was ever an English word, nor will the meaning given it by the
Italians be of any use on the present occasion.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read—
starck; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once and
complicated operation of starching. I do not know that such a word
exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the
substantive starck. In Harshett’s Declaration, 1603, we meet with
“a yeoman of the starcery;” i. e. wardrobe; and in the North-
umberland Langbald-Book, starcery is spelt, starkey. Starcky, there-
fore, for starcery may be admitted. In Romeo and Juliet, the
place where paffes was made, is called the paffery. The lady who
had the care of the linen may be significantly opposed to the per-
son, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the few dif-
ferent coloured starckes were worn, such a term might have been
current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this
art to our fair country-women. “Her usual price (says Store)
was four or five pounds to teach them how to starck, and twenty
shillings how to seeth starck.” The alteration was suggested to
me by a typographical error in The World togs’d at Tennis, 1180,
by Middleton and Rowley, where starches is printed for starck.
I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural
emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a
guess on this desperate passage. Steevens.

In B. Jonson’s Bartholomew Fair, a gingerbread woman is called
lady of the bafhet. Malone.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, fitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

"—bows him!" i.e. puffs him up. So, in Anthony and Cleopatra:

"—on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something blo-wn."

STEVENS.

"—stone-bow,—"] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones.

JOHNSON.

This instrument is mentioned again in Marston's Dutch Courtesay, 1605—"whoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those who shoot in stone-bows, wink with one eye." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King:

"—children will shortly take him
"For a wall, and set their stone-boxes in his forehead."

STEVENS.

"—come down from a day-bed,—"] Spenser, in the first canto of the third book of his Fairy Queen, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wise,
"And round about it many beds were dight,
"As whilome was the antique worldes guise,
"Some for untimely ease, some for delight." STEVENS.

Edifania, in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, act I. says, in answer to Perez,

"This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, Sir;
"Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
"I dare not touch, Sir." EDITOR.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while! and, per chance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; 

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

*wind up my watch,* [In our author’s time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him.]

Johnson.

Again, in an ancient MS play, intituled The Second Maids Tragedy, written between the years 1610 and 1611:

“Like one that has a watche of curious making,
“Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
“Never gives o’er tamp’ring with the wheels
“’Till either spring be weaken’d, balance bow’d,
“Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all.”

In the Antipodes, a comedy, 1638, are the following passages:

“——your project against
“The multiplicity of pocket-watches.”

Again:

“——when every puny clerk can carry
“The time o’ th’ day in his breeches.”

Again, in the Alchemist:

“And I had lent my watch last night to one
“That dines to-day at the sheriff’s.” Steevens.

2 Or play with some rich jewel.] The old copy has:

——or play with my some rich jewel. Malone.

3 curtseys there to me] From this passage one might infer that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word curtsey was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, p. 4, it is said, “The pulpett being set at the nether end of the Earle of Warwick’s tombe in the said quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier my lord made lowe curtisse to the French king’s armes, &c.” Again, in the book of kerwynge and feryynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, sig. A. 111. And when your Soverayne is set, loke your towell be aboute your necke, than make your soverayne curtsey, than uncover your brede and let it by the falte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, and spone afore hym, then kneel on your knee, &c.” These directions are to male servants. Editor.
**WHAT YOU WILL.**

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, queenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

*SIR TO.* And does not Toby take you a blow o’the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having caft me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;—

*SIR TO.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*SIR TO.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

*SIR AND.* That’s me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One Sir Andrew;—

---

4 Though our silence be drawn from us with cares,—] i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Yet the Oxford editor has altered it to:

*WARBURTON.*

Though our silence be drawn from us by the ears.

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it often lies so deep that the reader has reason to think he could have explained his own meaning. *WARBURTON.*

I believe the true reading is: Though our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, one of the Clowns says: “I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me.” So, in this play: “Oxen and swantrapes will not bring them together.” *JOHNSON.*

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning.” *STEEVENS.*

If I were to suggest a word in the place of *carts*, which I think is a corruption, it should be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his humour of state, bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnajebar in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Some of the expressions too are very similar. *TYRWHITT.*

The first folio reads *cars*; the second, apparently by an error of the press, *cares*. The reading proposed by Sir T. Hanmer, though I think it not right, is countenanced by a similar expression in Sir Philip Sidney’s *Defence of Poesie*: “Poesie must not be drawn by the *cars*, it must be gently led.” *MALONE.*
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?\[Taking up the letter.\]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours in-
timate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes the her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd this, and my good wives: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Love knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—No man must know:—if this should be the, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock?!
Mal. I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucretia knife,
Whose bloodless stroke my heart doth grieve;
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A full-riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.—Nay, but first,
Let me fee—let me fee—let me fee.

Fab. What a death of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the flannyel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me—softly;—M. O. A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: he is now a cold scent.

Sir To. Sowter! will cry upon t, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio; —M,—why, that begins my name.

"[a yl—] The name of a kind of a hawk is very judiciously given here for a thoman, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Johnson.

Sir To. says Latham, in his book of Falconry, is "whence crows, pheasants, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, the fortitude of its instinct, to their own ruin." The flannyel is the common name of a hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North, "flanneel." I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden.

Steevens.

[Oculi operum,] i.e. any one in his senses, any one whose equity is not disarranged or out of joint. See vol. II. p. 155.

Steevens.

Sir To. Sowter is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. Sowter, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in Love's Labour's Lost, &c. 1597:

"You fusty knaves, how you all your manners at once?"

Sir To. A sowter was a cobra. So, in Greene's Carol of Fates, 1598:

"—If Apelles that cunning painter suffer the greatly furer to take a view of his curious work, &c." Steevens.

—[as rank as a f.—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not as rank. The other editions, though it be as rank. Johnson.

Vol. IV. Fab.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind,

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their bands; let thy blood and spirit embraze them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to, cast thy humble flough, and appear fresh. Be oppus with a kinsman, furry with servants: let thy tongue twang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advices thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who

2 And O shall end, I hope.] By O is here meant what we now call a holpen collar. Johnson.
I believe he means only, it shall end in sighing, in disappointment. So, somewhere else:

"How can you fall into so deep an Ob?"
So, in Decker's Honef Whore, second part, 1630: "—the brick house of Caligitation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but O" Again, in Hymen's Triumph, by Daniel, 1625:

"Like to an O, the character of woe." Steevens.

3—Are born great.—] The old copy reads—are become great. The alteration by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.
It is justified by a subsequent passage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. Malone.
commended thy yellow stockings ; and wjsh'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to: thou art made, if thou desist to be so; if not, let me see thee a piece-ward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ser-vices with thee, The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and chain-

4 — yellow stockings ; — ] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. In Davenant's play, called The Wife, act IV. p. 208. Works fol. 1673:
   "You said, my girl, Mary Queasie by name did find your uncle's yellow stockings in a porringer; nay, and you said she stole them." PERCY.

So Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled The World's AtTEMPT, 1620, where the five different-coloured flarces are introduced as striving for superiority. Yellow flarce says to white:
   "———since she cannot
   "Wear her own lined yellow, yet she shows
   "Her love to't, and makes him wear yellow bofe."

Again, in Decker' Match me in London, 1631:
   "———because you wear
   "A kind of yellow flarce."

Again, in his Honest Whore, second part, 1630: "What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow, change them." The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windfor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an en-tertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1581, were dressed in yellow worsted stockings. The book from which I gather this information was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

5 — cross-gartered: — ] So, in the Lover's Melancholy, 1639:
   "As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered."

Again, in a Woman's a Weathercock, 1612:
   "Yet let me say and swear in a cross garter,
   "Pauls never shew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter."

Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee. So, in Warner's Albions England, b. ix. ch. 47:
   "Garters of liftes; but now of silk, some edged deep with gold."

It appears, however, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus Barton Holyday, speaking of the ill success of his TExNO-

TAMIA, says:
   "Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man
   "Whom their loud laugh might nick-name puritan,

Q.2 "Cas'd
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.—Jove, I

“Cas'd up in factions breeches, and small ruffe,
That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe.
Then, &c.”

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism. Steevens.

6—With the. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more:] Wrong pointed: We should read:—with the fortunate, and happy. Day-light and champion discover no more: i.e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

Warburton.

The folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, the fortunate-unhappy, and so I have printed it. The fortunate unhappy seems to be the subcription of the letter. Steevens.

7—I will be point-de-vice, the very man.—] This phrase is of French extraction—a points-devisez. Chaucer uses it in the Romaunt of the Rose:

“Her note was wrought at point-device.”

i.e. with the utmost possible exactness.

Again, in K. Edward I. 1599:

“That we may have our garments point-device.”

Kasiril, in the Alchemist, calls his sister Punk-device: and again, in the Tale of a Tub, act III. sc. vii:

“—and if the dapper priest
Be but as cunning point in his devise
As I was in my lie.” See vol. II. p. 493. Steevens.

thank
WHAT YOU WILL: 229

thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy 8.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;
Sir And. So could I too.
Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’my neck?
Sir And. Or o’mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip 9, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir

8 — a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of ambassador to the Sophy. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor. STEEVENS.

9 — tray-trip,— ] Tray-trip is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Scornful Lady, 1626:

“Reproving him at tray-trip, sir, for swearing.”

Again, in Glopthorne’s Wit in a Constable, 1639:

“mean time, you may play at tray-trip or cockall, for black puddings.”

“My watch are above, at trea-trip, for a black pudding, &c.”

Again:

“With lanthorn on still, at trea-trip we play,
“‘For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day, &c.’

STEENV.

The following passage might incline one to believe that tray-trip was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. “There is great danger of being taken sleepers at tray-trip, if the king sweep suddenly.” Cecil’s Correspondence, lett x. p. 136. Ben Jonson joins tray-trip with mum-chance. Alchomist, act V. sc. iv.

“Nor play with costar-mongers at mum-chance, tray-trip.”

TYRWHITT.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haft put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unfruit-able to her disposition, being addicted to a melan-choly as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excel-lent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt,

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from Macbreciel's Dogge, a satire, 4to, 1617:

"But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice awhile, 
"To passidge, tretrippe, liazarde, or mum-chance:
"But subtill males will simple mindes beguile,
"And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glansse:
"Oh, cogges and floppes, and such like devilliish trickes,
"Full many a purse of golde and silver pickes.
"And therefore first, for hazard, hee that lift,
"And passeth not, puts many to a blance:
"And trippe without a trey makes had I wift
"To fitte and mounre among the sleeper's ranke:
"And for mumchance, how ere the chance doe fall,
"You must be mum, for fear of marring all."

---aqua vitæ---] Is the old name of strong water.

---cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests;---] Sir Thomas Over-bury, in his character of a footman without gards on his coat, represents him as more upright than any cross-garter'd gentlemain-usher. Farmer.

ACT
WHAT YOU WILL. 231

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia’s garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may’st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.---To see this age!---A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that’s certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac’d them.

---by thy tabor? Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.] The Clown, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the sign of the tabor, the ancient designation of a music shop. Steevens.

4—a cheveril glove—] i.e. a glove made of kid leather; chevréau, Fr. So, in Romeo and Juliet: “—a wit of cheveril—” Again, in a proverb in Ray’s collection: “He hath a conscience like a cheverel’s skin.” Steevens.

Q.4

Vio.
Vio. Thy reason, man?
Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.
Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.
Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.
Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia’s fool?
Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband’s the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino’s.
Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your matter, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.
Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold, there’s expenses for thee.
Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
Vio. By my troth, I’ll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.
Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand you, sir; ’tis well begg’d.
Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, beg-

—lord Pandarus—] See our author’s play of Troilus and Cressida. JOHNSON.
WHAT YOU WILL.

ging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will confer to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, clement; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wife man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

6 Cressida was a beggar.]

Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye."
Chaucer's Testament of Cresseide. MALONE.

7 the haggard, The hawk called the haggard, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

Thence may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

Not like the haggard.

He must change persons and times, and observe tempers, he must take proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unclaimed haggard, to seize all that comes in his way.

8 But wise men's folly fall'n,]
Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, folly shewn. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads, But s'fem'en's folly false, quite taint their wit.
From whence I should conjecture, that Shakespeare possibly wrote:

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

i.e. wise men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The sense is: But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion. REVISAL.

I explain it thus: The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, is fit, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it falls or rages, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment.

Johnson.

Enter.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir To. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the lift of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

9 In former editions:
Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. ———

I have ventured to make the two knights change speeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reason. It were a preposterous forgetfulness in the poet, and out of all probability, to make sir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the first act did not know the English of Pourquoi. I heobald.

1 ———the lift—] Is the bound, limit, farthest point.

2 Taste your legs, sir, &c.] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastic use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in The true Tragedies of Marius and Seila, 1594:

"A climbing tow'r that did not taste the wind."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st Odyssey:

"——he now began

"To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard."

Johnson.

Steevens.

Enter
WHAT YOU WILL. 235

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never to speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than mufick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

3—most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] Pregnant for ready.
As in Measure for Measure, act I. sc. i. Steevens.

4—all three ready.] The old copy reads—all three already.

Steevens.

5—I beseech you: I, which is not in the first copy,
was added in the third folio. Malone.

After
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

After the last enchantment, (you did hear) 5
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I fit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours; What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-
ceiving 6

Enough is shown; a cyprus 7, not a bosom,
Hides my 8 poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

5 After the last enchantment, (you did hear)
Nonsense. Read and point it thus:
After the last enchantment you did here,
i.e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affections.

Warburton.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation.

Johnson.

I have not the least doubt that Dr. Warburton's conjecture is
right. — Throughout the first edition of our author's Rape of Lu-
crece, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the
word that we now spell hear, is constantly written hear. So also
in many other ancient books.

Viola had not simply heard that a ring had been sent; she had
seen and talked with the messenger. Besides, "after the last
enchantment, you did hear," is so awkward an expression, that it is
very unlikely to have been Shakespeare's. Malone.

6 ———to one of your receiving]
i.e. to one of your ready affections. She considers him as an arch
page Warburton.

7 ———a cyprus———] Is a transparent stuff. Johnson.

So, in No Wit like a Woman's, by Middleton: "I have thrown
a cypress over my face for fear of fun-burning. Steevens.

8 Hides my poor heart:] The word poor, which is not in the
original copy, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of
the second folio. What the omitted word was, is quite uncer-
tain. It might have been—found—or perhaps there was no
omission. Hear might have been used like tear, fire, &c. as a
disyllable. Malone.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Vio. No, not a grice⁹; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe¹:
Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

⁹— a grice; ——] Is a stepp, sometimes written grecfe
from degrc, French. — JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:
"Which, as a grace stepp, may help these lovers."

STEVEENS.

¹ Then westward-hoe ;) This is the name of a comedy by T.
Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was aft
ed with great success by the children of Paul's, on whom Shak-
ppeare has bestowed such notice in Hamlet, that we may be sure
they were rivals to the company patronized by himself.

STEVEENS.

I love
I love thee so, that, maugre 2 all thy pride, 
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide. 
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause: 
But, rather, reason thus with reason setter: 
Love fought is good, but given unsought, is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth, 
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 3
And that no woman has; nor never none 
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone 4
And so adieu, good madam; never more 
Will I my matter's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move 
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An apartment in Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours 
to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed 
upon me; I saw't i'the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me 
that that?

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

---mangre—] i.e. in spite of. So, in *David and Bathsheba*, 1599. *Maugre* the sons of Ammon and of Syria. *Steevens.*

3 *And that no woman has;—* and that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman. *Johnson.*

4 ---*save I alone.*

These three words sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia, probably enough. *Johnson.*

*Fab.*
WHAT YOU WILL. 239

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Yo. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with so excellent jefts, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownift, as a politician.

---as lief be a Brownift, ---] The Brownifs were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatift in queen Elizabeth's reign. [See Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 325, he informs us, that Browne, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the church."

This Browne was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather Francis, had a charter granted him by king Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave to "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure."


The Brownifs seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. In the old comedy of Randalcy, 1611, is the following stroke at them:

---" of a new sect, and the good professors, will, like the Brownift,
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of value. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fub. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink:

Brownieft, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and obfure holes already;"

Again, in Love and Honour, by sir W. Davenant:

"Go kiss her: by this hand, a Brownief is
More amorous———"

STEVENS.

in the martial hand—] Martial hand, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony.

Curt, is petulant, crabbed—a curt cur, is a dog that with little provocation swallows and bites. JOHNSON.

—taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thou'dst him some shrive,—] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those in which our author intended to shew his respect for sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:— "All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor!" (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thou's.) "Thou art an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf."—"O damnable abijf."—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart." "Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confidents' traitor that ever came at a bar, &c." Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet facetiously prescribes to sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakspere had of these putrel prodigies, is pretty evident from his close of this speech: Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou write it with a goose-pen no matter.—A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a supposed traitor! THEOBALD.
WHAT YOU WILL.

ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amis; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great preface of cruelty.

The same expression occurs in Shirley's Opportunity, 1640:

"Does he shou me?

"How would he domineer an he were duke!"

The resentment of our author, as Mr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus in his Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a discovery of the abuses and corruption of actors. Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607. "Because I must haft unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against vagabonds; since the making whereof I have found fewer thieves, and the goose leafe pestered than before."

"The abuse of stage-players wherewith I find the country much troubled, may easily be reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore, if by your willingness they be not entertained, you may soon be rid of them." Steevens.

Vol. IV.
Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: you' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And crois-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

8 Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. Warburton.

The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. The old copy, however, reads—wren of mine.

So, in a Dialogue of the Phænix, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little wren that many young ones brings."

Steevens.

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's Ovania, a poem, by N. B. 1606:

"The timonute, and the multiplying wren."

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

* I know my lady will strike him;— We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. Steevens.

Scene
WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE III.

The street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you, (though so much,  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)  
But jealously what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and un hospitable: My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,  

And

2 In former editions:

I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks: and ever-oft good turns
Are shuff'd off with such uncurrent pay;
The second line is too short by a whole foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double ad. verb, ever of, which seems to have as much propriety as always, sometimes? As I have restored the passage, it is very much in our author's manner and mode of expression. So, in Cymbeline:

"—Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies,  
which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still."

And in All's Well that Ends Well:

"And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
"Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
"When I have found it." Theobald.

My reading, which is——

And thanks and ever: oft good turns  
is such as is found in the old copy, only altering the punctuation,  
R. 2  
which
Enter Maria.

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But jealously what might befall your travel,  
Being skilful in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
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‘When I have found it.” THEOBALD.

My reading, which is——

And thanks and ever: oft good turns  
As such as is found in the old copy, only altering the punctuation,
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

And thanks, and ever²; Oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town³?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you flew great number of his peple.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;

which every editor must have done in his turn. Theobald has completed the line, as follows:

"And thanks and ever thanks and oft good turns."

Steevens.

I would read: —— And thanks again, and ever. Tollet.
I think there was only one word omitted, viz. thanks; and would read,

And thanks and ever thanks. Oft good turns.
I have no doubt that turns was used as a dissyllable.

Malone.

² And thanks and ever²: oft good turns
Are shuffled off, &c.]

In the second folio, whether by accident or design, these two lines are omitted. Malone.

³ —— the reliques of this town³? I suppose he means the relicks of saints, or the remains of ancient fabrics. Steevens.

The words are explained by what follows:

" —— Let us satisfy our eyes
" With the memorials and the things of fame,
" That do renown this city." Malone.

⁴ —— 'gainst the duke his galleys]. The only authentick copy of this play reads: —— the count his galleys. There is no need of change. O'fino is called count throughout this play, as often as duke. Malone.

Albeit
WHAT YOU WILL.

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,  
Might well have given us bloody argument,  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffick's fake,  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Olivia's house.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come;  
How

5 In former editions: I have sent after him; he says he'll come;

From whom could my lady have any such intelligence? Her servant, employed upon this errand, was not yet return'd; and, when he does return, he brings word, that the youth would hardly be intreated back. I am persuaded, she was intended rather to be in suspense, and deliberating with herself, putting the supposition that he would come, and asking herself, in that case, how she should entertain him. Theobald.

R 3. — He
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor-
row'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner.
He is sure, pooft, madam.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter Malvolio.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—
How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles fantastically.
Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross gartering;
But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is
with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and
please all.
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the mat-
ter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my
legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall

—be says b'oll come; i.e. I suppose now, or admit now,
he says he'll come; which Mr. Theobald, not understanding,
alters unnecessarily to, say he will come; in which the Oxford
editor has followed him. Warburton.

6 —what befors of him?] Surely ef is an error of the press, in
the old copy, for on. Malone.
WHAT YOU WILL.

be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft 7?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatness: 'Twas well writ. Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. Some are born great.—
Oli. Ha?
Mal. Some achieve greatness,—
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

7 [kiss thy hand so oft]. This fantastick custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche in Faults and nothing but Faults, 4to, circa 1666, p. 6. "But see here a comie in now presenting themselves that I cannot say are affected, but I think are rather infected with too much courtezie, you shall know them by their falutations. For first with the kisse on the hand, the bodie shall be bowed downe to the ground: then the armes shall be cast out like one that were dauncing the old antike, not a word but at your service, at your command, at your pleasure: this olde protestation yours in the way of bonetie is little cared for: everie Gull was woont to have it at his tongues en, but now it is forgotten. And these Floweres of Courtie as they are full of affectation, so are they no lees formall in their speeches full of frue phraies, many times delivering such sentences as doe bewray and lay open their matters ignoraunce: and they are so frequent with the kisse on the hand, that, word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." Editor.

R 4

Oli.
Ol. Cross-garter'd?
Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.
Ol. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Scr. Madam, the young gentleman of the count
Olsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Ol. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fel-
low be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? let
some of my people have a special care of him; I
would not have him miscarry for the half of my
dowry.

[Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no
worser man than sir Toby to look to me? This con-
curs directly with the letter: she sends him on pur-
pose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she
incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough,
says she;—be opposite with a kinsman,—furly with ser-
vants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—
pit thyself into the trick of singularity;—and, con-
fsequently, sets down the manner how; as, a fad face,
a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of
some fir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her:—
but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful!

8—midsummer madness.] Hot weather often turns the brain,
which is, I suppose, alluded to here Johnson.
7'Tis mad when moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection,
signifying you are mad Stevens.
9—be opposite with a kinsman—] Opposite, here, as in
many other places, means—adverse, hostile. Malone.
So in King Lear;—bound to answer an unknown opposer.

Stevens.

1—let thy tongue tang, &c.] The first folio reads longer; the
second tang. Stevens.
2—I have liv'd her,——] I have entangled or caught
her, as a bird is caught with birdlime. See vol. II. p. 320.

And,
And, when he went away now, *Let this fellow be look’d to* : Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance.—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

_Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian._

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possest him, yet I’ll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is: How is’t with you, sir? how is’t with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is’t with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you! an you speake ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch’d!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wife woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.

--- *Fellow!* ——— ] This word, which originally signified companion, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. *Johnson.*
MAL. How now, mistress?
MAR. O lord!
SIR TV. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

SIR TV. 'Wry, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?
MAL. Sir?
SIR TV. Ay, biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx?
MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

SIR TV. Is't possible?

FAB. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TV. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

---cherry-pit--- 1 Cherry-pit is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nath, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says: "You may play at cherry-pit in their cheeks." So, in a comedy called The Jilt, 4th Fed., 16.1: "I'll have a bright complexion or cherry-pit." So, in The Witch of Edmonton: "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at cherry-pit." STEEVENS.

---hang him, fast collier!--- Collier was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practiced by the vendors of coals, that R. Greene, at the conclusion of his Noble Discovery of Cozenage, 1592, has published what he calls, A play upon Discovery of the Cozenage of Collier. STEEVENS.

The devil is called Collier for his blackness; Like will to like, says the Devil to the Collier. JOHNSON.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; left the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we’ll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning?

Sir And. Here’s the challenge, read it; I warrant, there’s vinegar and pepper in’t.

Fab. Is’t fo fawcy?

Sir And. Ay is’t? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Sir Toby reads.

[Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for’t.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com’st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senfe-les.

[1] This is, I think, an allusion to the witch-finders, who were very busy. Johnson.

[2] More matter for a May morning.] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the morris-dance, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of K. Henry IV. with Mr. Tollet’s observations on it.

Steevens.

Sir
Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep 't o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare the well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a

--- He may have mercy upon mine; --- We may read: He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better. Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare, in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. JOHNSON.
most hideous opinion of his rage, skil, fury, and im-
petuousity. This will so fright them both, that they
will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them
way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid
message for a challenge. [Exeunt.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharily out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same behaviour that your passion bears,
'Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny?
That honour, fav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my
master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

9—too uncharily out]. The old copy reads—on't. The
emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.
1 Goes on my master's grief.] The old copy has—griefs.—It
has been corrected in the wrong place; and we should read, I
think,

Go on my master's griefs.
The joining a singular verb with a plural noun, was common in
our author's time. MALONE.
2—wear this jewel for me, —] Jewel does not properly
signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity.
JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's Arcadia, 1607: "She gave him a very
fine jewel, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also,

Vio.
254  **TWELFTH-NIGHT:** OR,

**Vio.** I will acquit you.

**Oli.** Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well! A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

---

**Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.**

**Sir To.** Gentleman, God save thee.

**Vio.** And you, sir.

**Sir To.** That defence thou haft, betake thee to't:
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not: but thy intercepter, full of despight,
bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard
end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,
for thy affailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

**Vio.** You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath
any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offence done to any man.

**Sir To.** You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to
your guard; for your opposite hath in him what
youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man
withal.

**Vio.** I pray you, sir, what is he?

**Sir To.** He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapi-
er,

---

3 *thy intercepter, —] Thus the old copy. The modern
editors read *interpreter*. **Steevens.**

4 *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapi-
er, and on carpet con-
sideration; —] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight
bannneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, on carpet consid-
eration, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights
receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but
on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous
term a carpet knight, who was naturally held in scorn by the men
of war. **Johnson.**

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fo. 1625, p. 71, we have
the following account of Carpet Knights. "Next unto these
(i.e. those he distinguishes by the title of Dunsbili or Tuck Knights)"
"in degree (but not in qualitie for these are truly (for the"
"most part) vertuous and worthy) is that rank of Knights which"
"are called Carpet Knights, being men who are, by the prince's"
"grace
pier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in
private brawl: iouls and bodie. hath he divorc'd three;
and his incensement at this moment is so implacable,
that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death
and sepulcher: hob, nob's, is his word; give't, or
take't.

Vio.

"grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of
"peace by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, hav-
"ing by some special service done to the commonwealth, or for
"some other particular virtues made known to the soveraigne;
"as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of
"noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved
"this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the several
orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred,
and adds—— "thee of the vulgar or common sort are called
"Carpet Knights, becaufe (for the most part) they receive their
"honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon carpets,
"and such like ornaments belonging to the king's state and
"greatnesse; which howsoever a curious ende may seem to an ill
"sense, yet questionless there is no shadow of disgrace belonging
"unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatso-
"ever, and the services and merits for which it is received as
"worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that
"which hath wounds and fearres for his wisnesse." E D I T O R.

Greene uses the term—— arjet-knights, in contempt of those of
whom he is speaking; and in The Downfal of Robert Earl of Hun-
tingdon, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose;

—— "soldiers, come away,

"This Carpet-knight fits carping at our fears."

In Barrer's Aequitas 1580: "—— those which do not exercise
themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abominable and
filthy idlenes, are as we use to call them, Carpet-knights."
ep. 6. Of Merit and Domenit:

"That captaines in those days were not regarded,
"That only Carpet-knights were well rewarded."
The old copy reads—— unbatch'd rapier. S T E L V E N S.

It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in verb Hacke [to
hack, hew, &c.] that to batch the hilt of a sword, was a tech-
nical term. I suspec, we ought to read—with an batch'd ra-
pier; i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly encr-
aved and ornamented.

Our author, however, might have used unbatch'd in the sense
of unbatch'd; and therefore I would not disturb the reading of the
old copy. M A L O N E.

—— bob; nob,—] This alverb is corrupted from hop ne hap;
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. I will return again into the house, and defile some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark-naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.
Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he’s a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stick—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surety as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox o’nt, I’ll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague o’nt; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I’d have seen him damn’d ere I’d have challeng’d him. Let him let the matter slip, and I’ll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

—Why, man, it’s a very devil, &c.] Ben Jonson has imitated this scene in the Silent Woman. The behaviour of Sir John Daw, and Sir Amorous la Foole, is founded on that of Viola and Ague-check. Steevens.

—I have not seen such a virago.—] Virago cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of a woman with the provet of man. Johnson.

The old copy reads—virago. A virago always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman.

In Heywood’s Golden Age, 1611, Jupiter enters “like a nymph or virago,” and says: “I may pass for a bona-roba, a ronceval, a virago, or a good manly lass.” If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. Virago may however be a ludicrous term of Shakespeare’s coinage. Steevens.

—the stick—] The stick is a corrupt abbreviation of the sfucca, an Italian term in fencing. So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606: “Here’s a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly stick in his pen.” Again, in Marston’s Midsummer, 1604: “The close stick, O mortal, &c.” Again, in Antonio’s Revenge, 1602:

“I would pass on him with a mortal stick.” Steevens.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. [They draw.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

---by the duello---] i. e. by the laws of the duello, which, in Shakspere's time, were settled with the utmost nicety.

SHELVERS.

Sir
WHAT YOU WILL. 259

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[To Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Nay, if you be an undertaker,———] But why was an undertaker so offensive a character? I believe this is a touch upon the times, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of undertakers; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly is another question) that there had been any such undertaking. Parl. Hist. vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; when the house (according to the title of the speech) was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers. Bacon's Works, vol. II. p. 256. 4to edit. Tyrwhitt.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble;
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Left that it make me so unfold a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,
I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by?—
away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. —
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflew'd by the devil 3.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio, with Officers.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I 4.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage laws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glads; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him: imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and fall waves fresh in love!

[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leav-

3 —— o'erflew'd by the devil.] In the time of Shakespeare,
trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other ob-
scure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which
company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as
old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on
the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, &c.
and were elevated on feet. Shakespeare has the same expression in
Measure for Measure:

" —— your title to him
" Dowh flourish the deceit——" STEEVENS.

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

" Time doth transfuse the flourish set on youth."

The following lines in K. Richard II. as exhibited in England's
Parnassus, 1600, confirm Mr. Stevens's observation:

" The purest treasure mortal times afford
" Is spotless reputation:—that away,
" Men are but gilded trunks, or painted clay." MALONE.

4 —— so do not I.] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from
this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.
ing his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,—— [Exit Sir Andrew.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

---

**ACT IV. SCENE I.**

*The street.*

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

*Clo.* Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not matter Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither,—nothing, that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'lt not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber's the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy

---

*I am afraid this great lubber—* That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. *Johnson.*

*Strangeness,*
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.

6 I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, ] Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in Timon of Athens, and Hen. IV. Yet the Oxford editor alters it to Geck. WARBURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, c. i. v. 23.

"—to the Greeks foolishness? STEEVENS.

7 —get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of futility upon monopolies, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

Perhaps fourteen years' purchase was, in Shakespeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's Essay on Usury mentions sixteen years purchase. "I will not give more than according to fifteen years purchase, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven." TOLLIET.

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that Twelfth Night was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to the undertakers, it was the great subject of parliamentary debate, during the short session of that year. MALONE.
Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your danger o'er the house.

Cio. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold! Holding Sebastian.

Sir An. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cefario:—

Rudest, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent.
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

8 In this uncivil and unjust extent.

Extent is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for violence in general.

Johnson.
WHAT YOU WILL. 265

This Russian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He startled one poor heart of mine in thee. 1

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:——
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be
'ruled' by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An apartment in Olivia's house.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas 3 the cu-

9 This Russian hath botch'd up, ———

i.e. swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess.

WARBURTON.

I fancy it is only a coarse expression for made up, as a bad tailor
is called a botcher, and to botch is to make clumsily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in
Ant. and Cleopatra:

________ “if you'll patch a quarrel

“as matter whole you've not to make it with.”

Again, in K. Hen. V:

“Do botch and bungle up damnation.” STEEVENS.

1 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.]

I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between
heart and heart. The scene however is easy enough. He that off-
ends thee, attacks one of my hearts; or, as the ancients expressed it,
half my heart. JOHNSON.

2 What relish is in this?———

How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?

3 —— for Topas ——— The name of sir Topas is taken from

CHAUCER. STEEVENS.
rate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorbudoc, That, that is, is: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What. hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?

---I am not tall enough to become the function well;—This cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the description of a careful man. I should have no objection to read—pale. Tyrwhitt.

Tall enough, perhaps means not of sufficient height to overlook a pulpit. Steevens.

5—as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.] This refers to what went before: I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: it is plain then that Shakspere wrote:—as to say a graceful man, i.e. comely. To this the Oxford editor says, recte. Warburton.

A careful man I believe means a man who has such a regard for his character as to intitle him to ordination. Steevens.

6—very wittily said—That, that is, is:] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are ex præcognitii & præconcisis, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; with much trifling of the like kind. Warburton.

Clo.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Si To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'lt thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricades, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no dark-

7 —it hath bay-windows—] A bay-window is the same as a bow-window; a window in a recess, or bay. See A. Wood’s Life, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. The following instances may likewise support the supposition:

Cynthia’s Revels by B. Jonson, 1601:

——“retired myself into a bay-window, &c.”

Again, in Stow’s Chronicle of Henry IV:

“As Tho. Montague reft him at a bay-window, a gun was levell’d, &c.”

Again, in Middleton’s Women beware Women:

“’Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman

“To stand in a bay-window and see gallants.”

Chaucer, in the Assemble of Ladies, mentions bay-windows. Again, in K. Henry the Sixth’s Directions for building the Hall at King’s College, Cambridge: — “on every side thereof a baie-window.”

8 —the clear stones—] The old copy has—sores. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

rather think that the windows were covered with a sort of thick cloth called laces, as the scenar appears from what follows to be really dark.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

ness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question 9.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispoisest the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters 1.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he fees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deli-

9 constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. Johnson.

1 Nay, I am for all waters.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. Ward Burton.

I rather think this expression borrowed from portmien, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. Johnson.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, Tu hai mantilla da ogni acqua. Smith.

I think the meaning is—I can turn my hand to anything; I can affix any character I please.—Montaigne, speaking of Aristide, says, that "he hath on eare in every water, and meddles with all things." Florio's translation, 1603. Malone.
ver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in of- 
fence with my niecse; that I cannot pursuwe with any 
safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to 
my chamber. [Exit, with Maria.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdye.

Mal. Fool,——
Alas, why is this so?

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. She loves another——Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at 
my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and pa-
per; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful
to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

[Mal.

2 Hey Robin, jolly Robin,]
This song should certainly begin:
"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
"How does thy lady, do?
"My lady is unkind, perdye.
"Alas, why is she so?"

Farmer.

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of 
The Merchant of Venice, 4to. 1629 Sign. F. 2——
"there is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine, I can
best describe you this arch finger. by such common phrase as
we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly dif-
posed, wee say this, His head is full of jolly Robbins." Editor.

3 Your five wits? Thus the five senses were anciently
called. So, in K. Lear, Edgar says:
"Blefs thy five wits! Tom's a cold."
Again, in the old morality of Every Man: "And remember
beautye, five wits, strength, and dyscrecyon." Steevens.

That the five wits, were considered as distinct from the five
senses, appears from a line in one of our author's sonnets:
"But my five wits, nor my five senses can——"
The wits, Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed, were reckoned
five, in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem,
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR,

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, ass'ees, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my

entitled Graunde Amour, ch. 24. edit. 1554, it appears, that the five wits were—"common wit, imagination, fancy, estimation, and memory," Malone.

property'd me;—] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. Johnson.

Maintain no words with him,—] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeit, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—I will, sir, I will, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, sir Topas had whispered. Johnson.

I am shent, &c.] i.e. scolded, reproved. So in Ascham, Report and Discourse. "A wonderfull follie in a great man "himselue and some piece of miferie, in a whole commonwealth "where fooles chiefly and flatterers may speake freely what they "will, and wise men, and good men, shall commonly be shent "if they speake what they should." See also note on Hamlet.

A. 3. S. 2. Lady
lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll require it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil;
Like a mad lad,

—but tell me, are you not mad,—or do you but counterfeit?] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, are you mad, or do you but counterfeit? That is, you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it? This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt. JOHNSON.

—But tell me truly, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?] This is the reading of the old copy. We should read I apprehend: — are you mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit? or else — are you not mad indeed, and do you but counterfeit?

MALONE.

8 Like to the old vice,]

Vice was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a mask; it probably had its name from the old French word vis, for which they now use visage, though they still retain it in vis à vis, which is, literally, face to face. STEEVENS.

Pare
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Parc thy nails, sad.

Adieu, goodman devil.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and fee't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit."

9 Adieu, goodman, devil."

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakespeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line:

"Adieu, goodman drivell."

The name of Malvolio seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, Malivolo.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, sad."

In Hen. V. we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

In the old translation of the Menachmi, 1595, Menachmus says to Peniculus: "Away filthy mad drivell, away! I will talk no longer with thee." Steevens.

"Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range, &c."

i.e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word credit will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote:

""and there I found this credent,"

He uses the same term again in the very same sense in the Winter's Tale:

"Then 'tis very credent,"

"Thou may'st cojoin with something, and thou dost, &c."

Theobald.

"I found this credit," Credit, for account, information. The Oxford editor roundly alters it to current; as he does almost every word that Shakespeare uses in an anomalous signification.

Ward Burton.

Thas
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back; affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean
well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
While you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

---all instance, all discourse,]

Instance, for sense; discourse, for reason. Warburton.

Instance is example. Johnson.

3 To any other trust, ---]

To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

4 While—] Is until. This word is still so used in the northern
countries. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the
Accidence. Johnson.

Almost throughout the old copies of Shakespeare, whiles is given
us instead of while. Mr. Rowe, the first reformer of his
spelling, made the change. Steevens.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn 'truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens to shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'ft me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well; How doft thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?

5—truth,—] Truth is fidelity. JOHNSON.
6—brævæs fo fhius &c.1 Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and bisid the corpse upon which the rain falls." STEEVENS.
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke.

---conclusions to be as kisses---If your four negatives make your two affirmatives, ---] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's Luiz's Dom- minion, the Queen says to the Moor:

"Come, let's kiss."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, fayes, I; and twice away, fayes say."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his Astrophel and Stella. Farmer.

---bells of St. Benet.--- When in this play he mentioned the best of Ware, he recollected that the scene was in Albyria, and added, in England; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Benet. Johnson.

Shakespeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his True
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Cla. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizeable;
With which such sithful 9 grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of los,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,

True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla, 1594, has mentioned the razors of Paterno and St. Paul's fire-ele, and has introduced a Frenchman, named Don Pedro, who, in consideration of receiving forty crowns, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Choræbus to a bediamite; says, that old Priam girded on his sword Morglay; and makes Dido tell Aneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a cockney.

Saltem $qua mibi de te suscepera suisset
Ante fugam sóboles—
"—yeet soom progenye from me
"Had crawl'd, by the father'd, ye a cockney dandiprat hopthomb." Steevens.

9 —sithful—] i. e. Mitchellious, destructive. So, in Decker's If this be not a good Play; the Devil is in it, 1612:

"He mickle sithch has done me."

Again, in the Primer of Wakefield, 1599:

"That offereth sith unto the town of Wakefield."

Steevens.
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state, *
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

_Vio._ He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

_Duke._ Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

_Ant._ Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town:
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

---desperate of shame, and state,---
Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man.

_JOHNSON._

_T 3_.

_Vio._
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)
Both day and night did we keep company,

Enter Olivia, and Attendants,

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cefario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cefario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingratitude and unthankful altars
My soul the faithfulst offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd? What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be,
come him.

—we should read: —as fat and fullsome—

Fat means dull; so we say a fatheaded fellow; fat likewise means gross, and is sometimes used for obscene; and fat is more congruent to fullsome than fat.

Duke.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marbled breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I rear out of that cruel eye,
Where he fits crowned in his master’s spight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mif-
chief:
I’ll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven’s heart within a dove.    [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
    [Following.

3 Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love;—]
In this simile, a particular story is presuppos’d; which ought to
be known to shew the justness and propriety of the comparison.
It is taken from Herodorus’s Æthiopica, to which our author was
indebted for the allusion. This Egyptian thief was Thyamis,
who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of rob-
bers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thy-
amis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have mar-
rried her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down
upon Thyamis’s party, he was in such fears for his mistrels, that
he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary
with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, fu

to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for com-
panions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round
with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went
to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon
as he heard himself answer’d towards the cave’s mouth by a Gre-
cian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he
cought her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to
be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her
breast. Theodald.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than c'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[To Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

* A contract of eternal bond of love. I suspect the poet wrote:

... A contract and eternal bond of love. MALONE.

Since
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

_Duke._ O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath low'd a grizzle on thy *c* cafe?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet,

_Vio._ My lord, I do protest,—

_Oli._ O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast much fear.

_Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke._

_Sir And._ For the love of God, a surgeon; send
one presently to sir Toby.

_Oli._ What's the matter?

_Sir Oli._ H's broke my head acros, and has
given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love
of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound,
I was at home.

_Oli._ Who has done this, sir Andrew?

_Sir And._ The count's gentleman, one Cefario: we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-
dinate.

_Duke._ My gentleman, Cefario?

_Sir And._ Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by sir Toby.

_Vio._ Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;

---[cafe?] _Cafe_ is a word used contemptuously for skin. We yet
talk of a for cafe, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. _Johnson._

So, in Cary's _Present State of England, 1626_: "Queen Eli-
izabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of
brave ladies?—He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies
at home; the cafes are far better than the bodies."

This expression occurs again in _Antony and Cleopatra_:

"The _cafe_ of that huge spirit now is cold." _Malone._

---[faith]
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir. And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir. o. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didn't see Dick Surgeon, hot?

Cio. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight in the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a paffy-measure or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

*Then he's a rogue, and a paffy-measure pavin:*]

A paffy-measure pavin may perhaps mean a pavin danced out of time. Sir Toby might call the surgeon by this title, because he was drunk at a time when he should have been sober, and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight. Pavin however is the reading of the old copy, though the u in it being reversed, the modern editors have been contented to read——

*and a paffy-measure pavin.*

This dance called the pavin is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in the M. d. Lovers:

"I'll pipe him such a pavin."

And in Shakesp. Son. Scour of Abuse, containing a pleasant inversion against Poets, Persons, &c. 1579, it is enumerated, as follows, among other dances:

"Dumps, passions, galliards, measures, fancyes, or newe

"streetes." I do not, at last, see how the sense will completely

"graduate on the present occasion. Sir W. Davenant, in one of

"his interludes, mentions "a doleful pavin." In the C. d. d. C.,

"by Shirley, 1631: "Who then shall dance the pavin with Ortoio?"

Again, in 'Tis pay we's a Whore, by Ford, 1633: "I have seen

"an ais and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace."

Lastly, in Shadwell's Virtuoso, 1676: "A grave pavin or alman, at
WHAT YOU WILL.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir

at which the black Tarantula only moved; it danced to it with a kind of grave motion much like the benchers at the revels.

STEEVENS.

Bailey's Dictionary says, pavane is the lowest sort of instrumental music; and when this play was written, the pavain and the passamezzo might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet; and hence sir Toby may mean—he is a rogue and a mean low fellow. TOLLET.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy measure pavain
I hate a drunken rogue.]

B. Jonson also mentions the pavain, and calls it a Spanish dance, Albensit, p. 97. but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written pavane, as a corruption of paduana. A dance of that name (pallata paduana) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on Rabelais, b. v. c. 30.

Passy measures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified. TYRWHITT.

The pavain, from pavo a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was antiently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the Orcheographia of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavain has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe, are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the passamezzo little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a passamezzo galliard, which in the year 1617, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in Shakspeare's play of Hen. IV. was originally played to sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition, but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramatic representation of the history of Hen. IV. it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious. Passy-measure is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from passamezzo. Sir J. HAWKINS.

With the help of sir John Hawkins's explanation of passy-measure, I think I now see the meaning of this passage. The second folio reads—afer a passy measures pavain. So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

Then
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be
drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an as-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Oli, Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kin-
man;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;
7 A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb.

Then he's a rogue. After a paffy-measure or a pavan, I hate a
drunken rogue, i. e. next to a paffy measure or a pavan, &c. It is in
character, that sir Toby should express a strong dislike of serious
dances, such as the passamezzo and the pavan are described to be.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which indeed I
ought to have adopted in the edition preceding this:

STEEVENS.

7 A natural perspective———
A perspective seems to be taken for shews exhibited through a glass
with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant.
The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a
shew, where shadows seem realities; where that which is not
appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duode-
decimo book called Humane Industry, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It
is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or in-
dented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that
being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a
Spaniard, and from another, the head of an as."——"A pic-
ture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder
a mul-
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, clest in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Moft wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the bound waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Meffaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
a multitude of little faces—but if one did look on it through a perspective, there appeared only the single portraiture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing: This seems also to explain a passage in K. Hen. V. act V. sc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turn'd into a maid." Tollet.
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To Olivia,

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That fevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distraught.

Re-enter
Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy* of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the slave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: 'tis here
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—By the Lord madam,—

Oli. How now, art thou mad!

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madnefs: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.°

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'th' right wits.

Clo. So I do, madona; but to read his right wits',

* A most extracting frenzy—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me
away from every thing but its own object. Warburton.

Since I wrote my former note, I have met with a passage in
the Historie of Hamblet, bl. 1. 1608, Sig. C. 2. that seems to
support the reading of the old copy: "---to try if men of
great account be extract out of their wits." Malone.

°—you must allow vox.] I am by no means certain that I
understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of the Revival
pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the Clown begins
reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Oliver asks
him, if he is mad. No, madman, says he, I do but barely deliver
the sense of this madman's epistle; if you would have it read as it
ought to be, that is, with such a frantic accent and gesture as a mad-
man would read it, you must allow vox, i. e. you must furnish the
reader with a voice, or, in other words, read it yourself.

Steevens.

I rather think the meaning is——If you would have it read in
character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me
to assume a frantic tone. Malone.

—but to read his right wits,—] Perhaps so;—but to read
his wits right is to read thus. To represent his present state of mind,
is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman.

Johnson.
is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian.

Fub. [Reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. Your master quits you: and, for your service done him,

So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.

2 One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you.] The word on't, in this place, is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote: an't so please you. Revisal.

This is well conjectured; but on't may relate to the double character of sister and wife. Johnson.

3 So much against the mettle of your sex.] The old copy reads, I think rightly:

So much against the mettle of your sex.
i.e. so much against the natural disposition of your sex. So, in Macbeth: “thy undaunted mettle should compose

“Nothing but males.”

The reading which has been substituted affords, in my apprehension, no meaning. Mettle is here, as in many other places, used for spirit, or rather for timidity, or deficiency of spirit.
WHAT YOU WILL.

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come limiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That

Our author has taken the same licence in All's Well that ends Well:

"'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her——"

i.e. the want of title. Again, in King Richard III.

"The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life."
i.e. the remission of the forfeit. MALONE.

[Cross-gartered—yellow stockings—] In an entertainment called Cupid and Death, by Shirley, 1653, a Hoist enters in yellow stockings and cross-garter'd. STEEVENS.

[——lighter—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[——geck—] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vilion at the conclusion of Cymbeline:
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou waft mad; then cam'st in
smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd?
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiffs and the judge
Of thine own caufe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ:

"And to become the geck and scorn
"Of th' other's villainy."

Again, in Aue meric excellent and delectable Treatise intituled PHIL-
LOTUS, &c. 1603:
"Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,
"When he is gane give him ane geck,
"And take another be the neck."

Again:
"The carle that hecht sa weill to treat you,
"I think fell get ane geck." STEEVENS.

[here were presuppos'd]

Presuppos'd, for imposed. WARBURTON.
Presuppos'd rather seems to mean previously pointed out for thy
imitation; or such as it was supposed thou wouldst assume after
thou hadst read the letter. The supposition was previous to the act.

STEEVENS.

8 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him:—

Surely we should rather read—conceiv'd in him. TYRWHITT.

The
WHAT YOU WILL.

The letter, at sir Toby's great importance; in récompence whereof, he hath marry'd her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge; If that the injuries be justly weigh'd, That have on both fides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;—But do you remember, madam,—Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:—He hath not told us of the captain yet; When that is known, and golden time converts, A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet fifter, We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come; For so you shall be, while you are a man;

9 — at sir Toby's great importance;]

Importance is importunity, importunement. See vol. II. p. 244.

Steevens.

1 Alas, poor fool!] See notes on King Lear, act. V. Sc. 3.

Editor.

2 — how have they baffled thee?] See Mr. Tollet's note on a passage in the first scene of the first act of K. Rich. II: "I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here. Steevens.

3 — but do you remember, madam,—] As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—but do you remember?—Madam, why laugh you, &c. Tyrwhitt.

4 — convents,] Perhaps we should read—convents. To convent, however is to assemble; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour calls us again together. Steevens.

But,
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orfino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exit.

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate
With hey, ho, &c.  
Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, &c.
With tost-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

5 When that I was and a little tiny boy,]

Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst
knaves and thieves must evidently be, against knave and thief.—
When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little
regarded: but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates
against me, as a knave and a thief.

Sir Tho. Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, kids and
beads, to the singular number: and a little alteration is still
wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of Much ado about
Nothing, that the play had formerly passed under the name of Be-
nedict and Beatrice. It seems to have been the court-fashion to alter
the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour
to be acquainted, Mrs. Aisew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspere, which formerly belonged to king Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "Benedick and Beatrice, —Pyramus and Thisby,—Rosalind,—Mr. Parole, and Malvolio."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his Epitaphies, censures king Charles for reading "one whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his follitudes, William Shakspere." Farmer.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that John Lawine acted K. Henry VIII. and John Taylor the part of Hamlet. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as Ben Jonson or Shakspere, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspere, with his majesty's cypher on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection. Steevens.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague Cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The foliologue of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. Johnson.
WINTER's

TALE.

U4 Persons
Persons Represented.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes, { Sicilian Lords.
Dion,
Another Sicilian Lord.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Two other Ladies.
Mopfa,
Dorcas, { Shepherdes.

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.
ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now

* The Winter's Tale. * This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,

Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. Warburton.


The story of this play is taken from the Pleasant History of Doraustus and Faunia, written by Robert Greene. Johnson.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakespeare names

Leontes, is called ——— Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia ——— Pandrofo.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia ——— Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia ——— Doraustus.
Camillo ——— Franion.
Old Shepherd ——— Porrus.

Hermione ——— ——— Bellaria.
Perdita ——— ——— Faunia.
Mofia ——— ——— Mofia.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. Steevens.

None
now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

None of our author’s plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than the Winter’s Tale. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place——“that Shakespeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them”—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, sir Philip Sydney, who, in his Defence of Poetry, has pointed out the very improprieties which our author has fallen into, in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of Coriolanus, he adds: “But if it be so in Coriolanus, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia on the one side, and Africke of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traveries the is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another childe, and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in fenc, even fence may imagine.”

This play is incoerced at by B. Jonson, in the induction to Bartholomew Fair, 1614:——“If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a neast of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempets, and such like drolleries.”

By the neast of antiques, the twelve saryrs who were introduced at the sheep-shearers festival, are alluded to. MALONE.

The Winter’s Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakespeare, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

“——— for honour,
Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you

"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for;"

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princes his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born princes, and her likenesses to her father, says: "She has the very trick of his frown." There is one sentence indeed to applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inferred it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

"'Tis yours;
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
'So like you, 'tis the worse."

The Winter's Evening's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of Henry the Eighth. Walpole.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read Buthinia; but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that Dorotheus and Faunia might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.——Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princes Micomicona land at Olona.——Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was embassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "upon the sea?"——There is a similar mistake in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, relative to that city and Milan. Farmer.

——our entertainment &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good will shall justify us. Johnson.
sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligible of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

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

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

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; though they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast: and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeak-

3 —royally attorney'd,—] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. Johnson.

4 —as over a vast:—] Thus the folio 1623. The folio 1632:—over a vast sea. I have since found that Hamner attempted the same correction, though I believe the old reading to be the true one. Vastum is the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a vast, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. Vast, however, may be used for the sea, in Ptolemy's Prince of Tyre:

"Thou God of this great vast, rebuke the furges."

Steevens.

Shakespeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a woodcut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in Macbeth. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. Henley.
able comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a
gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came
into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of
him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks
the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went
on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to
see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

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

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to
live on crutches 'till he had one. [Excunt.

SCENE II.

A room of state.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo,
and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we shoud, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

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

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance;

5 — physicks the subject — ] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. Johnson.
So, in Macbeth: "The labour we delight in, physicks pain." Steevens.

Or
Oe breed upon our absence: That may blow
No spleaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

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

Pol. No longer stay.
Leo. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very soothe, to-morrow.
Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and in
that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'the
world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now;
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speake you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

*that may blow
No spleaping winds—*]

Dr. Warburton calls this nonsens: and Dr. Johnson tells us it is
a Gallicism. It happens however to be both sens and English. That, for Oh! That, is not uncommon. In an old translation of
the famous Alcoran of the Francifians: "St. Francis obferving
the holines of friar Juniper, faid to the priors, That I had a wood
of fuch Junipers!" And, in The Two Noble Kinfmen:

"That I poor man might efffoones come between!"
And fo in other places. This is the conftuction of the paffage
in Romeo and Juliet:

"That runaway's eyes may wink!"
Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.
You had drawn oaths from him, not to slay. You, sir, charge him too coldly: Tell him you are sure, All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction.
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong: But let him swear so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.— Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the geft.

We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia.

We should read:

I'll give you my commission,
The verb let, or hinder, which follows, shews the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to let or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

Mr. Theobald says: he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase, and therefore thinks it should be just: But the word geft is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of royal progress the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his gefts; from the old French word gifte, diversiorum.

In Strype's Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer, p. 283.—The archbishop intreats Cecil, "to let him have the new-resolved-upon gefts, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was."

Again, in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1599:
"Caftile, and lovely Elinor with him,
"Have in their gefts resolved for Oxford town."

Again, in Vittoria Coromdena, 1612:
"Do like the gefts in the progress,
"You know where you shall find me." Stevens.

Prefix'd
WINTER'S TALE.

Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Leontes;
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
    Pol. No, madam.
    Her. Nay, but you will?
    Pol. I may not, verily.
    Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
    Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,

1 —yet, good-deed, Leontes:—
i. c. you take good heed, Leontes; to what I say. Which phrase,
Mr. Theobald not understanding, he alters it to, good deed.

WARBURTON.

yet good-deed, Leontes,—
is the reading of the old copy, and signifies indeed, in very deed,
as Shakspeare in another place expresseth it. Good deed is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gageigne. STEEVENS.
The second folio reads—good heed, which, I believe, is right.

Tyrwhitt.

2 —a jar o'the clock.—] A jar is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the ticking of it. So, in K. Richard III:
    "My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar."

STEEVENS.

A jar perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 241. TOLLET.

Than
Than you to punish.

_Her._ Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings 3 then.

_Pol._ We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

_Her._ Was not my lord the verrier wag o'the two?
_Pol._ We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no. nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven
Boldly, _Not guilty_; the imposition clear'd 4,
Hereditary ours.

_Her._ By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

_Pol._ O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those un fledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

3 —lordings—] This diminutive of lord is often used by
Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his Canterbury Tales, the host
says to the company, v. 790, late edit.

"Lordinges (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste."

S_teve_n's.

4 —the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside original sin; bating the impostion from the of-
ence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our in-
ocence to heaven. W_arburton."
Her. 5 Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first finn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you flipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when 'twas
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with prause, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-
less,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
Withipur we heat an acre. But to the goal 6 ;—

5 Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, &c.]
Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and inno-
cence, temptations had grown to them; for that, in that interval,
the two queens were become women. To each part of this obser-
vation the queen answers in order. To that of temptations the re-
plies, Grace to boot! i.e. though temptations have grown up,
yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. Grace to boot,
was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part,
the replies, as for our tempting you, pray take heed you draw no
conclusion from thence, for that would be making your queen
and me devils, &c. [Warburgton.

The explanation is good; but I have no great faith in the ex-
istence of such a proverbial expression. Stevens.

6 Withipur we heat an acre. But to the goal;]
Thus this passage has been always printed; whence it appears,
that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined
My last good deed was, to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elderister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have’t; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four’d themselves to
death,
Frc I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didn’t thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn’d a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;

that, But to th’ goal, meant, but to come to the purpose; but the
sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

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With ipur we beat an acre, but to the goal.
i.e. good usâge will win us to any thing: but, with ill, we stop
short, even there where both our interest and our inclination
would other-wise have carried us. Warburton.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to
afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recom-
ended by Dr. Warburton. Steevens.

7 And clepe thyself my love;—]
The old edition reads—clap thyself. This reading may be ex-
plained: She open’d her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as
people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—to
clap up a bargain, i.e. make one with no other ceremony than the
junction of hands. So, in Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"——Speak, widow, is’t a match?
"Shall we clap it up?"

Again, in a Trick to catch the old One, 1616:

"Come, clap hands, a match."

Again, in K. Hen. V:

"——and to clap hands, and a bargain." Steevens.

X 2

But
WINTER's TALE.

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making praetis’d smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to figh, as ’tWere
The mort o’the deer 8; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I’fecks?

Why, that’s my bawcock 9. What, haft smutch’d thy nose?—
They say, it’s a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat 1; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call’d, neat.—Still virginalling 2

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

Upon

8 The mort o’the deer;——]
A Jeffer upon the horn at the death of the deer. Theobald.

So, in Greene’s Card of Fancy, 1608: “—He that bloweth
the mort before the death of the buck may very well mis of his
fees.” Again, in the oldest copy of Cherry Chase:

“The blew a mort uppone the bent.” Steevens.

9 Why, that’s my bawcock —] Perhaps from bawc and coq. It
is still laid in vulgar language that such a one is a jolly cock, a cock
of the game. The word has already occurred in Twelfth Night, and
is one of the titles by which Pithol speaks of K. Henry the Fifth.

Steevens.

1 We must be neat ;——]
Leontes, seeing his son’s nose smutch’d, cries, we must be neat; they
recollecting that neat is the ancient term for horned cattle,
he says, n’t neat, but cowary. Johnson.

So, in Drayton’s Poliphilus, song 3:

“His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of neat.”
Steevens.

2 —— Still virginalling] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the virginals.

Johnson.

A vir-
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots
    that I have;
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almoast as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false

As

A virginal, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet.
Queen Elizabeth's virginal book is yet in being, and many of the
lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert
players on the harpsichord.
“When we have husbands, we play upon them like virginal
jacks, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never
get any good strains of music out of one of us.”

Debecker's Untrussing the Humorous Poet.
Again, in Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:
“Where be these rascals that skip up and down
“Like virginal jacks?"

3 Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that I have.
Path is kis. Paz. Spanih, i. e. thou wani'd a mouth made rough
by a beard, to kiss with. Shoots are branches, i. e. horns. Leonotes
is alluding to the designs of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is,
however, call'd a mad path in Cheshire. Steevens.
A rough path seems to mean a rough hide or skin. Perhaps it
comes from the plural of the French word peau, or from a cor-
rupation of the Teutonic, pelox, a pelt. Tollet.

4 As o'er-dy'd blacks,——]
Sir T. Hamner understands blacks died too much, and therefore
rotten. Johnson.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged
fluffs, black. O'er dy'd blacks may mean those which have receiv-
ed a dye over their former colour.
There is a passage in The old Law of Maffenger, which might
lead us to offer another interpretation:
——“Blacks are often such dissembling mourners
“There is no credit given to't, it has lost
“All reputation by false sons and widows
“T would not hear of blacks.

It seems that blacks was the common term for mourning. So, in
A Mad World my Masters, 1608:

X3

“——— in
Winter's Tale.

As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn, 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: Sweet villain!
Most dear't! my collop—Can thy dam? may't be?
Affection! thy intention flabs the center.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'f with dreams,—How can this be?—
With what's unreal; thou coactive art,
And fellow'lt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'lt co-join with something; and thou dost;

"—in so many blacks
I'll have the church hung round——"
Black however will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. "Laetare victor melius colorem bibat."

No bourn—] Bourn is boundary. So, in Hamlet:

"—from whose bourn
No traveller returns—"
Steevens.

No traveller returns—] Steevens.

Blue-eye; an eye of the same colour with the welkin, or sky.

My collop!—] So, in the First Part of K. Henry VI:

"God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh." Steevens.

Affection! thy intention flabs the center.

Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority:

Imagination! thou dost flab to the center.

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not certain that I understand the reading which I have restored. Affection, however, I believe, signifies imagination. 'Tis, in the Merchant of Venice;

"—affections,

"Matters of passion, 'way it, &c."

i.e. imaginations govern our passions. Intention is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every tide, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes to deeply, or, in Shakespeare's language,—flabs him to the center. Steevens.

They do, make possible things not so held,

i.e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. Johnson.

—credent,] i.e. credible. See vol. ii. p. 140.

Steevens.
And that beyond commission; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How? my lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is’t with you, best brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov’d, my lord?
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy’s face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech’d,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Left it should bite its matter, and to prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam.

2 What cheer? how is’t with you, best brother?]
This line seems rather to belong to the preceding short speech of
Pol. than to Leon. Steevens.

3 Will you take eggs for money?]
This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees
himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or pre-
cise meaning, I cannot find. But I believe it means, will you be
a cuckold for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in an-
other bird’s nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is
said to be cucullus, cuckow’d, or cuckold. Johnson.

The meaning of this is, will you put up affronts? The French
have a proverbial saying, A qui voudrez vous coqulles? i.e. whom
do you design to affront? Mamilius’s answer plainly proves it.
Mam. No, my lord, I’ll fight. Smith.

I meet with Shakespeare’s phrase in a comedy, call’d A
Match at Midnight, 1633:—“I shall have eggs for my money; I
must hang myself.” Steevens.

X 4

Lecites
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will? why, a happy man be his dole!—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childhood, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.
Leo. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an
enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be
taken in that sense. "The French infantry skirmish bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the
first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for
their money." Relations of the most famous kingdoms and com-
monwealths thoroughout the world, 4to. 1630. p. 154. Editor,

May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man. JOHNSON.
The expression is proverbial. Dole was the term for the allow-
ance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So, in
Greene's 'Tu quoque,' 1599:
"Had the women puddings to their dole?" STEEVENS.
In Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with
a similar expression:
"Then happy may be his fortune!" MALONE.
The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops
of Canterbury is [still called the dole. See the History of Lambeth
Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICOLS;]

That is, be a part, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.
WINTER'S TALE.

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line;

[Aside, observing Hermione.

Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.

To her allowing Husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one?—

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold's ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she hath been flui'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
While other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

the neb—] This word is commonly pronounced and written nib. It signifies here the mouth. So in Anne the Queen of Hungary being one of the Tales in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566. "the amorous worms of love did bitterly gnave and teare his heart wyth the neds of their forked heads." STEEVENS.

—fork'd one—]
That is, a horned one; a cuckold. JOHNSON.

Have
WINTER's TALE.

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.—

What? Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest

man.—

[Exit Mamillius.

C.m. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you call'd out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made

His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering, round-

ing.

Sicilia

[8 — it still came home.

This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, the anchor would not take

bold. Steevens.

9 — made

His business more material.

i.e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he re-
presented that business be which summoned him away.

Steevens.

2 They're here with me already; —]

Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people ac-
cidentally present. Thirley.

2 — whispering, rounding.

To round in the ear is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The ex-
pression is very copiously explained by M. Caunaion, in his book
at Lin. Soc. Johnson.

The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writ-
ers. So in Leg. 16.7: “I help'd Herodotus to pen some

part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history; and

rounded Rabelais in the ear, when he historified Pantagruel.”

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy:

“Thorthwith revenge she rounded me in her ear. Steevens.

The word appears to have been sometimes written—rounding.

So, in one of the articles against cardinal Wolsey: “—come
daily to your grace, rounding in your ear and blowing upon your

grace with his perilous and infective breath.” Again, in Speed's

Hift.
WINTER's TALE.

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall guft it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

_Cam._ At the good queen's entreaty.

_Lec._ At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meffes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

_Cam._

_Hist._ of Great Britain, 1614, p. 906: "—-not so much as
moving among themselves, by which they might seem to com-
minate what was best to do." _Malone._

3 —_guft it_ ——_ i.e. talk it._ _Steevens._

"Dedecus ille dominus sicut ultimus." _Jur. Sat. 10._

_Malone._

—is _soaking,—_ Dr. Gray would read—in soaking; but
I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an absorbent nature,
will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning._ _Steevens._

4 ————_lower meffes._

I believe, _lower meffes_ is only ued as an expression to signify the
lowest degree about the court. See _Aug._ 1. _O. d. Cant._ i. _App._
p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl
of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the first meffe." At
every great man's table the visitants were ancietly, as at present,
placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with addi-
tional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great wait-
feller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser
provisions set before them. The former custom is mentioned
in the _Honest Whore_ by Decker, 1633: "Plague him; set him
beneath the foot, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had
his full cut." The latter was as much a subject of complaint in
the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as
the following instance may prove.

"Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with mofs and
"stones
"Partly to make a shew with,
"And partly to keep the _lower meff_ from eating._

_Woman Hater_, act I. _sc._ ii.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It ap-
pears from a passage in _The merry Jefi._ of a _Man called Howlerglas._

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

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

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

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Haft cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which feems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To hide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be contented
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn
And tak'ft it all for jest.

bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in public houses to
keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table' will you be at?
for at the lordes table thei give me no les than to shylinges, and
at the merchants tables xvi pence, and at my houshold servantes
gave me twelve pence." Inferiority of understanding is, on this
occasion, comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank.

STEVEVENS.

Concerning the different miffes in the great families of our anci-
ent nobility, see the Houblout Book of the 5th Earl of Northum-
berland, Evo. 1770. PERCY.

o — hoxes hony by behind;—

To box is to ass string. So, in Knolles' Hist. of the Turks:
"—alighted, and with his sword boxed his horse."

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punish
"boabare," or layers of horse, oxen, &c. STEVEVENS.

Hexing is a term still well known to the human brutes in Smith-
field-Market. NICHOLS.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play’d the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, ‘twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow’d infirmities, that honestly
Is never free of. But, ‘beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
’Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Canillo,
(But that’s past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold’s horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Refides not in that man, that does not think it)
My wife is slippery: if thou wilt, confess;
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought: Then say,
My wife’s a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to

Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance.

This is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequently
clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no
more than a thing necessary to be done. Johnson.

I think we ought to read—“the now performance,” which
gives us this very reasonable meaning:—At the execution whereof,
such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend
all further proceeding in it. REVISAL.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than pro-
duce a harsher word without an easier sense. Johnson.

Before
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

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

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning check to check? is meeting nooses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a figh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horling foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

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

Leo. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Proneounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver

\[\text{As deep as that, though true.}\]

\[i.e. \text{your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her. Warburton.}\]

\[\text{meeting nooses?}\]

Dr. Thirlby reads meeting nooses: that is, measuring nooses. Johnson.

\[\text{the pin and web.}\]

Disorders in the eye. See K.

Lear, act III. sc. iv. Steevens.

Infected
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glas.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thriffs,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lafting wink;—
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this: and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work.

Ma-

2 Why he, that wears her like her medal,] It should be remembered, that it was customary for gentlemen, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So in Honour in Perfection, or a treatise in commendation of Henri earle of Oxenforde, Henrie Earle of Southampton, &c. 4to. 1621 p. 18:—"he hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George in this manner till the time of Charles I. I suspect, the poet wrote:—like a medall — o, in K. Henry VIII.

3 a lafting wink ;] So, in the Tempest:

To the perpetual sound, for aye might put
This ancient morfel,— Steevens.

4 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, the peston:—

The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that detected the pri-
Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

But I cannot, &c.] In former copies:

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

i.e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, defirous to defend the queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that he has loved him, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by saying: Make that thy question, i.e. make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it. Question, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in Measure for Measure: "But in the loss of question;" i.e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in Hamlet: "questionable shape" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in As you like it: "an unquestionable spirit" is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with. See vol. II, p. 69. Steevens.
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee—

_Leo._ Make that thy question, and go rot!
Doft think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? fully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spatted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
_Could man so blench?_

_Cam._ I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

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

_Cam._ My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,


---

In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of
Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in
giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at
the end of the line:

_Make that thy question, and go rot!_—_I have lov'd thee._

_Tyrwhitt._

_Could man so blench?_

To blench is to start off, to shrink. So, in_Hamlet:_

"_if he but blench,_

_"I know my course."_—

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from propriety
of behaviour?_ Steevens._
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly; as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the prisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master: one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forfake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

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

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

A lip
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a fickleness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behave my know-
ledge,

9 How! dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?—[i.e. do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?

TYRWHITT.

* In whose success we are gentle;—]
I know not whether success here does not mean succession. JOHNSON.
Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to simple; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in The Infatiate Countess, 1631:

"And make thee gentle being born a beggar."
In whose success we are gentle, may mean in consequence of whose success in life, &c. STEEVENS.

Y 2 Thereof
Thereof to be inform'd; imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.
  Cam. I may not answer.
  Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
  Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it: or both yourself and me
Cry, loth, and so good-night.
  Pol. On, good Camillo.
  Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you. 2
  Pol. By whom, Camillo?
  Cam. By the king.
  Pol. For what?
  Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, 3—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

2 I am appointed Him to murder you.] i.e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.
3 To vice you to't, [———] i.e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the Vice, in
the old plays, was the tempter to evil. WARBURTON.
The vice is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold
things together. So the 'bailiff' speaking of Falstaff: "If he come
but within my vice, &c." A vice, however, in the age of Shakes-
peare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So,
Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!*
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be hum'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great't infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over.

By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake

In Holinsheld, p. 945: "— the rood of Borleie in Kent, called
the rood of grace, made with divertissement to move the eyes and
lips, &c." It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to
observe you." So, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of
Warwick, bl. 1. no date:

"Then said the emperor Ernis,
"Metinketh thou thyself a good yer."

My first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best. Steevens:*

— did betray the best.] Perhaps Judas. The word best is
spelt with a capital letter thus, Best, in the 1st Po. Henderson.

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven, &c.
The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good
sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the
deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd his contes in
any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

—Swear this thought over, &c. Theobald.

Swear his thought over
may however perhaps mean, overswear his present persuasion, that
is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous
as the stars. Johnson.

I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copy.

Swear his thought over,
may mean: "Though you should endeavour to swear away his
jealousy—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change
his present thoughts."—The vulgar still use a familiar expression:

"To swear a person down." —Malone.
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil’d upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, ’tis safer to
Avoid what’s grown, than question how ’tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn’d,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o’the city: For myself, I’ll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery loft. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter’d truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn’d by the king’s own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she’s rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person’s mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour’d by a man which ever

6 ———whose foundation
Is pil’d upon his faith,———]
This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

Steevens.

7 and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—“And thy
paces shall,” &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both
pursue the fame path.—The old reading however may mean—
wherever thou art, I will still be near thee. Malone.

Pro-
profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter, Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

8 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen;

But how could this expedition comfort the queen? on the contrary, it would increase her husband's suspicion. We should read;
—and comfort
The gracious queen's;

i.e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.
The Oxford editor has thought fit to paraphrase my correction, and so reads:

—Heaven comfort
The gracious queen;—Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just; but what shall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost.
—and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion; this passion is the theme or subject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, with the queen, for her comfort, to much of that theme or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May part of the king's present sentiments comfort the queen, but away with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out.

Johnson.

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend, comfort likewise the queen who is part of its theme, i.e. partly on whose account I go away; but may not the same comfort extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the king; i.e. may not my departure support him in them? His for its is common with Shakespear: and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not chuse to appear a friend to Leontes, in comforting his evils, i.e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it.

Steevens.

Comfort is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition, befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy—the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion.

We meet a similar phraseology in Twelfth Night: “Do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.”

Malone.
Winter's Tale.

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid. Cam. It is in mine authority, to command The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness To take the urgent hour: come, sir away. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamilius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me.
'Tis past enduring.
1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kifs me hard; and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 Lady.
2 Lady. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirrs amongst you? Come, sir,
now
I am for you again: Pray you, fit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never

9 A sad tale's best for winter:]
Hence, 'tis supposed, the title of the play. Tyrwhitt.
This supposition may be countenanced by a passage in our
author's 96th Sonnet:
"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any summer's story tell."—Steevens.
WINTER's TALE.

Saw I men scour so on their way; I ey'd them,
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accrues'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For

1 In my just censure? in my true opinion?—]
Confute, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this
instance) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his
commendatory verses prefixed to Galeigne's Steel Glass, 1576:
"Wherefore to write my confute of this book."
MALONE.

2 Alack, for lesser knowledge!—]
That is, O that my knowledge were else. JOHNSON.

3 Spider.] That Spiders were esteem'd venomous appears by
the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's
affair, "the Countesse wish'd me to get the strongst posion I
could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven... great Spiders
and Cantharides". HENDERSON.

4 —violent hefts:—] Hefts are heavings, what is heaved
up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' Translation of Lucan, 1614:
"But if a part of heav'n's huge sphere
"Thou chuse thy pond'rous heft to beare." STEEVENS.

5 He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; —]
Alluding to the superstition of the vulgar, concerning those who
were enchanted, and fastened to the spot by charms superior to
their own. WARBURTON.
For them to play at will:—How came the posteriors
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail’d than so,
On your command.
Leo. I know’t too well.—
Give me the boy; [To Hermione.] I am glad you did
not curse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she’s big with; for ’tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I’d say, he had not,
And, I’ll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe’er you lean to the nayward.

The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and
I am treated as a mere child’s baby, a thing pinched out of clouts,
a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. Dr. War-
burton’s supposed allusion to enchantments is quite beside the
purpose. Revival.
This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as
well. Johnson.
The same expression occurs in Elofso Libidinoso, a novel by
one John Hinde, 1606: “Sith then, Cleodora, thou art pinched,
and hast none to pity thy passions, dissemble thy affection, though
it cost thee thy life.” Again, in Greene’s Never to late, 1616:
“Had the queene of poetrie been pinched with so many passions,
&c.” These influences may serve to shew that pinched had anci-
ently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at pre-
tent. Spenser, in his Faery Queene, b. iii. c. 12. has equipped
grief with a pair of piners:
“A pair of piners in his hand he had,
“With which he pinched people to the heart.”
The sense proposed by the author of the Revival may, however,
be supported by the following passage in the City Match, by Jai-
per Maine, 1639:
“—Pinch’d napkins, captain, and laid
“Like fishes, fowls, or faces.” Steevens.
Leo.
LEC. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech), and
straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear 6
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

HER. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake 7.

LEC. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left Barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,

6 for calumny will fear
Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand it as infamous.
So, in All's Well that ends Well:
"My maiden's name fear'd
"Otherwise." Henley.
7— you, my lord;
Do but mistake.

Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the follow-
ing lines into the mouth of Castalia:
"—Should the bravest man
"That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
"What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:.
"My friend may be mistaken," Steevens.
She's
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy’s top—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There’s some ill planet reigns:

--- if I mistake

That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. Johnson.

Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote degree. Johnson.

--- Or shall we sparingly shew you far off

The dauphin’s meaning?” Malone.

I must
WINTER's TALE

I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard? [To the guards.

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[To her ladies.

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
treas
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

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

Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
'I the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

3 ——this action:—] The word action is here taken in the
lawyer's sense, for indictment, charge, or accusation. JOHNSON.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peace.
Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn 5 him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have

4 — I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; ——]
Stable-stand (stabilis statio, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a stable-stand. In all former editions this hath been printed stable, and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing stable short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspere never scruples to use; therefore I read, stable-stand. Hanmer.

There is no need of Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of the Repentance of Marie Magdalaine, 1567:
"Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a stable."

Steevens.

5 Than when I feel,] The old copy reads—Then when I feel, &c. I am aware, than was formerly spelt then; but here perhaps the latter word was intended. Malone.

6 ——land damn him:———]
Sir T. Hanmer interprets, stops his urine. Land or lant being the old world for urine.
Land-damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land. Johnson.

Land.
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;

Land damn him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean,  
be would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of stopping his urine. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. It must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word lant is true. I meet with the following instance in Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639:

"Your frequent drinking country ale with lant in't."

And, in Shakespeare's time, to drink a lady's health in urine appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many) may suffice: "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drank urine, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of professed gallantry for your sake?" Antigonus, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to damn anciently signified to condemn. So, in Promes and Caffandra, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life."

Again, in Julius Cesar, act IV. sc. i:

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him."

Steevens.

"That will be damn'd for it; would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him:] I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that the printer caught the word damn from the preceding line.—What the poet's word was, it is difficult to conjecture; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in Othello:

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

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

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

Again, ibid:

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

Again, in Kendall's Flowers of Epigrams, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotter'd claye,  
That here engrav'd doth lie——."

Malone.

7. The second and the third nine, and some five. This line appears obscure, because the word nine seems to refer to both "the second and the third." But it is sufficiently clear, referendo singulara fingulis. The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old.

The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in

King Lear:

"For that I am, some twelve or fourteen moonshines,  
Lag of a brother." Malone.

The second folio reads fowmes five. EDITOR.
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll gend them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
"And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel. [Striking his brows.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dunghy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;

And I had rather glib myself, &c.——]
For glib I think we should read lid, which, in the northern lan
guage, is the same with gold.

In the Court Beggar, by Mr. Richard Brome, act IV. the word
lid is used in this sense:—"He can sing a charm (he says) shall
make you feel no pain in your libbing, nor after it: no tooth-
drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with so little feeling to a
patient." Grey.

So, in the comedy of The Fancies, by Ford, 1638:
"What a terrible fight to a lib'd, breech is a low-gelder?"

Though lid may probably be the right word, yet glib is at this
time current in many countries, where they say—to glib a boar, to
lib a boar. So, in St. Patrick for Ireland, a play by Shirley,
1640:
"If I come back, let me be glib'd." Steevens.

Striking his brows.] This stage direction is not in the old copy.
I doubt its propriety. Leontes might feel a stoke upon his brows,
but could not see the instruments that feel, i. e. his brows.

Tollet.
Dr. Johnson's former edition reads—slinking his brow,
which I corrected into striking. Sir T. Hanmer gives—Laying
hold of his arm. Some stage direction seems necessary, but what
it should be, is not very easy to decide. Steevens.
WINTER’s TALE.

Be blam’d for’t how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this; but rather follow
Our forceful instigation: Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord’ring on’t, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try’d it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo’s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch’d conjecture,
That lack’d fight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, ’twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch’d in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo’s temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff’d sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy’d, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

1 nought for approbation,
But only seeing, —
Aprobation, in this place, is put for proof. Johnson.
2 stuff’d sufficiency; —
That is, of abilities more than enough. Johnson.
Winter's Tale

Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Left that the treachery of the two 3, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.  [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
[Exit Gentleman.

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

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,

3 Left that the treachery of the two, &c.—
He has before declared, that there is a plot against his life and
Crown, and that Hermione is sedecary with Polixenes and Camillo.

Joinson.
Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Keep.* So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray you now,
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Gent.

*Keep.* And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,

[Exit Keeper.

To make no stain a stain, as passés colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

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

*Paul.* A boy?

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

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king!4! behrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office

---

4 *These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!—* ]

I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted
in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of ex-
pression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune:* (i.e. he has got
the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave, "*Lune, folie.*
Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.* Richelet:" *Theobald.*

A similar expression occurs in the *Revenger's Tragedy,* 1608:
"I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him." *Lunes,* however,
were part of the accoutrements of a hawk. So, in Greene's *Ma-
milia:* "—yea, in seeking to unloose the lunes, the more she
was intangled." *Steevens.*

3
Becomes a woman blest; I'll tak't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister:
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

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

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to lend the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.
WINTER's TALE.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part o'the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank 5
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Attent. My lord?
Leo. How does the boy?
Attent. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharge'd.
Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down right languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—

* * * * * * out of the blank

And level of my brain, [———]}

Beyond the a.m of any attempt that I can make against him.
Blank and level are terms of archery. Johnson.
WINTER's TALE.

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
manded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do fight
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some goffips for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Z 4

Leo
Winter's Tale.

Leo. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now! you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Let's appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand — The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[laying down the child.

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most

6 And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

The worst means only the lowest. Were I the meanest of your
servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

Johnson.

7 A mankind witch!

A mankind woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a wo-
man violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense
in this passage. Witches are supposed to be mankind, to put off
the
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad, which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the baftard:

[To Antigonus.

Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyrd, unroofed
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baftard;

Tak't

the softness and delicacy of women; therefore sir Hugh, in the
Merry Wives of Windsor, says, of a woman suspected to be a witch,
"that he does not like when a woman has a beard." Of this mean-
ing Mr. Theobald has given examples. Johnson.

So, in the Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman,—"

"Why she is mankind, therefore thou may'st strike her."
Again, in Stephen's apology for Herodotus, p. 264: "He cured
a man-keene wolf which had hurt many in the city."

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me in Francess Justchurch:
He is speaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare flesh pyke or a
"poll ax,
"Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obest-
"fant,
"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be
"mankinde." Steevens.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective mankind, which may
perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon gram-
mar, p. 119. edit. 1705, observes: "Saxonice man est a mein
quod Cimbriect est noocumentum, Francicct est nefas, scelus." So that
mankind may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from
the Saxon man, mischief or wickedness, and from kind, nature.

TOLLET.

—thou art woman-tyrd, ; —
Woman-tyrd, is peck'd by a woman. The phrase is taken from
falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with
Shakespeare. So, in The Widow's Tears, by Chapman, 1612:

"He has given me a bone to tire on."

Again, in Decker's Match me in London, 1631:

"—the vulture tires
"Upon the eagle's heart."
WINTER's TALE.

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take't up the princess, by that forced baseness!
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose stinging is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:
"Mift with keen fing tire upon thy flesh."
Part it is the name of the hen in the old story book of Reynard the Fox. Steevens.

i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A crane is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. So, in the Mal-content, 1606: "There is an old crane in the court, her name is Marquerelle." Again, in Love's Missives, by T. Heywood, 1646:
"Witch and hag, crane and baldam."
Again, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611: "All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old crones with child." Again, in the ancient fable of the Repentance of Marie Magdalenae, 1507:
"I have knowne painters that have made old crones,
"To appear as pleasant as little pretty young Jones."

1 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take't up the princess, by that forced baseness.
Leontes had ordered Antigonus to take up the bastard; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. Forced is false, uttered with violence to truth. Johnson.
WINTER's TALE.

Leo. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes;
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul: It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger;
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; left the suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

4 And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not slay her tongue.

2—his smilies: These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's dimples and frowns. Steevens.
3 No yellow in't:—-]
Yellow is the colour of jealousy. Johnson.
So, Nym says in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "I will pose him with yellowness." Steevens.
4 And, lozel, ——
"A Lozel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne
"good and welfare, and so is become lewde and careless of cred-
"dit and honesty." Vespian's Institution, 1634, P. 335.

EDITOR.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenfer. I likewise meet with it in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:
"To have the lozel's company."

A lozel is a worthless fellow. Again, in The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:
"Peace, prating lozel, &c." Steevens.

8 In a woman this cannot be suspicion, she may have lost an unjust
resjoy of her husband being father to other children, by endowing
her lawful children, it will be once done in the lives. Let
Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

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

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire;
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast let on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly conflag'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant.
WINTER’s TALE.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in’t.

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

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. ‘Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv’d you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel!
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[To Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard’s life:—for ’tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard’s grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat’s life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I’ll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword 5,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in’t shall not only be

---Swear by this sword.] See a note on HAMLET, act. I. sc. v.
STEEVENS.
Death
Winter's Tale.

Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife; Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bawd hence; and that thou bear it To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it, Without more mercy, to its own protection, And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,— On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,— That thou commend it strangely to some place; Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe: Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens, To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say, Casting their savageness aside, have done Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed does require! and blessing, Against this cruelty, fight on thy side Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [Exit, with the child. Leo. No, I'll not rear Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts, From those you sent to the oracle, are come An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, Hafting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,

Commit to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

Johnson.
WINTER's TALE.

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a feccion, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A part of Sicily, near the sea side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!

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

WARBURTON.

Shakspere is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In the Hist. of Deroéilus and Faunia, the queen desires the king to send "fix of his nobles, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos, &c." STEEVENS.

How
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was 't the offering!

_Cleo._ But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

_Dion._ If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

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

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

### SCENE II.

_A Court of Justice._

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

_Leo._ This secession (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife: and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd

---

*The time is worth the use on't.*

_The time worth the use on't,* means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of spending it._ **Johnson.**
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness’ pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina and Ladies,
attending.

Leo. Read the Indictment.

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

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity

7 Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Mr. Roderick observes, that the word even is not to be underfoold
here as an adverb, but as an adjective, signifying equal or indifferent.

8—pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a
design formed; to pretend means to design, in the Two Gent. of Verona.

9—mine integrity, &c.] That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it
will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie.

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

"He says, thou told’st him that his wife was false."
Again:

"Thou art rash as fire
"To say that she was false." Malone.

Vol. IV. A a Being

i.e. that this fiction shall not be put an end to, whether it
appears during the proceeding either to tend to the
from the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.
354 WINTER's TALE.

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine behold our human actions; (as they do) I doubt not then, but innocence shall make false accusation blush, and tyranny tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know, (Who least will seem to do so) my past life hath been as continent, as chaste, as true; as I am now unhappy; which is more than history can pattern, though devis'd, and play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—a fellow of the royal bed, which owes a moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, the mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing, to pray and talk for life, and honour, 'fore who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it: as I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'tis a derivative from me to mine, and only that I stand for. I appeal to your own conscience, sir, before polixenes came to your court, how I was in your grace, how merited to be so: since he came, with what encounter so uncurrent I

Have

"—For life, I prize it, &c."
Life is to me now only grief; and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismiss it. [Johnson.
1 "I would spare:—] To spare any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it. [Johnson.
2 "'Tis a derivative from me to mine,]

This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from Ecclesiasticus, chap iii. ver. 4. cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children."

Steevens.

4 "—Since he came,
with what encounter so uncurrent I
How strain'd, to appear thus?—"

These lines I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus:
Since he came,
With what encounter so uncourteous have I
Been slain’d to appear thus.

At least I think it might be read:
With what encounter so uncourteous have I
Strain’d to appear thus? If one jot beyond.

The scene seems to this:—What sudden slip have I made, that
I should catch a wrench in my character?

“——a noble nature
“May catch a wrench.”—Tennyson.

An uncourteous encounter seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable
congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from tilting, in
which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in
Drayton’s Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex:
“Yet these encountering thwart me not awry.”

The scene would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love
have I caught this strain? Uncourteous is what will not pass, and is,
at present, only apply’d to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of——some strain in her character, and in Beaumont
and Fletcher’s A daring of the Country, the same expression occurs:
“———strain your loves
“With any base, or hir’d persuasions.”

To strain, I believe, means to go awry. So, in the 6th song of
Drayton’s Polyolbion:
“As wanting the strains in her lascivious course.”

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

To strain, I believe, here signifies to swerve. The word oc-
curs again nearly in the same scene in Romeo and Juliet:
“Nor ought so good but strain’d from that fair use,
“Revolts——”

A bed-swerver has already occurred in this play.—Malone.
WINTER’s TALE.

Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That’s true enough;
Though ’tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus’d) I do confess,
I lov’d him, as in honour he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such.
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
I spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish’d
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know

It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to
the present, use of words, less should be more, or wanted should
be had. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives.
It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatived did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation.
This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was
made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and
uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate con-
fusion. JOHNSON.

"I never heard, says Leontes, that any of these greater offen-
ders wanted (i. e. were deficient in) less impudence to deny
their crime than to commit it. You therefore, he means to
tell the queen, who have had sufficient impudence to do what
I charge, you with can be at no loss for impudence to deny
it.” REMARKS.
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams;
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death,

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you will fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loth; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
WINTER'S TALE.

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open-air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion; and Cleomenes.

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

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but fee

\[\text{Starr'd most unluckily}.\]
\[\text{i.e. born under an inauspicious planet. Steevens.}\]
\[\text{I have got strength of limit.}\]

I know not well how strength of limit can mean strength to pass the limits of the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, strength of limb.

And now, etc. JOHNSON.

\[\text{I have got strength of limit.}\]

From the following passage in the black letter history of Titana and Theseus (of which I have no earlier edition than that in 1636) it appears that limit was anciently used for limb:

"—thought it very strange that nature should endow so fair a face with so hard a heart, such comely limits with such perverse conditions." Steevens.
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!
Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal’d-up oracle, by the hand deliver’d
Of great Apollo’s priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar’d to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in’t.
Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leo. Break up the seals; and read.
Off. Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo
a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe
truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir,
if that, which is lost, be not found.
Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leo. Haft thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i’th oracle:
The feccion shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!
Leo. What is the business?
Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

1 The flatness of my misery; —

That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity, Johnson.
So, Milton, Par. Lost, b. ii:
"Thus repuls’d, our final hope
Is flat despair." Malone.

2 Hermione is chaste, &c.] This is taken almost literally from Lodge’s Novici:

"The Oracle.
"Suspicion is no proofe: jealousy is an unequal judge. Rel-"laria is chaste; Egidius blameless; Franion a true subject; Pan-
ollo treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye
without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." Malone.

A a 4 Of
WINTER'S TALE.

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice, — How now there?

[Hermione faints.]

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

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—

[Exeunt Paulina and ladies, with Hermione.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her.
Some remediess for life.—Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclaspe'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended.]

3 Of the queen's speed, ————
Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON.

4 ———and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,]

The old copy reads ———and to the hazard.—The defect in the metre thaws clearly that some word of two syllables was omitted by the transcriber or compiler. Certain was added by
No richer than his honour:—How he glisterst
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Loses my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; let my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

by the editor of the second folio; and is less likely to have been
the epithet applied to "hazard," than almost any that can be
named. Fairful appears to me to have a much better claim to a
place in the text.

Commended is here, as in a former scene, used for committed.

MALONE.

5 Through my dark rust!] The word dark is not in the original
copy, being like that just mentioned an arbitrary addition made
by the editor of the second folio, who did not perceive that
through was printed erroneously for thorough, a word as fre-
cently used in our author's time as the other. There is clearly
no need of any other amendment. Shakespeare seldom deals in
such common-place epithets as that which has been unneces-
sarily introduced in this line. MALONE.

6 Does my deeds make the blacker!]
This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the con-
feSSION of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to
our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and
the eruptions of minds oppresed with guilt. JOHNSON.
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant, and damnable ungrateful: nor was't much;
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour, to have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The calsling forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire.
Blemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,

7 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee, of a fool inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful.]
I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for fool read soul. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the king of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him idiot to his face. Theobald.

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

i.e. represent thee in thy true colours; a soul, an inconstant, &c.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading, by a mode of speech ancienly much used, means only, It shew'd the first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful. Johnson.

8 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour.] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself; while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgot this circumstance.

Malone.

9 —— though a devil
Woul'd have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
i.e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the dam'n'd, ere he would have committed such an action. Steevens.

When
WINTER's TALE.

When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and venge
gance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.
Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, not oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterness.
Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

[1 am sorry for't;]
This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehem
tent and ungovernable minds. Johnson.

Sir,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Léo. Thou dost speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon ²
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;

² Thou art perfect then.—[
Perfect is often used by Shakespeare for certain, well assured, or well informed. Johnson.
It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. Steevens.

Look
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

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

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

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

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits of the
dead
May walk again: if such things be, thy mother
Appeard to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So full'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,—
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pray thee, call't: for this ungentle busines,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrikes,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.
There lie; and there thy character: there these;
[Leaving a bundle.
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?
Well may I get aboard;—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and
three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the
rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these
boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt
this weather? They have fear'd away two of my best
sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than
the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-

3 —thy character; —] i. e. the writing afterwards discovered
with Perdita:—"the letters of Antigonus found with it, which
they knew to be his character." Steevens.

4 —A savage clamour? —]
This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing
the bear, he cries, this is the chase, or, the animal pursued.

Johnson.
WINTER's TALE. 367

Ade, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some fair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

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

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yeft and fr th, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the

5 — a barne! a very pretty barne! ——— i. e. child.

So, in R. Broome's Northern Logi, 1633:

"Peace wayward barne; O ceate thy moan,
"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. *Steevens.*

ship:—
ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon’d it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar’d, and the sea mock’d them;—and how the poor gentleman roar’d, and the bear mock’d him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink’d since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din’d on the gentleman; he’s at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help’d the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help’d her; there your charity would have lack’d footing. [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met’st with things dying, I with things new born. Here’s a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire’s child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open’t. So, let’s see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling—:

9 Clo. You’re a made old man; if the sins of your youth

6 Shep. Would I had been by, to have help’d the old man.] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, nobleman. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus’s age; besides, the Clown had just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman, and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the gentlewoman. Theobald.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspere, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an old man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. Steevens.

7 —a bearing-cloth—] A bearing-cloth is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. Percy.


9 You’re a made old man;—] In former copies:—You’re a mad
youth are forgiven you, you’re well to live. Gold! all gold!

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

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I’ll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he has eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I’ll bury it.

Shep. That’s a good deed: If thou may’st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the fight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i’the ground.

Shep. ’Tis a lucky day, boy; and we’ll do good deeds on’t. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,

mad old man; if the sons of your youth are forgiven you, you’re well to live. Gold! all gold!—This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a mad old man. I have ventured to correct in the text—You’re a made old man: i. e. your fortune’s made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. Theobald.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: “The good man deified his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were made for ever.” See vol. I. p. 64. Farmer.

Vol. IV. B b Of
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error.
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

--- that make, and unfold error, ---
This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not make mistakes, and discover them, at different conjunctions; but the poet means, that Time often for a season covers errors, which he afterwards displays and brings to light. I think therefore to read:

--- that make and unfold error, ---

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. Departed time renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of crimes.

Time to come brings discoveries with it. Steevens.

--- that I slide

O'er sixteen years, ---

This treipafe, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear void to those who have read the once famous Lilly's Endymion, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his Man in the Moon. The author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprise the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspere committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his Primo and Caffandrea, 1579, (on the plan of which Measure for Measure is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspere has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preseats on every common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indifferent, and out of order. He fitts his worke on impossibilities: than in three hours romes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdome, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell, &c."
WINTER's TALE.

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power.
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make tale
The glistering of this present, as my tale

quotation will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

Of that wide gap;

The growth of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:

—-and leave the gulf untried,
i.e. unwaded through. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a gulf; as swift passage,—slide over—untried—wide gap.

WARDURTON.

This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is consistent enough with our author's manner, who attends more to his ideas than to his words. The growth of the wide gap, is somewhat irregular; but he means, the growth, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years untold and unexamined. Untried is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

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

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

So, in Pericles, 1609:

"Now to Marina bend your mind,
"Whom our fast-growing scene must find." MALONE.

The reasoning of Time is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita on her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

Bb 2. Now
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glafs; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies: so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; Imagine me
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o’the king’s, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed to pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond’ring: What of her enues,
I lift not prophecy; but let Time’s news
Be known, when ’tis brought forth:—a shepherd’s
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
I never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.
The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more impor-tunate: ’tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

5—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia:—

Time is evey where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate:

6—Is the argument of time:—

Argument is the same with subject. See vol. III. p. 85. 'Johnson.

Cam.
WINTER’s TALE.

Cum. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o’erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me busineses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider’d, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-\[ing friendships.\] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pray thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call’st

7 It is fifteen years,—] We should read—sixteen. Time has just said:

O’er sixteen years

Again, act V. sc. iii: "Which lets go by some sixteen years"
Again, ibid. "—Which sixteen winters cannot blow away."

STEEVENS.

8—And my profit therein, the heap-ing friendships.—This is nonsensical. We should read,—reaping friendships. The king had said his study should be to reward his friend’s deserts; and then concludes, that his profit in this study should be reaping the fruits of his friend’s attachment to him; which refers to what he had before said of the necessity of Camillo’s stay, or otherwise he could not reap the fruit of those busineses, which Camillo had cut out.

WARDINGTON.

I see not that the present reading is nonsensical: the sense of heap-ing friendships, though like many other of our author’s, unnatural, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heap-ing friendships. That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recom-\[ pense, from whob I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us. JOHNSON.

Bb 3 him,
him, and reconciled king, my brother: whose loss of
his most precious queen, and children, are even now to
be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw’st thou the
prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy,
their issue not being gracious; than they are in losing
them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince:
What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown:
but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much re-
tired from court; and is less frequent to his princely
exercites, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider’d so much, Camillo; and with
some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service,
which look upon his removedness: from whom I have
this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of
a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from
very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his
neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath
a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is ex-
tended more, than can be thought to begin from such
a cottage.

Pol. That’s likewise part of my intelligence.
But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.
Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will,
not appearing what we are, have some question with
the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not

9 —— but I have, missingly, noted ——]

Missing noted means, I have observed him at intervals, not
constantly or regularly, but occasionally. Steevens.

1 —— But, I fear the angle — — Mr. Theobald reads, and
I fear the angle. Johnson.

Angle in this place means a fishing-rod, which he represents as
drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in K. Hen. IV, P. i;

“—— he did win

“The hearts of all that he did angle for.”
Again, in As’s Well that Ends Well:

“She knew her distance, and did angle for me.”

Steevens: unceafy
uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cant. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Country.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

2 Autolycus—] Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

"Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus." Martial.

3 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has "the winter's pale," and the meaning is, the red, the spring blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The English pale, the Irish pale, were frequent expressions in Shakespeare's time; and the words red and pale were chosen for the sake of the antithesis. Farmer.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it. In K. Hen. V., our author says:

"— the English breach

"Pales in the flood, &c."

Again, in another of his plays:

"Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls sir Richard Afton, "Lieutenant of the English pale, for the earle of Summerset." Again, in K. Hen. VI., Part I:

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

Bb 4 The
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tira-lirra chaunts,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts;
While we lie tumbling in the bay.

I have

Sir T. Hamner, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—pugging tooth. It is certain that pugging is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsys. Johnson.

The word pugging is used by Greene in one of his pieces, and pugging by Beaumont and Fletcher in the Spanish Curate. And a puggard was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the Roaring Girl, 1611:

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

See Pugging in Minshew. Steevens.

The lark, that tira lirra chaunts.

La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire
Tire lire a livr et tire-lirant tire
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
Viv et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu,

Du Bartas.

Ecce suum tiriti tirile: suum tiriti tractat.

Linnæi Fauna Suecica.

Aunt appears to have been at this time a cant for a basvd. In Middleton's comedy, called, A Trick to catch the Old one, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense:—

"It was better befell'd upon his uncle than one of his aunts, I need not say basvd, for every one knows what aunt stands for in the last translation." Again, in Raw-alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"I never knew" "What flecking, glazing, or what pressing meant,
"Till you preffer'd me to your aunt the lady:
"I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
"No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
"To help a lady's breath, until your aunt:"
"I earn'd me the common trick."

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

Shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sov-sekn budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the flocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me, Autolycus; who, being,

Again, in Decker'sINE. Whore, 1635: “I'll call you one of my aunts, sirter, that were as good as to call you arrant whore.”

---wore three-pile; ---] i.e. rich velvet. So, in Rom-

ally or Mrry Tricke, 1611:

“and line them

“With black, crimmon, and tawny three-pil'd velvet.” See vol. II. p. 520. STEEVENS.

My traffick is sheets; ---] i.e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are fold unbound. From the word sheets the poet takes occasion to quibble.

“Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,

“'To catch sheets from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Three Ladies of London, 1584.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars Bush:

“To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheet.”

STEUVENS.

My father nam'd me, Autolycus, &c.] Mr. Theobald says, the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his discourse on judicial astrology, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to com-
WINTER's TALE.

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

5 The lark, that tirra-livra chaunts,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,†
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have

* ——pugging tooth——]
Sir T. Hamer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—proging tooth. It is certain that pugging is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypies. Johnson.
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See Prigging in Minheaw. Steevens.

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La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire
Tire lire a livr et tire-livrant tire
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis fon vol vers ce lieu
Vil et desirer dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

Du Bartus.

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"Till you prefer'd me to your aunt the lady;
"I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
"No mercury, water, fuscus, or perfumes
"To help a lady's breath, until your aunt
"I earn'd me the common trick,"

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

    Shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
    The pale moon shines by night;
    And when I wander here and there,
    I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
    And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
    And in the flocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me, Autolycus; who, being,

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "I'll call you one of my aunts, sifter; that were as good as to call you arrant where." Steevens.

——wore three-pile; ——] i.e. rich velvet. So, in Rambler or Merry Tricks, 1611:

    "——and line them
    "With black, crimmon, and tawny three-pil'd velvet." See vol. II. p. 520. Steevens.

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    "To catch sheets from hedges most pleafant to see."

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Steevens.

——My father nam'd me, Autolycus, &c.] Mr. Theobald says, the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his discourse on judicial astrology, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to com-
being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: 3 Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred thorn,—What comes the wool to?

Ant.

municate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. Warburton.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakespeare. I have seen it, but it had no date. Steevens.

1 With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison:—] i.e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. Percy.

2 my revenue is the silly cheat:—] Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakespeare's humour, alters it to,—the fly cheat. Warburton.

The silly cheat is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney catching or thievry, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means picking pockets. Steevens.

3 Gallows, and knock, &c.] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, with-hold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. Johnson.

4 Every 'leven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling:] This passage appears to me unintelligible from a variety of mistakes. In the first place, no reason, I believe, can be assigned for the clown's choosing so singular a number as eleven to form his calculation upon, in estimating the value of fifteen hundred flessees. It is much more probable that, like Justice
WINTER's TALE.

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.

Clm. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—What will this fillet of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearmen: three-man song-mens all 6, and very good ones; but they are most of them means 7, and basies: but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies 8; mace—dates—none; that's out

Justice Shallow, he should have counted his wethers by the score.

In the first folio, the only authentick ancient copy of this play, there is no appearance of elision, the word being printed thus, with a capital letter:—Every Leaven weather, &c. I suppose that Shakspere wrote: "Every—living wether, &c." the only profit that arises from sheep while they are living, being their fleeces.

The other error seems to have arisen from our author's not having made the proper calculation. In his "fallad days" (his father being a dealer in wool) he was perhaps not unacquainted with this subject; but having at a subsequent period discharged such matters from his mind, he probably left blanks in his MS. intending to fill them up, when he should have gained the necessary information; and afterwards forgot them. The whole passage therefore should, I think, be printed thus: "Every—living wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred thorn, &c." Malone.

5—tods:—] A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. Percy.


So, in Heywood's K Edward IV. 1626: "—call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a three-man song." Before the comedy of the Gentle Craft, or the Shoemakers' Holiday, 1600, some of these three-man songs are printed. Steevens.

7—means, and basies:—] Means are tenors. See vol. ii. p. 516. Steevens.

8—warden-pies:—] Warden is a species of large pears. I believe the name is diffused at present; it however afforded ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed:

"A deputy tart, a church-warden pie,"

It x I cannot do't without counters. This was an old method of roasting described by Record in his old book of

Artmethoc it was on the principle of the Chinese

Silver pan. It

That was Lay in a species of pear I shall know. Let Shakespeare

must have eaten too many of them at Amber to introduce them at a sheep shearing, at the December almanack warden

It. he might mean that being their reason of feeling...
out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger;—but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun.

Ant. Oh, that ever I was born!

Clo. I'the name of me.——

Ant. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou haft need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these of.

Ant. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Ant. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Ant. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand. [Helping him up.

Ant. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Clo. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

It appears from a passage in Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

"I would have had him roasted like a warden,
In brown paper."

The French call this pear the poire de garde. Steevens.

Barret, in his Alcearie, voce Warden Tree, Volensus, says, Velum autem Pyram sint praerandia, ita dieta quod impleant volam.

EDITOR.

9 I'the name of me——] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So, sir Andrew Ague-cheek;—"Before me, she's a good wench." Steevens.
WINTER's TALE.

Clo. How now? canst stand?
Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.
Clo. Doft lack any money? I have a little money for thee.
Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsmen not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.
Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?
Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames': I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.
Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but 2 abide.

2—with trol-my-dames:—] Trou-madame, French. The game of nine-holes. Warburton.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on Buckstone bates, he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, into the which to troule puttings, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion, the paitlemy Troule in madame is termed."

FARMER.

The old English title of this game was pigeon-holes; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. So, in the Antipodes, 1638:

"Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got
Six tokens towards that at pigeon-holes."

Again, in A Woman never was'd, 1632:
"What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards, pigeon-holes."

Drayton, however, in the 14th song of his Polyolbion, mentions it by its present title:
"At nine-holes on the heath while they together play."

2—abide,] To abide, here, must signify, to sojourn, to live for a time without a settled habitation. Johnson.

Aut.
Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-serve, a bailiff; then he compafs'd a motion of the prodigal son; and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Out upon him! Prig! for my life, prig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

How do you now?

Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinman's.

Shall I bring thee on thy way?

No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Then fare thee well; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Proper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!}

---motion of the prodigal son.---] i. e. the puppet shows then called motions. A term frequently occurring in our author. Warburton.

Prig! for my life, Prig!] In the canting language Prig is a thief or pick-pocket and therefore in the Beggars Bush, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Prig is the name of a knavish Beggar. Whalley.

Let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!] Begging gypies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and com.
WINTER'S TALE.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherd's; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-hearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per, Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me.
Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high self,

companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

Jog on, jog on, &c.] These lines are part of a catch printed in "an Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of "witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches, 1661," 4to, p. 69.

EDITOR.

And merrily bent the stile-a:]
To bent the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on Measure for Measure, act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to bend. It is to bent, and comes from the Saxon pentan. So, in the old romance of Guy Earle of Warwick, bl. 1.

no date:
"So by the armes bent good Guy."

Again:
"And some by the brydle him bent."

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. iii. c. 7:
"Great labour fondly haft thou bent in hand."

—your extrem,

That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praises. JOHNSON.

The
The gracious mark o’the land, you have obscur’d
With a swain’s wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddef’s-like prank’d up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired: sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glafs.

Flo.

8 The gracious mark o’the land,——]
object of all men’s notice and expectation. Johnson.
9 —prank’d up;——]
To prank is to drefs with orientation. So, in Coriolanus:
“For they do prank them in authority.”
Again, in Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1508:

1 —sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glafs.]
i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd,
you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a
glafs, you shew the how much below yourself you must descend
before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine,
and expresseth all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty, of the
character. But the Oxford editor alters it to:

—sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glafs.

What he means I don’t know. But Perdita was not so much
given to swooning, as appears by her behaviour at the king’s
threats, when the intrigue was discovered. Warburton.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to sir T. Hanmer’s emendation,
which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know
not what to decide. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a trans-
position, which I would explain thus:

—But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom (sworn I think)
To see you so attired, I should blush
To shew myself a glafs.

i. e.—But that our rustick feasts are in every part accompanied
with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized,
(custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe)
I should blush to present myself before a glafs, which would shew
me
Flo. I blest the time,
When my good falcon made her flight
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now love afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh! the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble;
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves;
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble
state, or so much better habited than even that of my prince.

Steevens.

2 [His work, so noble, &c.]
It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The
authorship of Shakepeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which
rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety
into the mouth of a country maid. 'Hinking of his own works,
his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no
hint at an editor. Johnson.

This allusion occurs more than once in Romeo and Juliet:
"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover."

Again:
"That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story."

Steevens.

3 —[The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities, &c.]
This is taken almost literally from the novel: "And yet, Do-
raustus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have
sometime earthily thought; Neptune became a ram; Jupiter, a
bull; Apollo, a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love—thou a
man, appointed to love." Green's Dorastus and Fannia, t 592.

Malone.

Vol. IV. Cc A ram,
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lufts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With thefe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as thefe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

4 Nor in a way] i.e. Nor any way. Remarks.
5 O but, dear sir,] Dear is an arbitrary and unnecessary interpo-
polation, made by the editor of the second folio. Perdita in the
former Part of this scene addresses Florizel in the fame manner
as here: “Sir, my gracious lord, &c.” We have only to re-
gulate the lines thus, to complete the metre:

———O but, Sir, your

Resolution cannot hold, when 'tis, &c.
t 'in in resolution, perfection, and many similar words, is used by
our author as a diffyllable. So, in the preceding speech, trans-
formation. For the separation of the pronominal adjective from
the noun, precedents may likewise be found in these plays.

Malone.
Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants; with Polixenes, and Camillo disguis'd.

Flo. See, your guests approach; Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all; Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here, At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle; On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it, She would to each one sip: You are retir'd, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing; As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To Pol. and Cam. It is my father's will, I should take on me The hostesship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir! Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs, * For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep

Seeming,

* For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both.]
Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents.
* "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. There's rue for you; we may call it herb of grace." The qualities of retaining seeming and favour appear to be the reason why these

Cf. x
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

**Pol.** Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

**Per.** Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak’d gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

**Pol.** Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

**Per.** For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

**Pol.** Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest flock;
And make conceive a bark of safer kind

Plants were considered as emblematical of grace and remembrance. The roses distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the enigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by Lady M. W. Montagu. **Henley.**

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**Rue** was called herb of grace. **Rosemary** was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. **Johnson.**

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is preferred for that purpose in the books of ancient physic. **Stevens.**

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**8 There is an art, &c.]** This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. **Stevens.**
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature: change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble 't in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

9—in gilly-flowers,] There is some further conceit relative
to gilly-flowers than has yet been discovered. In a Woman never
wed, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with
freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after
she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You
have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she) but no
gilly-flowers." Meaning perhaps that she would not be treated
like a gill-flirt, i.e., wanton, a word often met with in the old
plays, but written flirt-gill in Romeo and Juliet. I suppose gill-
flirt to be derived, or rather corrupted, from gilliflower or carna-
tion, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the
gardener's phrase, to run from its colours, and change as often as
a wanton woman.

Prior, in his Solomon, has taken notice of the same variability
in this species of flowers:

"—the fond carnation loves to shoot
Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's Herbal, 1578, some sorts of gilli-flowers are called small
bouffies, cuckoo gillyfers, &c. And in A. Ws. Commendation of
Gascoigne and his Poësies, is the following remark on this species of
flower:

"Some think that gilli-flowers do yield a gelous fluid."


[ —dibble— ] An instrument used by gardeners to make
holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in
Mynheer, Steevens.
I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Out, alas!
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o’ the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim;

But

2 O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon!—]

So, Ovid:

"ut summum nesum laxavit ab ora,
"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis." Steevens.

3 violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,
I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the
goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image; but
perhaps he uses sweet in the general sense, for delightful.

Johnston.
It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extra-
ordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of
the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where
he is said to have kissed her fairest eyes. So, in Albamazur, Trin-
culo says:

"—O Armellina,
"Come let me kiss thy brows like my own daughter."

Again, in Chaucer’s Troilus and Cressida, v. 1358:
"This Troilus full oft her eyes two
"Gan for to kiss, &c."

Again, in an ancient MS. play of Timon of Athens, in the po-
fession of Mr. Strutt the engraver:
"O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
"But let me kiss thineeyes, my sweete delight." p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

Steevens.
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To shrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;

Again, in Marston's Inustitute Counterfe, 1613:

"That eye was Juno's,
Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,
That virgin blush Diana's."

Again, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspere and Fletcher, 1634:

"what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's,"

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the
eye-lid:

"Upon her eye-lids many graces fate,
Under the shadow of her even brows."

Faery-Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 85.

Again, in his 40th Sonnet:

"When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces as in shade they lit." MALONE.

bold oxlips, —]

Gold is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have
hold. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that the old reading is the true one. The
oxlip has not a weak flexible stalk like the cowslip, but erects itself
boldly in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his Hist. of Northumber-
land, says, that the great oxtip grows a foot and a half high. It
should be confessed, however, that the colour of the oxtip is taken
notice of by other writers. So, in the Arraignment of Paris,
1584:

"yellow oxtips bright as burnish'd gold."

Again in an ancient ballad called a Posie of rare Flowers:

"The musk rote sweet and dainty
With other flowers plenty"

"Oxtips and Peony." See vol. III. p. 51. STEEVENS.
Not like a corpse: or if,—not to be buried.
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals; sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Fla. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; to give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function: 6 Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth 7,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,

5 not to be buried.
But quick, and in my arms.]
So, Marlowe's Infaatate Countess, 1603:
"Ifab. Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I se.
"Rob. In the iwan's down, and tomb thee in my arms."
There is no earlier edition of the Winter's Tale than that in 1623.

MALONE.

6 Each your doing.]
That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

7 but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it.]
So, Marlowe, in his Hero and Leander:
"Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
"With damask eyes the ruby blood doth perp."
This poem was certainly published before 1600, being frequently quoted in a collection of verses entitled England's Parnassus, printed in that year. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the two first Sesiads, and about 100 lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. Of the Winter's Tale there is no earlier edition than that of the folio 1623. MALONE.
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-fward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

---

8 I think, you have
At little skill to fear.

To have skill to do a thing was a phrase then in use equivalent to
our to have a reason to do a thing. The Oxford editor, ignorant of
this, alters it to:

As little skill in fear.

which has no kind of sense in this place. WARBURTON.

9 Per. I'll swear for 'em.

I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong person. And that the
king begins his speech aside:

Pol. I'll swear for 'em,

This is the prettiest, &c. JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus:

I'll swear for one,

i.e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is abso-
lutely necessary. This seemed the easiest, and the reply will
then be perfectly becoming her character. REMARKS.

1 He tells her something,
That makes her blood look on't:

Thus all the old editions. The meaning must be this. The
prince tells her something that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and
makes her blush. She, but a little before, uses a like expression to
describe the prince's sincerity:

---your youth

And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd. THEOBALD.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopfa must be your mistrees: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiffing with.—
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners,—
Come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesse.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it:
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He sayes, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,

2 We stand, &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour. [Johnson.

3 They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself].

The old copy reads—"and boasts."—I suppose our author wrote
They call him Doricles; 'a boasts himself, &c.

4 a worthy feeding

Certainly breeding. Warburton.
I conceive feeding to be a pasture, and a worthy feeding to be a tract
of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. [Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's Moou-calf:
"Finding the feeding for which he had toil'd"
"To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd."
Again, in the sixth song of the Polyolbion:
"So much that do rely"
"Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility." [Steevens.

5 He looks like sooth:—] Sooth is truth. Obsolete. So, in
Lylly's Woman in the Moon, 1597:
"Thou dost dissemble, but I mean good sooth.] [Steevens.

I think,
WINTER’s TALE.

I think, there is not half a kifs to chufe,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings
several tunes faster than you’ll tell money; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men’s ears grew
to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dole-
ful matter, merrily set down 6, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
izes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without
bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens
of dil-do’s 7 and fadings 8: jump her and thump her;

6 — doleful matter merrily set down; — ] This seems to be another
stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston’s Cambises, “A lamenta-
bile Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, &c.” Steevens.

7 of dil-do’s ] “With a hee dil-do dill is the burthen of the Batchelor’s Feast,” an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the Tune of it.

S teevens.

8 — fadings: — ] An Irish dance of this name is men-
tioned by Ben Jonson, in The Irish Masque at Court.

“ — and daunfh a fading at te wedding.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Knight of the Burning Pestle.

“I will have him dance fading; fading is a fine jigg.”

Tyrwhitt.

So, in The Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, 1633:

“But
and where some stretch-mouth’d rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, Whooop, do me no harm, good man; puts him off, frights him, with Whooop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?'

Sel. He hath ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by

"But under her coats the ball be found.——
"With a faying."

Again, in Ben Jonson’s 97th epigram:
"See you yond motion? not the old faying." Steevens.

9 —— Whooop, do me no harm, good man.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of Buxar Bacon we have a ballad to the tune of, "Ooh! do me no harm, good man." Farmer.

—unbraided wares?] Surely we must read braided, for such are all the wares mentioned in the answer. Johnson.

I believe by unbraided wares, the Clown means, has he any thing besides laces which are braided, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, he has ribbons, &c. which are things not braided, but woven. The drift of the Clown’s question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistres; or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in Any Thing for a quiet Life, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "—She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure." Again, in the Honest Lawyer, 1616: "A most fearful pestilence to happen among taylors. There’s a statute lace shall undo them." Steevens.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the best manufacture. Braid in Shakspeare’s All’s Well, &c. act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. Braided in Bailey’s Dict. means faded, or having lost its colour; and why then may not unbraided import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribbands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought." Tollett.
the gross: inkles, * caddiffes, cambricks, lawns: why, he fings them over, as they were gods or goddefles; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he to chants to the * sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prythee, bring him in; and let him approach fingering.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

*—caddiffes,— I do not exactly know what caddiffes are. In Shirley's Witty Fair One, 1633, one of the characters says: "I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in caddis."

In the First Part of K. Hen. IV. I have supposed caddis to be foot. Perhaps by six footmen in caddis, is meant six footmen with their liverys laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from caddis, the ancient name for a dow. Steevens.

*—sleeve-band,— is put very probably by sir T. Hamner; it was before sleeve-band. Johnson.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word sleeve-band occurs in Leland's Collectanea, 1770, vol. IV. p. 313: "A furcoat [of crimson velvet] farred with mynever pure, the coller, skirts, and sleeve-bands garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "d'ain-gus de la chemise" is Englished the wristband, or gathering at the sleeve-band of a shirt." Again, in Leland's Collectanea, vol. IV. p. 340, king James's "shirt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word sleeve-band occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a furcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the work about the square on't, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shirt, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolein and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso, b xii. f. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,  
"Her curious square, inbofed with swelling gold."  
I should have taken the square for a gorget or somacher, but for this passage in Shakspere. Tollet.

The following passage in John Grange's Garden, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—sleeve-band. In a poem called The Paynting of a 'wrightan, he says:

"Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and bayde." Steevens.

Clo,
Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in ’em than you’d think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e’er was crow;
Glove, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber;
Perfume for a lady’s chamber;
Golden quoits, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel*;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come: come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopza, thou should’st take no money of me; but being enthral’d as I am,

* ——poking-sticks of steel—
These poking-sticks were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston’s Malecontent, 1604, is the following instance:—“There is such a deal of pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth them all;” and, again, “if you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no poking-stick to recover his form, &c.” So, in Middleton’s comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602; “Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get poking-sticks with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.”

These poking-sticks are several times mentioned in Heywood’s If you know not me you know Nobody, 1633, second part; and in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakespeare. In the books of the Stationers’ Company, July 150, was entered “A ballat entituled Blewe Starche and Poking-sticks. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London.”

Stowe informs us that “about the sixteenth yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele poking-sticks, and until that time all lawndrilles used setting stickes made of wood or bone.” See vol. II, p. 336. Steevens.

5
WINTER's TALE.

it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and
gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but
they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may
be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to
give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will
they wear their plackets, where they should bear their
faces; Is there not milking-time, when you are go-
ing to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets:
but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests?
'Tis well they are whispering: 5 Clamour your
tongues, and not a word more.

5 —Clamour your tongues,—] The phrase is taken from
ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them,
the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before;
this is called clamouring them. The allusion is humourous.

WARBURTON.

The word clamour, when applied to bells, does not signify in
Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in
Much ado about Nothing, act V. sc. vii:

Ben. ——“If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er
be dies, he sha'lt live no longer in monument than the bells ring
and the widow sweeps.

Beat. “And how long is that, think you?

Ben. “Question; why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in
rheum.”

But I should rather think he wrote—charm your tongues, as Sir
T. H. has altered it, as he uses the expression, Third Part of
Henry VI. act V. sc. vi:

K. Ed. “Peace willful boy, or I shall charm your tongue.”

And in Othello, act V. sc. viii:

Iago. “Mistres, go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. “I will not charm my tongue, I am, &c.”

We meet with the same expression, and in the same sense in B.
Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, act I. sc. i:

Mercurio. “How now, my dangerous bragart in decimo sexto;
charm your skipping tongue, or I'll” ————

GREY.

Mop.
Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo.

"You promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves."

Tawdry lace is thus described in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henflawe: "Tawdrie lace, astrignenta, timbria, seu fasciolo, ete, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut reçte monet Doc. Thomas Henflawe." Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's Pastoralis, April:

"And gird in your waist, for more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace."

As to the other present, promised by the Clowne to Mops, of sweet or perfumed gloves, they are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to stale:

"Gloveis as sweet as damask roses."

Stowe's Continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things: and that yeare the queene had a payre of perfumed gloves trimmed onlie with fourue tuftes, or roes, of cullered ilke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeares after it was called the erle of Oxford's perfumes." Stowe: Annals by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the compusus of the burfars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "Solvit pro fumigationibus chirubicos." Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expense in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (at custom still subsisting) to the college tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the practice of perfuming gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First.

Warton: So, in the Life and Death of Jack Straw, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a tawdrie lace."

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

"It may be worth while to observe, that these tawdry laces were not the stringes with which the ladies fasten their shayes, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in The Four Pisum 1599:

"Brooches"
WinTerry's Tale.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a' life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty moneybags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
"Laces round and flat for women's heads."

Again, in Drayton's Polyblion, song the second:
"Of which the Naiades and the blue Nereides make
"Them tawdries for their necks."

In a marginal note it is observed that tawdries are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song:
"——not the smallest heck,
"But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her neck." Steevens.

"I love a ballad in print, a' life; ——]" Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, — or a life. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus: —— a' life. So, it is in B. Jonson:

"——thou lovest, a' life
"Their perfum'd judgment."

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of at life; as a' work is, of at work. Tyrwhitt.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in The Life of Culli, 1633: "Now in good deed I love them a' life too. Again, in a Trick to catch the Old One, 1619: "I love that sport a' life."

Vol. IV. D d
Winter's Tale.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it: and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, Two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

—a ballad, Of a fish—] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions), was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:—

"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it." Steevens.

9 for] i. e. because. See vol I. p. 189, vol. II. p. 34.
SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
   Where, it fits not you to know.
   D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
   Thou to me thy secrets tell:
   D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
   Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler,
let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens' ware-a.

[Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Enter

1 —sad——] For serious. [Johnson.
2 That doth utter all mens' ware-a.] To utter. To bring out, or produce. [Johnson.
Enter a Servant.

Ser. 3 Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. 1. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or v

vemns, or selling, uttering, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spelt in the manor house of the party so selling or uttering the fame.” Editor.

3 Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds. Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called four threes of herdsmen. But could the carters properly be called herdsmen? At least, they have not the final syllable, herd, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended all the four threes should have. I therefore guess he wrote:—Master, there are three goat-herds, &c. And so, I think, we take in the four species of cattle usually tended by herdsmen. Theobald.

4 —-all men of hair;—] i.e. nimble, that leap as if they rebounded. The phrase is taken from tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair. So, in Henry V. it is said of a courier:

“His bounds as if his entrails were hairs.” Warrenston.

This is a strange interpretation. “Errors,” says Dryden, “for upon the surface,” but there are men who will fetch them from the bottom. Men of hair, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in cloak habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr’s garb: the flame ran instantly over the loofé tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the duches of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and faved him. Johnson.

Cervantes mentions, in the preface to his plays, that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopé de Rueda, “all the furniture
WINTER's TALE.

selves faltiers; and they have a dance, which the
wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because
they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind,
(if it be not too rough for some, that know little but
bowling') it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here, has been too
much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary
you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's
see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir,
hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of
the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the
square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men
are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [Aside.] O, father, you'll know more of that
hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

nature and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jer-
kins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned
with gilt leather trimming; four beards and periwigs, and four
pastoral crooks;—little more or less. Probably the same kind
of shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre.

MALONE.

5—bowling—] Bowling, I believe, is here a term for a dance
of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

6 Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

This is replied by the king in answer to the shepherd's saying,
since these good men are pleased. Yet the Oxford editor, I can't tell
why, gives this line to Florizel, since Florizel and the old man
were not in conversation. WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time
to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line
spoken by the king seems to be in reply to some unexpressed
question from the old shepherd, and should not be uttered aside.

REMKS.
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lads
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care.
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath some time lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the sann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand! was fair before!—I have put you out:
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

—or the sann'd snow.] So, in the Midsummer Night's
Dream:

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
"Sann'd by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
"When thou hold'st up thy hand." Steevens.
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve: had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shews a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you, the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?

Ddd 4

Know
Know man from man? dispute his own estate? 
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing, 
But what he did being childish?
  Flo. No, good sir; 
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, 
Than most have of his age.
  Pol. By my white beard, 
You offer him; if this be so, a wrong 
Something un filial: Reason, my son 
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason, 
The father (all whose joy is nothing else 
But fair politerity) should hold some counsel 
In such a busines.
  Flo. I yield all this; 
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, 
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint 
My father of this busines.
  Pol. Let him know't, 
Flo. He shall not.
  Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
  Flo. No, he must not.
  Skep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve 
At knowing of thy choice.
  Flo. Come, come he must not:—
Mark our contract.
  Pol. Mark your divorcè, young sir, 
Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base 
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir, 
That thus affect'st a sheep hook!—Thou old traytor, 
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

--- dispute his own estate? ---
Perhaps for dispute we might read compute; but dispute his estate
may be the same with talk over his affairs. Johnson.
Does not this allude to the next heir suiting for the estate in cases
of imbecility, lunacy, &c. Chamier.
These words, I believe, only mean—Can he maintain his
right to his own property? Malone.
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'd with;—

Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but fight,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as
never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
9 Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment—
Worthy enough a herdmam; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

Pet. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,

I was

9 Far than—] I think for far than we should read far as. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all.

Johnson.
The old reading farre, i.e. further, is the true one. The ancient comparative of fer was ferrer. See the Glossaries to Robt. of Gloucester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into ferre,

"But er I bere thee moche ferre." H. of Fa, B. 2. v. 92.
"Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre."

Knight's Tale, 2062. Tyrwhitt.

* I was not much afeard, &c.] The character is here finely suffained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her
was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his village from our cottage; but
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own slate take care: this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

 CAM. Why, how now, father? Speak, ere thou diest.

SCH. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels—in dust.—O cursed wretch!

her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made
this reply to the king had not become her education.

WARBURTON.

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his village from our cottage, but
Looks on both alike.

So, in Nosce Teipsum, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:
"Thou, like the sunne, dost with indifferent ray,
Into the palace and the cottage shine." MALONE.

You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.]

These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of
ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the
speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of
Perdita; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or
her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though fourscore
three. WARBURTON.

Where no priest shovels—in dust.—

This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakes-
peare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI.

FARMER.

That
That knew't this was the prince, and would't ad-
venture
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your flight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason

5 And mar the seeds within!—]
So, in Macbeth:

"And nature's germs tumble all together." Steevens.

6 —— and by my fancy:—[
It must be remembered that fancy in our author very often, as in
this place, means love. Johnson.
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
  Cam. This is desperate, sir.
  Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honest. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the fun fees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall mis's me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
  Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
  Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
I'll hear you by and by.                      [To Camilla.
  Cam. [Aside.] He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;

So, in the Midsummer Night's Dream:
"Fair Helena in fancy following me." See vol. III. p. 105.

Steevens.

7 And, most opportune to our need.] The old copy has—her
need. This necessary emendation was made, I believe, by
Mr. Pope. Malone.
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purposhe the fight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor servises, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speake your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompen'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleafe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour.
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistres; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
(As heavens forefend!) your ruin: Marry, her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, wheroeto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves* to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For lo, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcome forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down?

---

* Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies]
As chance has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself
to chance, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

9 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say;——]
Every fitting, says Mr. Theobald, methinks, gives but a very
poor idea. But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes
to, when he has alter'd it to every fitting. The truth is, the com-
mon reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience
you shall have of the king and council. The council-days being,
in our author's time, called, in common speech, the fittings.
WARDURTON.

——— at every fitting.] Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to
be at the next fitting in York." FARMER.
The which shall point you forth, at every fitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you;
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the check,
But not take in 'the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is 'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say; 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.

*But not take in the mind:]*
To take in, anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in
Antony and Cleopatra:

"He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,
"And take in Forne."—Shakespeare.

*affe of to another. Nothing i.e. by no means.*
Winter's Tale.

But oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house?—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honestly is! and trust,
His sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! 2 I have
fold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a
ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad,
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to
keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should
buy first; as if my trinkets had been 3 hallowed, and

2 — I have fold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a
ribbon, glass, pomander, —] A pomander was a little ball made
of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to pre-
vent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, Certain
necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing
Infection, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts
of pomanders, one for the rich, and another for the poor.

Grey:

In Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, &c. 1607, is the follow-
ing receipt given, act IV. sc. iii:

"Your only way to make a good pomander is this. Take an
ounce of the purest garden mould, cleans'd and steep'd seven days
in change of motherlet's rose-water. Then take the beat labdaman,
benjoin, both floraxes, amber-gris and civit and muilk. Incor-
porate them together and work them into what form you please.
This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as
sweet as my lady's dog."

The speaker represents Odor. Steevens,

3 — as if my trinkets had been hallow'd. —] This alludes
to beads often fold by the Romanists, as made particularly effica-
cious by the touch of some relic, Johnson.
brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my goodwife, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats, 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket 4, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and fear'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Le-ontes —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? —— [Seeing Autolycus. We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,— why hanging.

[Aside.

Cam. Now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of the poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discast thee in-

4—a placket, —— ] See note on King Lear, act III. scene IV.

Steevens.
stantly (thou must think, there's necessity in't), and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

_Aut._ I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

_Cam._ Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flead already.

_Aut._ Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.—

_Flo._ Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

_Aut._ Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

_Cam._ Unbuckle, unbuckle.—Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecies
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, dislik'en
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship board,
Get undeserv'd.

_Per._ I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

_Cam._ No remedy.

Have you done there?

_Flo._ Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

_Cam._ Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

_Aut._ Adieu, sir.

_Flo._ O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

_Cam._ What I do next, shall be, to tell the king.

[Aside.

---boot.] That is, something over and above, or, as we now say, something to boot. See vol. VII. p. 124. Johnson.
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose fight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on; Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exit Flo, Per, and Cam.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,
to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot
is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this
year connive at us, and we may do anything extem-
pore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity;
fleeing away from his father; with this clog at his
heels: 6 If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to
acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it
the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I
constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain:
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-
ing, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no
other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling,
and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

6——If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the
king withal, I would do't:—] This is the reading of Sir T. Han-
mer, instead of, if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint
the king withal, I'd not do it. Johnson.

Shep.
Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely: puppies!  

Aside.

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—How now, rusticks? whether are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

—pedler's excrement—] Is pedler's beard. Johnson.

So, in the old tragedy of Solomon and Pereda, 1594:

"Whole chin bears no impression of manhood,

"Not a hair not an excrement."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"—dally with my excrement, with my mustachio."

Again, in the Comedy of Errors: "Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?" See vol. II. p. 498.

Steevens.

Clo.
Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ft thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze, from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

*—therefore they do not give us the lye.—*

The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lye, they sell it us. Johnson.

9.—insinuate, or toaze—] The first folio reads—at toaze; the second— or toaze. To toaze, or toze, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word insinuate, without such a comment on it. Steevens.

—Thinkst thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee &c.—

To insinuate, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"With death the humbly doth insinuate,

"Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,

"His victories, his triumphs, and his glories."

The word toaze is used in Measure for Measure, in the same sense as here:

"—We'll tooze you joint by joint,

"But we will know this purpose." Malone.

Lee 3

Clo.
Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;—

say, you have none.

None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor

hen.

How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

This cannot be but a great courtier.

His garments are rich, but he wears them not

handsomely.

He seems to be the more noble in being fantas-
tical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the
picking on's teeth.

The farther there? what's i'the farther?

Wherefore that box?

Sir, there lies such secrets in this farther, and
box, which none must know but the king; and which
he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the
speech of him.

Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Why, sir?

The king is not at the palace; he is gone
aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air him-
self: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou
must know, the king is full of grief.

So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should
have married a shepherd's daughter.

If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him
fly; the curfes he shall have, the tortures he shall feel,

As he was a tutor from the country, the Clown supposes his fa-
ther should have brought a present of game, and therefore ima-
gines, when Autolycus asks him what advocate he has, that by the
word advocate he means a pheasant. STEVENS.

It seems, that to
pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to
greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in King John, speaking
of the traveller, says:

He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mews.” JOHNSON.
will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whitling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e’er a son, sir, do you hear, an’t like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay’d alive; then, nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp’s nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover’d again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day 3 prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil’d at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain-men) what you have to the king: 4 being something gently consider’d, I’ll bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man,

3 — the hottest day, &c.] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. Johnson.

4 —being something gently consider’d,—] Means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i.e. a bribe, will bring you, &c. So, in the Three Ladies of London, 1584:

"—true, sir, I’ll consider it hereafter if I can.

"What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a bribe-taker?"

Again, in the Isles of Glüü, 1633: "Thou shalt be well consider’d, there’s twenty crowns in earnest." Steevens.

besides
besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man
shall do it.

_Clo._ He seems to be of great authority: close with
him, give him gold: and though authority be a stub-
born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;
threw the inside of your purse to the outside of his
hand, and no more ado: Remember, iton'd, and
flay'd alive.

_Shep._ An't please you, sir, to undertake the busi-
ness for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as
much more; and leave this young man in pawn, 'till
I bring it you.

_Aut._ After I have done what I promised?

_Shep._ Ay, sir.

_Aut._ Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party
in this business?

_Clo._ In some sort, sir: but though my case be a
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

_Aut._ Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—
Hang him, he'll be made an example.

_Clo._ Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king,
and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none
of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else.
Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does,
when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he
says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

_Aut._ I will trust you. Walk before toward the
sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon
the hedge, and follow you.

_Clo._ We are bleis'd in this man, as I may say, even
bleis'd.

_Shep._ Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided
to do us good. 

[Exit _Shep._ and _Clo._

_Aut._ If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune
would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth.
I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and
a means to do the prince my master good; which,
who knows how that may turn back to my advance-
ment?
ment? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shire them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being too far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

ACT V, SCENE I.

Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform’d
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem’d; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget-your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilft I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heifels it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy’d the sweet’st companion, that e’er man

5 In former editions:

Destroy’d the sweet’st companion, that e’er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my lord!]

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that true, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

Bred
besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, flon'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk: before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shep. and Clo.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how, that may turn back to my advancement?
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———

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

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A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man's

5 In former editions:

Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my lord:]

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that true, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

Theobald.

Bred
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman: she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'ft me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?  

6 Or, from the all that are, took something good.]  
This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and
Rosalind before. Johnson.

7 Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?  
i. e. at rest; dead. In Antony and Cleopatra, this phrase is said
to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

"Meff. First, madam, he is well?"
"Cleop. Why there's more gold; but s'rrah, mark;"
"We use to say, the dead are well; bring it to that,"
"The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour"
"Down thy ill-uttering throat."

In king Henry IV. P. II.

"Ch. Juf'. How does the king?"
"War. Exceeding well. His cares are now all ended."
"Ch. Juf'. I hope not dead."
"War. He's walk'd the way of nature."  Malone.

What
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue;

[To the king.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,—
Who had the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had spared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit

Again

In the old copies:

Again posess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-next,
And begin, &c.
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vest,
And begin. Why to me?
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause?
Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords; bear witness to his
oath.
Cle. You tempt him over-much.

'Tis obvious, that the grammar is defective; and the sense con-
sequently wants supporting. The flight change, I have made,
cures both: and, surely, 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for
the king to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost
with the subject of a second match; rather than in general terms
to call themselves offenders, sinners. Theobald.

The Revival reads:

We e we offenders now——
very reasonably. Johnson.
We might read, changing the place of one word only;

would make her faint'd spirit

Again pos's her corps; and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear, soul-vest'd)
Begin,—And why to me?

The blunders of the folio are so numerous, that it should seem,
when a word dropt out of the press, they were careless into
which line they inverted it. Stevens.

[She had just cause] The first and second folio reads—she had
in such cause. Editor.

Paul.
Paul: Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture;
Affront his eye.

Cle. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir—
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse your a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;—
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation tram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident.—What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Aye; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself;
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd,—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis threwdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon).
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all proffessors else; make profites
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
That rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, affisted with your honour'd friends,
[Exit Cleomenes.

Bring them to our embracemment.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of; sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches

3 ————Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so;———] ————Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so;———]
The reader must observe, that it relates not to what precedes, but
to what follows that, she had not been—equall'd. Johnson.

Will
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

You mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves.
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, sir
Afresh within me: and these thy offices,
So rare, so kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,

To
WINTER's TALE.

To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such godly things as you?

---whole daughter

This is very ungrammatical and obscure: We may better read:

---whole daughter

The prince first tells that the lady came from Libya; the king, in-
terrupting him, says, 'from Smalus?' 'from him,' says the prince,
whole tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter. JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of a proper punctuation. By
placing a comma after his, I think the sentence is clear'd. STEEVENS.
Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him;
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
While he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Who's honour, and whose honesty, 'till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:

Vol. IV. F f

The
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly, I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,)
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Believe you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To Florizel.
Is yet unanswered: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand

5 Your choice is not so rich in worth or beauty,]
The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'B eseech you, sir, were you present at this re-

lation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it:
whereupon after a little amazedness, we were all com-
manded out of the chamber: only this, methought,
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—
But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard
of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable
passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest
beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not
say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the
extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter a second Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that happily knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is ful-
fill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of
wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.
Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstances: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letter of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a lofs, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a

---with clipping her.--] i.e. embracing her. So, Sidny:

"He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,
"Now runs and takes her in his clipping arms."

Steevens.

weather-
winter's tale.

weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matters to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband: another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the prince's from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the au-

7 —weather-beaten— [Thus the modern editors. The old copy—weather-bitten. Hamlet says: "The air bites shrewdly," and the Duke, in As you like it: ——"When it bites and blows." Weather-bitten, therefore, may mean, corroded by the weather. Steevens.

Weather-beaten was introduced, I think, improperly by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

—the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit] Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and weather-beaten, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakespeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in Romeo and Juliet:

"How now? a conduit, girl? what still in tears?"
"Evermore flowering?" Henley.

F f 3
dience
dience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he

---most marble there;—] i.e. most petrified with wonder.

STEEVENS.

I rather think marble here means hard-hearted, unfeeling.

MALONE.

This explanation may be right. So in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—now from head to foot

"I am marble contain." STEEVENS.

9—that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;—]

Mr. Theobald says: All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our author. But he is ever the unluckiest of all critics when he passes judgment on beauties and defects. The passage happens to be quite unworthy Shakspake. If, He makes his speaker say, that was Julio Romano the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile nature of her custom. 2dy, He makes of this famous painter, a Statuary; I suppose confounding him with Michael Angelo; but, what is worst of all, a painter of statues, like Mrs. Salmon of her wax-work. WARBURTON.

Poor Theobald's encomium on this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excel-
WINTER'S TALE. 439

himself eternity, and could put breath into his work would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he i her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with ali greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

ience; yet a little candour will clear Shakspeare from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By eternity he means only immortality, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of eternal renown and eternal infancy. Immortality may sublifter without divinity, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if Julio Romano had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in the Magnetic Lady, act V. ec. viii. say:

"——all city statues must he painted,
"Else they be worth nought i'their subtle judgments."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his Elements of Architecture, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddines upon her lip, nor could the veins verily seem to bear blood, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at Pompeii, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society. viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of His in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddes had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures.

STEEVENS.

[That is, of her trade, would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.]
Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-fick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for, had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discrèdits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune,

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. Johnson.
WINTER's TALE.

Slep. And so have I, boy,

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Slep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Slep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Slep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklin's say it, I'll swear it.

Slep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk;

3 franklin's say it, [Franklin is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. Johnson.]

4 tall fellow of thy hands, [Tall, in that time, was the word used for stout. Johnson.]

The rest of the phrase occurs in Gower De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 114:

"A noble knight eke of his bands."

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an adroit fellow who handled his weapon well, or a fellow skilful
drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldn't be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aur. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. 5 Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never

Ste. 5 Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be good master to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: “Furthermore, I beseeche you to be gode master unto one in my necessitie, for I have neither shete, nor shute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear.” Whalley.

My
My life may last to answer.

_Leo._ O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

_Paul._ As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

_Leo._ Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

_Pol._ Oh, not by much.

_Paul._ So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her

---therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart:—

Lonely, i.e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads:

Lonely, apart:

As if it could be apart without being alone. **Warburton.**

I am yet inclined to _lonely_, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from _lovely_. To say, that _I keep it alone_, _separate from the rest_, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. **Johnson.**
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. 'Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—Oh, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience?;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which cannot sixteen winters blow away,
So many fummers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul, Indeed, my lord.

7 O patience;
That is, Stay a while, be not so eager. Johnson.
8 Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my proper image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it.

I do not know whether we should not read, without a parenthesis;
for the stone i'th' mine
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; left your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul.

I'd not have shew'd it,
A mine of stone, or marble, would not perhaps at present be esteemed
an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shake
peare, as it has been used by Holinshed. Descript. of Eng. c. ix.
p. 235: “Now if you have regard to their ornament, how many
mines of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had
in England?”—And a little lower he uses the same word again
for a quarry of stone, or plaister: “And such is the mine of it, that
the stones thereof lie in flakes, &c.” Tyrwhitt.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly
not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. Johnson.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

The sentence compleated is:

—But that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.

But there his passion made him break off. Warburton.

The meaning is, that her eye, though fix'd, as in an earnest
gaze, has motion in it. Edwards.

The word fixture, which Shakespeare has used both in the Merry
Wives of Windsor, and Troilus and Cressida, is likewise employ'd
by Drayton in the first canto of the Barons' Wars:

“Whose glorious fixture in so clear a sky.” Steevens.

As we are mock'd with art.] As is used by our author here, as
in some other places, for “as if.” Thus in Cymbeline:

He
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.  
Leo. O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.  
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:  
but  
I could afflict you further.  
Leo. Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her; What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.  
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?  
Leo. No, not these twenty years.  
Per. So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.  
Paul. Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amazement: If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed: descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against) I am afflieted  
By wicked powers.  
Leo. What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear: for 'tis as caly

"He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams;  
"And she alone were cold."

Again in Macbeth:  
"As they had seen me with these hangman's hands  
"Lift'ning their fear." MALONE.
To make her speak, as move.  
Paul. It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;  
Or those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.  
Leo. Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.  
Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.— [Musick's  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;  
I'll fill your grave up: stir: nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:  
[Hermione comes down.  
Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again: for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.  
Leo. Oh, she's warm! [Embracing her.  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.  
Pol. She embraces him.  
Cam. She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.  
Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how stol'n from the dead?  
Paul. That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;  
Our Perdita is found.  
[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.  
Hir. You gods, look down,  
And
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter’s head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv’d? where liv’d? how
found
Thy father’s court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waft in being,—have preserv’d
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There’s time enough for that;
Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
‘You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,”

And from your sacred vials pour your graces—] The expression
seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: “And I
heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go
your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the
earth.” Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

You precious winners all;—] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join
in festivity, in which I, who havelost what never can be reco-
ered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

I, an old turtle,
Will sing me to some wither’d bough; and there
My mate, that’s never to be found again,
Lament ’till I am lost.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has
written for him, speaking of his grief for the los of Euri-
dice, says:
“Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

It is observable, that the two poets, in order to heighten the
image, have used the very same phrase, having both placed their
turtles on a dry and withered bough. I have since discovered the
same idea in Lodge’s Rosalynd or Euphues’ golden Legacie, 1592, a
book which Shakspere is known to have read:
“‘A turtle sat upon a lealewsof tree,
“Mourning her absent peer
“With sad and forry cheere,—
“And whilste her plumes she rents,
“And for her love laments, &c.”

Chapman seems to have imitated this passage in his Widow’s Tears,
1612: “Whether some wandering Encas should enjoy your re-
version, or whether your true turtle would fit mourning on a wither-
ed bough till Atropos cut her throat.” MALONE.
Will wing me to some wither’d bough; and there
My mate, that’s never to be found again,
Lament ’till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between’s by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question’d: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I’ll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honestly,
Is richly noted; and here justifi’d
By us, a pair of kings.—Let’s from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother?—both your parts.

That e’er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform’d in this wide gap of time, since first
We were disserver’d: Hastily lead away.

[Exeunt omnes.

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of
1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its
aburdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is
very naturally conceived, and strongly repreheated. Johnson.

Vol. IV.  G g  MAC-
MACBETH

Gg2 Perfo
Persons Represented.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, Sons to the King.
Donalbain, Generals of the King’s army.
Macbeth, Lenox, Macduff,
Banquo, Rosse,
Sons to the King.
Noblemen of Scotland.

Angus,
Cathroom,
Flicance, Sir to Banquo.
Siward, General of the English forces.
Young Siward, his son.
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.
Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth,
Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England;
through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly,
at Macbeth’s castle*.

Of this play there is no edition more ancient than that of 1623.
Most of the notes which the present editor has subjoined to this play, were published by him in a small pamphlet in 1745.

* I have taken a liberty with this tragedy, which might be practised with almost equal propriety in respect of a few others; I mean, the recension of such stage-directions as are not supplied by the oldest copy. Mr. Rowe had tricked out Macbeth, like many more of Shakespeare’s plays, in all the foppery of the reign of Queen Anne. Every change of situation produced notice that the scene lay in an anti-chamber, a royal apartment, or a palace; and even some variations and starts of passions were set down in a manner no less ostentatious and unnecessary. Steevens.
MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. 1 Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again
in thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. 1 Enter three Witches.] In order to make a true estimate of the
abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine
the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A
poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend
upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance
of supernatural agents; would be censured as transgressing the
bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nur-
sery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but
a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play
was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such
censures, since he only turned the system that was then univer-
scally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthen-
ing the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not
strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and
countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by
the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared
more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has
been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest
glimpses of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive
them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity
was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war,
in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments
or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance
of their military faints; and the learned Dr. Warburton
appears to believe (Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote) that
the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of
the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions.
2 Witch. When the 2 hurry-burly's done, 3 When the battle's lost and won;

But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised ἄρις ὑποληπταὶ καὶ διαβραζόν ἐνεργ., to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book de Sacerdotio, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator looking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Διακότο ἐν ἑτε ἂτα χωρίς καὶ αὐτομένως ὑπὲρ διὰ τὸν μάχημα, καὶ ὅπλας ἐν αἰγος ἀφορίζει, καὶ ἡ πάντων γονέων ὅσαν καὶ ἱδονα. Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven

2 Hurly-burly.] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspere by the authority of Henry Peckham, who in the year 1577 published a book professing to treat on the ornaments of language: it is called the Garden of Eloquence, and has this passage "Onomatopeia, when we invent, compose, and so make a name, imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as hurbury; for an uprore, and tumultuous stirre." Henderson.


"—there was a mighty hurly-burly in the campe, &c."

Again, p. 324.

"—great hurlyburlies being in all parts of the empire, &c."

Editor.

3 When the battle's lost and won:]
i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. These wayward spirits, as we may see in a note on the third scene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

Hee nominatur Valkyria; quas quodvis ad praelium Odinus mittit.
ven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is
equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and
that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later
age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their
propagation; not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies,
but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian,
and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of
witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of
queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois,
whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon
at Huntington. But in the reign of king James, in which this
tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate
and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated
for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only
examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given
a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits,
the compacts of witches; the ceremonies used by them, the man-
ner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his
dialogues of Daemonologie, written in the Scottish dialect, and
published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession
reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain king James's
favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of Daemonologie
was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain prefer-
ment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very
powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have
no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion,
it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progres,
since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infec-
tion soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king
James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That
"if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil
or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain,
employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any
intent or purpose; 3. of take up any dead man, woman, or child,
out of the grave, or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead
person; to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft,
forcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practice, or
exercise any sort of witchcraft, forcery, charm, or enchant-
ment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, walled,
confined, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That
every such person being convicted shall suffer death."
This law
was repealed in our own time.

G g 4: Thus,
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MACBETH.

2 Witch. Upon the heath:
3 Witch. * There to meet with Macbeth,
1 Witch. I come, Gray-malkin!*

All.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpollite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodiges are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. Johnson.

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4 *There to meet with Macbeth.*

Thus the old copy, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors read:

*There I go to meet Macbeth.*

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To meet *with Macbeth* was the general design of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest; as the interpolated words, *I go,* in the mouth of the third witch, would most certainly imply.

Steevns.

5 —Gray-malkin!—

From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat,* 1594. I find it was permitted to a Witch to take on her a cat's body nine times. Mr. Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again in *Newes from Scotland,* &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play) "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majesty was in Denmarke, she being accompanied with the parties before specially mentioned, tooke a cat and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of the cat the cheepest part of a dead man, and several joints of his bodie, and that in the night following the said cat was conveyed into the middest of the sea by
MACBETH

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is a foresaid, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seen, &c.” STEEVENS.

“——Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats.” Scot’s Discovery of Witchcraft, book I. c. 4. TOLLET.

6 Paddock calls:—Anon.—]

This, as well as the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Preceding editors have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturals, a frog is called a paddock in the North; as in the following instance in Caesar and Pompey, by Chapman, 1602:

“——Paddockes, todes, and water-snakes.”

In Shakespear, however, it certainly means a toad. The representation of St. James in the witches’ house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called Herry Bruegel, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire at grimalkin and paddock, i.e. a cat and a toad, with several baboons. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in Newes from Scotland, in a pamphlet already quoted.

STEEVENS.

7 Fair is foul, and foul is fair:] i.e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen. WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise forms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act:

Though you unyse the winds; &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, fair is foul, and foul is fair. JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the Faery Queen:

“Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in fight.

FARMER.

SCENE
ALARUM WITHIN. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox; with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King: What bloody man is that? He can report As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

Mal: This is the sergeant. Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, As thou didst leave it.

Capt: Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together, And choak their art. The merciless Macdonel [Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,

This is the sergeant.] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakespeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macduff's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a sergeant at arms into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them, but they, instead of obeying, misused the messenger with furious reproaches, and finally slew him. This sergeant at arms is certainly the origin of the bleeding sergeant introduced on this occasion. Shakespeare just caught the name from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the bleeding captain is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of Shakespeare. Steevens.

Doubtful long it stood;]

Mr. Pope, who first introduced the word long to assist the metre, has thereby injured the sense. If the comparison was meant to coincide in all circumstances, the struggle could not be long. Steevens.

According to Holinshed we should read Macduff. The folio reads Macdonwald. Steevens.

The
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do (warm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling.

Shew'd

---from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;]
Whether supply'd of, for supply'd from or with, was a kind of
Grecian of Shakspeare's expression, or whether of be a corrup-
tion of the editors, who took Kernes and Gallow-glasses, which
were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of
the western islands, I don't know. Hinc conjectura vigorem erit cas
adjicium arma quaedam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacta
minimun pedium levius armaturae quos Kernes vocant, nec non secures
et loco serra pedium illorum gravior armaturae, quos Gallowg-
lifen appellant. Waræ Antiq. Hiber, cap. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and with are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers.
So, in the Spanish Tragedy:

"Perform'd of pleasure by your son the prince."
Again, in God's Revenge against Murder, hist. vi: "Sypontus in
the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondoillers, &c." Again,
in The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun, bl. l. no date: "—he
was well garnished of ipcar, sword, and armoure, &c." These
are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to
the same purpose. STEEVENS.

And fortune, on his damn'd quarry smiling,]
Thus the old copy; but I am inclined to read quarrel. Quarrel
was formerly used for cause, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is
to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of
Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland,
thought, says the historian, that he had a just quarrel to endeav-
our after the crown. The sense therefore is, Fortune smiling on
his execrable cause, &c. This is followed by Dr. Warbuton.

JOHNSON.

The word quarrel occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very
fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been
the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles
there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist
him in that rebellious quarrel." Besides, Macdowald's quare (i. e. game)
must have consisted of Duncan's friends, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—Damn'd to them? and
what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we
have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her
smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only
talk of these, while we are pursuing our quarrel, and the event
of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave:
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the navel to the chops,

And

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's King John:

"—And put his cause and quarrel"
"To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of Macbeth:

"—and the chance, of goodness,"
"Be like our warranted quarrel."

Here we have warranted quarrel, the exact opposite of damned quarrel, as the text is now regulated.

Lord Bacon, in his Essays, uses the word in the same sense:

"Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle-age, and old men's nurises; so as a man may have a quarrel to marry, when he will." MALONE.

4 And ne'er shook hands, &c.}

The old copy reads—which never. STEEVES.

5 be unseam'd him from the navel to the chops.

We seldom hear of such terrible crosses blows given and received but by giants and milicenants in Amadis de Gaule. Besides it must be a strange awkward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the navel to the chops. But Shakspere certainly wrote:

—be unseam'd him from the nape to the chops.

i.e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the nape is the hinder part of the neck, where the vertebrae join to the bone of the skull. So, in Coriolanus:

"O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks."

The word unseamed likewise becomes very proper; and alludes to the future which goes crofs the crown of the head in that direction called the sena sagittalis; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his Comus, was milled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus:

"Or drag him by the curls, and seize his scalp.

"Down to the hipples."
MACBETH. 461

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Capt. As when the sun 'gins his reflection

Ship.

An evident imitation of this corrupt passage. But he alter'd it with better judgment to:

"— to a foul death
"Curs'd as his life." WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being justified by a passage in Dido Queen of Carthage, by Tho. Nash 1594:

"Then from the neck to the throat at once
"He ript old Priam." STEEVENS.

The old reading is likewise supported by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled The Witch, by Thomas Middleton:

"Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to navel,
"Though there's small glory in't—." MALONE.

As when the sun 'gins his reflection"

Here are two readings in the copies, gives, and 'gins, i. e. begins. But the latter I think is the right, as founded on observation, that storms generally come from the east. As from the place (says he) whence the sun begins his course, (viz. the east) shipwrecking storms proceed, &c. For the natural and constant motion of the ocean is from east to west; and the wind has the same general direction. Praetipus & generalis [ventorum] causa est ipsis Sol qui aarem rarefacit & attentat. Aëris enim rarefacitus multum maior rerum posuit. Inde p. ut aëris aëreus impetus alium vicimum aëren magno impetu protrudat; cuique Sol quod Oriente in occidentem circumvectur, praetipus ab eo aëris impetus fieri veritus occidentem. Varenii Geogr. l. i. c. xiv. prop. 10. See also Dr. Halley's Account of the Trade Winds and the Monsoons. This being so, it is no wonder that storms should come most frequently from that quarter; or that they should be most violent, because there is a concurrence of the natural motions of wind and wave. This proves the true reading is 'gins; the other reading not fixing it to that quarter. For the sun may give its reflection in any part of its course above the horizon; but it can begin it only in one. The Oxford editor, however, sticks to the other reading, gives: and says, that, by the sun's giving his reflection, is meant the rainbow, the strongest and most remarkable reflection of any the sun gives. He appears by this to have as good a hand at reforming our phrasing as our poetry. This is a discovery, that shipwrecking storms proceed from the rainbow. But he was misled by his want of skill in Shakespeare's philosophy, who, by the sun's reflection, means only the sun's light. But while he is intent on making his author speak correctly, he flips himself. The rainbow is no more a reflection of the sun than a tune is a fiddle. And, though it be the most remarkable effect of reflected light, yet it is not the strongest. WARBURTON.

There
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skimming Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norwegan lord, surveying vantage,
With Turfih'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes;

As sparrow, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks:

There are not two readings: both the old folios have 'gins.'

JOHNSON.

The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain
meaning is this:—As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-
light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of
storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which
promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming
news of the Norwegan invasion. The natural history of the
winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shak-
speare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that
storms generally come from the east. If it be allowed that they
sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose
of his comparison. STEEVENS.

Sir William Davenant's alteration of this passage affords a rea-
sonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

MALONE.

7—thunders break;

The word break is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folio and
Rowe read breaking. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

8 Discomfort swells.—Discomfort the natural opposite to comfort. Well'd, for flowed, was
an emendation. The common copies have, discomfort swells.

9 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
'Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

Enter

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage by altering the punctuation thus:

—They were
As cannons overcharg'd, with double cracks
So they redoubled—

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a cannon charged with double cracks; but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, than he redoubles strokes with double cracks, an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour. That a cannon is charged with thunder, or with double thunder, may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance, and nothing else is here meant by cracks, which in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the crack of doom.

The old copy reads:

_They doubly redoubled strokes._ Johnson.

I have followed the old reading. In Rich. II. act I. we find this passage in support of it:

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
"Fall, &c." Steevens.

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks.]

This word is used in the old play of King John, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"——as harmless and without effect,
"As is the echo of a cannon's crack." Malone.

_Or memorize another Golgotha._

Memorize, for make memorable. Warburton.

——memorize another Golgotha.] That is, to transmit another Golgotha to posterity. The word, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakspeare, is used by Spenser in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst prefixed to his Pastorals, 1579:

"In vaine I thinkke, right honourable lord,
"By this rude rime to memorize thy name." Warton.

The
Who comes here?

_Mal._ The worthy thane of Rossé.

_Len._ What a haste looks through his eyes? So should he look 3.

That

The word is likewise used by Chapman, in his translation of the second book of Homer, 1598.

"—which let thy thoughts be sure to memorize."

And again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of Lucan, 1614:

"Of them whose acts they mean to memorize."

---

"Enter Rossé and Angus." As only the thane of Rossé is spoken to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene, Angus is a superfluous character, the king expressing himself in the singular number:

\[\text{Whence canst thou, worthy Thane?}\]

I have printed it, _Enter Rossé_ only. Steevens.

In scene III. Angus, who enters with Rossé, says to Macbeth,

\[\text{We are sent}
\text{To give thee from our royal master thanks, &c.,}
\text{So that the old stage direction is certainly right.}\]

---

3

---

"So should be look,

That seems to speak things strange."

The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, _so should be look, that looks as if he told things strange._ But Rossé neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them; Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

\[\text{What haste looks through his eyes?}
\text{So should be look, that seems to speak things strange.}\]

He looks like one that is big with something of importance; a metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse.

---

John.

The following passage in Cymbeline seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

\[\text{—one but painted thus,}
\text{Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd, &c.}\]

Again, in the Tempest:

\[\text{—prithee} \]
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam’st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:

Till that Bellona’s bridegroom, lapt in proof;

“—prithee, say on:

“The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

“A matter from thee.—”

Again, in K. Richard II:

“Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.

“So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,

“My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.”

Steevens.

—So should be look

That seems to speak strange things.

i.e. that seems about to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In Antony and Cleopatra, we meet with nearly the same idea:

“The business of this man looks out of him. Malone.

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.” So, Gray:

“Ruin cease thee, ruthless king!

Confusion on thy banners wait;

Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing

They mock the air with idle state.” Henley.

To flout is to daff any thing in another’s face. Warburton.

To flout does never signify to daff any thing in another’s face. To flout is rather to mock or insult. The banners are very poetically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky. So, in K. Edward III. 1599:

“And new replenish’d pendants cuff the air,

“And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness

“Struggles to kill them.” Steevens.

So, in King John:

“Mocking the air, with colours idly spread.” Malone.

Till that Bellona’s Bridegroom—] This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakespeare knew of ancient mythology. Henley.
7 Confronted him with self-comparisons, 
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm, 
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude, 
The victory fell on us:—

King: Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at 9 Saint Colmes' inch,

7 Confronted him with self-comparisons.

The disloyal Cawdor, says Mr. Theobald. Then comes another, 
and says, a strange forgetfulness in Shakespeare, when Macbeth 
had taken the Thane of Cawdor prisoner, not to know that he was 
fallen into the king's displeasure for rebellion. But this is only 
blunder upon blunder. The truth is, by him, in this verse, is 
meant Norway; as the plain construction of the English requires. 
And the affittance the thane of Cawdor had given Norway was un-
derhand; which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discover'd; but 
was unknown to Macbeth. Cawdor being in the court all this 
while, as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he 
meets him to salute him with the title, and intimates his crime 
to be firing the rebel with hidden help and 'vantage. Warburton.

The second blunderser was the present editor. Johnson.

9 ————Saint Colmes' inch.—

The folio reads:

At Saint Colmes' ynch.

Colmes-inch, now called Inchcolm, a small island lying in the Firth 
of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb: 
called by Camden Inch Colum, or the Isle of Columba. The mo-
dern editors, without authority, read:

Saint Colmes'-kill Isle;

and very erroneously; for Colmes' Inch, and Colm-kill are two 
different islands; the former lying on the eastern coast, near the 
place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the western 
seas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

Holinshed thus mentions the whole circumstance: "The Danes 
that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Macbeth for a 
great sum of gold, that such of their friends as were slain, might 
be buried in Saint Colmes' Inch. In memory whereof many old sep-
cultures are yet in the said Inch, graven with the arms of the 
Danes."
MACBETH

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Roffe. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A fairer's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouchn't, and mouchn't, and mouchn't:—Give
me, quoth I.

Arroint thee, witch! the 2 rump-fed 3 ronyon cries.

Her

Danes.” Inch, or Inhe in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies
an island. See Lhuyil’s Archaeologia. Stevens.

The impuriss reading of this passage was derived from the se-
cond folio (the original source of a great part of the corruptions
which disfigured some of the modern impressions); the editor of
which, not understanding Colmes’ inch, substituted Colmes’ hill
in its room. Malone.

1 Arroint thee,———
Arroint, or avaunt, be gone. Pope.

2 Arroint thee, witch!———

In one of the folio editions the reading is Arroint thee, in a sen-
se very consistent with the common account of witches, who are
related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of un-
guents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where
they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, arroint thee,
witch, will mean Arroint, witch, to your infernal assembly. This
reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word
arroint in no other author; till looking into Hearne’s Collections
I found it in a very old drawing; that he has published, in which
St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils in-
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger!
But in a sieve I'll thither fail."

And, to great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving
the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of
his mouth with these words, **out out A ronget**, of which the latter
is evidently the same with **aroint**, and used in the same sense as in
this passage. **Johnson.**

**Rynt you witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother,** is a north coun-
try proverb. The word is used again in **K. Lear:**

"And aroint thee witch, aroint thce." **Steevens.**

The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses,
hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees
of kidneys, fat, trotters, rumps, &c. which they sold to the poor.
The weird sister in this scene, "as an insult on the poverty of the
woman who had called her witch, reproaches her poor abject state,
as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which
are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.**

**Colepeper.**

So, in Ben Jonson's **Staple of News,** old Penny-boy says to the
Cook:

"And then remember mert for my two dogs;
"Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, rumps, &c."

Again, in **Wit at Several Weapons,** by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
"To fite your belly out with shoulder feys,
"With kidneys, rumps, and cues of single beer."

In the **Book of Hawkyng,** &c. (commonly called the **Book of St.
Albans**) bl. 1. no date, among the proper terms used in kepyng of
haukes, it is said: "The hauke tyreth upon rumps." **Steevens.**

i.e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *vagueux*, royne, scurfl.

Thus Chaucer, in the **Roman of the Rose,** p. 551:

"**——her necke,**
"Withouten blene, or scabbē, or roine."

Shakespeare uses the word again in **The Merry Wives of Windsor.**

**——in a sieve I'll thither fail,**

Reginald Scott, in his **Discovery of Witchcraft,** 1584, says it was
believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or
muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again,
for W. Davenant; in his **Albowine,** 1629:

"As fits like a witch sailing in a sieve."

Again in **News from Scotland.** Declaring the damning life of
**Doctor Fian a notable forcer, who was burnt at Edinbrough in Je-

marie
MACBETH. 469

And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1 Witch. Thou art kind.
3 Witch. And I another.
1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very points they blow,

quarie last, 1591; which Doctor was register to the Devill, that sundrie times preached at North Barrike Kirke, t. a number of notorious Witches. With the true examinations of the said Doctor and Witches, as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottish king. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drown his Majesty in the sea comming from Denmarke, with such other wonderful matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottish copie. Printed for William Wright.—“and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cipe, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives, &c.” Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of Mannelli catalogue, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harlechet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. STEEVENS.

5 And like a rat without a tail,

It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

6 I'll give thee a wind.

This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to fell them. So, in Summer's last Will and Testament, 1600:

“in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will.”

Drayton, in his Moon-calf, says the same. STEEVENS.

7 And the very points they blow;

As the word very is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspere wrote various, which might be early mitaken
All the quarters that they know,
I’ the shipman’s card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:

Weary

mistaken for very, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. JOHNSON.
The very points are the true exact points. Very is used here (as in a thousand inflections which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of points, however, the ancient copy reads ports. But this cannot be right; for though the witch, from her power over the winds, might justly enough say that she had all the points and quarters from whence they blow, she could not, with any degree of propriety declare that she had the ports to which they were directed. STEEVENS.
The substituted word was first given by Sir William Davenant, who, in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

"I myself have all the other—"
"And then from ever port they blow,"
"From all the points that seamen know." MALONE.

— the shipman’s card.]
The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot’s needle. So, in the Loyal Subject, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The card of goodness in your minds, that shews you"
"When you fail false." STEEVENS.

— dry as hay;

So, Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 9:
"But he is old and withered as hay." STEEVENS.

He shall live a man forbid:
i. e. as one under a curse, an interdictio. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own interdictio stands accursed."

So among the Romans, an outlaw’s sentence was, AQUAE & IGNIS interdictio; i.e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply’d the necessity of banishment. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained forbid by accursed, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To bid is originally to pray, as in this Saxon fragment:

He ɨ pɨ ɞ hɪ t ɹ be, &c.
He is wise that prays and makes amends.
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.

As to forbid therefore implies to prohibit, in opposition to the word bid in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to curse, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. Johnson.

It may be added that "bitten and Verbieten in the German signify to pray and to interdict." S. W.

This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be confined by slow degrees.

So, in Webster’s Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:
"
— it wistes me more
Than were’t my picture fashion’d out of wax,
Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill."

So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king Duffe:
"—found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king’s person, &c.
"—for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the body of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the incantation, they served to keep him still waking from sleepe, &c."

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:
Sleep shall neither night nor day.
Hang upon his penthouse lid. See vol. I. p. 175.

Steevens.

3 Though his bark cannot be lost.
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.] So in News from Scotland, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. "Againse it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the Kinges Majesties shippes, at his comming for the of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declered, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author’s allusion is sufficiently plain. Steevens.

Hh 4 2 Witch.
2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within,
3 Witch. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. *The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

*The weyward sisters band in band,*
The witches are here speaking of themselves: and it is worth an enquiry why they should style themselves *the weyward,* or *wayward* sisters. This word, in its general acceptation, signifies *perverse, forward, moody, obstinate, untractable,* &c. and is every where so used by our Shakepsere. To content ourselves with two or three instances:

"Fy, fy, how *wayward* is this foolish love,
"That, like a tetchy babe, &c."

*Town Gentlemen of Verona.*

"This wimpled, whining, purblind, *wayward* boy."

*Lowe's Labour Lost.*

"And which is worse, all you have done
"Is but for a *wayward* son."

It is improbable the witches would adopt this epithet to themselves in any of these senses; and therefore we are to look a little further for the poet's word and meaning. When I had the first suspicion of our author being corrupt in this place, it brought to my mind the following passage in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida,* lib. iii. v. 618:

"But O fortune, executrice of annoyers."
Which word the Glossaries expound to us by *fates,* or *destinies.* I was soon confirmed in my suspicion, upon happening to dip into Heylin's Cursiography, where he makes a short recital of the story of Macbeth and Banquo.

"These two," says he, "travelling together through a forest,
were met by three fairies, witches, *wiries.* The Scots call them, &c."

I presently recollected, that this story must be recorded at more length by Holinshed, with whom, I thought, it was very probable that our author had traded for the materials of his tragedy, and therefore confirmation was to be fetched from this fountain. Accordingly, looking into the *History of Scotland,* I found the writer very prolix and express, from Hector Boethius, in his remarkable story; and p. 170, speaking of these *witches,* he uses this expression:

"But
MACBETH.

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And

"But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters; that is, as ye would say, the Goddesses of Destiny, &c."

Again, a little lover:
"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto."

And in several other paragraphs there this word is repeated. I believe, by this time, it is plain, beyond a doubt, that the word weird has obtained in Macbeth, where the witches are spoken of, from the ignorance of the copyists, who are not acquainted with the Scotch term; and that in every passage, where there is any relation to their witches or wizards, my emendation must be embraced, and we must read weird. THEOBALD.

The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Mr. Theobald had found out who these weyward sisters were, but observed they were called, in his authentic Holinshed, weird sisters; and so would needs have weyward a corruption of the text, because it signifies perverse, errant, &c., and it is improbable (he says) that the witches should adopt this epithet to themselves. It was hard that, when he knew so much, he should not know a little more; that weyward had anciently the very same sense, as weird; and was, indeed, the very same word differently spelt; having acquired its latter signification from the quality and temper of these imaginary witches. But this is being a critic like him who had discovered that there were two Hercules's; and yet did not know that he had two next-door neighbours of one and the same name. As to these weyward sisters, they were the Fates of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. Haec nominant Valleyria, quas quadris ad prelimum Odisimus mitit. Ha viros morti delinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & Parcarum minimi Sc Balti: per aera & maria equitant fermer ad mortum eel: condos; & cedes in postulate habent. Bartholomus de Caufis contemptre a Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare makes them three; and calls them,

Poetlrs of the sea and land;
and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitious; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his witch-scenes are like the

charm
And thrice again, to make up nine;
Peace!—the charm’s wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So soul and fair a day I have not seen.
B. n. How far is’t call’d to Fores?—What are these,
So

charm they prepare in one of them: where the ingredients are gath-
ered from every thing flooting in the natural world, as here,
from every thing absurd in the moral. But as extravagant as all
this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every au-
dience from that time to this. Warburton.

Wourd comes from the Anglo-Saxon pypd, and is used as a sub-
stantive signifying a prophecy by the translator of Hector Boethius
in the year 1541, as well as for the Destinies by Chaucer and Ho-
linshed. Of the weirdis genyn to Macbeth and Banquo, is the
argument of one of the chapters, Gawin Douglas, in his transla-
tion of Virgil, calls the Parcae the weirdsisters; and in Ane ware
excellent and delectable Treatise intitulit Philotus, quhairin we
may percewe the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage be-
tweene Age and Zouth, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again;

"How does the quhail of fortune go,
"Quhat wickit quaird has wrocht our wo."

Again:

"Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
"Or zit his quaird to warie?"

The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the tran-
scriber or printer.

The Valkyrie, or Valkyriur, were not barely three in number.
The learned critic might have found, in Bartholinus, not only
Gunna, Rota, et Skulla, but also, Seculga, Hilda, Gondula, and
Geiritscogula. Bartholinus adds that their number is yet greater,
according to other writers who speak of them. They were the
cup-bearers of Othin, and conductors of the dead. They were dis-
tinguished by the elegance of their forms, and it would be as just
to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the Valky-
ries of the North with the Witches of Shakspeare. Steevens.

The following passage in Bellenden’s translation of Hector
Boece fully supports the emendation that has been made:

"Be avanture Macbeth and Banquo were passad to Fores,
quhair Kyng Duncane hauptit to be lor the time, and met be the
gair thre wemen clopthit in elrage and uncouth weight. They were
jugitt be papil, to be weird sifteris." Malone.

5 How far is’t call’d to Fores?—

The king at this tyme resided at Fores, a town in Murray, not far
from Inverness. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and
Banquo
MACBETH.

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: 'You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

2 Witch.

Banquo journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they
went sporting by the way, without other company, save only
themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met
them three women three strange and wild apparell, resembling crea-
tures of the elder world, &c." STEEVENS.

6 That man may question? ———— ]

Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse,
or of whom it is lawful to ask questions? JOHNSON.

7 You should be women,] In Pierce Penliefe his Supplication to
the Dowell, 1592 there is an enumeration of Spirits and their
offices; and of certain warry spirits it is said.—"by the help
of Alynach a spirit of the West they will raise storms, cause
earthquakes, rayne, haile or snow in the clearest day that is;
and if ever they appeare to anie man, they come in women's
apparell." HENDERSON.

8 ———— your beards ———— ]

Witches were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in
Decker's Honest WHore, 1635:

"Some women have beards, marry they are half
witches." STEEVENS.

9 All Hail, Macbeth! ——— ]

It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's Essay upon English
Tragedy, that the portrait of Macbeth's wife is copied from Bu-
chanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the
play of Shakspere: and it had signified nothing to have por-
ced only on Holinshed for facts."—"Animus etiam, per se-
ferox, prope quotidians: conviciis uxoribus (quia omnium consili-
orum ei erat conscia). stimulabatur."—This is the whole,
that Buchanan says of the Lady, and truly I see no more spirit in
the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The words of
the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the mur-
der
Macbeth.

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor?

3 Witch.

[Ser of Duncan], but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of the noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburne, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "Et His wyfe impacient of lang tary (as all women ar) specially quhare they are defirous of any purpos, gaif hym gret artation to purwey the third weird, that fche might be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis fobyl cowart and nocht deyrous of honouris, for he durst not asaille the thing with manheid and currage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniouenence of fortoun. 'Howbeit findy otheris hes asailizet sic thynge afore with maist terrribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of their laubouris as he had,' p. 173.

But we can demonstrate, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to him, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Una Anguis Thanum, altera Moravia, tertia Regem." Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hye Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hye Makbeth, that hereafter shall be king of Scotland." p. 243.

1 Witch. All hail, Macbth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wyfards, now that he ought to take heede of Macduff:—and surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great trufl, had tolde, that he should never be slaine with mou' borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunfinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcom and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the Chronicle. [Farmer.

[—thane of Glamis!]

The thane'ship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from Glamis Castle. Steevens.

[—thane of Cawdor!]

Dr. Johnson observes in his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,
MACBETH. 477

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!
2 Witch. Hail!
3 Witch. Hail!
1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 And, that part of Calder castle, from which Macbeth drew his
second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

By fantastical is not meant, according to the common signification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be so extravagant to ask such a question: but it is used for supernatural, spiritual. WARDURTON.

By fantastical, he means creatures of fantasy or imagination; the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584: "He affirmeth these transubstantiations to be but fantastical, nor according to the verity, but according to the appearance." The same expression occurs in Ali's Half by Half, 1633, by Rowley:

"—or is that thing,
"Which would supply the place of soul in thee,
"Merely phantastical?"

Shakespeare, however, took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says; "This was reputed at first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo." STEEVENS.

4 Of noble having, STEEVENS.

Having is estate, possession, fortune. See note on The Merry Wives of Windsor, act III. scene II. STEEVENS.
3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo.

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sincl’s death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish’d?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem’d corporal,
melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

5 By Sincl’s death,——] The father of Macbeth. Pope.
6 ——eaten of the insane root,] Mr. Theobald has a long and learned note on these words; and, after much puzzling, he at length proves from Hector Boethius, that this root was a berry. WARBURTON.
7 ——eaten of the insane root,] Shakspeare alludes to the qualities ancietly ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene’s Never too late, 1616: “You gaz’d against the sun, and so blemished your fight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes mens’ eyes conceit unseen objects.” Again, in Ben Jonson’s Semeus:

"they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst fruited up hemlock.” STEEVENS.

The name of this root was, I believe, unknown to Shakspeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the life of Antony (which our author must have diligently read) the Roman
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse, and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, The news of thy success: and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight, His wonders and his praises do contend, Which should be thine, or his? Silenc'd with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day, He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks, Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale,

Came

Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress, for want of provisions. "In the ende (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live on herbs and roots, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were enforced to take of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was one that killed them, and made them out of their wits; for he that had once eaten of it, his memory was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as if it had been a matter of great weight, and to be done with all possible speed." Malone.

7 His wonder and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his:——]
i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert. Steevens.

Silenced with that——] i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. Malone.

8———As thick as hail,]
Was Mr. Pope's correction. The old copy has:

As
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Roff. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine:

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Mach. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thané, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd 9 with Norway; or did line the rebel

As thick as tale
Can post with post:
which perhaps is not amiss, meaning, that the news came as thick
as a tale can travel with the post. Or we may read, perhaps, yet
better:

As thick as tale
Came post with post:
That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. Johnson.
So, in King Henry IV. P. III. act II. sc. 1:
"Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought, &c." Steevens.

Hail was Mr. Rowe's correction. Dr. Johnson's explanation
would be less exceptionable, if the old copy had—As quick as
tale. Thick applies but ill to tale, and seems rather to favour
the old emendation. Malone.

9——with Norway———] The folio reads:
with those of Norway. Steevens.

There is, I think, no need of change. The word combin'd be-
ongs to the preceding line:
Which he deserves to lose. Where he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel, &c.

Whither
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor,
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence—Cousins; a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the third swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:

Whether was in our author's time sometimes pronounced and
written as one syllable,—the'r.
So, in King John:
"Now shame upon you, the'r she does or no."

Malone.

—trusted home, i. e. carried as far as it will go, intimated to
prevail in its utmost extent; of argument confidentially received
or admitted home into your bosom. Steevens.

Might yet enkindle you—

Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek. Warburton.

—and monarchs to behold the swelling scene," Steevens.

Soliciting for information. Warburton.
Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, instrument, than information. Johnson.
MACBETH.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mach. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours, come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Mach. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban.

5 ______ Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:] Present fears are fears of things present, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents them while the objects are yet distant. Johnson.

So, in the Tragedie of Cresse, 1604, by lord Sterline:
"For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,
"Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,
"So is apprehension of approaching ill
"Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying."

6 ______ single state of man,—— The single state of man seems to be used by Shakespeare for an individual, in opposition to a commonwealth, or conjunct body. Johnson.

7 ______ function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. Johnson.

8 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.] By
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.  
Macb. Give me your favour:—
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends:
[Exeunt.

By this, I confess, I do not with his two last commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say tempus & hora, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.

This note is taken from an Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakespeare.

"The very head and front of my offending"
is little less reprehensible. Time and the hour, is time with his hours. Steevens.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakespeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose hour and time if they were as certayne, &c." Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1579.

Again, in Davison's Poems, 1621:
"Time's young hours attend her fill,
And her eyes and cheeks do fill,
With fresh youth and beauty."

Again, in Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631:
"The hour, the place, the time of your arrive."

—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.—

My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion. Johnson.

The interim having weigh'd it,—

This intervening portion of time is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the payer Reason.

Steevens.
MACBETH.

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Thosè in Commission yet return’d?

Mal. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke ² With one that saw him die: who did report, That very frankly he confess’d his treasons; Implor’d your highness’ pardon; and set forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him, like the leaving it; he dy’d As one that had been ³ studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he ow’d, As ’twere a careless trifle.

King. There’s no art,
⁴ To find the mind’s construction in the face:

² With one that saw him die:———
The behaviour of the Thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen’s forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakespeare’s patron, of his dearest friend. Steevens.

³ ——studied in his death,]

Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say studied, for learned in science. Johnson.

His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be studied in a part, or to have studied it, is yet the technical term of the stage. Malone.

⁴ To find the mind’s construction in the face:
The construction of the mind is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakespeare; it implies the frame or disposition of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. Johnson.

The
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art too far before,
That swiftfleth wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou had'st less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
'More is thy due than more than all can pay.'
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,

The meaning, I think, is—We cannot construe or discover the
distinction of the mind by the lineaments of the face. The same ex-
pidion occurs in The Second Part of King Henry IV.

"Construe the times to their necessities."

In Hamlet we meet a kindred phrase:

"These profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in Troilus and Cressida,
at II. scene III.

"I'll decline the whole question."

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word construe, in
this place, in the sense of frame or structure; but the school-term
was, I believe, intended by Shakespeare.—In his 93d Sonnet, we
find a contrary sentiment asserted:

"In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ." Malone.

More is thy due than more than all can pay.] More is due
to thee, than, I will not say all, but, more than all, i. e. the
greatest recompence, can pay. Thus in Plautus we have nibilo
minus.

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word
all, which is not used here personally (more than all persons
can pay), but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more
clearly, in King Henry VIII.

"More than my all is nothing."

This line appeared obscure to Sir William Davenant, for he has
altered it thus:

"I have only left to say
That thou deservest more than I have to pay." Malone.
MACBETH.

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties:
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

Safe

From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do."—HENLEY.

Of the last line of this speech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emendation has been attempted, which Dr. Warburton and Mr. Theobald once admitted as the true reading:

our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing every thing,
Save to your love and honour.

My esteem for these critics inclines me to believe that they cannot be much pleased with these expressions fiëfs to love, or fiëfs to honour, and that they have proposed this alteration rather because no other occurred to them, than because they approved of it. I shall therefore propose a bolder change, perhaps with no better success, but sua qualque placet. I read thus:

our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, in doing nothing,
Save to your love and honour.

We do but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service, when we act with no other principle than regard to your love and honour.

It is probable that this passage was first corrupted by writing safe for save, and the lines then stood thus:

doing nothing
Safe toward your love and honour,

which the next transcriber observing to be wrong, and yet not being able to discover the real fault, altered to the present reading.

Dr. Warburton has since changed fiëfs to fiëf'd; and Hammur has altered safe to shap'd. I am afraid none of us have hit the right word. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton gives the word safe as an instance of an adjective used adverbially; and says that it means here, with safety, security, and surety. DR. Kenrick proposes to read:
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:

*Safe to ward your love and honour.*

To ward is to defend. So in Titus Andronicus:

"—it was a hand that saved him

"From thousand dangers."

Again, more appositely in Love’s Labour Lost:

"—for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding my dependants."

Again, in K. Richard III. act V:

"Then, if you fight against God’s enemies,

"God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers."

Dr. Kenrick might be right, if, instead of love and honour, the words had been crown and honour; but there is somewhat of obscurity in the idea of defending a prince’s love in safety.

STEEVENS.

*Safe toward your love and honour.*

Safe (i.e. faved) toward you love and honour;

and then the sense will be—"Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a faving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the love and honour) due to the sovereign. "Sauf la foy que je doy a notre seigneur le roy," as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says,

"When love begins to sicken and decay,

"It useth an enforced ceremony." BLACKSTONE.

The following passage in Cupid’s Revenge, a Comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone’s emendation:

"I’ll speak it freely, always my obedience

"And love preferred unto the prince."

So also do the following words spoken by Henry Duke of Lancaster to King Richard II. at their interview in the Castle of Flint (a passage that Shakspere certainly had read and probably remembered): "My sovereign lord and kyng, the cause of my coming at this present is [your honour faved], to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence," Holinshed’s Chron. vol. II. XX. Col. 1. a.

MALONE.

I 1 4

I have
MACBETH.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less desired, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And one tree to my heart,

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own,

Flourish. My plentiful joys,
Wanton in tunnels, seek to hide themselves
In drops of scented.—Sons, kinmen, thanes,
And where ye are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our own, to whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But find of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all observers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The work is labour, which is not us'd for

you:

* * *

7 My plentiful joys,
Wanton in tunnels, seek to hide themselves
In drops of scented.

"——Lucinae non ipso tarde fessa;
Effluxit, geminique expedit percutit lato."

Lucan, 1. iv.

We meet with the same sentiment again in the Winter's Lab.

"It seem'd sorrow, wo'd to take leave of them, for their joy
"v. the stage." MALONE.

9——to Inverness.

1 r. Johnson observes, in his journey to the Western Isles of Scotland,
"The walls of the castle of Macbeth at Inverness are yet stand-

* * *

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by another: for, from the Scottish Chronicle it appears, that it
was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominion every year. 'Incrat et [Duncan] laudabilis confec-
tum regum per terras regiones temel in anno. For dun. Scotichron.
lib. iv. c.

"Sing vs annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrat
promissas." Buchan. lib. vii. MALONE.
Ill be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Mac. The prince of Cumberland! — That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt."

*The prince of Cumberland! —]

So, Holinshed, Hist. of Scotland, p. 171: "Duncan having
two sons, &c. he made the elder of them, called Malcolm,
prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him suessor
in his kingdom immediatlie after his decease. Macbeth sorely
troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope fore
hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme, the ordinance
was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take
the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him
should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might
uturp the kingdome by force, having a jurt quarrel so to doe
(as he tooke the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay
to defraud him of all manner of title and claimes, which he
might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When
a sucessor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often
the case), the title of Prince of Cumberland was immediately be
stowed on him as the mark of his designation. Cumberland was
at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a sief.

Steevens.

If the foregoing observation relative to the designation of the
king's son as his suessor, by conferring on him the title of
prince of Cumberland, wanted any support, Belenden's transla
tion of Hector Boece, fol. 183, would furnish it: "In the meane
tyme kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cubir, to
signifit that he fulle regne after hym, quilk was gret displeasit to
Macbeth, for it maid plane derogation to the thrid weird prom
mitted afore to hym be this weird sifteris." Malone.

SCENE
MACBETH.

SCENE V.

Enter Macbeth's wife alone; with a letter.

Lady. ——They met me in the day of success; and I have learned 2 by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn't in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which 3, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referre'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: 3 thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

2 —by the perfectest report—1 By the best intelligence. Dr. Warburton would read, perfected, and explains report by prediction. Little regard can be paid to an emendation that, instead of clearing the sense, makes it more difficult. Johnson.

3 —thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that, &c.]

As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read,

—thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have me.

Johnson.

That
MACBETH

That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
4 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To

* And that which rather, &c.]
Perhaps the poet wrote:
As! that's what rather, &c. STEVENS.
The construction, I apprehend, is—thou would'st have that
[i.e. the crown], which cries, Thou must do thus, if thou would'st
have it, and thou must do that which rather thou fear'st to do, than
wishest to be undone.
The difficulty of this line, "And that, &c." seems to have
arisen from its not being considered as part of the speech uttered
by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such it appears to me,
and as such it ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished by its
lick.
"And that's what rather, &c."
Is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. MALONE.
5 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;]
I meet with the same expression in Lord Sterline's Julius Caesar,
1607:
"Thou in my bosom us'd to pour thy spirits."
There is no earlier edition of Macbeth than that of 1623.
MALONE.
6 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—
For seem, the sense evidently directs us to read seek. The crown
to which fate doth raise thee, and which preternatural agents en-
deavour to bestow upon thee. The golden round is the deed
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.
Metaphysical for supernatural. But doth seem to have thee crown'd
withal, is not sense. To make it so, it should be supplied thus:
doth seem disfavour to have. But no poetic licence would excuse
this. An easy alteration will restore the poet's true meaning:
—doth seem
To have crown'd thee withal.
I.e. they seem already to have crown'd thee, and yet thy dispo-
sition at present hinders it from taking effect. WARBURTON.
The words, as they now stand, have exactly the same meaning.
Such
MACBETH.

To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The king comes here to-night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer'nt so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. 7 The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Mef.

Such arrangement is sufficiently common among our ancient writers. Steevens.
I do not agree with Dr. Warburton, that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem to have crowned Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth, I think, means to animate her husband to the attainment of "the golden round," with which fate and supernatural agency seemed to intend to have him crowned, on a future day. So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"Our dearest friend
"Prejudicates the busines, and would seem
"To have us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between —"'o have him crown'd"—and "To have crown'd him," of which Dr. Warburton does not appear to have been aware. Metaphysical in our author's time seems to have had no other meaning than supernatural. In the English Dictionary by H. C. 1655, Metaphysicks are thus explained: "Supernatural arts."

MALONE.

7 — The raven himself is hoarse.]

Dr. Warburton reads:

— The raven himself's not hoarse,
Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says
the servant, had hardly breath to make up his message; to which
the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a
message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird,
whose harsh voice is accustom to predict calamities, could not
croak the entrance of Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness.

JOHNSON.

That
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direft cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature

---Come, you spirits---

That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.] There is an invocation in *Buffy d' Ambois*, which in the turn of thought seems to resemble Lady Macbeth's, but is less horrid:
Now all the peacefull regents of the night,
Silently gliding exhalations,
Languishing windes and murmuring fals of waters
Sadness of heart and ominous securenesse
Enchantments, dead sleeps all the friends of rest
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengthes; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the center; make the violent wheelset
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great exilens
(The maker's treaurie) now not seeme to bee,
To all but my approaching friends and mee. Henley.

---Come all you spirits---

The word *all* was added by Sir Wm Davenant to supply the deficiency of the metre, and is not found in the old copy. Steavens.

9 ---mortal thoughts,---

This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, deadly, or destructive designs. So, in act V:
"Hold fast the mortal sword."

And in another place:
"With twenty mortal murthers." Johnson.

---Come you spirits---

"That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.]"

In *Pierce Pennells his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time), our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office.
"The secon kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern Martyrs, called the spirits of revenge, and the authors of maflacres, and seedfmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, treason, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioeh, that is termed the spirit of revenge." Malone.
Shake my fell purpose; 
or keep peace between
The effect, 
and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And

The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compassionate visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it.

To keep pace between, may signify to pass between, to intervene. Pace is on many occasions a favourite of Shakespeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? Johnson.

The sense is, that no compassionate visitings of nature may prevail upon her, to give place in her mind to peaceful thoughts, or to rest one moment in quiet, from the hour of her purpose to its full completion in the effect. Revisal.

This writer thought himself perhaps very sagacious that he found a meaning which nobody mistook; the difficulty still remains how such a meaning is made by the words. Johnson.

Her purpose was to be effected by action. To keep peace between the effect and purpose, therefore means, to delay the execution of her purpose. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some action should be performed, her purpose could not be carried into execution. There is no need of alteration.

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the Tragical Historie of Romceus and Julit, 1562:

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
"Keep truce between her griefs and her, though ne'er so fayne she would."

The old reading (peace), I have since observed, is confirmed by the following passage in King John, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
"Hostility and civil tumult reigns
"Between my conscience and my cousin's death."

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords
MACBETH. 495
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor
affords a reasonably good comment on it. Thus, in the present
instance:

"Make thick
My blood, and stop all passage to remorse,
That no relapses into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripe'd to effect." MALONE.

Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNSON.

You wait on nature's mischief!
Nature's mischief is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's
order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

Come, thick night, &c.] A similar invocation is found in A Warning for faire Women, 1599,
a tragedy which was certainly prior to Macbeth:
Oh fable night, sit on the eye of heaven,
That it discern not this black deed of darkness!
My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,
Muff wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:
Be then my coverture thick ugly night!
The light hates me, and I do hate the light."

And pall thee———] i.e. wrap thyself in a pall. WARBURTON.

A pall is a robe of state. So, in the ancient black letter ro-
mance of Syr Eglamoure of Arteys, no date;
"The knyghtes were clothed in pall."
Again, in Milton's Penelope:
"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptor'd pall come sweeping by."
Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over
the dead. STEEVENS.

The word knife, which at present has a familiar meaning, was an-
ciently used to express a sword or dagger. So, in the old black
letter romance of Syr Eglamoure of Arteys, no date:
"Through Goddes myght, and his knyfe,
"There the gyaunte loft his lyfe."
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark; 
To cry, Hold, hold! — Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. i. c. 6:
"— the red-cros knight was slain with paynim knife."

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the present instance do not seem wanted, I shall only observe that Mr. Steevens's observation might be confirmed by quotations without end. Editor.

Drayton, in the 26th song of his Polyolbion, has an expression resembling this:
"Thick vapours that, like rugs, still hang the troubled air." Steevens.

To cry, Hold, hold! —
On this passage there is a long criticism in the Rambler.

In this criticism the epithet dun is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying.

"— in the dun air sublime." Steevens.

To cry, Hold, hold!

The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry hold, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid hold, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, translated in 1589. Tollet.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech:
"And damn'd be him who first cries, hold, enough!"

Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The foster passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or valets; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

2. This ignorant present, and I feel now!
The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time;

from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, in the
midst of the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less
fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of
tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom,
accompanied with terms of endearment. Steevens.

2. This ignorant present time,

Ignorant, for base, poor, ignoble. Warburton.

Ignorant has here the signification of unknowing; that is, I feel
by anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the
proceeds of nature, the present time would be ignorant. Johnson.

So, in Cymbeline:
“______his flitting,
“Poor ignorant baubles, &c.” Steevens.

3. ______present time,

The word time is wanting in the old copy. It was supply’d by
Mr. Pope, and perhaps without necessity, as our author omits it
in the first scene of the Tempest: “If you can command these
elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not
hand a rope more.” The sense does not require the word time,
and it is too much for the measure. Again, in Coriolanus:
“And that you not delay the present; but &c.”

Again, in Corinthians I. ch. xv. v. 6: “—of whom the greater
part remain unto this present.” Steevens.

4. Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read, &c.]

So, in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:
“Her face the book of pleasures, where is read
“Nothing but curious pleasures.” Steevens.

Vol. IV.
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

5 ———to beguile the time,
Look like the time;——-

The same expression occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's Civil Wars:

"He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
"Looks like the time: his eye made not report
"Of what he felt within; nor was he less
"Than usually he was in every part;
"Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart."

It is almost needless to observe, that the Poem of Daniel was published many years before Macbeth could have been written.

Steevens.

The expression is also found in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakespeare and Fletcher:

"—Let's go off.
"And bear us like the time."

The 7th and 8th books of Daniel's Civil Wars were not published till the year 1609 [see the Epistle Dedicatarie to that edit.]; so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakespeare; for there can be little doubt that Macbeth had appeared before that year. MALONE.
MACBETH.

SCENE VI.

Hautbois and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban.

6 This castle hath a pleasant seat. This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed repose. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrails the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

7 Unto our gentle senses.] How odd a character is this of the air that it could recommend itself to all the senses, not excepting the sight and hearing? Without doubt, we should read:

Unto our general sense,
meaning the touch or feeling; which not being confined to one part, like the rest of the senses, but extended over the whole body, the poet, by a fine periphrasis, calls the general sense. Therefore by the air's recommending itself nimbly and sweetly must be understood that it was clear and soft, which properties recreated the fibres, and assisted their vibration. And surely it was a good circumstance in the air of Scotland that it was soft and warm: and this circumstance he would recommend, as appears from the following words;
500 M A C B E T H.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd;
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,
General has been corrupted to gentle once again in this very play.
See note, act III. scene v. Warburton.
Sense are nothing more than each man's sense. Gentle sense is
very elegant, as it means placid, calm, composed, and intimates
the peaceable delight of a fine day. Johnson.
[—martlet—] This bird is in the old edition called hawk.
Johnson.

The correction is supported by the following passage in the
Merchant of Venice:

"—like the martlet
"Builds in the weather on the outward wall." Steevens.
—coigne of vantage, Convenient corner. Johnson.
—most breed, The folio, must breed. Steevens.

The love that follows, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble."

The attention that is paid us (says Duncan, on seeing lady Macbeth come to meet him) sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect
that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with
such attentions, because they are a proof of affection. So far is clear.
Of the following words I confess I have no very distinct conception.
Perhaps the meaning is,—By being the occasion of so much trouble, I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward us
for the pain I give you, [inasmuch as the having such an opportunity
of shewing your loyalty and attachment may hereafter prove beneficial to you]; and herein also I afford you a motive to
than.
MACBETH

501

How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

thank me for the trouble I give you [because by shewing me so much
attention (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of
it), you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character;
and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign; which finally
may bring you both honour and profit]. MALONE.

To bid any one God-yeld him, i.e. God-yield him, was the same
as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe yield, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, yeld, is a cor-
rupted contraction of shiled. The wish implores not reward, but
protection. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of God-yield, i.e. reward.
In Antony and Cleopatra, we meet with it at length:

"And the gods yield you fort."

Again, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568:

"God yelds you Esau, with all my stomach——"

Again, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl.1.
no date:

"Syr, gouth Guy, God yeld it you,

"Of this great gift you give me now."

Again, in Chaucer's Summoner's Tale, v. 7759; late edit.

"God yelds you adoun in your village."

God shied means God forbid, and could never be used as a form of
returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's Miller's Tale:

"God shide that he died so fondenly." v. 3437; late edit.

STEVENS.

We rest your hermits.]

Hermit, for headsmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as hermits shall always pray for you. So, in Arden
of Feverham, 1592:

"I am your headsmen bound to pray for you."

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1653:

"Worshipful sir,

"I shall be still your headsmen." STEVENS.

Kk
MACBETH.

We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holph him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostes,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. 6 Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostes. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a fewers7, and divers ser-

vants with dishes and service over the stage. Then

enter Macbeth.

5 ——his great love, sharp as his spur,—

So, in Twelfth Night, act III. sc. iii:

"my desire,

"More sharp thanfried steel, did spur me forth."

STEEVENS.

6 Your servants ever, &c.]
The metaphor of this speech is taken from the Steward's compt-
ing house or audit-room. In compt means, subject to account. The
sense of the whole is: —We, and all who belong to us, look upon our
lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have
received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable
whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful
stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you
what is your own. STEEVENS.

7 Enter a fewers, — I have restored this stage direction from
the old copy. The office of a fewers was to place the dishes in or-
der at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round
his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman; "—clap me a
clean towel about you, like a fewers." Again: "Sec, sir Amo-
rous has his towel on already. [He enters like a fewes."

STEEVENS.

Macb.
If it were done, when ’tis done, then ’twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With

A man of learning recommends another punctuation:

If it were done, when ’tis done, then ’twere well.

It were done quickly, if, &c. Johnson.

A sentiment parallel to this occurs in The Proceedings against Garnet in the Powder Plot. "It would have been commendable "when it had been done, though not before." Farmer.

Of this foliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakespeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once done and executed, were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly; if the murder could terminate in itself, and refrain the regular course of consequences, if its success could secure its success, if being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that this blow might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even here in this world, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of these cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us here in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." Johnson.

We are told by Dryden that "Ben Jonson in reading some bombast speeches in Macbeth, which are not to be understood, used to say that it was borrowing." Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depriated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after Othello, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into strong flushes" and blood-freezing "agues" by its interesting and high wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardnecess of its language; for such it appears from the context is what he meant by borrowing. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some bombast speeches in it, which are not to be understood," as Dryden affirms, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion however, and the verbal alterations made
With his furceafe, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and this shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We'll have judgment here; that we must teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakespeare was not to well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day.

MALONE.

1 With his furceafe, success; ———
I think the reasoning requires that we should read:
With its success furceafe. ——— JOHNSON.
A trammel is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught.
So, in the Isle of Gulls, 1633:
 "Each tree and shrub wears trammels of thy hair."
S urceafe is cessation, stop. So, in the Valiant Welshman, 1615:
 "Surceafe brave brother: Fortune hath crown'd our brows."
His is used instead of its, in many places. STEEVENS.
2 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,]
So, in The Three Lords of London, 1590:
 "To death? O good if death might finish all.
HENDERSON.

3 ——— shoal of time.]
This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has school, and Dr. Warburton ejection. JOHNSON.
4 We'd jump the life to come.———
So, in Cymbeline, act V. sc. iv:
 "— or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril."
STEUVENS.

I suppose the meaning to be—We would over-leap, we would make no account of the life to come. So Autolycus in The Winter's Tale: "For the life to come, I flipp out the thought of it."

This even-handed justice

Our poet, apis Matinae more nodague, would ftoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.
The pricke of confidence (says Holinshed) cau'd him eye to feare, lest he should be serv'd of the same cup as he had minit'er to his predecessor. STEEVENS.

To
MACBETH.

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
'That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur'

6 Hath borne his faculties so meek, ————]
Faculties, for office, exercise of power, &c. Warburton.
Hath borne his faculties so meek, ————]
"Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature."—
And again: "Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness,
And overmuch slackness in punishing offenders." Steevens.
7 ——— or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,]
But the cherubin is the courier; so that he can't be said to be
hors'd upon another courier. We must read, therefore, couriers.
Warburton.

Courier is only runner. Couriers of air are winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible. Johnson.

Again, in this play:
"Wherever in your sightless substances, &c." Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:
"The flames of hell and Pluto's sightless fires."

Again:
"Hath any sightless and infernal fire
"Laid hold upon my heart?"

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:
"The scouring winds that sightless in the founding air do fly." Steevens.

8 That tears shall drown the wind.————]
Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. Johnson.
So, in King Henry VI. Part III.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

Steevens.

To
MACBETH.

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

Enter Lady².

Lady. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left
the chamber?

Macb.

The spur of the occasion is a phrase used by lord Bacon.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition—]

So, in The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:
“Why think you, lords, that 'tis ambition's spur,
“That pricks Cæsar to these high attempts?”

MALONE.

Hanmer has on this occasion added a word which every reader
cannot fail to add for himself. He would give:

And falls on the other side.

But the state of Macbeth's mind is more strongly marked by this
break in the speech, than by any continuation of it which the
most successful critic can supply. STIEVENS.

² Enter Lady.] The arguments by which lady Macbeth per-
suades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of
Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence
and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled man-
kind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker,
and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for
ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a
line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought
to bellow immortality on the author, though all his other pro-
ductions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much
success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety to a soldier
by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier;
and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from
a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to
murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have
some misconceptions, and persuaded themselves that
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreft yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would it thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Macb.

that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspere, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. Johnson.

Would'st thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read:
Or live a coward in thine own esteem?
Unless we choose rather:

Would'st thou leave that. Johnson.
The reasoning is rendered imperfect by inserting the note of interrogation after the word esteem; the two ensuing lines belonging as necessarily to the sentence as any line that went before, and making an essential part of the Lady's argument. Put the note of interrogation where it ought to be, at the end of the speech, and then the argument becomes entire, and the reasoning conclusive. —Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your poltry fears, which whisper, "I dare not," to control your noble ambition, which cries out, "I would?" Steevens.

Like the poor cat i' the adage?
MACBETH.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then, That made you break this enterprize to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn As you have done to this.

Macb.

The adage alluded to is, The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:

"Catus amat pisces, sed non scit tingere plantas. JOHNSON.

Pr'ythee peace, &c."

A passage similar to this occurs in Measure for Measure, act II. scene ii:

"—be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."
The folio, instead of do more, reads no more, but the present reading is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.
The same sentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Rollo, My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man, Is tender of his yet untainted valour; So noble, that he dares do nothing basely. HENLEY.

Did then adhere,—]
The old copy reads adhere. Dr. Warburton would read cohere, not improperly, but without necessity. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more adhere and keep pace together than, &c." STEEVENS.

I would while it was smiling in my face;]
Polyxeno, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a similar sentiment of ferocity.

In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymisque moretur)
Tranfagigam ferro—. STEEVENS.

bad I but so sworn]
But is an interpolation made by the editor of the second folio, who
Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place 9,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
'Will I with wine and wassel so convince,'
MACBETH.

That memory, the warder of the brain,\(^2\)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason\(^3\)

Loverd king was-heil; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, drine-heil; and then, as Geoffrey of Monmouth says,
"Kuifte hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire heil,"
"And that was tho' in this land the verst was-hail,
"As in langage of Saxoyne that we might euerie wite,
"And so wel he paieth the fole about, that he is not yit vorynte."

Afterwards it appears that was-haile, and drine-heil, were the usual phrausies of quaffing among the English, as we may see from Thomas de la Moore in the Life of Edward II, and in the lines of Han-vil the monk, who preceded him:
"Ecce vagante cifo dimento gitture was-heil,
"Ingeominant was-heil——

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengift, as a note of healew-washing, supposing the expression to be corrupted from wic-heil.

Waffel or Wauffel is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs Wool, i.e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See Beggar's Bush, act IV. sc. 4:
"What think you of a waffel?
"—thou and Ferret
"And Ginks to sing the song: I for the structure,
"Which is the bowl, &c."

Again, in a song introduced in Lanham's Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kneveorth Castle, 1575:
"For wine and wauffell he had at will."

Waffel is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion I believe it means intemperance.

Ben Jonson personifies waffel thus:——Enter Wauffel like a neat Hempster and Songführ, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and regimory, before her. Steevens.

A wauffer is a guard, a sentinell. So, in another play of Shakespeare:
"Where be these warders, that they wait not here?" Steevens.

Again, Mirror for Magistrates, 1587, p. 119:
Thus was the warder of the common weale
The duke of Gloucester giltlesse made away. Henderson.

\(^2\) the receipt of reason
i.e. the receptacle. Malone.

A limbeck
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
There drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His fpungy officers; 5 who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleep'y two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb, I am settled, and bend up 6
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

4 A limbeck only:—]
That is, shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. Johnson.
5—who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.]
Quell is murder, manquellers being in the old language the term
for which murderers is now ufed. Johnson.
So, in Chaucer's Tale of the Nonnes Priest, v. 15396, late edit.
"The dokes cryeden as men wold hem quelle."
The word is ufed in this sense by Holinshed, p. 567:—"—the
poor people ran about the streets, called the capteins and go-
vernors murderers and manquellers." Again, in The Cobbler's Pro-
phesy, 1595:
"Pres'sd through despair myself to quell." Steevens.
6—and bend up]
A metaphor from the bow. So, in King Henry V. act III. sc. i.
"—bend up every spirit
"To his full height." Steevens.
Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And the goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: 9 Merciful powers!

7 Banquo.] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the hall, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shews: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. Johnson.

9 Their candles are all out.] The same expression occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

"Night's candles are burnt out."

Again, in our author's 21st sonnet:

"As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air."

Malone.

It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking fancies were shock'd at; and Shakespeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may afflict him to complete his purpose.
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesses to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should affright his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. The same kind of invocation occurs in Cymbeline:

"From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
"Guard me!" Steevens.

To-night was first introduced by sir Wm. Davenant. Malone.

To shut up, is to conclude. So, in the Spanish Tragedy:

"And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us."

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. iv. c. 9:

"And for to shut up all in friendly love."

Again, in Reynold's God's Revenge against Murder, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: "—though the parents have already shut up the contract." Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Essex's speech on the scaffold: "he shut up all with the Lord's prayer." Steevens.

Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily defective, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our willingness to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our acts. Which refers not to the last antecedent (defect) but to will. Malone.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business;
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ft leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban.

*If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,*

Content for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. Warburton.

If you shall cleave, &c.]

Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent,* if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis,* when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you.* Johnson.

Such another expression occurs in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Aenid*:

"And if thy will flyc unto mine, I shall
In wedlocke's sure knit, and make her his own."

*When 'tis* means, *when 'tis my leisure to talk with you on this business,* referring to what Banquo had just said, *at your kindeft leisure.*

Macbeth could never mean to give Banquo at this time the most distant or obscure hint of his design upon the crown. Steevens.

I do not entirely agree with either of the two learned commentators. The word *content* has always appeared to me unintelligible in this line, and was, I believe, a mere error of the press. A passage in The Tempest, which turns upon the same subject as the present, leads me to think that our author wrote —content.—Antonio is counselleing Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

"O, that you bore
That mind that I do; what a steep were there
For your advancement! Do you understand me?"

*Seb.* I think I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content.

"Tender your own good fortune?"
Macbeth. 519

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis’d, and allegiance clear;
I shall be counsel’d.

Macb Good repose, the while!
Ban Thanks, sir; The like to you! [Exit Banquo.
Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Serv.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have

In the same play we have—“Thy thoughts I cleave to;” which
differs but little from “I cleave to thy content.”

The meaning then of this difficult passage; thus corrected;
will be,—If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will
promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my
satisfaction and content, when ‘tis, when my wills are accom-
plished, the event shall make honour for you.

If Macbeth does not mean to allude darkly to the crown (as
Mr. Steevens thinks) what meaning can be drawn from the
words “If you shall cleave, &c.” whether we read content, or
the word now proposed? In the preceding speech, though he
affects not to think of it, he yet clearly marks out to Banquo
what it is that is the object of the mysterious words which we
are now considering:

“Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,”

“Ww would spend it in some words upon that business;”
i. e. upon the prophecy of the weird sisters [that he should be
thane of Cawdor, and afterwards king] which, as you observed,
has been in part fulfilled.

If this correction be just, “In seeking to augment it,” in
Banquo’s reply, may perhaps relate not to his own honour, but
to Macbeth’s content. On condition that I lose no honour in seeking
to increase your satisfaction or content, to gratify your wishes, &c.
The words, however, may be equally commodiously interpreted
—Provided that in seeking an increase of honour I lose none, &c.

Sir W. D’Avenant’s paraphrase on this obscure passage is as fol-
lows:

“If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.”
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall’st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o’the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which

nor is the note introduced for any other reason than just to mention, that our author’s use of it seems to be sneered at by Ben Jonson in his Poetaster, act V. sc. ii. where Crispinus, after having taken some pills from Horace, by way of a light vomit, to purge his brain and stomach, among many other uncouth words and phrases he brings up, this is one. Shakspeare uses it in Aka-
sure for Menastron, act III. sc. v. and K. John, act II. sc. 6. always in the same signification. WARNER.

Mr. Warner was certainly mistaken. Old Ben was sufficiently envious, and unfriendly to our author; but no ridicule could have been aimed in the Poetaster, which was printed in 1602, at this play, which was not produced till after the accession of king James. Decker was the poet sneered at for using the word clutch. This word, though reproved by Jonson, was used by other writers beside Decker and our author. So, in Antonio’s Revenge, by Marston, &c. 1602:

"——all the world is clutch’d!

"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep." MALONE.

It appears from the following passage in an old comedy, called The Return from Parnassus, 1606, that Shakspeare and Ben Jon-
son had been at variance: "O, that Ben Jonson’s a peevish fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill; but our fel-
low Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him betray his credit." Burbage and Kemp are the speakers in this scene. STEEVENS.

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood;]

Certainly, if on the blade, then on the dudgeon; for dudgeon sig-
nifies a small dagger. We should read therefore:

And on the blade of th’ dudgeon.—— WARBURTON.

Though dudgeon does sometimes signify a dagger, it more pro-
perly means the hilt or handle of a dagger, and is used for that particular
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody businefs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—§ Now o'er the one half world
Nature

particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on
the top of it. Junius explains the dudgeon, i.e. haft, by the
Latin expression, manubrium apium, which means a handle of
wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parly were strewn over it.
So, in Lyllie's comedy of Mother Bombie, 1594: "—then
have at the bag with the dudgeon haftie, that is, at the dudgeon dag-
ger that hangs by his tautony pouch." In Soliman and Perseus is
the following passage:

"—Typhon me no Typhon,
"But swear upon my dudgeon dagger."
Again, in Decker's Satirousliv: "I am too well rank'd, Asinius,
to be shubb'd with his dudgeon wit." Steevens.
Gefoigne confirms this: "The most knotty piece of box may
be wrought to a fayre dudgeon haftie." Gouts for drops is frequent
in old English. Farmer.

§—gouts of blood.] Or drops, French: Pope.

Gouts is the technical term for the spots on some part of the
plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakfpeare used the word in al-
lusion to a phrafe in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or
sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be gutty of gules, or gutty de
jung. Steevens.

§—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead.

That is, over our hemisphere all actions and motion seem to have ceased.
This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can
produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his Conquest of
Mexico:

"All things are husht'd as Nature's self lay dead,
"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
"Even luff and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the
contrast between them and this passage of Shakfpeare may be
more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a
night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dry-
den, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of
Shakfpeare, nothing but forcery, lust, and murder, is awake.
He that reads Dryden finds himself luss'd with serenity, and
disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shak
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and 'wither'd murder

Alarum'd

Shakespeare looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One
is the night of a lover, the other, of a murderer. Johnson.

Now o'er one half the world, &c.]
So, in Marston's second part of Antonio and Mellida, 1602, which
probably preceded Macbeth:

"Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of morose sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and scrarting-owls;
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.

"I am great in blood,
Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scants
That fainest swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms." Malone.

9 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
The word now has been added by the editors from Dryden
for the sake of metre. Probably Shakespeare wrote: The curtain'd
sleep.

The folio spells the word shite, and an addition of the
letter r only affords the proposed emendation. Steevens.

So afterwards:

"a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house," Malone.

"wither'd murder,
thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides toward his design
Moves like a ghost." —

This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that
of Mr. Pope, who, for shite, inserted in the text stites, which Mr.
Theobald has tacitly copied from him, though a more proper al-
teration might perhaps have been made. A ravishing stite is an
action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage
rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhi-
bite an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumvention
and guilty timidity, the stealthy pace of a ravisher creeping into
the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed
of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him;
these he describes as moving like ghosts, whose progression is so
different from stites, that it has been in all ages represented to
be as Milton expresses it:

"Smooth sliding without step."

This hemitrich will afford the true reading of this place, which is,
I think, to be corrected thus:

"and"
Macbeth

alarum’d by his sentinel, the wolf,
whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design.

Moves

—and availer’d murder,
—and with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin ravishing, strides towards his design,
Moves like a ghost.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the
scene is: Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those
who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to
Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are
feasting upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great pro-
priety, in the following lines, that the earth may not hear his
steps. Johnson.

2 With Tarquin’s ravishing strides,———]
The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza,
in his poem of Tarquin and Lucrece, will explain it:

"Now now frode upon the time, the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos’d up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls and wolves dead-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
White luft and murder wake to stain and kill."

Warburton.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a stride is always an ac-
tion of violence, impetuosity, or tumult. Spenser uses the word in
his Faery Queen, b. iv. c. 8, and with no idea of violence au-
nexed to it:

"With easy steps so soft as foot could stride."

And as an additional proof that a stride is not always a tumultuous
effort, the following instance, from Harrington’s Translation of
Aristotle, may be brought:

"He takes a long and leisurable stride,
And longest on the hinder foot he staid;
So soft he treaded, altho’ his steps were wide,
As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
And as he goes, he gropes on either side
To find the bed, &c."

Orlando Furioso, 28th book, stanza 63.

This translation was entered on the books of the Stationers’
Company, Dec. 7, 1593.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way
about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take

L 14

large
MACBETH.

Moves like a ghost.—Thou fure and firm-set earth, 

large strides, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such strides, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Silvester, cited in England's Parnassus, 1600:

"Anon he stalketh with an easy stride" 
"By some clear river's lillie paved side."

Again, in our author's K. Richard II.

"Nay rather every tedious stride I make——" 
Thus also the Roman poets:

"——nuligia furtim" 
"Suspensus digitis fert taciturna gradus." Ovid. Fasti. 
"Eunt taciti per moesta silentia magnis" 
"Passibus." Statius, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his Rape of Lucrece, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and probably would have used this very word, if he had not been fettered by the rhyme:

"Into the chamber wickedly he stalks."

After all, perhaps fides may be the true reading. At least, the following passage in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies, 8vo. no date, seems to support it:

"I saw when forth a tired lover went, 
His fide past service, and his courage spent."

Vidi, cum foribus laetus prodiret amor, 
Invalidum referens, emeritumque latus.

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, tene lucerna, 
Et juvat admisita rumpere luce latum.

I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace." Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a ravisher likewise. In the parallel passage in The Rape of Lucrece, they are distinct persons.

"While Luft and Murder wake to slay and kill."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost, was of this import:

——and winder'd murder
Alarm'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whole howl'd his watch. thus with his stealthy pace

Enters the portal; while night-waking luft,

With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.

There
Hear not my steps, for which way they walk, for fear

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakspere's plays arise from lines and half-lines having been omitted, by the compositor's eye passing hastily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is a remarkable instance in the present play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following passage is thus exhibited:

"— that we but teach
"Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
"To plague the ingredience of our poison'd chalice
"To our own lips."

If this mistake had happened in the first copy, and had been continued in the subsequent impressions, what diligence or sagacity could have restored the passage to sense?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word ingrediences is there also mis-spelt:

"— which, being taught, return
"To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
"Commends the ingredience of our poison'd chalice
"To our own lips."

Again, in Much Ado about Nothing:

"And I will break with her and with her father,
"And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end, &c."

Printed thus in the folio, by the compositor's eye glancing from one line to the other:

"And I will break with her. Was't not to this end, &c."

Again, in this play, edit. 1632:

"— for their dear causes
"Excite the mortified man—"

instead of

"— for their dear causes
"Would to the bleeding and the grim reproof
"Excite the mortified man." MALONE.

is the reading of the modern editors; but though that of the folio is corrupt, it will direct us to the true one.

"Thou sore and firm-set earth,

is evidently wrong, but brings us very near the right word, which was evidently meant to be:

"Thou sure and firm-set earth,

as I have inferred it in the text. So, in act IV. sc. iii:

"Great tyranny, lay thou thy bas is sure." STEEVENS.

"— which way they walk,]

The folio reads:

"— which they may walk," STEEVENS.

Thy
MACBETH,

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which

5 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

The following passage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, A Warning for faire Women, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

"Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
"Cimmerian darkness cannot shadow it,
"Nor any policy wit hath in store,
"Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,
"If nothing else, yet will the very stones
"That lie within the street, cry out for vengeance,
"And point at us to be the murderers." MALONE.

6 And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

i.e. left the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? Silence, that which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature.

WARBURTON.

Of this passage an alteration was once proposed by me, of which I have now a less favourable opinion, yet will inflect it, as it may perhaps give some hint to other critics:

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

I believe every one that has attentively read this dreadful soliloquy is disappointed at the conclusion, which, if not wholly unintelligible, is, at least, obscure, nor can be explained into any sense worthy of the author, I shall therefore propose a slight alteration:

——Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And talk—the present horror of the time!
That now suits with it.

Macbeth has, in the foregoing lines, disturbed his imagination by enumerating all the terrors of the night; at length he is wrought up to a degree of frenzy, that makes him afraid of some supernatural discovery of his design, and calls out to the stones not to betray him, not to declare where he walks, nor to talk.—As he is going to say of what, he discovers the absurdity of his supposition, and pauses; but is again overwhelmed by his guilt, and
MACBETH, 52.

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold;

and concludes, that such are the horrors of the present night,
that the stones may be expected to cry out against him:
That now suits with it.——

He observes, in a subsequent passage, that on such occasions
stones have been known to move. It is now a very just and strong
picture of a man about to commit a deliberate murder under the
strongest conviction of the wickedness of his design. Of this alteration,
however, I do not now see much use, and certainly see
no necessity.

Whether to take horror from the time means not rather to catch
it as communicated, than to deprive the time of horror, deserves to
be considered. JOHNSON.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have
nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror
to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about
to perform. Mr. Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,
observes, that “all general privations are great, because
they are all terrible;” and, with other things, he gives silence as
an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in
Virgil, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united,
the circumstance of silence is particularly dwelt upon:

“Dii quibus imperium cuit animarum, unibræque silenter,
“Et Chaos et Thiegethon, loca nocte silentia late.”

When Stattius in the Vth book of the Thebaid describes the
Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude
after the deed is striking in a wonderful degree:

“Contiguere domus, &c.” STEEVENS.

Dryden’s well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

“An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
“And in that silence we the tempest hear;”

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of silence as
pur poët. MALONE.

What
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the forfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their poistles, 7
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Mac. [Within]. Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: 8 Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.— 9 Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband?

Enter

7 —— their poistles.

It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our
old dramatic performances, that it was the general custom to eat
poistles just before bed-time. So, in the first part of K. Edward IV.
by Heywood; “ — thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon,
and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a
poist upon thee when thou goest to bed.” Macbeth himself has al-
ready said:

“Go bid thy mistress when my drink is ready,
“She strike upon the bell.”

And in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack
Rugby a poist at night.” Steevens.

8 Hark! I laid the daggers ready
He could not miss them ———

Compare Euripides, Orestes, v. 1201—where Electra stands
centinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the
purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprize and
carelessness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed
must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it.
She listens with anxious impatience, and hearing nothing, ex-
presses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read
the whole passage. S. W.

9 —— Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't ———

This is very artful. For, as the poet had drawn the lady and her
husband, it would be thought the act shou'd have been done by
her. It is likewise highly jult; for though ambition had subdued
Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—Who lies i’the second chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There’s one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry’d, murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address’d them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg’d together.
Macb. One cry’d, God bless us! and Amen, the other;

in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one past, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARDURTON.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his Thebaid, v. 236.

\[ Ut vero Alcimeaden etiamnum in murmure truncos \]
\[ Ferre patris victus, et egentem sanguinis enem \]
\[ Confexi rigure comae, atque in vicera favus \]
\[ Horror ut Meus ille Thoas mea dira videri \]
\[ Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis \]

Inferor——

Thoas was the father of Hyppipyle the speaker. STEEVENS.

1 This is a sorry sight.

This expression might have been borrowed from SPENSER’S FAIRY QUEEN, l. v. c. i. 14.

A sorry sight as ever scene with eye. WHALLEY.

As
MACBETH.

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands;
Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Mach. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Mach. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled 
\textsuperscript{3} sleeve of care;

\textsuperscript{4} Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.]
\textit{i.e.} Listening to their fear, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. 'Jul. Cæs.' act IV. sc. i:

``
and now Octavius,
``Listen great things.''

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in the \textit{World top'd at tennis}, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

``Listen the plaints of thy poor votaries.''

Again, in Lyly's \textit{Maid's Metamorphosis}, 1600:

``There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,
The Graces sit, listening the melody
Of warbling birds.''

\textit{Stevens.}

\textsuperscript{3} Sleave of care.

A skein of silk is called a 
\textit{sleave of silk}, as I learned from Mr. Seward, the ingenious editor of Beaumont and Fletcher. \textit{Johnson.}

\textit{Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.}

To confirm the ingenious conjecture that \textit{sleave} means 
\textit{shaved}, \textit{silk ravel'd}, it is observable, that a poet of Shakspere's age, Drayton, has alluded to it likewise in his \textit{Quest of Cymbria}:

``At length I on a fountain light,
Whole brim with pinks was platted,
The banks with daffadillies dight,
With grass, like \textit{sleave}, was matted.''

\textit{Langton.}

\textit{Sleave} is mentioned in Holinshed's \textit{Hist. of England}, p. 815:

``Eight wild men all apparelled in green mois made with \textit{shaved silk.}'' Perhaps the same word, though differently spelt, occurs in the \textit{Lover's Complaint}, by Shakspere, p. 87, and 88, \textit{Linton's edition}:

``Found
MACBETH. 527

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more! to all the house,
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

"Found yet no letters sadly pen'd in blood,
"With bleeding like,reate and affectedly
"Knifwath'd and sealed to curious secrecy."

STEVEN.

4 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, &c.]

In this eulogy upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is:

The death of each day's life.

I make no question but Shakespeare wrote:
The birth of each day's life.

The true characteristic of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and affords that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. The player-editors seem to have corrupted it for the sake of a silly gingle between life and death. WARBURTON.

I neither perceive the corruption, nor any necessity for alteration. The death of each day's life means the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that business and fatigue that each day's life brings with it: STEVEN.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd flower of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds.

Is it not probable that Shakespeare remembered the following verses in Sir Philip Sydney's Astrophel and Stella, a poem from which he has quoted a line in the Merry Wives of Windsor:

"Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certain knot of peace,
"The bathing place of wits, the balm of woe,
"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
"The indifferent judge between the high and low."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's "death of each day's life" in his thoughts, when he wrote

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." MALONE.

5 Chief nourisher in life's feast;]


"The notice of digestion, the rate." STEVEN.

You
MACBETH.

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and linear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I’ll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on’t again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: ’tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How it’s with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes?

—’tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil—]

So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:

“Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils.” Steevens.

—gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Could Shakespeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of
gilt and guilt? Johnson.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few
instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

“Cand. You have a silver beaker of my wife’s?”

“Flu. You say not true, ’tis gilt.”

“Cand. Then you say true:—
“’And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.”

Again, in Middleton’s comedy of A mad World my Masters, 1608:

“Though guilt condemns, ’tis gilt must make us glad.”

And, lastly, from Shakespeare himself:

“England shall double gilt his treble guilt.” Hen. IV.

p. 2.

Steevens.
MACBETH

Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood? Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

Making

3 With all great Neptune’s ocean, &c.]
“Subicit, ο Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,
“Non grator nympharum abhuit oceanus.”
Catullus in Gellium, 83.

“Quis dicit me Tanais s aut quae barbaris
“M. totis undis Pontico incumbens mari?
“Non ipse teto magnus Oceanus pater

So, in the Infatatis Countei, by Marston, 1611:
“Although the waves of all the northern sea
“Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,
“Yet the sanguinolent stain would exaltant be.”

MALONE.

—to incarnardine.] To incarnardine is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. Carnardine is the old term for carnation.

So, in a comedy called Any Thing for a quiet Life:

“Grograms, fattins, velvet fine,
“The rosy-colour’d carnardine.” Steevens.

By the multitudinous seas the poet, I suppose, meant, not the various seas, or seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought), nor the many-coloured seas (as others contend), but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

“Πόστον ίν’ ΙΧΟΤΟΕΝΤΑ φιλον απανειθε φιτεσιν.”

The word is used by Ben Jonson.—It is objected by a rhetorical commentator on our author, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and, if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critic should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakespeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary’s shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet’s death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

There is a quaintness in this passage, according to the modern regulation, “Making the green, one red,”—that does not
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

not found to my ears either like the quaintness of Shakspere,
of the language of the time. Our author, I am persuaded,
would have written, "Making the green sea, red," if he had
not used that word in the preceding line, which forced him to
employ another word here. So, in the Tempest:

"And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
"Set roaring war." Malone.

I am equally unacquainted with the name and performance
of the rhetorician alluded to in the preceding note; but believe
that Shakspere referred to some visible quality in the ocean,
rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that
might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes whose hue
could suffer no change from the tinct of blood.—Waves ap-
pearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a crowd. "A sea
of heads" is a phrase employed by one of our poets, but by
which of them I do not at present recollect. He who beholds
an audience from the stage, or any other multitude gazing on
some particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised
over each other velut unda superfervit undam. If therefore our
author by the "multitudinous sea" does not mean the aggregate
of seas, he must be understood to design the multitude of waves,
or the waves that have the appearance of a multitude. Steevens.

Making the green—one red.

The same thought occurs in The Downfal of Robert Earl of Hun-
ingdon, 1601:

"He made the green sea red with Turkish blood."

Again:

"The multitudes of seas died red with blood."

Another not unlike it is found in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. ii.
c. 10. st. 48:

"The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
"And the grey ocean into purple dye."

Again, in the 19th song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"And the vast greenish sea discolor'd like to blood."

It has been common to read:

Making the green one, red.

The author of the Gray's Inn Journal, No. 15, first made this
elegant and necessary change, which has hitherto been adopted
without acknowledgment. Steevens.

"My hands are of your colour,"—

A similar
M A C B E T H.

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking! [Knock.
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—Hark! more knocking:
[Knock.

Get on your night-gown, left occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—"Twere best not know
myself. [Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou
couldst! [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.] Porter. Here’s a knocking, in-
deed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should
have old turning the key. [Knock.] Knock, knock,
knock: Who’s there, i’the name of Belzebub? Here’s

A similiar antithesis is found in Marlowe’s Laef’s Dominion,
1657:
“Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white.”

MALONE.

3 To know my deed,—"Twere best not know myself.

i.e. While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know,
or be left to, myself. This is an answer to the lady’s reproof:
—be not left

So poorly in your thoughts.
But the Oxford editor, perceiving neither the sense, nor the per-
tinency of the answer, alters it to:
To unknow my deed.—"Twere best not know myself.

W A R B U R T O N.

4 Wake Duncan with thy knocking!] Surely we should
read—with this knocking. The pronouns in our author’s time
were often abbreviated in Mf. which has been the source of
many errors in his plays.
Sir William D’Avenant, I find, has made the same emenda-
tion. MALONE.

M m 2 a farmer,
a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins 5 enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knock.] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, 6 here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh, come in, equivocator. [Knock.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, 7 here's an English tay-

5 —napkins enough—] i. e. handkerchiefs. See vol. III. p. 384. Steevens.

6 —here's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake—] Meaning a jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. Warburton.

7 —here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hofe:—] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hofe being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The French hofe (according to Stubbs in his Anatomie of Abuse) were in the year 1595 much in fashion——*The Gallic hosen are made very large and wide, reaching down to their knees only, with three or four gardes apiece laid down along their hofe.*” Again, in the Lady Privilege, 1640:

—wear their long

*Parisian breeches, with five points at knees,*

*Whose tags concurring with their harmonious spurs*

*Afford rare musick; then have they doublets*

*So short i'th' waist, they seem as 'twere begot*

*Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which to save stuff*

*Are but a year's growth longer than their skirts;*

*And all this magazine of device is furnish'd*

*By your French taylor.*

Again, in the Defence of Coney-catching, 1592: “Blest be the French sleeves and breech verdingales that grants them (the tailors) leave to coney-catch so mightily.” Steevens.

When Mr. Steevens cenfured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of French Fashions. In the Treasury of ancient and modern Times, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French drefies: “Mens hosen anwered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made close to the limbs, wherein they had no means for pockets. And With
MACBETH. 533

Or come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [Knock.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I’ll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knock.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. ’Faith, sir, we were carousing ’till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off: it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

in his satyr against vanity, ridicules "the spruze, diminutive, neat, Frenchman’s hose." Farmer.

From the following passages in The Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that large breeches were then in fashion:

"Young Lov. If it be referred to him [Savin, the old steward], if I be not found in carnation Jerseie stockings, blue devils breeches with the gardes down, and my pocket in the sleeves, I’ll never look you in the face again.

"Sav. A comlier wear, I wils, it is, than your dangling flops."

Again: "Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin breeches." Malone.

Macd.
Mack. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.
 Port. That it did, sir, 'tis the very throat o' me: But
 I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too
 strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,
yet 8 I made a shift to cast him.
 Mack. Is thy master stirring?—
 Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
 Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Mack. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Mack. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Mack. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.
Mack. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. 9

[Exit Macduff.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimney's were blown down: and, as they say,

8 — I made a shift to cast him.] To cast him up, to ease my
stomach of him. The equivocation is between cast or throw, as
a term of wrestling, and cast or cast up. Johnson.

I find the same play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled
*The Two Angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

———"to-night he's a good huswife, he reeles all that he
wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he
casts excellent well." Steevens.

9 For 'tis my limited service.

Limited, for appointed. Warburton.

Lamentings
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night; some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! *Tongue, nor
heart,

Cannot

2 strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was feverous, and did shake.

These lines, I think, should be rather regulated thus:

--prophecying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to th' awful time, the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

A prophecy of an event new-hatch'd seems to be a prophecy of an
event past. And a prophecy new-hatch'd is a wry expression. The
term new-hatch'd is properly applicable to a bird, and that birds
of ill omen should be new-hatch'd to the awful time, that is, should
appear in uncommon numbers, is very conlent with the rest of
the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into
which nature is described as thrown by the perpetuation of this
horrid murder. Johnson.

I think Dr. Johnson's regulation of these lines is improper.
Prophecying is what is new-hatch'd, and in the metaphor holds the
place of the egg. The events are the fruit of such hatchings. 

Stevens.

2 *Tongue, nor heart,]
The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to
deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So, Jul. Cef
act III. sc. i:

M m 4 "there
MACBETH.

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What’s the matter?

Macc. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o’the building.

Mac. What is it you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macc. Approach the chamber, and destroy your fight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[Exeunt. Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the alarum-bell!—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death’s counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom’s image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell

"—there is no harm

" Intended to your person, nor to no Roman else."

STEEVENS.

3 —this horror!]

Here the old edition adds, ring the bell, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Shakspeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell necessary, and I know not how an editor is authorized to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author’s text. STEEVENS.

The subsequent hemitich—‘‘What’s the business?’’—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that all the stage directions were formerly couched in imperative terms:—"Draw a knife;" "—Play muflick;"—"Ring the bell;" &c.

I suppose it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemitich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their
MACBETH 537

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpeter calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth, and Lenox.

Mach. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

their author's text, in support of his assertion quotes the following line:

"My queen, is murder'd:—ring the little bell."
a line that is not found in any edition of these plays, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

What, in our house?

This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that, might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARBURTON.
538 MACBETH.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stoppt; the very source of it is stoppt.

Macle. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury;
That I did kill them.

Macle. W herefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. 7 Here lay Duncan.

5 ______ - badg'd with blood;]
I once thought that the author wrote bath'd; but badg'd is
certainly right.
So, in the second part of K. Hen. VI.
6 ______ - With murder's crimson badge.  MALONE.
their daggers, which unwip'd we found upon their
pillows.]
This idea, perhaps, was taken from The Man of Lawes Tale,
by Chaucer, l. 5927, Tyrwhitt's Edit.
" And in the bed the bloody knife he found."
See also the foregoing lines.  STEEVENS.

7 ______ - Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his goss'd flabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: ————

Mr.
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That

Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting goary blood for golden blood; but it may easily be admitted that he, who could on such an occasion talk of lacing the silver skin, would lace it with golden blood. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspere put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and diffimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. Johnson.

To gill any thing with blood is a very common phrase in the old plays, So Heywood, in the second part of his Iron Age, 1632:

"we have gill our Greekish arms
"With blood of our own nation."
Shakspere repeats the image in K. John:
"Their armours that march'd hence to silver bright,
"Hither return all gill with Frenchmen's blood."

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;]
The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declarer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetched and common-place thoughts, that shews him to be acting a part.

Warburton.

—a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance;]
This comparison occurs likewise in A. Herring's Tayle, a poem, 1598.
"A batter'd breach where troopes of wounds may enter in.
Unmannerly breech'd with gore;—

An unmannerly dagger, and a dagger breech'd, or as in some editions breech'd with gore, are expressions not easily to be understood. There are undoubtedly two faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take away by reading:

Unmanly drench'd with gore:

I saw
540. **MACBETH.**

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

_Lady._

*I saw drench’d with the king’s blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder but evidences of cowardice._

Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it, by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection. **Johnson.**

Unmannerly breech’d with gore:—

This nonfenical account of the state in which the daggers were found must surely be read thus:

Unmanly reech’d with gore:]

Reech’d, foiled with a dark yellow, which is the colour of any reechy substance, and must be so of steel stain’d with blood. He uses the word very often, as reechy hangings, reechy neck, &c. So, that the scene is, that they were unmanly stain’d with blood; and that circumstance added, because often such stains are most honourable. **Warburton.**

Dr. Warburton has, perhaps, rightly put reech’d for breech’d. **Johnson.**

I apprehend it to be the duty of an editor to represent his author such as he is, and explain the meaning of the words he finds to the best advantage, instead of attempting to make them better by any violent alteration.

The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their breeches, i.e. their bilts or handles. The lower end of a cannon is called the breech of it; and it is known that both to breech and to unbreach a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Custom of the Country*:

"The main spring’s weaken’d that holds up his cock,  
"He lies to be new breech’d,  
"Unbreach his barrel, and discharge his bullets."

*A Cure for a Cuckold*, by Webster and Rowley. **Steevens.**

—unmannerly breech’d with gore.]

A passage in a preceding scene, in which Macbeth’s visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens’s interpretation.

"——— I see thee still;  
"And on thy blade and dudgeon [i.e. bilt] gouts of blood,  
"Which was not so before."**

The following lines in *King Henry VI. P. III.* may perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
"With purple faulchion, painted to the bilt  
"In blood of those that had encounter’d him."**

Though
Lady. Help me hence, ho!
Macc. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don.

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with these unmannerly daggers. The fact is, that in our author’s time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants, suspended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “Then I will lay the serving creature’s dagger on your pate.”

**MALONE.**

Whether the word which follows be *reache’d*, *breach’d*, *b Bash’d*, or *drench’d*, I am at least of opinion that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading. Macbeth is describing a scene shocking to humanity: and in the midst of his narrative throws in a parenthetical reflection, consisting of one word not connected with the sentence, “(O most unfeely fight!)” For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly*: and the want of considering it in this *drenched* sense has introduced much confusion into the passage. The Latins often used *necus* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in the same sense, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the *Revival* is equally frigid and unmeaning. “Their daggers in a manner lay drench’d with gore.” The manifest artifice and dissimilation of the speech seems to be heightened by the explanation which I have offered. **WARTON.**

This passage, says Mr. Heath, seems to have been the *crux criticorum*!—every one has tried his skill at it, and I may venture to say, no one has succeeded.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner*—*beach’d with blood*. *A scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*—but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breaches*? Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Brondel (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time), called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 9th dialogue: “Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master’s silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me.”—Shakespeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a...
Don. What should be spoken here,
2 Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
4 In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against

new and affected term for scabbards. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a learner, he must have been let right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maîtres, vous n'avez pas elpouffé leur haut-de-chausse"—their breeches, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence bas-de-chausse, stockings, and so on through all the articles of dress. FARMER.

3 "Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole.

The old copy reads—it in. The supplemental syllable was added by the editor of the second folio. He corrected the line, I believe, in the wrong place. The metre shews, I think, that some epithet was prefixed to "fate" by the author, which it is now in vain to seek.

MALONE.

i.e. when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air. It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

* In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivul'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Pretence, for act. The sense of the whole is, My innocence places me under the protection of God, and under that shadow, or, from thence, I declare myself an enemy to this, as yet hidden, deed of mischief. This was a very natural speech for him who must needs suspect the true author. WARBURTON.

Pretence is not act, but simulation, a pretence of the traitor, whoever he might be, to suspect some other of the murder. I here fly to the protector of innocence from any charge which, yet undivul'd, the traitor may pretend to fix upon me. JOHNSON.

Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakespeare. So, in the Winter's Tale: "— conspir-
MACBETH

Against the undivulg’d pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let’s briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i’t the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt.

Mal. What will you do? Let’s not comfort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I’ll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There’s daggers in men’s smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that shot,

Hath

ing with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the pretence whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of Macbeth:

“What good could they pretend?”
i.e. intend to themselves. Banquo’s meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light. Steevens.

— the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Meaning, that hesuspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. Steevens.

This murderous shaft that’s shot,

Hath not yet lighted;—

The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. Johnson.

This murderous shaft that’s shot,

Hath not yet lighted;—

The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained. The death of the king only could neither impure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volumes of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A faulcon, towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse.

other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

Such another thought occurs in Bussy D'Ambois, 1606:
"The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murder, &c." Steevens.

Finely expressed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON.
This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a starbuck strangled by an owl." Steevens.

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.]
MACBETH.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, ' the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Mact. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Mact. Those that Macbeth hath flain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Mact.

A mousing owl does not signify, as Mr. Malone seems to intim-
ate, an owl that mammocks or tears it in pieces, but an owl
that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. See vol. V p. 39.

Whalley.

[—minions of their race,]
Theobald reads:

——— minions of the race,
very probably, and very poetically. Johnson.

Their is probably the true reading, the tame expression being
found in Romes and Juler, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had
certainly read:

"There were two ancient flocks, which Fortune high
did place
"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler of
their race." Malone.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Ho-
linshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in par-
ticular affirg'd, that horses of singular beauty and swiftness aid in
their own flight. Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is ta-
ten from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe. Stevens.

[What good could they pretend?]

Vol. IV.  N n
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like;
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macb. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;*
The sacred strowhouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of his bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;

—adiu!——

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.

ACT

To pretend is here to propose to themselves, to set before themselves as a motive of action. Johnson.

To form J, in this instance as in many others, is simply to design. See Vol. 1. p. 180. 186. Steevens.

3 Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. Hakluyt.

Stevens.

4 — Colmes-kill;] Colmes-kill, or Colm-kill, is the famous Iona, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. Holinshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in Colmes-kill. Steevens.

Stevens.

Colmes-
Enter Banquo.

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity:
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senned founded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. 'S 'Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Colines-bill is one of the numerous corruptions of the second folio, in a former scene of this play. 

Kus is the true word, and in the Brie language signifies a burying place. MALONE.

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)]

Shine, for prosper. Warburton.

Shine, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in K

Nun. VI. P. I. Sc. ii:

"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate." STEEVENS.

"Lay your—"

The folio reads, Let your— STEEVENS.

The change was suggested by Sir W. Davenant's alteration of this play; it was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE. 

N n 2 Macb.
MACBETH.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are below'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I with your horses swiftest, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.——

[Exit Banquo.

7 Go not my horse the better.] i. e. if he does not go well.
Shakespeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative.
So, in K. Lear:
“—— her smiles and tears
“Were like a better day.”
Again, in Macbeth:
“——it hath ow'd my better part of man.”
Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. ix. c. 46.
“Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they be
still not themselves the better.” It may mean, If my horse does
not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night.

Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one.
It is supported by the following passage in Stowe's Survey of London, 4to, 1603: “——and he that hit it not full, if he rid
not the foal, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of
sand hanged on the other end.” MALONE.

Let
MACBETH. 549

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus, is nothing;

[Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is nene, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark

[as it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cesar.]

Though I would not often assume the critic's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that, having so much learning as to discover to what Shakespeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech belonging from a man wholly posset'd with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakespeare close together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the players.

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakespeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight; for though the words which I was once willing to reject, seem interpolated, I believe they may still be genuine, and added by the author in his revision. The author of the Revival cannot admit the measure to be faulty. There is only one fault, he says, put
MACBETH.

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sitters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlinel hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to 'the common enemy of man,
To

for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not
naturally perspicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect,
but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribuancy or an
ampersand, and lets it right at once by applying to one language
the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the
old comic writers, it will not be easy to write a line not metrical.
To hint this once is sufficient. [Johnson,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar's.] Our author having
alluded to this circumstance in Antony and Cleopatra, there is little
reason to fancy any interpolation here:

"Thy doom, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Not of common, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but now him thy angel
Be on as a star, a being, omnipotent." Malone.

"For Phæbus' sake brave I fill'd my mind;"

We should read:

[---] "Fell my mind;"

i. e. deified. Waddinton.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To fill is in the
bible's "b." Johnson.

So, in the "Age of Queen," 1628:

"He called his father villain, and me wrappet,
A name I do abhor to fill my lips with."

Again, in the "Alcibiades," 1667: "— like
in me through a chimney that fills all the way it goes." Again,
in Spenser's "Faery Queene," b. iii. c. i:

"She lightly kept out of her filled bed." Steevens.

[---] "be common comm. of men.

It is always an experiment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a
continuation to its original source; and therefore, though the text

"1"
MACBETH. 551

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the lift,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

effem of man, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious,
yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakespeare
probably borrowed it from the first lines of the Destruction of Troy,
a book which he is known to have read. This expression, how-
ever, he might have had in many other places. The word fiend
signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

*——come, fate, into the lift,
   And champion me to the utterance!—]

This passage will be best explained by translating it into the lan-
guage from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed.

**La citadelle je rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi a l'entrée.**

A challenge, or a combat a l'entrance, to extremity, was a tax'd term
in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an
**et an intercesione, an intention to destroy each other,** in opposition
to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the con-
test was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is:

*let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo,
erenter the lifts against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its
own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the
danger.* JOHNSON.

Rather than so, come, fate, into the lift,
And champion me to the utterance!—

This is expressed with great nobleness and sublimity. The
metaphor is taken from the ancient combat en champ clos: in which
there was a marshal, who presided over, and directed all the pun-
talties of the ceremonial. Fate is called upon to discharge this of-
fice, and champion him to the utterance; that is, to fight it out to the
extremity, which they called combatre a l'entrance. But he uses the
Scotch word utterance from entrance, extremity. WARBURTON.

After the former explication, Dr. Warburton was desirous to
seem to do something; and he has therefore made fate the marshal,
whom I had made the champion, and has left Macbeth to enter the
liis without an opponent. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expension in Gawin Douglas's transla-
tion of Virgil, p. 331, 340:

"'T hat war not put by Greikis to utterance."

Again, in the History of Grand Amoure and la be Pucre, &c. by
Stephen Hawes, 1555;

"'That fo many monsters put to utterance."

Shakespeare uses it again in Cymbeline, Act III. sc. 1. STEEVENS.
Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Macb. It was, to please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self; this made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand; how crost; the in-
struments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz’d,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mac. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

3 past in probation with you;
how you were born, &c.]

i.e. past in proving to you, how you were, &c. So, in Othello:

"To fear a doubt on.

A comma therefore should seem more proper than a semicolon
at the end of this line.—
—To bear in mind, is to look with hope, and fair prospects.

MALONE.

4 How you were borne in hand;[—]

[i.e. in] to believe what was not true, what would never happen
or be made real to you. In this tale Chaucer uses it, Wife of

Wife, &c. Pard., p. 72, 1 2. 52;

A wise wife finds it.

"Thou hast made the cow wode.

That and our author in many places, see vol. II. p. 30. WARNER.
MACBETH. 553

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell’d,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow’d you to the grave,
And beggar’d yours for ever?

[i. Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file.

Distinguishes

5—Are you so gospell’d,]
Are you of that degree of precise virtue? Gospeller was a name of
contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of
city times, and the precursors of Protestantism. JOHNSON.

So, in the Morality called Lusty Juventus, 1561:
“What, is Juventus become so tame
“To be a newe gospeller?”

Again:
“And yet ye are a great gospeller in the mouth.”
I believe, however, that gospelled means no more than kept in obe-
dience to that precept of the gospel, “to pray for those that disper-
sefully use us.” STEEVENS.

6 We are men, my liege.]
That is; we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind,
and, as men, are not without a manly resentment for the wrongs
which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought to plain a passage wanted an ex-
planation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says,
“they don’t answer in the name of Christians, but as men, whose
humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act.”
This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the
well known line of Terence:
“Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a
cut-throat.—They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in
order to shew Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to
execute his orders. MALONE.

7 Shoughs.—] Shoughs are probably what we now call shocks,
demi-wolves, lycææ; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

JOHNSON.

This species of dogs is mentioned in Nash’s Lenten Stuffe, &c.
1599: “—a trundle-tail, tike, or shough or two.”

STEEVENS.

8—the valued file] In this speech the word file occurs twice,
and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its pre-

MACBETH.

Distinguishes the swift, the flow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

"Thou, I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
It vexeth most, that I am recklesis what
I do, to spite the world.

first use. The expression, voluer filii, evidently means, a list or
catalogue of valetud. A nation in the file, and not in the worst
rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the
worst place. But the latter rather to mean, in this place, a per
son famous; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning
which I have not observed in any other place. Johnson.

— as, valed filii]. Is the file or list where the value and pecul
iar qualities of everything is set down; in contradiction to what
immediately precedes, the bill that writes them all. Filii, in
the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with
a reference to it. — Note if you belong to any rank that differs a
plus to the assumed file of men, and if not, let the world bide me
enemies hard of mankind, that a such words disgracing from such
ears.

 Filii and fili are synonymous, as in the last act of this play:

"—I have a filii.

"Of all the people:"

Again, in Heywood’s Collection to the second part of his Iron. As,
not, "— To punish you in the file and all of my book, as
encourageth well-willers." The expression occurs more than once in
the same collection of Heywood’s, and Fletcher:

"—I have a filii,

"As all in the file of mankind."

See the sense in the "Filii in filii, or Modern. "The grave,
file, a file of heads; and by to be wife." — And, in short, the use
of file, in catalogue with price annexed to it." STEEVES.

1 Mac.
MACBETH

1 Mrs. And I another,
"So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mrs. True, my lord,

Macb. So is he mine: and 1 in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrufts
Against my near'ft of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Making the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mrs. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

6 So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune.] We do the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adversity fortune. But this reading expresseth but half the sentiment of a man tug'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the compleat thought, we should read:

so weary with disastrous tug's with fortune.

This is well express'd, and gives the reason of his being weary, being fortune always lither to get the better. And that he knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in the Writer's Tale:

"Let myself and fortune tug for the time to come."

Besides, tug'd with fortune, is scarce English. Warburton.

"Tug'd with fortune may be, tug'd or worried by fortune." Johnson.

1 —in such bloody distance.] Being for enmity. Warburton.

by bloody distance is here meant, such a distance as mortal ene-
my would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be
terminated by the sword. This sense seems evident from the
continuation of the metaphor, where every minute of his life is
represented as struggling at the nearest part where life ris'ts.

Steevens.

1 Mrs.
MACBETH.

1. Mur. Though our lives—
   Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
   this hour, at most,
   I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
2. Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ the time,
The moment on’t; for’t must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought?
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)

2. Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ the time,
What is meant by the spy of the time, it will be found difficult to
explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a flight
alteration.—Macbeth is affurining the assassin that they shall not
want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says:

I will—

Acquaint you with a perfect spy o’ the time.
Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place
of action.

Perfect is well instructed, or well informed, as is this play:
"Though in your state of honour I am perfect,"
though I am well acquainted with your quality and rank.

Johnson.

--- the perfect spy o’ the time,

i.e. the critical juncture. Warburton.

How the critical juncture is the spy o’ the time, I know not, but I
think my own conjecture right. Johnson.

The perfect spy of the time seems to be, the exact time, which shall
be told and watched for the purpose. Steevens.

The meaning, I think, is, I will acquaint you with the time
when you may look out for Banquo’s coming with the most perfect
assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the time in gen-
eral, but with the very moment when you may expect him.

Malone.

I rather believe we should read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the time,
The moment on’t;—Tyrwhitt.

3. always thought,
That I require a clearness:

i.e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole
transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed:
"—appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne without
the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to fle
them, so that he would not have his house flattered, but that in
time to come he might clear himself." Steevens.

Fleance
M A C B E T H.

Pleasance his son, that keeps him company,
Whole absence is no less material to me
Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I’ll come to you anon.

**Mur.** We are resolv’d, my lord.

**Mach.** I’ll call upon you straight; abide within.

[Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul’s flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

**Lady.** Is Banquo gone from court?

**Serv.** Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

**Lady.** Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

**Serv.** Madam, I will. [Exit.

**Lady.** Nought’s had, all’s spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
’Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of forriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy’d
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what’s done, is done.

---forriest fancies---] i.e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello:*

“... I have a salt and forry rheum offendes me.”

Sorry, however, might signify melancholy, d’jual. So, in the Comedy of Errors:


Macb.
MACBETH.

Macb. We have 'scotch’d the snake, not kill’d it; she’ll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth.
5 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace;
Than on the torture of the mind to lie.

In restless ecstasy. — Duncan is in his grave;
After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o’er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial!
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance

4 —scotch’d—] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. arch’d. Johnson.
Scotch’d is the true reading. So, in Coriolanus, act IV. sc. v.: “he scotch’d him and notch’d him like a carborundum.”

5 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern innovation, which was:

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer.

6 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.
The old copy reads:

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.

This change, which appears to be necessary, was made in the second folio. Steevens.

7 In restless ecstasy—] Ecstasy, for madness. Warburton.
Ecstasy, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlow’s Tamburlaine, p. 1:

“Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,” Steevens.

And have no hope to end our extases.”
Apply to Banquo; * present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady. But in them * nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's sum-
mons,
'The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath

* — present him eminence,—
i.e. do him the highest honours. Warburton.

* — nature's copy's not eterne.]
The copy, the leaf, by which they hold their lives from nature,
has its time of termination limited. Johnson.

Eterne for eternal is often used by Chaucer. So, in the Knights
Tale, late edit. v. 1305.

" — O cruel goddes, that governe
" This world with binding of your word eterne,
" And written in the table of athamant
" Your parlement and your eterne grant." Steevens.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent paf-
seau in this play:
" — and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the leaf of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom."

Again, by our author's 13th Sower :
" So shold that beauty which you hold in leaf
" Find no determination." Malone.

* The shard-borne beetle,—
i.e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in Antony and Cle-
ara:
" They are his shards, and be their leath." Warburton.

The shard-borne beetle is not only the ancient but the true
reading: i.e. the beetle borne along the air by its shards or
fair wings. From a passage in Gower De Co. Offe Amantus, it
appears that shards signified seeds:
" She
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

_Lady._

"She sigh, her thought, a dragon thro',
"Whole sberdes sly men as the tounne." I. 6. fol. 136.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called _sberds_, they being of a _sely_ substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a _sely_ hardnells, serving as integuments to a _siny_ pair beneath them, is the characterick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonson, in his _Sad Shepherd_, says:

"The _sely_ beetles with their _habergeons_,
"That make a humming murmur as they fly."

In _Cymbeline_, Shak'speare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

"The _sbered_ beetle in a safer hold
"Than is the full wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the _insect_ and the _bird_. The _beetle_, whole _sbered_ wings can but just _rais' him above the ground_, is often in a state of greater _security_ than the _wof-vinged_ eagle that can soar to any _height_.

As Shak'speare is here describing the _beetle_ in the act of flying (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies), it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the _insect_ kind.

The quotation from _Antony and Cleopatra_, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of _Aenobarbus_ in that passage is evidently this: Lepidus, says he, is the _beetle_ of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for _sberds_ or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two cleits in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd?

_STEEVENS._

The _sberd-born beetle_ is the beetle born in dung. Aristotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural historians have made the same observation. See _Drayton's Ideas_, 31; "I scorn all earthly dung-bred icarabies." So, Ben Jonson, Whalley's edit. vol. I. p. 59:

"But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
"As doth the _beetle_ on the dung she breeds in."

That _sberd_ signifies _dung_, is well known in the North of Staffordshire,
MACBETH. 561

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck. 2

fire, where coward is the word generally used for cow-
dung. So, in A petite Palace of Petie his Pleasure, p. 165:
"The humble-bee taketh no scorn to lodge in a cow's stone
shard." Again, in Bacon's Nat. Hist. exp. 775: "Turf and
peat, and cowshards, are cheap fuels, and last long." The first
folio edit. of Shakspeare reads shard-borne, and this manner of
spelling borne is in favour of the present construction. So Shak-
speare, as I believe, always writes it, when it signifies brought
first, as in Macbeth: "none of woman borne"—"one of wo-
man borne." In short, his Bible, or the old translation of the
Bible, spelit it so. In Much A to about Nothing, act III. sc. iv. he
writes under-borne without the final e.

Sharded beetle in Cymbeline, means the beetle lodged in dung; and
there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the
lofty eyry of the eagle in "the cedar, whose top branch over-
peard Love's spreading tree," as the poet observes in the third
part of K. Hen. VI. act V. sc. ii. Tollet.

The shard-born beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant ap-
ppears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, in-
stead of it,

—-the sharp-brow'd beetle. Malone.

The shard-born beetle is perhaps the beetle born among shards,
i.e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metony-
metrical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but)
pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are
frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under
which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same)
may have been supposed so to do.

Thus in Hamlet the priest says of Ophelia:

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

Would Mr. Tollet say that cow's dung was to be thrown into
the grave? The spelling of born can have no weight any way.
It is true, however, that sharded beetle seems scarcely reconcil-
able to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens may be right; but
Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. Remarks.

2—dearest chuck.

I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably cor-
rupted from chick or chicken) in many of our ancient writers. So,
in Warner's Albion's England, b. v. c. 27:

"——immortal the-egg chuck of Tyndarus his wife."

SIEVEENS.
"She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
"Whose sberdes flynen as the fonne." 1. 6. fol. 158.
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Jonson, Whalley's edit. vol. I. p. 59:
"But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
"As doth the beetle on the dung the breeds in."

That shard signifies dung, is well known in the North of Stafford-
shire,
Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck.

The humble-bee taketh no scorn to lodge in a cow's foule shard. Again, in Bacon's Nat. Hist. exp. 775: "Turf and peat, and cow-urines, are cheap fuels, and last long." The first folio edit. of Shakspere reads shard-borne, and this manner of spelling borne is in favour of the present construction. So Shakspeare, as I believe, always writes it, when it signifies brought forth, as in Macbeth: "none of woman borne"—"one of woman borne." In short, his Bible, or the old translation of the Bible, spelt it so. In Much Ado about Nothing, act III. sc. iv. he writes under-borne without the final e.

Sharded beetle in Cymbeline, means the beetle lodged in dung; and there the humble earthily abode of the beetle is oppressed, in the rocky eye of the eagle in "the cedar, whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes in the third part of Hist. VI. act V. sc. ii. TOLLET.

The shard-born beetle is the cock-chafier. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

--- the sharp-brow'd beetle. MALONE.

The shard-born beetle is perhaps the beetle born among shards, i.e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do.

Thus in Hamlet the priest says of Ophelia:

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

Would Mr. Tollet say that cow's dung was to be thrown into the grave? The spelling of born can have no weight any way. It is true, however, that sharded beetle seems scarcely reconcilable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens may be right; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. "

I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from chick or chicken) in many of our ancient writers. So in Warner's Albion's England, b. v. c. 27:

--- immortal she-egg chuck of Tyndarus his wife." STEEVENS.
Till thou applaud the deed. ³ Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! — ⁴ Light thickens; and the
crow
⁵ Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouze.

³ — Come feeling night,
Thus the common editions had it; but the old one, feeling, i.e.
blinding; which is right. It is a term in falconry.
WARDURTON.

So, in the Book of Hawking, Hunting, &c. bl. i. no date:
"And he must take wyth hym nedle and thredhe, to enyle the
haukes that bene taken. And in thy maner the must be enfolded,
'like the nedel and thryde,' and put it through the over eye lyd,
and fo of that other, and make them fayt under the becke that
the se not, &c. STEEVENS.

---Come feeling night,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me late! — ]
This may be well explained by the following passage in Rich. III:
"Cancel bis bond of litte, dear God, I pray."
Again, in Cymbeline, act V. sc. iv:

---take this life,
⁶ And cancel these cold bonds." STEEVENS.

---Light thickens; and the crow]
By the expression, light thickens, Shakspere means, the light grew
dull or muddy. In this sense he uses it in Ant. and Cleopatra.

---my lytle thickens

"When he shines by" — EDWARDS's MSS.
It may be added, that in the second part of K. Hen. IV. Prince
John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert is too thick to shine."
STEDEVNS.

⁵ Makes wing to the rooky wood:]
Rooky may mean damp, moist, steaming with exhalations. It is
only a North country variation of dialect from rooky. In Chas-
sonet, Shakspere mentions
"— the rock of th' rotten sens."
And, in Caltha Poetarum, &c. 1599:
"Comes in a vapour like a rookish ryme."
Rooky wood may, however, signify a rokey, the wood that
abounds with rocks. STEEVENS.

Thou
MACBETH. 563

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do;
To the direction just.
1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now purs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses;
{Banquo within.} Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation;
Already are 't the court.
1 Mur. His horses go about.
3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

[But who did bid thee join with us?]
The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The perfect spy, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were pronounced at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned, suspects him of intending to betray them; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of what they were to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted. Johnson.

[the note of expectation.]
i.e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. Steevens.
Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light!
3 Mur. 'Tis he.
1 Mur. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 Mur. Let it come down. [They assault Banquo.
Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ft revenge.—Oh slave!
[Dies. Fleance escapes.
3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?
1 Mur. Was't not the way?
3 Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.
1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. 9 You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,

8 *Was't not the way?*

i.e. the best means we could take to evade discovery.

STEEVENS.

9 *You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last the hearty welcome.*

As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect, but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The numbers will be improved by reading:

**fit down at first,**

**And last a hearty welcome.**

But for last should then be written next. I believe the true reading is:

*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first*

*And last the hearty welcome.***

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

And
MACBETH.  565

And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Mac. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hosts keep her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:—
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit 'tis the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round,—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

1 Our hostes keeps her state, &c.
This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 108:
"The king (Hen. VIII.) caused the queen to keep the state,
and then sent the ambassadors and ladies as they were murdered
by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place,
making cheer, &c." STEVENS.

A state appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in King Henry IV. P. 1:
"This state shall be my state."
Again, in Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs of Charles I.: "Where
being set, the king under a state at the end of the room——"
Again, in The View of France, 1598: "Espying the chamber not
to stand well under the state, he mended it handily himself."
MALONE.

2 'Tis better thee without, than he within.] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:
'Tis better thee without, than him within.
That is, I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.
The author might mean, It is better that Banquo's blood were
on thy face, than he in thy room. Expressions thus imperfect are
common in his works. JOHNSON.
Macbeth.

Mac. Thou art the best o’the cut-throats: Yet he’s good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is ’scap’d.

Mac. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the eating air:
But now, I am cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo’s safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that’s fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We’ll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch’d while ’tis a making,
"It is given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

---trenched gashes---]  
Trancher to cut. Fr. see vol. 1. p. 200. Steevens.

---the feast is fold, &c.---]
Mr. Pope reads:---the feast is cold,—and not without plausibility. Such another expression occurs in The Elder Brother of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"You must be welcome too:—the feast is flat else."
And the same expression as Shakespeare’s occurs in the Romant of the Rose:

"Good deed done through praiere,
"Is fold, and bought to dere." Steevens.

---the feast is fold,---]
The meaning is,—That which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for.  Johnson.
Meeting were bare without it.

[Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and fits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness fit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the graci'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promis'e. Please it your highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake

Thy goary locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

---Enter the ghost of Banquo,---] This circumstance of Banquo's ghost seems to be alluded to in The Purvean, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakespeare: "We'll ha' the ghost 1' th' white sheet fit at upper end o' th' table." Farmer.

---extend his passion;---]
Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. Johnson.
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. "O proper stuff!"
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. 7 Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Imitators to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a fool.

Mac. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must tend
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites 8.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

6 O proper stuff!"
This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is
spoken. It had begun better at, Shame itself!  Johnson.

7 ——Oh, these flaws and starts,
(Imitators to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam.———]

Flaws are sudden gusts. The author perhaps wrote:

——These flaws and starts,
Impostures true to fear would well become;
A woman's story,

These symptoms of terrore and amazement might better become
imp'sures true only to fear, might become a coward at the recital of
such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose understanding was not
weaken'd by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the au-
thority of her grandam. Johnson.

Ob, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear,——

i.e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless
fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise
from a fear well grounded. Warburton.

8 Shall be the maws of kites.]

The same thought occurs in: penfer's Faery Queen, b. ii. c. 8:
"But be entombed in the raven or the kight." Steevens.

Macb,
Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, 'tis the olden time,
   'Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
   Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
   With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools! This is more strange
   Than such a murder is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Mac. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
   To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll fit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
   And all to all.

Footnotes:
9 The gentle weal, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.
   "Mollia fícere peragébant otia gentes." Johnson.
1 Do not muse at me.
To muse anciently signified to be in amaze. See vol. I. p. 18.
vol. iv. p. 78. Steevens.
2 And all to all.
   i.e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, love, health, and joy. Warburton.
   I once thought it should be hail to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. Johnson.
   Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, act I. "All to you." Steevens.

Lords.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my fight! Let the earth
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any hope but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me

The

Theobald chose to read, in opposition to the old copy:—Hyrcan tyger; but the alteration was unnecessary, as Dr. Philomen Holland, in his translation of Pliny’s Nat. Hist. p. 122, mentions the Hyrcan sea. TOLLET.

Alteration certainly might be spared: in Rich’s second part of Simonides, 4to. 1584, sig. c. 1. we have “Contrariwise these
souldiers like to Hyrcan tygers, revenge themselves on their owne
bollowes, some parricides, some fratricides, all homicides.”

EDITOR.

Sir W. Davenant first made this unnecessary alteration. Hyrcan tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author’s contemporary, in his sonnets, 1594:

"—- relieved thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tygers and to ruthless bears.” MALONE.

This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to inhabit, which inhabat Dr. Warburton interprets refuse. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. Suppose we read
If trembling I evade it. JOHNSON.

Inhibat seems more likely to have been the poet’s own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. Othello, act I. sc. 7:

"— a practiser
Of arts inhabitat.”
MACBETH

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone, I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac’d the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admir’d disorder.

Macb. 5 Can such things be,

And

Hamlet, act II. sc. 6:
"I think their inhibition comes of the late innovation."
To inhibit is to forbid. The poet might probably have written:
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me, &c. STREEVES.
I have no doubt that "inhibit thee," is the true reading.
But's Well that ends Well, we find in the second and all the subsequent folios — "which is the most inhabited sin of the canon." — instead of inhibited.
In our author’s king Richard II, we have nearly the same thought:
"If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Sature in the wilderness." MALONE.

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is — Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I through fear remain trembling in my state, then protest me, &c. Shakespeare here uses the verb inhabit in a neutral sense, to express continuance in a given situation; and Milton has employed it in a similar manner:
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven!

HENLEY.

5 Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?—[ ]

Why not? if they be only like a summer’s cloud? The speech is given wrong; it is part of the lady’s foregoing speech; and, besides that, is a little corrupt. We should read it thus:

—Can’t such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?—[ ]
i.e. cannot these visions, without so much wonder and amazement, be presented to the disturbed imagination in the manner that air visions, in summer clouds, are presented to a wandering one: which sometimes shew a lion, a cackle, or a promontory? The thought is fine, and in character. Overcome is used for deceive.

WARDBURTON.

The alteration is introduced by a misinterpretation. The meaning is not that these things are like a summer-cloud, but can such wonders
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? 6 You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such fights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear 7.

wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual sum-
mer-cloud paffes over us. Johnson.

No instance is given of this sense of the word overcome, which
has caused all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spen-
sfer, Faery Queen, b. iii. c. 7. ll. 4:

"— A little valley—"

"All covered with thick woods, that quite it overcome." Farmer.

Again, in Marlowe Magdalene's Repentence:

"With bin de overcome were both his eyen." Malone.

6 "You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,"
Which in plain English is only: You make me just mad.

Warburton.

You produce in me an alienation of mind, which is probably the
expression which our author intended to paraphrase. Johnson.

I do not think that either of the editors has very successfully
explained this passage, which seems to mean,—You prove to me
that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that
the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to re-
main in yours. In other words,—You prove to me how false an
opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours
on the trait is found to exceed it. A thought somewhat similar oc-
curs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act II. sc. i.: "I'll entertain
myself like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in All's
Well that End: Well: act V:

"— if you know

"That you are well acquainted with yourself." Steevens.

The meaning, I think, is, You make me a stranger to, or forget-
ful of, that brave disposition which I know I possess, and make me
fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a
fight which has not in the least alarmed you. Malone.

I believe it only means you make me amazed. The word strange
was then used in that sense. So in the History of Jack of New-
berry—" I jest not, said he; for I mean it shall be and stand
"not strangely, but remember that you promised me, &c."

Editor.

7 are blanch'd with fear.]

i.e. turn'd pale, as in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"Thou doft blanch mischief,

"Doft make it white." Steevens.
Macbeth.

Rosc. What fights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady. A kind good night to all!
Macb. It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have

By

8 It will have blood, &c.] So, in The Mirror of Magistrates, p. 113.
Take heed ye princes by examples past,
Bloud will have bloud eyther first or laft. Henderson.
It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:]
I would thus point the passage;
It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood.
As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite."
Ferrum and Ferrum, act IV. sc. ii. Whalley.

9 Augurs, and understood relations,—.
By the word relation is understood the connection of effects with causes; to understand relations as an augur, is to know how these things relate to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. Johnson.

Augurs, and understood relations,—
By relations is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to another. The ancient soothsayers of all denominations practised their art upon the principle of analogy. Which analogies were founded in a superstitious philosophy arising out of the nature of ancient idolatry; which would require a volume to explain. If Shakspeare meant what I suppose he did by relations, this shews a very profound knowledge of antiquity. But, after all, in his licentious way, by relations, he might only mean languages, i.e. the language of birds. Warburton.
The old copy has the passage thus:
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies and ebbings, &c.
MACBETH.

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'lt man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Mach. 'How say'lt thou, that Macduff denies his
person,
At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you send to him, sir?
Mach. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
2 There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep

The modern editors read:

Mach., 1. that understand relations, have
Mag. magpies in a by choughs, &c.
Perhaps we should read, magpie, i.e. premonitions by mean
of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connecter
effects with omens, being underwood (says he) have been min-
imal in divining the most secret murders.

In Congreve's Dictionary, a mag is called a maggotpie. Mag-
pie is the original name of the bird; Magot being the fancier
appellation given to pies, as we say Robin to a redbreast, Turton
too, to a parrot, &c. The modern mag is the abbre-
vation of the ancient Magot, a word which we had from the
French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Stevenson rightly recites Magot-pies. In Minshew's Go-
ats. 1705, we meet with a magotpie and Midtagot, in his ante D. Poems. 2. In. Hor. 454, says: "He calls her mag-
pie." FARMER.

1 How much, &c. &c.]
Macbeth here has a question, which the recollection of a mo-
ment enables him to answer. Of this thoughtfulness, nature's
mind oppressed, there is a beautiful instance in the meeting of
Deborah and Barak: "She said to him, we have found a
man, behold an eye to the Lord!"

This circumstance likewise takes its rise from history. Mac-
beth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunferlin; 
Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not come to trust himself in
the tyrant's power. From this time he resolved on his
resignation.

2 There's not a one of them,———)
A one of them, however much the phrase, signifies an indi-
vidual. In Sh. Hamlet, 1. 1, the same expression occurs: "—N:
a one shakes his tail, but I fight out a passion." Theobald's Po-
ems.
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sitters:
More shall they speak; for how I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd 3.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.  

[Sceene.

SCENE

3—be scann'd.] To season is to examine nicely. Thus, in Hamlet:
"—to he goes to heaven,
"And so I reveng'd:—that must be scann'd."
Again, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:
"—how there are scann'd;"
"Let none decide but such as understand."  

4 You lack the season of all natures, sleep."
I take the meaning to be, you want sleep, which seasons, or give the relish to all nature. "Insomni robuit vitam condimenti."

STEEVES:

You lack the season of all natures, sleep."
This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in All's Will that Ends Well: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in." Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:
"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
"Seasoning the earth with flowers of silver brine."

JOHNSON.

5 We are yet but young in deed."

The editions before Theobald read:
We're yet but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in K. Hen. VI. third part: We are not, Macbeth would say,
"Made impudent with use of evil deeds."
SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.


Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are, Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth, In riddles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call’d to bear my part, Or shew the glory of our art?

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and inflexible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet says) by hard use.

Steevens.

6 —meeting Hecate.] Shakspere has been cenfured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and consequently, for confusing ancient with modern superstitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches, Dehio Disquis. Mag. lib. ii. quæst. 9. quotes a passage of Apuleius, Lib. de Ajno curio: de quodam Cauponae, regina Sagarum.” And adds further: “ut ictis etiam tum quâdam ab his hoc titulo honoratas.” In consequence of this information, Pen Jonson, in one of his masques, has introduced a character which he calls a Dame, who preludes at the meeting of the Witches:

“Sisters, stay; we want our dame.”

The dame accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shakspere is therefore blameable only for calling his preleading character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. Steevens.

Shakspere seems to have been unjustly cenfured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot’s Discovery of Witchcraft, book iii. c. 2. and c. 10. and book xii. c. 3. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were suppos’d to have nightly “meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods,” and “that in the night times they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans, &c.”—Their dame or chief leader seems alwa’s to have been an old Pagan, as “the ladie Sibylla, Merleva., or Diana.” Tollet.

And
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron?
Meet me 'tis the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end 8:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

---the pit of Acheron]
Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of Acheron on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original Acheron was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of Amfianetis in Italy. Steevens.

8 Unto a dismal fatal end.] The old copy violates the metre by redding.
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Perhaps dismal-fatal. Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes in a note on King Richard III. is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So in that play we meet with childish foolish, foppish obstinate, and mortally staving. Steevens.

9 vap'rous drop profound;
That is, a drop that has profound, deep, or hidden qualities.
Johnson.

There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;]
This vap'rous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the virus lunare of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces it thus:

"et virus large lunare ministrat." Steevens.

Vol. IV. P p And
MACBETH.

And that, distill'd by magic flights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [Music and a song.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lenox, and another lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

[Rights.] Arts; subtle practices. Johnson.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.] As this tragedy, like the rest
of Shakespeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not
easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be intro-
duced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal pro-
priety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man.
I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a
very common form of contraction Lenox and An. for which the
transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and an-
other Lord. The author had indeed been more indebted to the
transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors
of greater importance. Johnson.

Who
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:

*Who cannot want the thought—*

The sense requires:

*Who can want the thought—*

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakespeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiae. MALONE.

*The son of Duncan,]*

The common editions have *son*. Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

*Thither Macduff is gone*

*To pray the holy king, &c.*

The modern editors, for the sake of the metre, omit the word *holy*, and read,

*Thither Macduff*

*I* gone to *pry* the *king*, &c. STEEVENS.

That,
580 MACBETH.

That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;6
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide: Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.

6 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;—
The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody
knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally
read:

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

7 — and receive free honours,]

Free for grateful. WARBUTON.

How can free be grateful? It may be either honours freely be-
shewed, not purchased by crimes; or honours without slavery,
without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

5 — their king, — ] The sense requires that we should read
the king, i.e. Macbeth. Their is the reading of the old copy.

STEEVENS.

6 Advise him to a caution, — ]
Thus the old copy. The modern editors, to add smoothness to
the verification, read,

— to a care. — STEEVENS.
ACT IV.  SCENE I.

Thunder.  Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch.  Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch.  Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

1 SCENE I.]  As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakespeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

2 Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

A cat, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches.  This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: 
When Galathea was changed into a cat by the Fates (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. cap. 29.), by witches, (says Pausanias, in his Boeotics), Hecate took pity of her, and made her priestess; in which office she continues to this day.  Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat.  So, Ovid:

"Fele voror Phabi latuit."  Warburton.

3 Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Mr. Theobald reads, twice and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations.  The remark in just, but the passage was misunderstood.  The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the hedge-pig had likewise cried, though but once.  Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined thrice, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious.  So, in the Hornet Lawyer, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried twice.  This even, sir, is no good number."  Twice and once, however, might be a cant expression.  So, in K. Hen. IV. P. II. Silence says, "I have been merry twice and once, etc. now."  Steevens.

1 P 3 3 Witch.
The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspere, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin go and fly. But once when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of going or flying, he only cried meow, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspere has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,"
"Yet it shall be tempest-toft."

The common affictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and lois of fieth, which are threatened by one of Shakspere's witches:

"Weary ev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours; and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most inspected of malice against swine. Shakspere has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been killing swine; and Dr. Harfret observes, that about that time, "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the fullen, but some old woman was charg'd with witchcraft."

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
"Days and nights haft thirty-one,
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got;"
"Boil thou first 'tbe charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspere,

3 Harper cries: —]
This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet will be unwilling to derive the name of Harper from Ovid's Harpalus, ab ăngrāë w rapiō. See Upton's Critical observations, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

STEEVENS.

4 —'tis time, 'tis time,]
This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but cries, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

Harper cries: —'tis time, 'tis time. STEEVENS.
MACBETH

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison’d entrails throw. Toad, that under the cold stone, Days and nights haft thirty-one, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Padocke or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgingsinges Rufe Vito in us, a great toad that in a scial, upon which those that prosecuted him Venificium exprobrabant, charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.

"Fillet of a fenny snake, "In the cauldron boil and bake: "Eye of newt, and toe of frog; "For a charm, &c." The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books de Viribus Animalium and de Mirabilibus Mundi, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth-strangled babe, "Ditch-delivered by a drab;"

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakespeare, on this great occasion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the fow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own fow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing— "Black spirits and white, "Blue spirits and grey, "Mingle, mingle, mingle, "You that mingle may." And in a former part:

"— weird

Milton has caught this image in his Hymn on the Morning of Christ’s Nativity:

"In dismal dance about the furnace blue."

P P 4

STEEVENS.
Sweeter’d
MACBETH.

Swell'trd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

All. 7 Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

"— weird sisters, hand in hand,—
"Thus do go about, about,
"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again to make up nine!

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up, and, turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground; and if he falls sick in two or three days, they lend one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where the lass, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, white," There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakespeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakespeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

Johnson.

6 Swell'trd venom. ——] This word seems to be employed by Shakespeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
"The evening fun behold there droller'd in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, the following sentence also occurs: —— "a huge and mighty toad even swellering "(as it were) in a hole full of poison." "Swelling in blood" is likewise an expression used by Fuller in his Church History, p. 37.

Steevens.

7 Double, double toil and trouble;]
As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it; I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;
otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the theme. Steevens.

Adder's


Adder’s fork, and blind worm’s sting;  
Lizard’s leg, and howlet’s wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3  Witch: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches’ mummy; maw, and gulf;  
Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg’d in the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew;  
Sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse;  
3 Nose of Turk, and Tartar’s lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver’d by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and flab:  
Add thereto a tyger’s chaudiçon,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All.

8 —— blind-worm’s sting,  
The blind-worm is the slow-worm. So Drayton in Noah’s Flood:  
“ ’The small-eyed slow-worm held of many blind.”  
Steevens.

9 —— maw, and gulf,  
The gulf is the swallow, the throat. Steele.

In the Mirror for Magistrates, we have “monstrous mawes and gulfes.” Henderson.

1 —— ravin’d satt sea shark;  
Ravin’d is glutted with prey. Ravin is the ancient word for prey obtained by violence. So, in Drayton’s Polyolbion, song 7:  
“ —— but a den for beasts of ravin made.”
The same word occurs again in Measure for Measure. See Vol. II, p. 18, Steevens.

2 Sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse;  
Sliver’d is a common word in the North, where it means to cut a piece or fibre. Again, in K. Lear:  
“ ’She who herself will sliver and disbranch.”  
Steevens.

3 Nose of Turk, and Tartar’s lips;  
Thee ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the holy wars. Steevens.

4 Add thereto a tyger’s chaudiçon.

Chaudiçon
MACBETH.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon’s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a song.

6 Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Witch.

Cauldron, i.e. entrails; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf’s cauldron. Again, in Deker’s Honest House, 1655: “Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves’ cauldrons and chitterlings.” At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII, among other dishes, one was “a swan with cauldron,” meaning sauce made with its entrails. See Ives’s Scelé Papers; No. 3, p. 140. See also Mr. Pegge’s Forms of Curry, a roll of ancient English Cookery, &c. Svo. 1780, p. 66. STEEVENS.

The word is still in common use in Leicestershire. NICHOLS.

6 —— a song.] Of this song only the two first words are found in the old copy of the play. The rest was supplied from Betterton’s or Sir W. Davenant’s alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

“Be thou black, or white, or green,
“Be thou hard, or to be seen.” — STEEVENS.

6 Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey.

The modern editors have silently deviated from Sir W. Davenant’s alteration of Macbeth, from which this song hath been copied. Instead of “Blue spirits and gray,” we there find “Red spirits, &c.” which is certainly right. In a passage already quoted by Dr.
M A C B E T H.

Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is’t you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe’er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodge’d, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders’ heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope.
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Dr. Johnson, from Camden, fairies are said to be red, black, and white.

Since the above was written, I have seen Middleton’s Ms. play intituled, The Witch, in which this song is found; and there also the line stands:

Red spirits and gray. Malone.

By the pricking of my thumbs, &c.]
It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus: “Timeo quod rerum gefferim hic, ita dorsi totus primit.”

Steevens.

—yeasty waves.] That is foaming or frothy waves. Johnson.

—Topple, is used for tumble. So, in Marlow’s Luise’s Dominion, Act IV. sc. iii:

“That I might pile up Charon’s boat so full,
“Until it topple o’er.”

Again, in Shirley’s Gentleman of Venice:

“——may
MACBETH.

'Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction ficken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters?'

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in low's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

3ll. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

[Thunder.

"—may be, his hate hath toppled him
"Into the river."

Again, in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:
"The very principals did seem to rend, and all to topple."

Steevens.

7 Of nature's germin—

This was substituted by Theobald for Nature's germaine.

Johnson.

So, in K. Lear, Act III. sc. ii;

"—all germins spill at once
"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout. Ger-
men, Lat. Germe, Fr. Germe is a word used by Brown in his
Vulgar Errors: "Whether it be not made out of the germe or
trundle of the egg, &c." Steevens.

—deftly shew.

i.e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of K,
Edward IV. by Heywood, 1626.

"—my murrise speaks deftily and truly."

Defil is a North Country word. So, in Richard Brome's Northern
Lays, 1653:

"—He said I were a deft lais." Steevens.

1st 3 Ap—
1st. Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought 4.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife 5.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[Descends.

Macb. What-e’er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp’d my fear aright 6:—But one word
more—

3 Apparition of an armed head rises.] The armed head represents
symbolically Macbeth’s head cut off and brought to Malcolm by
Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp’d from his
mother’s womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a
bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers
to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dun-
blane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his Defensative against the Poison of supposed
Prophecies, mentions “a notable example of a conjuror, who re-
presented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should
possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or
rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place, &c.”

FARMER.

4 ————say thou nought.] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in Dr. Giusius:
164:

“Your grace demand no questions—

“But in dumb silence let them come and go.”

Again, in the Tempest:

“—be mute, or else our spell is marr’d.” STEEVENS.

5 Beware the thane of Fife. ————]

“He had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he
put great confidence, how that he ought to take heed of Mac-
duff, &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

6 Thou hast harp’d my fear aright:———] To harp, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So,
in Coriolanus, Act II. sc. ult.

“Harp on that still.” STEEVENS.

1 Witch
MACBETH.

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's another, More potent than the first. [Thunder.

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

\textit{App.} Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.\]

App. the bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn The power of man; for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth. [Defends.

Mac. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee? But yet I'll make assurance double sure, \textit{And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;} That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies, \textit{And sleep in spight of thunder.}—What is this, [Thunder.

3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. That rises like the issue of a king; And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty? \textit{All} Listen, but speak not to't. \textit{App.} Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunfinane hill Shall come against him. [Descends. Macb.

\textit{Shall harm Macbeth.}\]

So, Holinshed:—"And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slain with man born of woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunfinane. This prophesie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

\textit{—the round And top of sovereignty?}\]

This \textit{round} is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The \textit{top} is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

\textit{Dunfinane's high hill}\]

The folio reads;
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root! sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high- plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaf of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

--------- high Dunfinane hill---------
and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scota-
land; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this
popular prophetic formulary the present prediction may be
ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir
David Lindsay:

"Quhen the Bas and the isle of May
"Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,
"Quhen the Lowmound beyde Falkland
"Be liftit to Northumberland——." WARTON.

2 Who can impress the forest; ——
i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier im-
press'd. JOHNSON.

3 Rebellious dead, rise never,—
We should read:—Rebellious head,— i. e. let rebellion never
get to a head and be successful till—and then——

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, who first proposed this change, rightly observes,
that head means host, or power.

"Douglas and the rebels met,
"A mighty and a fearful head they are."

And again:

"His divisions—are in three heads. JOHNSON.

Again, in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:

"—howling like a head of angry wolves."

Again, in Look about You, 1600:

"Is, like a head of people, mutinous." STEEVENS.

—eight
MACBETH.

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, to depart.

[* A show of eight kings, and Banquo; the last with
a glass in his hand.*]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls:— And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:— Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?— A fourth?— Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?—

Another

[*—right kings.]* “It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at
the tragedy of Macbeth, for having a legion of ghoûts in it. One
should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forget
his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo’s line are no more ghoûts,
than the representations of the Julian race in the Aeneid; and
there is no ghoût but Banquo's throughout the play.” _Essay on the
Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, &c._ by Mrs. Montague.

STEEVENS.

5 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls:—

The expression of Macbeth, that the crown fears his eye-balls, is
taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight
of captives or competitors, by holding a burning balon before the
eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, abacinare,
to blind. JOHNSON.

* In former editions:

— and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former:—

As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquir-
ing from what race they would proceed, he could not be surpried
that the hair of the second was bound with gold like that of the first:
he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the
first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

— and thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

* — to the crack of doom?—

i.e. the dissolution of nature. Crack has now a mean signification.
It was anciently employ’d in a more exalted sense. So, in the
Faltian Welchman, 1615:

“And
M A C B E T H.

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:

"And will as fearless entertain this fight
As a good conscience doth the cracks of Jove."

STEEVENS.

It was used so lately as the latter end of the last or the beginning of the present century, in a translation of one of the odes of Horace:

"—Unmov'd he hears the mighty crack—."

MALONE.

8 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,]

This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc vii:

"—and like a prophet,
Looks in a glass and shews me future evils."

So, in an Extract from the Penal Lawes against Witches, it is said, that "they do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in glasses, chrysal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the persons or things sought for." Among the other knaverys with which Facet taxes Subtle in the Alchemists, this seems to be one:

"And taking in of shadows with a glass."

Again, in Humor's Ordinaries, an ancient collection of satyres,

"Shew you the devil in a chrysal glass."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the glass which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the third book of the Faery Queen. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambraiian in the Squier's Tale of Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

9 That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:]

This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

WARBURTON.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confeederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakespeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's book on Deamonology, the notes to the Maligne of Queens, 1609. STEEVENS.

Vol. IV. Qq Horrible.
MACBETH.

594. Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For 'the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What? is this so?

Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But—why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And fiew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a found,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Musick.

[The witches dance and vanish.

Mach. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pennis-
rious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar—!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Mach. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Mach. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Mach. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear

The

Gildon has ridiculously interpreted blood-bolter'd, in a thing he
calls a Glossary, to signify smeared with dry blood; he might as well
have said with extreme motion. Blood-bolter'd means one whose
blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes
through the holes of a sieve. Shakespeare used it to infiniate the
barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds.

Warburton.

The same idea occurs in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—
"Then stab him, till his flesh be as a sieve."

Again, in the Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell, 1613:
"I'll have my body first bored like a sieve." Steevens.

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!]
In the ancient almanacs the unlucky days were distinguished by

Time.
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. 'Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings 4 of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line 5. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool;
But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

3 Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity.

4 The very firstlings ———
Firstlings; in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613: "The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice." Here it means the thing first thought or done. Shakespeare uses the word again in the prologue to Troilus and Cressida:

"Leaps o'er the vant and firstlings of these broils"

5 That trace him, &c.]
I. e. follow, succeed him. So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the third book of Lucret:

"The tribune's curfes in like case,
"Said he, did greedy Casmus trace." Steevens.

Q q 2 Ross.
MACBETH.

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the "natural touch; for the poor wren",
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz'
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much fur-
ther:

6 —natural touch:—] Natural sensibility. He is not touched
with natural affection. Johnson.
So, in an ancient Mt. play, entitled The Second Maid's
Tragedy:
"—How she's beguil'd in him!
"There's no such natural touch search all his bosom."
Steevens.

7 —the poor wren, &c.} The same thought occurs in the
third part of K. Henry VI.
"—doves will peck, in safety of their brood,
"Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
"Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
"Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"
Steevens.

8 The fits o'the season. ——]
The fits of the season should appear to be, from the following pas-
tage in Coriolanus, the violent disorders of the season, its con-
squences:
"—— but that
"The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physic."
Steevens.

But
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

_ Macd._ Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

_Roff._ I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

---when we are traitors,

And do not know ourselves:"

i.e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

And do not know't ourselves:"

But sure they did know what they said, the state esteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

I think, the meaning is, when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are uncenssions of guilt;—when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves. MALONE.

---when we hold rumour

From what we fear,"

To hold rumour signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to hold means, in this place, to believe, as we say, I hold such a thing to be true, i.e. I take it, I believe it to be so. Thus, in _K. Hen. VIII_:

"—Did you not of late days hear, &c.

"_I Gen._ Yes, but held it not."

The sense of the whole passage will then be: The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend. Or: When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears. A passage like this occurs in _K. John._

"Poffes'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

"Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear."

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.
598 M A C B E T H.

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort: I take my leave at once. [Exit Ross.}

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin,

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market,

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

2 Sirrah, your father's dead;] Sirrah in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth fays to his servant, "Sirrah, a word with you: attend these men our pleasure?"

MALONE.

7 L. Macd.
MACBETH.

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would net, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly: if you will take a homely man's advice, be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; to do worse to you, were fell cruelty, which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

---in your state of honour I am perfect.

1. i.e. I am perfectly acquainted with your talk of honour. So, in the old book *but treweb of the Lyfe of Virgil, &c.* bl. i. no date: "---which when Virgil saw, he looked in his boke of negromancy wherein he was perfu." Again, in *The Play of the four Ps.* 1569:

"Per. Then tell me this, are you perfu in drinking?"

"Per. Perfu in drinking as may be with'd by thinking."

STEEVENS.

2. To do worse with you were fell cruelty,

To do worse is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "To do worse to you (says he) signifies—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you to long that you could not avoid it."

The meaning, however, may be. To do worse to you, i.e. not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. MALONE.
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-car'd villain 5.

Mur. What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you.

[Exit L. Macduff, crying murder.

5—shag-car'd villain]

Perhaps we should read shag-hair'd, for it is an abusive epithet
very often used in our ancient plays. So, in Decker's Honest
Where, part second, 1630: "—a shag-haired cur." Again, in
our author's K. Hen. VI. P. II. "—like a shag-haired crafty
Kern." Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:
"That shag-haired Caicos tam'd with forts."
And Chapman in his translation of the 7th book of Homer, 1598,
Applies the same epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the impious
play of K. Lear, 1605:
"There she had set a shagbayr'd murdering wretch."

Sterevens.

Mr. Steevens's emendation appears to me extremely probable.
We have had already in this play hair instead of air. These two
words, and the word ear, were all, I believe, in the time of our
author, pronounced alike. See a note on Venus and Adonis, p.
411. note 1. and p. 456. note 5. edit. 1780, octavo.

Hair was formerly written hare. Hence perhaps the mistake.
So in Ives's Select Papers, chiefly relating to English Antiquities, No.
3. p. 133: "—and in her hare a circlet of goide richley
garnished."

However, as shag-car'd is usual as an epithet of contempt in the
Taming of the Shrew, the old copy may be right. Malone.

Scene
SCENE III

England.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

Enter— The part of Holinshed's Chronicle which relates
to this play, is no more than an abridgment of John Bellenden's
translation of the Noble Clect, Hector Bocce imprinted at Edin-
burgh, 1544. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted
the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene
is almost literally taken:—" Though Malcolm was verie for-
rowful for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in manner
as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whither he was come as
one that meant unfeindlie as he spake, or els as feet from Mak-
beth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and
thereupon dissimbling his mind at the first, he answered as
followeth:

"I am trulie verie forie for the miserie chanced to my countrie
of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve
the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reigne
in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust
and voluptuous seniualitie (the abominable fountaine of all vices)
followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to
defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intem-
perance should be more importable unto you than the bloody
tyannie of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered;
This furelie is a very evil fault, for manie noble princes and kings
have loft both lives and kingdomes for the same; nevertheless
there are women now in Scotland, and therefore follow my
counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter to
wifelie, that thou shalt be satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret
wife, that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaritious creature
in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seke so manie wices
to get lands and goods, that I would fle the most part of all the
nobles of Scotland by furmized accusation, to the end I might
enjoy their lands, goods and possions; and therefore to shew
you what mishiefe may enue on you through mine inflatable
covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox
having a fore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that
continuallie sucked out hir blood; and when one that came by
and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies

Driven
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Be-
driven beside him, she answered no; for if these flies that are al-
readie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should
be chas'd awaie, other that are emptie and fullie an hunged,
shoul'd light in their places, and sucke out the residu of my blood
farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied
do not much annoy me. Therefore faith Malcolme, suffer me
to remaine where I am, lest if I attaine to the regiment of your
realme, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such, that ye
would think the displeasures which now grieve you, shoul'd cease
easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might influe
through my comming amongst you.

"Makdussse to this made anwer, how it was a far worse fault
than the other: for avarice is the root of all mishiefe, and for
that crime the most part of our kings have beene flaine, and
brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my coun-
fell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches
inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Mal-
colme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling
of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturally re-
joie in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put
anie trust or confidence in my wordes. Then fith there is nothing
that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and
justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble
vertues which are comprehended onelie in tooftheffe, and that
lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to
governe anie province or region: and therefore fith you have re-
medies to cloyke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praine
you find shift to cloyke this vice amongst the residu.

"Then said Makdussse: This is yet the wooff of all, and there
I leave thee, and therefore fai; Oh ye unhappie and miserable
Scottisshmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and fundrie
calamities ech one above other! Ye have one curfied and wicked
tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, op-
pressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath
the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour
and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthie to
enjoy it: for by his owne confection he is not onlie avaritious and
given to unfaatable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust
is to be had unto anie woord he speakeith. Adieu Scotland, for
now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or
consolation: and with these woords the brackish tears trickled
downe his cheeckes verie abundantlie.

"At the laff, when he was readie to depart, Malcolms tooke
him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort Makdussse, for I
have
M A C B E T H. 603

8 Beastride our down-faln birthdome: Each new mom,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell’d out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mac. What I believe, I’ll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As

have none of these vices before remembered, but have jeested with
thee in this manner, only to prove thy mind: for divers times
herebefore Makbeth fought by this manner of means to bring me
into his hands, &c.” Holinshed’s Hist. of Scotland, p. 175.

STEEVENS.

7 In former editions:

Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Beastride our downfal birthdome:——

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts
him to beastride his downfal birthdome, is at liberty to adhere to the
present text; but it is probable that Shakspere wrote:

——— like good men,

Beastride our downfal birthdome

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about
to be taken by violence; and who, that he may defend it without
incumbance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his
weapon in his hand. Our birthdome, or birthright, says he, lies
on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest
to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is
a strong picture of obdurate resolution. So Falstaff says to Hal:

“When I am down, if thou wilt beastride me, lo.”

Birthdome for birthright is formed by the same analogy with
mastedom in this play, signifying the privileges or rights of a master.
Perhaps it might be birth-dame for mother; let us stand over our
mother that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the second part of K. Hen. IV.

Morton says:

——— he doth beastride a bleeding land.”

And the old reading in this play of Macbeth is not birthdome, but
birthdome. STEEVENS.

8 Beastride our down-faln birthdome:———

To protect it from utter destruction. The allusion is to the Hype-
raspulz of the ancients, who beastrode their fellows faln in battle,
and covered them with their shields. WARBURTON.

9 —— and yell’d out

Like syllable of dolour,

This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under
it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the skies, of which
mention
604  MACBETH.

As I shall find the time to friend 7, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

* You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.

* A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

* Why in that ravnness left you wife, and child,

(Those

mention is made before, shewed that heaven sympathised with
Scotland. WARBURTON.
The ridicule, I believe, is only visible to the commentator.
STEEVENS.

7 —to friend,—  ] i. e. to befriend. STEEVENS.
8 You may discern of him through me,— ]
By Macduff's answer it appears we should read:
—deferve of him—— WARBURTON.
9 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge,— ]
A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a
royal commission. JOHNSON.
1 Though all things foul, &c.]
This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—My sus-
picions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor
may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous
appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form,
though that form be counterfeited by villainy. JOHNSON.
2 Why in that ravnness—— ]
Without
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.  

Macd.  Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basins sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou thy wrongs,  
4 His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'ft,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.  

Macb.

Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. Johnson.

I meet with this expression in Lilly’s Euphues, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of K. Hen. V.

"Some their wives rawly left." Steevens.  
3 —wear thou thy wrongs,  
That is, Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs. Johnson.

4 His title is affear’d!—

Affear'd, a law term for confirm’d. Pope.

What Mr. Pope says of the law term is undoubtedly true; but there is no reason why we should have recourse to it for the explanation of this passage. Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards points to Malcolm, saying, that his title was afear’d, i.e. frightened from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakepeare, the word afraid is written as it was formerly pronounced, afeard. The old copy reads.—The title, &c. i.e. the regal title is afraid to affect itself. Steevens.

If we read, The title is afeard, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judgment of it. Afearders had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements. Tollet.

The reading of the old copy, with the change of only one letter, affords an easy sense:

Thy title is afeard.

Poor country! wear thou thy wrongs! thy title to them is now fully established by law.—

The was, I conceive, merely the transcripter's mistake, from the simlar sounds of the and thy, which are frequently pronounced slike.

For
Macbeth.

Mal. Be not offended; I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think, our country finks beneath the yoke; it weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash is added to her wounds: I think, withal, there would be hands uplifted in my right; and here, from gracious England, have I offer of goodly thousands: But, for all this, when I shall tread upon the tyrant’s head, or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country shall have more vices than it had before; more suffer and more sundry ways than ever, by him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know all the particulars of vice so grafted, that, when they shall be open’d, black Macbeth will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state esteem him as a lamb, being compar’d with my confined self’s harms.

Macd. Not in the legions of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn’d. In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, sudden, malicious, smacking of every fin that has a name: But there’s no bottom, none,

For the substituted reading, bis, there is no authority.

Malone.

The author of The Remarks explains it thus. His (i.e. Macbeth’s) title is after’d, i.e. established or affirmed, since he whose duty and interest it is to endeavour to dethrone him, refuses to join in the attempt. Editor.

This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland. Pope.

Rather, violent, passionate, hasty. Johnson.

Warburton.

In
MACBETH

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it to inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; 7 grows with more pernicious root

--- grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; ---]
Summer-seeming has no manner of sense: correct.
Than summer-seeuing lust; ---
I. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the beat of life, and which
goes off in the winter of age. Warburton.
When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,
Than flame, or seething lust.
that is, than angry passion, or boiling lust. Johnson.
Summer-seeming lust, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as sum-
mer. Steevens.

Read—
MACBETH.

Than summer-feeding lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath 8 foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable, 9
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,

Read—summer-feeding. The allusion is to plants; and the
sense is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more
pernicious root than lust, which is a mere annual, and lasts but
for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays."

BLACKSTONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it
deserves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-feeding is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's
poems, we meet with "winter-feeding." MALONE.

8 — foysons — Plenty. POPE.

It means provisions in plenty. So, in the Ordinary by Cartwright: "New foysons byny grazed with new titles." The word
was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into
the mouth of an antiquary. Again, in Holinshed's Reign of K.
Hen. VI. p. 1613: "—fifteen hundred men, and great feifers
of victuals." See Vol. 1. p. 52. STEEVENS.

9 Portable is, I think, here used for supportable; and ought to
be printed with a mark of elision.—All these voices, being balanced
by your virtues, may be endured. MALONE.

Portable answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings
may be borne with, or are bearable. STEEVENS.
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
'Dy'd every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mac. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous hate: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,

1. 'Dy'd ev'ry day she liv'd.'] The expression is borrowed from
the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have
in Christ Jesus, I die daily." Malone.

To die unto sin, and to live unto righteousness, are phrases used
in our liturgy. Steevens.

2. —and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous hate.]}

Vol. IV. R  r Old
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well: more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you.

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great abyss of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,

3 All ready at a point, ——
At a point, may mean all ready at a time; but Shakespeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:
All ready at appoint, ——
i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. Warburton.
There is no need of change. Johnson.

4 —— And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——

The chance of goodness, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense.
If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

— and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [pro justitia divina] answerable to the cause.

The author of the Revival conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: And may the forces of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.

But I am inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote:

— and the chance, O goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel!

This some of his transcribers wrote a small o, which another imagined to mean of. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: And O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause. Johnson.

— convinces] i. e. overpowers, subdues. See p. 509.

Steevens.

They
They presently amend.

_Mal._ I thank you, doctor.         [Exit Doctor.

_Macd._ What's the disease he means?

_Mal._ 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

_Enter_ Rosse._

_Macd._ See, who comes here?

_Mal._ 'My countryman; but yet I know him not._

_Macd._

---a golden stamp, &c._ This was the coin called an angel.
So, Shakspere, in the Merchant of Venice:
"A coin that bears the figure of an angel
"Stamped in gold, but that's inculp'd upon."
The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

---and 'tis spoken,
'To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction._

It must be own'd, that Shakspere is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the evil was to descend to the successors in the royal line in compliment to James the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift: How then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it._

---My countryman; but yet I know him not._

Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its
Maced. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Maced. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call’d our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark’d; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy: the dead man’s knell
Is there scarce ask’d, for whom; and good men’s lives
expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ficken.
Maced. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour’s age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute seems a new one.
Maced. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Maced. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Maced. The tyrant has not batter’d at their peace?

It's propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. Steevens.

9 — rent the air;]
To rent is an ancient verb which has been long ago diffused. So, in Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:
With rent’d hair and eyes besprinkt with tears."

Steevens.

A modern ecstacy; —
That is, no more regarded than the contortions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. Warburton.
I believe modern is only foolish or trifling. Johnson.
Modern is generally used by Shakespeare to signify trite, common; as "modern instances," in As you like it, &c. &c.
Steevens.
Ross.
Ross. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave them.

Macc. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight, To doff their dire distresses.²

Macc. Be it their comfort, We are coming thither: gracious England hath Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men; An older, and a better soldier, none That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 'Would I could answer This comfort with the like! But I have words, That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.³

Macc. What concern they? The general cause? or is it a 'fee-grief?

Due

² To doff their dire distresses.
To doff is to do off, to put off. See Vol. V. p. 59. Steevens.

³ —_—(should not catch them.) The folio reads, latch them, I believe rightly. To latch any thing, is to lay hold of it. So, in the prologue to Gower De Confessione Amantis, 1554:

"Hereof for that thei wolden laehe, "With such dorefe, &c."

Again, b. i. fol. 27:

"When that he Galathe befought "Of love, which he maie not laehe."

To latch (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to catch. Steevens.

⁴ — fee-grief;] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. Johnson.

A similar
Due to some single breast?
    Ross. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
    Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
    Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
    Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
    Ross. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer;
To add the death of you.
    Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak;
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

A similar expression is found in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1637:

"But oh for shame that men should so arraign
Their own fee-jimple wits for verbal theft." Malone.

Quarry is a term used both in hunting and falconry. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. So, in Massinger's *Guardian*:

——he strikes
"The trembling bird, who ev'n in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry," Steevens.

——ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;]
The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas*:

"He pulled his hat over his brow,
And in his heart he was full woe, &c."

Again:

"Jamey his hat pull'd over his brow, &c., Steevens.

——the grief, that does not speak,]
So, in *Vivaria Cornubiana*, 1612:

"Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak."
"Carpe levis sequantur, ingentes finput." Steevens.

Macd.
MACBETH

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill’d too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let’s make us medicines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children—All my pretty ones?

Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,

At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

8 He has no children.—]

It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said

of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none,

supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

He has no children.—

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by

retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth

had none himself; or that if he had any, a father’s feelings for

a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not

from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive.

The Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same

thought occurs again in K. John:

"He talks to me that never had a son."

Again, in K. Hen. VI. p. 3.

"You have no children: butchers, if you had,

"The thought of them would have stir’d up remorse."

STEEVENS.

9 At one fell swoop?]

Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in the

White, Devil, 1612:

"That she may take away all at one swoop."

Again, in the Beggar’s Bush, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—no star prosperous!

"All at a swoop."

It is frequently, however, used by Drayton, in his Polyolbion, to

express the swift descent of rivers. STEEVENS.

1 Dispute it like a man.]
Macd. I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggar with my tongue!—But, gentle, heaven,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heav'n, forgive him too!

Mal. 3 This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
4 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.  [Exeunt.

i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in
Twelfth Night, act IV. sc. iii.
" For though my soul disputes well with my sense, &c."
Steevens.

2 Cut short all intermission;——]
I. e. all pause, all intervening time. So, in K. Lear:
Steevens.

3 This tune——] The folio reads: This time. Tune is Rowe's
emendation. Steevens.

Rowe's emendation is supported by a former passage in this
play, where the word which he has introduced is used in a similar
manner:
"Macb. Went it not so?"
"Banq. To the self-same tune and words." Malone.
4 Put on their instruments——]
i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against their
tyrant. Steevens.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doc¹. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc⁰. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this flumbery agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent.
Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut !

Docl. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an custom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot .

Docl. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—'tis Hell is murky!—
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Docl.

* Ay, but their sense is shut.]
The old copy has—are shut; and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds so harshly to our ears as not to deserve to be restored. Thus in his 12th sonnet:

"—————my adder's urine
"To critick and to cenurers stopped are."

MALONE.

Yet here's a spot.]

A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's Vittoria Corrombona, &c. 1612:

"—————Here's a white hand!
"Can blood so soon be waft'd out?"

Webster's play was published in 1612. Shakespeare's in 1623.

' Hell is murky! —] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, she supposes, had just said, Hell is murky, (i.e. hell is a dark place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, fie my lord; fie! a soldier, and afraid? This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

—who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the
Doët. Do you mark that?
Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is the now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—
No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.
Doët. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.
Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh! oh! oh!
Doët. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.
Doët. Well, well, well,—
Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.
Doët. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.
Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.
Doët. Even so?
Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.
Doët. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doët. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egenem sanguinis enem*; and Ovid, describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

---guttura cultro

Fodit et *exigno maculavit sanguine ferrum*. Met. 1.7.

Steevens.
MACBETH.

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infectèd minds
To the deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my fight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteith, Cathness, Angus,
Lenox, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge's burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang.

5 My mind she has mated, ———— Astonished, confounded.

The expression is taken from chess-playing:
that is young a warrior
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
As he this day hath mated and mated too."
Soliman and Persida. See Vol. II. p. 212.

6 His uncle Siward, ————

"Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was
the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland."

"Excite the mortified man.

Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression. "It means (says
he) the man who has abandoned himself to despair, who has no spirit
or resolution left." And, to support this sense of mortified man, he
quotes mortified spirit in another place. But if this was the mean-
ing, Shakspere had not wrote the mortified man, but a mortified
man. In a word, by the mortified man, is meant a religious; one
who
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward’s son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Men. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he’s mad; others, that leffer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper’d cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breath;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant’s robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Men. Who then shall blame
His peeter’d senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,

who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an Affect. Warburton.

So, in Monsieur D’Olive, 1605:
“He like a mortified hermit fits.”
Again, in Green’s Never too late, 1616: “I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a mortified man.”

Steevens.

8 — Unrough youths —
An odd expression. It means smooth-fac’d, unbearded.

Steevens.

9 When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
That s, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. Johnson.

To
MACBETH.

To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.  

Len. Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the soveraigne flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.  

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.

Enter Maibeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mach. 3 Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinanc,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus 4:  
Fear not, Macbeth, no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:

The

1 — The medecin —  
i.e. physician. Shakespeare uses this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu speaks of Helen in All's Well that Ends Well; and Florizel, in the Winter's Tale, calls Camillo "the medecin of our house." Steevens.

2 To dew the soveraigne flower, &c.]  
This uncommon verb occurs in Look about You, 1600:  
"Dew your princely hand with pity's tear."
Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 8:  
"Dew'd with her drops of bounty soveraine." Steevens.

3 Bring me no more reports, &c.]  
Tell me not any more of deftrions—Let all my subjects leave me—I am safe till, &c. Johnson.

4 — have pronounc'd me thus :)  
So the old copy. The modern editors, for the sake of metre, read: — "have pronounc'd it." Steevens.

5 — English epicures :)  
The reproach of epicurnm, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac’d loon?!

* Where got’st thou that goose look?*

Sor.

a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. **Johnson.**

Shakspere took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180, of his History of Scotland: “For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the Englishmen, were willing enouigh to receive this Donald for their king, trusing (because he had beene brought up in the illes, with the old customes and manners of their antient nation, without taft of English liberes dilectis, &c.” The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. John-son’s Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the natives had neither kail nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet K. James VI. in his 7th parliament thought it necessary to form an act “against superfluous banqueting.” **Steevens.**

* Shall never fagg with doubt,—*

To fagg is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th song of Drayton’s Polyolbion:

“*This said, the aged Street fag’d sadly on alone.*”

Drayton is speaking of a river. **Steevens.**

Again, in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1595: “He tooke exceptions to his traveller’s bag, which he wore fagging down his belly before.” **Malone.**

To fag, or fawg, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius’s Etymologicon. It is common in Staffordshire to say, “a beam in a building fags, or has fagged.”

**Tolson.**

*—loon!] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. So, in Marlow’s tragedy of K. Edw. II. 1622:

“For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.”

Again, in Decker’s Honest Whore, second part, 1630:

“The sturdy beggar, and the lazy lowne.”

K. Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, loon. **Steevens.**

* Where got’st thou that goose look?*

So, in Caridolans:

“*—ye
MACBETH.

Ser. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy 9. What soldiers, patch 1?
Death of thy soul! 2 those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.——Seyton! ——I am sick
at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This push
Will cheer me ever, or 3 disfeat me now.

"——ye souls of geese,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"Fie on slaves that apes would beat?" Malone.

9 ——lily-liver'd boy.——] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

"—his sword that made a vent for his white liver's blood,
"That caus'd such pitiful efflu——"

Again, Falstaff says, in the second part of K. Hen. IV: "—left
the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and
cowardice." Steevens.

1 ——patch 1] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the p'd,
patch'd, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools be-
longing to noble families. Steevens.

2 ——those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.——] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice.

Warburton.

3 ——or disfet me now.] The old copy reads disfet, which is certainly right, though mo-
temporary editors have substituted disfise in its room. The word disfete
occurs in the Two Noble Kinsmen by Beaumont, Fletcher, and
Shakespeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall
of Arcite from his horse:

"——seeks all foul means
"Of boisterous and rough Jadry, to disfete
"His lord that kept it bravely."

Dr. Percy would read:

"Will chair me ever, or disfete me now." Steevens.

Disfete is the capricious alteration of the second folio.

Malone.
I have liv'd long enough: 'tis my May of life

—my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear,

As there is no relation between the way of life, and fallen into the fear, I am inclined to think that the W is only an M inverted, and that it was originally written:

—my May of life.

I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support one in this melancholy season.

The author has May in the same sense elsewhere. Johnson.

—my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear,

An anonymous would have it:

—my May of life:

But he did not consider that Macbeth is not here speaking of his rule or government, or of any sudden change; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from that line:

And that, which should accompany old age.

And way is used for course, progress. Warburton.

To confirm the justness of May of life for way of life, Mr. Colman quotes from Much-ado about Nothing:

"May of youth and bloom of lucrehood,"

And Hen. V.

"My puissant liege is in the very May-morn of his youth." Langton.

So, in Sidney's Astrolph Phil and Stella, stanza 21:

"If now the May of my years much decline."

Again, in The Spanish Curate of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—you met me
"With equal ardour in your May of blood."

Again, in The Guardian of Maflinger:

"I am in the May of my abilities;
"And you in your December."

And in Claudius Tiburtius Nero, 1607:

"Had I in this fair May of all my glory, &c."

Again, in The Sea Voyage, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And in their May of youth, &c."

Again, in King John and Matilda, by K. Davenport, 1655:

"Thou art yet in thy green May, twenty-seven summers, &c."

Again, in the Renegado of Maflinger:

"Having my heat and May of youth, to plead
"In my excuse." Steevens.
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Ser. Soldiers, sir.

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LANGTON.

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Again, in the Revengado of Malfinger:

"Having my heat and May of youth, to plead

"In my excuse." STEEVENS.
I have now no doubt that Shakspere wrote *May* and not *way*. It is observable in this very play that the contrary error of the press has happened from a mistake of the same letters.

"Hear not my steps which *may* they walk." Besides, that a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspere, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation. Thus in his sonnets:

"Two beauteous *springs* to yellow *autumns* turn’d."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"He that hath suffered this disorder’d *spring*,

Hath now himself met with the *fall* of leaf."

The sentiment in Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither’d and fruitless: my yellow hangings are all shook down, and I am left bare to the weather.* HENLEY.

The old reading is, in my apprehension, the true one. The passage in one of our author’s sonnets, quoted by Mr. Steevens, may prove the best comment on the present:

"That *time* of year in me you may behold,

*When yellow leaves or few or none do hang*

*Upon those boughs, &c.*"

He who could say that you might behold *autumn in him*, would not scruple to write that he was fallen into the *autumn* of his days; and how easy is the transition from this to saying, that the course or progress of his life had reached the autumnal season?

The using "the fear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression, but it is such a licence as is to be found in almost every page of our author’s works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that in the course or progress of life he had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspere’s manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation: in which we at this day often say that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay*:" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed: Macbeth is *fallen into his autumnal decline*.

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our author’s general manner, any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary but dangerous.

In *King Henry VIII*, the word *way* seems to signify (as it does here) *course*, or *tenour.*

"The
MACBETH

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
    hack'd—
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, o' skirr the country round:

"The way of our profession is against it."
And in King Richard II. the fall of leaf is used in a sense not very different from that presented by the remaining words in the passage before us:

"He who hath suffered this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf." MALONE.

the fear,—] Sear is dry. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's
Monseur Thomas, 1639:

"—fear winter
Hath seal'd that sap up."
Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73rd sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, &c."
And Milton has—"Ivy never fear." See vol. II. p. 223. STEVENS.

To skirr, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. The word is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the Martial Maid:

"Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted skirr'd
A horse troop, through and through, &c."
Again, in Henry V:

"And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian flings."
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bondura:

"the light shadow's,
That, in a thought, sow'ring the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to them." STEVENS.
MACBETH.

Hang those that talk of fear.——Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivion antidote,

Cleans the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—

Come, sir, dispatch:—if thou couldst, doctor, cast

The

7 —— talk of fear.]  
     The second folio reads stand in fear. Henderson.  

8. *Cleanse the soul bosom of that perilous stuff.*  

Stuff! is the reading of the old copy; but for the sake of the ear,

which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read, foul, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, As you like it, act II. sc. vi:  

Cleans the foul body of the infected world. Steevens.

Mr. Malone observes, that the recurrence of the word stuff in the original is certainly unpleasing; but that he had no doubt the old reading was the true one, because Shakspeare was extremely fond of such repetitions. Of this he produces several instances, and adds, with respect to the word stuff, however mean it may sound at present, it, like many other terms, has been debased by time, and appears to have been formerly considered as a word proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. Editor.

9. —— cast.

The water of my land.]  

To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in Eliptio Libidinoso, a novel by John
MACBETH 629

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say,
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?--Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,
Siward's Son, Menteth, Cuthness, Angus, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, 2 but the confident tyrant

Kneels

John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving, without tasting her
water, where she was pinned, &c." Again, in The Wife Woman
of Hogforn, 1638: "Mother Nottingham, for her time, was
pretty well skilled in casting waters." Steevens.

1.—fenna,—] The old copy reads—smy. Steevens.
2.—but the confident tyrant] We
MACBETH.

Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mel. 'tis his main hope:

3 For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

We must surely read:

---the confin'd tyrant. Warburton.

He was confident of success; so confident that he would not fly,
but endure their setting down before his castle. Johnson.

3 For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;

The propriety of the expression, advantage to be given, instead
of advantage given, and the disagreeable repetition of the word
given in the next line, incline me to read:

---where there is a 'vantage to be gone,
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Advantage or 'vantage, in the time of Shakspere, signified oppor-
tunity. He shut up himself and his soldiers (saies Malcolm) in the
castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert
him.

More and less is the same with greater and less. So, in the inter-
polated Mindewille, a book of that age, there is a chapter of India
the More and the Less. Johnson.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they stand in the text will bear Dr. Johnson's
explanation, which is most certainly right.—“For wherever an
opportunity of flight is given them, &c."

More and less, for greater and less, is likewise found in
Chaucer:

"From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,
"Of which the fame yipronge to moft and lefle;"

Again, in Dryton's Polyolbion, long the 12th:
"Of Britain's forests all from th' lef unto the moire;"

Again, in Spenser's Faery Queen, b. v. c. 8:
"---all other weapons lefle or moire,
"Which warlike ules had devis'd of yore." Steevens.

Surely there can be little doubt that the word given was caught
by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line; and I
think as little, that we ought to read either gone, got, or gain'd;
any of which will serve equally well. Malone.
MACBETH.

Macd. 4 Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
5 What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must 6 arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and
colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still, They come: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them careful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[A cry within, of women.

4 Let our just censures
Attend the true event,]}
The arbitrary change made in the second folio (which some cri-
ticks have represented as an improved edition) is here worthy of
notice:

Let our best censures
Before the true event, and put we on, &c. MALONE.
5 What we shall say we have, and what we owe,
Warburton.

i. e. property and allegiance.

What we shall say we have, and what we owe]
When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits
of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what
they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

6 arbitrate: i. e. determine. JOHNSON.
So, in the 18th Odyssey translated by Chapman:

"Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight." STEEVENS.

Ss 4

Sey.
632 MACBETH.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
7 The time has been, my senses would have cool’d
To hear a night-thriek; and my 8 fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in’t: 9 I have supt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught’rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. 1 She should have dy’d hereafter;

There

7 The time has been, &c.] May has imitated this passage twice;
 once in The Heir, and again in The Old Couple. See Doddley’s Col-

8 ——fell of hair]
My hairy part, my capitillum. Fell is skin. JOHNSON.

So, in Alphonfus Emperor of Germany:

“——Where the Lyon’s hide is thin, and scant,
“‘I’ll firmly patch it with the Fox’s fell.”

So, again, in K. Lear:

“The gougeres shall devour them flesh and fell.”

A dealer in hides is still called a fell-monger. STEEVENS.

9 ——I have supt full with horrors;]
The Oxford editor alters this to,

——furthered with horrors;

and so, for the sake of a polished phrase, has made the speaker talk
absurdly. For the thing we further of, we behold with uneasiness
and abhorrence. But the speaker says, the things he supt full of,
were grown familiar to him, and he viewed them without emotion.

WARBURTON.

Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his Thebais:

——antolit membra, toroque,
“Erigitur plevus monbris, vanunque cruorem
“Excuiens.”

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of lady
Macbeth’s behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

1 She should have dy’d hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.———]

This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It
is not apparent for what word there would have been a time, and
that there would or would not be a time for any word seems not a
consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into
the following exclamation. I read therefore:

She
There would have been a time for such a word,—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow;
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

She should have dy'd hereafter.
There would have been a time for—such a world!—
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: The queen is dead. Macbeth. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer, there would at length have been a time for the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the world—such is the condition of human life; that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded; and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient time for such a word, for such intelligence, and so fall into the following reflection. We say we lend word when we give intelligence. Johnson.

2 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in Barclay's Ship of Fools, 1570:
"Cras, cras, cras, to-morrow we shall amende.

3 To the last syllable of recorded time;

Recorded time seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The record of futurity is indeed no accurate expression; but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. Johnson.

So, in All's Well that Ends Well:
"To the utmost syllable of your worthiness."

Recorded is probably here used for recording or recordable; one participate for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses penetrabile frigus for penetrans frigus, and penetrabile telum for telum penetrans. Steevens.
MACBETH.

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing——.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be foth,
I care

4 The way to dusty death.——
We should read dusty, as appears from the figurative term lighted.
The Oxford editor has condescended to approve of it.
Warburton.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has:
The way to study death.——

which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an error by an accidental transposition of the types. Johnson.
The dust of death is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. Dusty death alludes to the expression of dust to dust in the burial service,
and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: "Dust thou art,
and to dust thou shalt return."—Shakspeare, however, in the first act of this play, speaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one
— who had been studied in his death." Steevens.

5 'Till famine cling thee:——

Clung, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were,
shuck
MACBETH

I care not if thou dost for me as much:—
I pull in resolution; and begin

To

fluck together. In the Roman Actor by Massinger, the same
word, though differently spelt, appears to be used:

"---my entrails

"Are clungd with keeping a continual fast."

Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Affe,
&c. 1593: "Who would have thought, or could have imagined,
to have found the wit of Pierce so starved and clunged?" Again,
in George Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576:

"My withered corps with deadly cold is clung."

Again, in Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637:

"His entrails with long fast and hunger clung---"

To cling likewise signifies, to grieve, to compress, to embrace. So,
in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:

"---side from the mother,

"And cling the daughter."

Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1602:

"And found even clung'd in sensuality."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607:

"I will never see a white flea before I will cling you."

Ben Jonson uses the word clum in the Poetaster, act I. sc. ii: "I
cannot eat stones and turfs; say, what will he clum me and my
followers? ask him an he will clum me." To be clum'd is a Staf-
fordshire expression, which means, to be starved: and there is
likewise a Cheshire proverb: "You been like Smithwick, either
clem'd or burnt." Again, in Antonio and Milinda:

"Now lions' half-clum'd entrails roar for food."

In the following instances, the exact meaning of this word is not
very clear:

"Andrea flain! then weapon cling my breast."

First part of Jeronimo, 1605.

"Although my conscience hath my courage clung'd,

"And knows what valour was employ'd in vain."

Lord Sterline's Darum, 1603.

Again, in the Sadler's Play, among the Chester Whitsun plays,
Mr. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is
spoken of:

"That now is clung under clay."

I have given these varieties of the word for the sake of any fu-
ture lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

Mr. Whalley however observes, that till famine clung thee,
means—till it dry thee up, or expat all thy moisture. Clung wood
is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. Clung and
clem are terms of very different meaning. Steevens.

---I pull in resolution; and begin

To
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunfinane*;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness* on our back. [Exeunt.

**Scene VI.**

**Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with Boughs.**

**Mal.** Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we,

*To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,*
*That lies like truth:*——

Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read:

*I pull in resolution,*——

*I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me.* It is fearcely necessary to observe how easily *pull* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskillful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. **Johnson.**

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in the **Tempest**, say,

"I will let loose my opinion,"

might have written,

*I pull in my resolution.*

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to check that confidence to which he had given the rein before. **Steevens.**

? harness]*

An old word for armour. So, in **The Cobler's Prophesy**, 1594:

"His harness is converted to soft silke." **Henderson.**

Shall!
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siev. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macc. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macc. They have ty’d me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What’s he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siev. What is thy name?
Macc. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siev. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macc. My name’s Macbeth.
Yo. Siev. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macc. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siev. Thou lieft, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I’ll prove the lie thou speakeft.

[Fight; and young Siward is slain.

* — I must fight the course. —
A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in The Antipodes, by Brome, 1638:
“Also you shall see two ten dog courses at the great bear.”

Steevens.

Macb.
MACBETH.

Macb.: Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarms. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their slaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeserved. There thou shouldest be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted: Let me find him, fortune! and

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord:—the castle's gently render'd:

9 — Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, &c.
I suspect an intermediate line has been lost; perhaps of this import:
"Either thou, Macbeth,
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeserved. MALONE.

1 Seems bruted:——

From brut. Fr. To brut is to report with clamour; to noise. So, in King Henry IV. P. II:
"——his death
"Being bruted once, &c."

Again, in Timon of Athens:
"——I am not
"One that rejoices in the common wreck,
"As common brut doth put it."

Again, in Acofius, a comedy, 1540: "Lais was one of the most
bruted common women that clerks do write of." STEEVENS.

The
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

_Mal._ We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

_Siward._ Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. _Alarum._

_Re-enter Macbeth._

_Macbeth._ Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilsts I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

_Re-enter Macduff._

_Macduff._ Turn, hell-hound, turn.

_Macbeth._ Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

_Macduff._ I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [Fight. _Alarum._

_Macbeth._ Thou losest labour:
As eafy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
'I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

_Macduff._

[^as eafy mayst thou the intrenchant air] That is, air which cannot be cut. _Johnson._

[^as eafy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed] So, Milton, _Paradise Lost_, b. vi:

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
"Receive, no more than can the fluid air." _Steevens._

[^I bear a charmed life,——] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no 'charmed weapons.
MACBETH.

**Macd.** Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

**Macb.** Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That *palter* with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

**Macd.** Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

**Macb.** I will not yield,
'To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunfinane,

pons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only
in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had
in the prediction of the spirit.

To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, act V:

"——I in my own woe charm'd
"Could not find death." UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
"And by the right you challenge in true fame,
"That here you stand, not arm'd with any guilt,
"Of philters, charms, of night-spells, characters,
"Or other black infernal 'vantages, &c.'"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4:

"——he bears a charm'd shield,
"And eke-enchaunted arms that none may pierce." STEEVENS.

* — palter with us in a double sense:

That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Now fortune, frown and *palter* if thou please.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——Romans that have spoke the word,
"And will not *palter.*" STEEVENS.

Yet
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold enough.

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.

Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siward. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unsparing station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siward. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
Of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siward. Had he his hurts before?

See Mr. Tollet's note on the words, "To cry, hold! hold!"
act I. sc. v. Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, one of the combatants
was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king ter-
minated by crying Hoo, i.e. hold. Steevens.

"To cry hold, is the word of yielding," says Carew's Survey of
Cornwall, p. 74, i.e. when one of the combatants cries so.

Tollet.

Re-enter—] This stage-direction is taken from the folio, and
proves, that the players were not even skilful enough to prevent
impropriety in those circumstances which fell immediately under
their own care. Macbeth is here killed on the stage, and a mo-
ment after Macduff enters, as from another place, with his head
on a spear. Of the propriety of ancient stage-directions, the fol-
lowing is no bad specimen: Enter Sybilla llying in childbed, with her child llying by her, and her nurse, &c." Heywood's
Golden Age, 1611. Steevens.

VOL. IV. T?
Macbeth

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siew. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him;

Siew. He is worth no more.

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

Hat

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his Remains, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." Johnson.

Whether this is a metaphorical expression, or only a blunder of the press, I cannot determine. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration, which has been continued by succeeding editors, who read, peers. The following passage from Ben Jonson's Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Airborpe, may countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,
Countesies, ye courtly pearls, &c.
Again, in Shirley's Gentlemen of Venice:
"—he is the very pearl
"Of courteisy."—Steevens.

Ily kingdom's pearl is a phrase of the same import with thy kingdom's wealth, or rather ornament. So, C. Fitz-Jeffrey, cited in England's Parnassus, 1600, calls Homer,

"Chief
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whole voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!  

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

"Chief grace of Greece, best pearl of poetry."
So, again, J. Sylvestor, quoted in the same book:
"—peace,
"Honour of cities, pearl of kingdoms all."
Again, in Endymion's Song and Tragedy, 1606:
"—an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's pearl."  Maloney.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than 711 dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Dunstan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged to vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the Tragedy of Macbeth.

Steevens.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakspere learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intituled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latin to the king, then in English to the queen and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceit thereof, the kings did very much applaud." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspere, was on this occasion. *Farrer.*

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its actions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety, of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspere's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth presumes some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. *Johnson.*

**END OF VOLUME THE FOURTH.**