THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IV.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING

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

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MDCCLXXXV.

14

ALL's WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Perſons repreſented [1].

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles [2], *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram ! *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *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 [3], } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

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

SCENE *lies partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

[1] The perſons were firſt enumerated by *Rowe.*

[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[4].

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Roussillon's house in France.

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

Count. [5] 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's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from *Painter's Giletta of Narbon*, in the first vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to, 1569, p. 90. FARMER.

Shakspeare 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. Shakspeare wrote, *in* dissevering *my son from me*——The following words, too,——*I bury a second husband*——demand this reading. For to *dissever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which *delivering* does not. WARBURTON.

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 *dissevers* her son from her, she only *delivers* him. JOHNSON.

command, to whom I am now [6] 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; [7] whose worthiness 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. [8] This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was

[6] —*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 Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

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 furnished Shakspeare 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 worthiness 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.* WARBURTON.

[8] *This young gentlewoman* had *a father* (*O, that* had! *how sad a passage 'tis!*)] Lafeu was speaking of the king's desperate condition: which makes the countess recall to mind the deceased Gerard de Narbon, who, she thinks, could have cured him. But in using

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 Shakspeare wrote (*O that* had! how sad a *presage* 'tis) *i. e.* a *presage* 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 passes*, 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 *had* passes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakspeare himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, act III. sc. i:

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."

So, in *The Gamester*, by Shirley, 1637: "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 tragi-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 languiſhes 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 thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for [9] where an unclean

Heautontimorumenos of Terence (then tranſlated) where Menedemus ſays:

"Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
"*Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
"———*habui* Chreme,
"Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." BLACKSTONE.

[9] —*where an unclean mind carries* virtuous *qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for* their *ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.*] This obſcure encomium is made ſtill more obſcure by a ſlight corruption of the text. Let us explain the paſſage as it lies. By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, 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 counteſs, *in her they are the better for* their *ſimpleneſs.* But *ſimpleneſs* is the ſame with what is called *honeſty*, immediately after; which cannot be predicted of the qualities of education. We muſt certainly read—HER *ſimpleneſs*, and then the ſentence is properly concluded. The counteſs had ſaid, that *virtuous qualities* are the worſe for an *unclean mind*, but concludes that Helen's are the *better for her ſimpleneſs*, i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then ſums up the character, ſhe had before given in detail, in theſe words, *ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs,* i. e. ſhe derives her *honeſty*, her *ſimplneſs*, her moral character, from her father and her anceſtors; but ſhe atchieves or wins her *goodneſs*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour. WARBURTON.

This is likewiſe a plauſible but unneceſſary alteration. *Her virtues*

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

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 [1] all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. [2] I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf.

tues are the better for their ſimpleneſs, 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 Shakſpeare'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 *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers 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 ſenſe 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 theſe had made one poem's period,
"And all combin'd in beauties worthyneſſe,
"Yet ſhould there hover in their reſtleſſe heads
"One thought, one grace, one wonder at the leaſt,
"Which into words no *vertue* can digeſt." STEEVENS.

[1] —*all livelihood*—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

[2] *I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here that ſhe does not wiſh 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. [3] 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,
[4] 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.

[3] *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 Lafeu: 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. *Lafeu* 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.

[4] *That thee may furnish*——] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

The

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.*] [5] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable 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 Lafeu.*

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
[6] 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:
[7] 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. [8] 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To

[5] *The best wishes,* &c.] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, 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.

[8] ——*'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
To see him every hour, to sit and draw

His

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 [9] trick of his ſweet favour,
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

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

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch [2].

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 ſteel'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 ſenſe 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 ſit 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*, 1600: "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-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

[2] *And you*, monarch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. 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 [3] 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 aſſails; 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 quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. [4] Loſs 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. Shakſpeare writes only *ſome ſtain of ſoldier*, meaning in one ſenſe, 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 ſoldiery*. *Stain* is uſed in an adverſe ſenſe by Shakſpeare, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "——nor any man an attaint, but he carries *ſome ſtain* of it." STEEVENS.

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

[4] *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. STEEVENS.

Hel. 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. [5] He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf; and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs 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 [6] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf two[7], 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 dropt, which introduced a compariſon in this place; and Shakſpeare wrote it thus:

as *he, 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 critick 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 ſpritely and equally juſt. JOHNSON.

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

" ———— a practiſer
" 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 goodly increaſe;*—] 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. Tollet 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; it will 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.

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

Par. Let me see: [8] Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less 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 [9] not now: Your date [1] 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 Shakspeare'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—— "Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

[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?* plays 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. Shakspeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

[1] ——*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

it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry,[2] 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*. JOHNSON.

[3] *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. 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 passage. 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 effusion 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 send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough——

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelth 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

[4] A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a [5] traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond, adoptious chriſtendoms [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 phœnix, 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 *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed 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 Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he ſays, *You are like a* traytor, *but ſuch* traytors *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, Lafeu is plainly ſpeaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, 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] ——*chriſtendoms,*] This word, which ſignifies the collective body

Par. What one', 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 baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
[7] 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.
STEEVENS.

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 Poesie*, 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.

[7] *And shew what we alone must think;*——] And *shew* by realities what we now *must only think*. JOHNSON.

Par.

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, [8] is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, 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; farewel. 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 farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,

[8] *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 *Fawne*, 1606: "——I love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, 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. Tollet 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. Hen.* 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."

MALONE.

Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow 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?
[1] The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To

[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 to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

[1] *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiſs 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 kiſs 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 *kiſs like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Hanmer:

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'n't *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.

Shakſpeare uſes one of theſe conteſted phraſes in a different ſenſe, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"And ſell the *mighty ſpace* of our large honours
"For ſo much traſh as might be graſped thus."

I have offered this inſtance for the uſe of any ſucceeding commentator who can apply it to the paſſage before us. Part of the ſame thought is leſs ambiguouſly expreſs'd in *Timon:*

"That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſiblities,
"And mak'ſt them *kiſs.* ——" STEEVENS.

I underſtand the meaning to be this. The affections given us by Nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance, or diſparity, and cauſe them to join, like likes, *(inſtar parium)* like perſons in the ſame ſituation

To join like likes, and kiss 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 [2] Senoys are by the ears;
Have

situation of life.——This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the Countess's steward, who is supposed to have over-heard this soliloquy of Helena: "Fortune, she 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 licence as Shakspeare often takes. Thus, in *Cymbeline*, the *diminution of space* is used for the diminution of which space, or rather 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 worthiness of praise distains his worth,
"If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth."
MALONE.

[2] ——*Senoys*——] The *Sanesi*, 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 amplest 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 Rousillon [3], 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.

[3] ——*Rousillon*——] The old copy reads *Rosignoll*.
STEEVENS.

Into

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.]
i. 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 vye their levity with his honour. WARBURTON.

I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical 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 ſlight offences, 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 meaning is loſt. As the text and ſtops 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

equal

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,
[6] His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
[7] He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
[8] Making them proud of his humility,

In

equal had awaked them, not his inferior: to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that bore the shadow of pride or sharpness."
WARBURTON.

The original edition reads the first line thus:

So like a courtier, contempt nor *bitterness.*

The sense 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.

[6] *His tongue obeyed* his *hand:*——
His is put for *its;* so, in *Othello:*

"—— ——her motion
"Blush'd at *herself,*"——instead of *itself.* STEEVENS.

[7] *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 sense, has altered *another place,* to a *brother-race.* WARBURTON.

[8] *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 stoop 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.
WARBURTON.

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

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

King. Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive 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 conviction 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 ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean perſons for that humility.—The conſtruction ſeems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." MALONE.

[9] *So in approof lives not his epitaph,*
As in your royal ſpeech.]
Epitaph for character. WARBURTON.

I ſhould wiſh to read:
Approof ſo lives not *in his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.
Approof is *approbation.* If I ſhould allow Dr. *Warburton*'s interpretation of *Epitaph*, which is more than can be reaſonably expected, I can yet find no ſenſe in the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

We might, by a ſlight tranſpoſition, read:
So his approof lives not in *epitaph.*
Approof certainly means *approbation.* So, in *Cinthia's Revenge,*
"A man ſo abſolute in my *approof,*
"That nature hath reſerv'd ſmall dignity
"That he enjoys not."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"Either of condemnation or *approof.*" 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.

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.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out

[1] ——*whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments;*——]
Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs. JOHNSON.

I have a ſuſpicion that Shakſpeare wrote——*meer* feathers *of their garments*; i. e. whoſe judgments are meerly *parts* (and inſignificant parts) *of their dreſs*, worn and laid aſide, as *feathers* 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 ſimilar 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 *cloaths*,
" 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.

With

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 *licenſed jeſter*, 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 Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtic, of remarkable petulance and fredom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey, after his diſgrace, wiſhing 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 cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

"*Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
"I' 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 *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616. See vol. II. p. 15. STEEVENS.

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 [3] 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 slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you [4] lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo.

" Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
" Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
" Untill 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 jests.——
" I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
" Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.
" I never saw READE peeping through the curtain,
" But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

3 —— *to even your content*,——] To act up to your desires. JOHNSON.

4 ——*you lack not folly to* commit *them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries* 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 knaveries* YARE; nimble, dextrous. i. e. Though you be fool enough to commit knaveries, 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 *knaveries*, 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 critick 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

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[5], 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.

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. i. (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 contracted 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, 1600: "We were Chriſtians enow before, *in* as many as could well live one by another." MALONE.

[7] ——*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 frend to ſtop her mowth,
And keep her quiet, give him his table free,
And the huge feeding of his great ſtone-horſe,
On which he rides in pompe about the cittie
Only to ſpeake to gallants in bay-windowes.
Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for,
He getts me all my children, there I ſave by't;
Beſide 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.

'Tis

and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, 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 Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'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. [9] 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 frend 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.

[8] —*that* ears *my land*,——] To *ear* is to *plough*. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"Make the sea serve them, which they *ear* and wound
"With keels of every kind." STEEVENS.

[9] *A prophet, I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:*] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy counsel of Francis the first——*Par l'avis, conseil*, prediction *des fols vos sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez*, &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 supposed 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 kind[1].

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 fond[3],
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 cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes 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 rhime. 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 cause, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the Countess has just called for, 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

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood[4],
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
[5] *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[6], 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. [7] That man ſhould be at a woman's command, and

[4] *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 inſerted, from the ancient and only authentic copy. STEEVENS.

[5] *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*, *Pammon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*. WARBURTON.

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

[7] 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 commands, 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 subjection.

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 insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that we should read——Though honesty 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 extraordinary 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 revolts against them. I suspect, however, a still farther corruption; and that the compositor 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 reluctantly, for Helena. MALONE.

The aversion 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 sin 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 stomach 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 intirely.

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: [8] 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 surprised 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 goddess,* &c. *Love no god,* &c. complained against the *queen of virgins,* &c.] This passage stands 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 overheard 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 surprised 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; ſithence, in the loſs 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 [9], 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 ſick 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 ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;

[9] *If we are nature's,*——] The old copy reads: If *ever* we are nature's. STEEVENS.

[1] *By our remembrances*——] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

[2] *Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.*] We ſhould read:

——*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 *tho'*. WARBURTON.

And

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 oppreſs'd 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 humble, 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 vaſſal 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 glimmers 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 ſtream'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 ſiſter:——]
The ſecond line has not the leaſt glimmering of ſenſe. Helen, by 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, emboldens 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 *heav'n.*)

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 obscur'd by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter he must be my brother?* JOHNSON.

[6] ——————*Now I see*
The mystery of your loveliness, *and find*
Your salt tears' head.——]

The mystery of her *loveliness* is beyond my comprehension: the old Countess 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 some spleen. I dare warrant

The myftery of your lonelinefs, and find
[7] Your falt tears' head. Now to all fenfe 'tis grofs,
You love my fon; invention is afham'd,
Againft the proclamation of thy paffion,
To fay, thou doft not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis fo:—for, look, thy cheeks
C[illegible]nfefs it one to the other; and thine eyes
S[illegible] grofsly fhewn in thy behaviours,
T[illegible]eir kind they fpeak it; only fin
A[illegible] obftinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth fhould be fufpected: Speak, is't fo?
If it be fo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it [illegible] not, forfwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As [illegible]en fhall work in me for thine avail,
To [illegible]ne truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my fon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miftrefs!

Count. Love you my fon?

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, dif-
clofe
The ftate of your affection; for your paffions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confefs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,

warrant the poet meant his old lady fhould fay no more than this: "I now find the myftery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in fecret." For this reafon I have amended the text, *lonelinefs.* The Steward, in the foregoing fcene, where he gives the Countefs intelligence of Helena's behaviour, fays,

Alone fhe *was, and did communicate to herfelf her own words to her own ears.* THEOBALD.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—— your *lowlinefs.* TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plaufible. To chufe folitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

[7] *Your falt tears' head.*] The fource, 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 [8] captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill [9]: thus, Indian-like,
Religion in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,

[8] ——captious *and* intenible *ſieve*,] The word *captious* I never found in this ſenſe; yet I cannot tell what to ſubſtitute, unleſs *carious* 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.
STEEVENS.

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 *intenible*, 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.

[9] *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill*:——]
Perhaps we ſhould read:
And lack not to love *ſtill*. TYRWHITT.

I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards in this ſpeech:
"——whoſe 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 endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes.—The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
[1] Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
[2] Wish chastly, 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 [3] 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 lost.

[1] Whose aged honour *cites* a virtuous youth.] i. e. whose respectable conduct in age *shows*, 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] Wish chastly, 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 wish chastly, that your Dian, &c.

[3] ——*notes, whose faculties inclusive*——] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were inclosed than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.

 Count

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,
Haply, 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. Dost thou believe't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

[4] *Embowell'd of their doctrine,*——] i. e. exhausted of their skill. So, in the old spurious play of *K. John*:
"Back warmen, back; *embowel* not the clime."
STEEVENS.

[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 presage. WARBURTON.

Count.

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[6]:
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. [7] 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.* STEEVENS.

[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 betwixt 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 betwixt 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, [8] farewel:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd 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: [9] let higher Italy
(Thoſe

[8] ——*and you, my* lords, *farewel:*——]
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.

[9] ————let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy) ſee, &c.]
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 compoſed 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 ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet 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 ſenſe. 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 volunteers 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 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, farewel.

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: [1] beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both.

tition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the Upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene 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 Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. 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 explanation. 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 Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to *depress*, 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.

JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Beware of being captives,*
Before you serve.]

The

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 maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, [2] 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 acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. [3] 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 Shakſpeare'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 tortured 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 ſevering." STEEVENS.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:—[4] 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 liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for [5] they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do

[4] *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 ſlight tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common ſenſe in the paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch tranſpoſition. Parolles 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.

[5] *—they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there,* do *muſter, true gait,* &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter,* to *muſter.*——*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time,* ſignfies 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 muſter 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 ſaid to give much light to the obſcurity of the paſſage. Perhaps it might be read thus: They *do muſter* with the *true gaite,* that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

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

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 farewel.

Ber. And I will do so.

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

Enter Lafeu. [*Lafeu kneels*.

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

King. I'll fee 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 *musters*. 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

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: [9] I have seen a medecin,
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 araise 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 she: My lord, there's one arriv'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, [1] her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness [2]: Will you see her,
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
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.

Hanmer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loss, 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.

[9] ——————*I have seen a medecin,*
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 subscribe to no man." Dr. GREY.

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

[2] *Than I dare blame my weakness:*] This is one of Shakspeare's perplexed expressions. To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*
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 ſtore 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 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 diſſever 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 wiſh 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 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt 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 ſits[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 loſt. 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* ſits,] The old copies read—and deſpair moſt *ſhifts*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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
[8] 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 [9],
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'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,

[8] *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[1],
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King.

[1] ——— *a divulged ſhame,*
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'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?*
Hel. *Tax of impudence,*
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs; a divulged ſhame;
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name;
Sear'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 *ſeared* 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 Shakſpeare. 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*
Sear'd; otherwiſe the worſt of *worſt extended,* &c.

Perhaps it were better thus:

——— *my maiden name*
Sear'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* (ſays ſhe) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a ſtrumpet; would endure a ſhame reſulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence 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 rhime has obſcured the ſenſe of the paſſage. *The worſt that can befal a woman, being extended to me,* ſeems to be the meaning of the laſt line.

STEEVENS.

King. [2] Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, 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 *ſeared* 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 agianſt thoſe who are moſt publickly reported to be infamous.* Shakſpeare has uſed the words *ſear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the ſame ſenſe as above:

For calumny will *ſear*
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 ſound, *within an organ weak*:]
To *ſpeak a ſound* is a barbariſm: for *to ſpeak* ſignifies to utter an *articulate* ſound, *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 *ſound* therefore is improper, though to *utter* a *ſound* is not; becauſe the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Beſides, the conſtruction is vicious with the two ablatives, *in thee*, 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 *ſounds within an organ* weak.

But the Oxford editor would be only ſo far beholden to this emendation, as to enable him to make ſenſe of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticiſm or ingenious dealing:

It *powerful ſounds 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 ſound ſpeaks *within a weak organ.* REVISAL.

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 eſtimate [4];
[5] Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and [6] prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters 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. [7] 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,

[4] ——*in thee hath eſtimate:*] 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. ſc. i: *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[8]:
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*;] Shakspeare unquestionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe* a graff, or slip, or sucker: by which she means one of the sons of France. Caxton calls our prince Arthur, *that noble* impe *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 *Rape of Lucrece*:

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 contempt? 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[9]; 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 rush 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 Fooles yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to. 1610:

 " More-

Count. [1] To be young again, if we could—I will be a fool in queftion, hoping to be the wifer by your anfwer. I pray you, fir, are you a courtier?

Clo. [2] O Lord, fir,——There's a fimple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

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

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Thick, thick, fpare not me.

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

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

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

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, fir*, at your whipping, and *fpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, fir*, is very fequent to your whipping; you would anfwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worfe luck in my life, in my— *O Lord, fir*: I fee, things may ferve long, but not ferve ever.

Count. I play the noble houfewife with the time, to entertain it fo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Why, there't ferves well again.

Count. An end, fir, to your bufinefs: Give Helen this,

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

[1] *To be young again,*——] The lady cenfures her own levity in trifling with her jefter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

[2] *O Lord, fir,*——] A ridicule on that foolifh expletive of fpeech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"You conceive me, fir, ?——" *O Lord, fir.*"
Cleiveland, in one of his fongs, makes his *gentleman*,
"Anfwer, *O Lord, fir!* 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 Paraceſſus [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 juſtled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or faſhionable to Paracelſus. Sancy, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 310. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to ſay: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe,

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows [5],—

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 assur'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 [6], you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor [7].

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. [8] Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par.

celse, *est* bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme 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 bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. 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, *authenticè* 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

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit[9], 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[1] 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."

Lafeu, 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] ——facinorous *ſpirit*,—] This word is uſed in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

" And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds."

Facinorous is wicked. The old copy ſpells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not deſigned for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered 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 aſteriſks for the future. WARBURTON.

I cannot ſee that there is any *hiatus*, or other irregularity of language than ſuch as is very common in theſe plays. I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe 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-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily 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 [2]: I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

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 baniſh'd ſenſe
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 forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each but one [3]!

Laf. I'd give bay curtal [4], and his furniture,

[2] Luſtick, *as the Dutchman ſays:*——] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, 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 *Luſticke*. 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.

[4] —*bay curtal*—] i. e. a bay, dock'd horſe. STEEVENS.

My

My mouth no more were broken [5] 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,
[6] *We blush, that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd;*
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever [7],
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 [8] 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.
JOHNSON.

[6] *We blush that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd;*
Let the white death, &c.] Thus is this passage pointed in the original copy, which has been followed in the subsequent editions. A different regulation appears to me to afford a much clearer sense:

We blush that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit 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 revisit 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 *sit on thy check 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 [9] for my life.

Hel. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly 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 [1]? 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. [2] 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 *ames 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 paſſes 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 Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of ſenſe.

drunk wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, 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,

ſenſe. I have reſtored the old reading, and ſhould have thought no explanation neceſſary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently miſunderſtood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, 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 aſs* JOHNSON.

A poor

A poor phyſician's daughter), thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
[3] 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 dropſied honour: [4] good alone

Is

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

[4] ——————good alone
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:]
The text is here corrupted into nonſenſe. We ſhould read:
——————good alone
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, underſtanding nothing of this, ſtrikes out *vileneſs*, and puts in its place, *in'tſelf*. 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 propoſe with much confidence. Of all the conjectures that I can make, that which leaſt diſpleaſes me is this:
——————good alone,
Is good without a name; Helen *is ſo*;
The reſt follows eaſily by this change. JOHNSON.
——————*without a name, vileneſs is ſo*.]
I would wiſh to read:
——————good alone
Is good without a name; in *vileneſs is ſo*:
i. e. good alone is good unadorned by title, nay, even in the meaneſt ſtate it is ſo. *Vileneſs* does not always mean *moral turpitude*, but *humility of ſituation*; and in this ſenſe it is uſed by Drayton.

Shakſpeare, however, might have meant that external circumſtances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itſelf) *without the name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *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*.
STEEVENS.

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

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 [5];

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.

[5] ——*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 foolish player, when he transcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondering to find *youth* not reckoned amongst the good qualities of a woman when she was proposed 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 Shakspeare 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 he who could reason with the force our author doth here (and we ought always to distinguish between Shakspeare 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

 she

In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn[6],
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
[7] And is not like the sire: 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 dust, 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.

[6] ——————*that is honour's scorn*
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire.]
Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*,—— honourably descended: the child of honour. MALONE.

[7] *And is not like the sire: Honours* best *thrive.*] *Best* is an interpolation made by the ignorant editor of the second folio; who did not know that the word *sire* was here used by Shakspeare like *fire*, *hour*, &c. as a dissyllable. 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.

Had

Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing 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 pleaſe to 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 ſtaggers [9], and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing 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 diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Defaire un noeud*, 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 varieties 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 ſtaggers,*——] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, 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 Poſthumus ſays:

"Whence come theſe *ſtaggers* 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 so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; 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 lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious: else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafeu* [2].

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*
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
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.

[2] The old copy has this singular stage direction: *Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* STEEVENS.

To *comment* means here, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons discoursing, observing, &c. MALONE.

1. after all I understand this, that the reason or cause of this marriage shall be written in the new born brief or licence for the marriage which is to be made out S.H.

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

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

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 [3], to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarffs, 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 [4]; 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.

[3] *——for two ordinaries,——*] While I ſat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

[4] *——taking up;——*] To *take up*, is to *contradict*, to *call to account*; as well as to *pick off the ground.* JOHNSON.

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[5], 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[6]. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me[7]; 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 asterisks. 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 suspicion of chasm is groundless. The conceit which, is so thin that it might well escape a hasty 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 confession. WARBURTON.

Re-enter

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 beſeech 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 hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert 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 [8] 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 heraldry,*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reſtored it. JOHNSON.

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,
[9] That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
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.

Par.

[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 *debtors*, intituled, a *kickſy-winſy*, or a *Lerry come-twang* 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 preparing 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:

 " ——— he's

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 Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

" ——————he's as tedious
" As is a tired horſe, a *railing wife*,
" Worſe than a *ſmoaky houſe*."

The old copy reads—*detected* 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;
[2] But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;

[2] 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 deſires. But this it muſt be confeſſed is very harſh. MALONE.

Whoſe

Whose want, and whose delay, [3] 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 [4].

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 Parolles.*

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*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 overflow with joy, and pleasure drown the brim, than any professions of kindness. Parolles 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 relish* is so *sweet*,
"That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
"When that the watry palate tastes indeed
"Loves's thrice-reputed nectar. Death, I fear me;
"Swooning destruction, &c." MALONE.

4 —*probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity.
JOHNSON.

SCENE

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 approof.

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 [5].

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

Laf. I have then sinned 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 she 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 Lylly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "——but foresters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A gosshawk beats not at a *bunting*." STEEVENS.

Given

The Bunting is a species of lark, larger, with very trifling note seldom seen before May when it sits on top branches of hedges & trees. The name may be local. The meaning appears to be. That he took this lark which sung his own praise, 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 nothings 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. [6] 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 deſerve at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

[6] *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 entertainments, whilſt the jeſter 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 rhime o' th' table, from New-nothing,
" And take his *Almaine leap* into a *cuſtard,*
" Shall make my lady mayoreſs, and her ſiſters,
" Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders."

Devil's an aſs, act I. ſc. 1. THEOBALD.

Par.

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 [7], 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.

[7] *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.

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 ſunder, 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. [*Exit Helena.*
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! [*Exeunt.*

[8] —*the wealth I owe*; i. e. I *own*. See vol. I. p. 38. STEEVENS.

[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 Counteſs, '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 decision 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 [1],
But like a common and an outward man [2],
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion [3]: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found

[1] —*I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.
JOHNSON.

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

So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. "*I was an* inward *of his.*" *Measure for Measure.* See vol. II. p. 103. JOHNSON.

[3] *By self-unable* motion:—] We should read *notion.*
WARBURTON.

This emendation has been recommended by Mr. Upton.
STEEVENS.

Myself

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature [4],
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

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, save, 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. [5] 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, sold a goodly manor for a song [6].

[4] ——*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.

[5] 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 oer the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff.* Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps 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.

[6] ——*sold 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.

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 breadth enough 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.
[7] *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?

[7] *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 ſagaciouſly 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.

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 [8].

Count.

[8] —*a deal of that, too much,*
Which holds him much to have.]

That

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. [9] Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt 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, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe 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
Waſt 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-piecing air [1],
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, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind——

But the Oxford editor reads:

Which 'hoves 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.

[1] ——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.

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 miſeries, 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 conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

S C E N E 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-piecing *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-piecing* was Shakſpeare's word. But the paſſage is not yet quite ſound. We ſhould read, I believe,
——*rove the ſtill-piecing 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 extream edge of hazard [2].

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

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

[2] *To the extream 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' *pilgrim,*——] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint 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 hye;
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 [4] *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 stings are in her mildest words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice [5] so much,
As letting her pass 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] —*Juno,*—] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.
[5] —*lack* advice *so much,*] *Advice*, is *discretion* or *thought*. JOHNSON.

Is

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.

A tucket 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 sight.

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 ourselves 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 Parolles: 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, [6] 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 appearance*

hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe 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 loſt.

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 lye at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—
God ſave you pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers [7] lodge, I do beſeech you?

ance 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, promiſes, &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 Theobald'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.

[7] ——*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 none; 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." *Staveley's Roman Horſeleech.* BLO.

Wid.

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 Rousillon. Know you such a one?

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

Dia. Whatsoe'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 [8].

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

[8] —*examined*.] That is, *question'd*, *doubted*. JOHNSON.

'Tis

'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[9]: 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[1] 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 honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

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

[9] *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 trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and another transcribing. Hence, when we wish to amend any corrupted passage, we ought, I apprehend, to look for a word similar 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—*Ah!* 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 easy, I have inserted it in the text. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*brokes*——] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.

Hel.

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 gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: Yond's that ſame knave [2],
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 hoſt: 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,

[2] ——*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 paces.
i. e. ſuch irregular ſteps, to courſes 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.

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 [3], 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; leſt, 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 leaguer of the adverſaries,

[3] *a hilding,*] See note on 2d part of Henry IV. act I. ſc. i. EDITOR.

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: [4] 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. *Ore*, according 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 ſo 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 (publiſh'd in 1627) call'd, *Apollo ſhrowing*, 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 caſhier 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 Scarſefield, (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 ſimpleſt*

your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, 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 [5].

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 loſt! 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: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

pleſt man, that reſorted 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 entertainment [i. e. to treat you very ill, or, according to Holingſhed's explanation, to thruſt you out, &c.] for he that compoſed the book we ſhould preſent, hath ſnatch'd it from us at the very inſtant of entrance." Introduction to Jack Drum's Entertainment, 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.

Par.

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 enterprize, 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 slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and [6] 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 [7] possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

[6] —*I will presently pen down my* dilemma's—] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have found the word thus used in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

[7] —*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.

Par. [8] 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 [9] imboſs'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 [1] 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 triſyllable:

"Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

[9] ——*we have almoſt imboſs'd him,*——] See notes to *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction, vol. II. STEEVENS.

"To know when a ſtag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* ſay) you ſhall ſee him *imboſt*, that is, *foaming* and *ſlavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth, &c." TOLLET.

[1] ——*ere we caſe him.*] That is, before we ſtrip him naked. JOHNSON.

2 *Lord.*

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 lass 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. [*Exeunt.*

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,
[2] But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
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. WARBURTON.

[3] —— *to you sworn counsel*——] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

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, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
[4] 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,
Howe'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 chaſtly 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 ſongs 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 Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

To

To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
[5] 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 hedge-corner: 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 linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us [6] 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 [7] ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, in-terpreter,

[6] —— *ſome band of ſtrangers in the adverſaries 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, 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 plausive 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 slight 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 [8] instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of [9] 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.

i.e. that he must change his prattling tongue for a silent: in plain English that he must learn to hold his tongue. S.A.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel———

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

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. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par cobo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſieze him and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Boſkos thromuldo 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 vauvado*:———
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:———
Kerelybonto:———Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.———
Manka revania dulche.

Lord. *Oſcorbi dulchos volivorco.*

Inter. The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew,

Their

Their force, their purpofes: nay, I'll fpeak 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 fpace. [*Exit with Parolles.*

[*A fhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the count Roufillon, 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 ourfelves:——
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, fir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and fafely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Widow's houfe.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddefs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair foul,
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 fhould be fuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ftern;
And now you fhould be as your mother was,
When your fweet felf was got.

Dia. She then was honeft.

Ber. So fhould you be.

Dia. No:

My

My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. [1] 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, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
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.
[2] What is not holy, that we ſwear not by

But

[1] *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 *Vittoria Corombona*, 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 Shakſpeare has here given to Bertram:

"Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*—by this,
"This ring———————
"——————————This my *vow*
"Shall never on my ſoul be ſatisfied,
"With my repentance: let thy brother rage
"Beyond a horrid tempeſt or ſea-fight,
"My *vow* is fix'd." MALONE.

[2] *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 witneſs, 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[2],
[3]To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

perience 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 attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tye upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs 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 diſhonour 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 we ſwear,*" to ſignify, *If we ſwear to an unholy purpoſe*; a ſenſe thoſe words will by no means bear. "*Not 'bides,*" 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 High'ſt to witneſs,*" they ſo plainly and directly contradict Dr. Warburton's interpretation, that it was utterly impracticable for him to reconcile them to it, and therefore he hath very prudently paſſed them over without notice." REVISAL.

2 ——— *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.

3 *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 conſiſtency, 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 forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber.

[4] *I see, that men* make hopes in such affairs]
The four folio editions read:
———*make* rope's *in such a* scarre.
The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *scarre* in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:
"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,
"Look'd never but ascance, through a small creeke,
"Or little cranny of the fretted *scarre*:
"There I have sometimes liv'd, &c."
Again: ———"Where is the villain's body?———
"Marry, even heaved over the *scarr*, and sent a swimming, &c."
Again:———"Run up to the top of the dreadful *scarre*."
Again:———"I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*."
Ray says, that a *scarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. 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 sense, 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 passions 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
"(Wherein fat Falstaff had [*r.* hath] a mighty *scare*)
"Must Slender take her——."

In

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 chamber 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.
Adieu, 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.*

[illegible] manifeſt from the correſponding lines in the firſt folio, [illegible] was here printed by miſtake for *ſcene*; for there the [illegible] ——

[illegible] —— —— fat Falſtaff
"Hath a great *ſcene*." MALONE.

Dia.

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, she that was an Italian would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we should read:
——*Since Frenchmen are so braid,*
Marry 'em *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. WARBURTON.

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 rose 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 Bꝛeδ is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying *fraus, astus.* Again, in Tho. Drant's *Translation of Horace's Epistles*, where its import is not very clear:
"Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade.*"
In the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1336, *Braid* seems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk.* There is nothing to answer it in the Fr. except *tantost.* 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.

[6] 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 ſing happineſs 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 uſed to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. JOHNSON.

G. and E. were, I belive, 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.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends[7]; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, [8] in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* [9] 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 approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company [1] anatomiz'd; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment [2], [3] wherein ſo curious he had ſet this counterfeit.

[7] ——till *they attain to their abhorr'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.

[8] ——*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. *Damnable* 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 Maſſinger's *Very Woman:* "I'll beat ye *damnable;* yea and nay I'll beat you."

Again, perhaps in *Springes for Woodcocks,* 8vo. 1613:

"For here's the ſpring, ſaith he, whence pleaſures flow,
"And bring them *damnable* exceſſive gains." MALONE.

[1] —— his *company,*——] i. e. his *companion.* It is ſo uſed in many other places. MALONE.

[2] ——*he 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.

[3] ——*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 *ſet* ſhows that it is here uſed in the firſt and the laſt of theſe ſenſes. MALONE.

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 Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his counſel.

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 Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and, there reſiding, 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

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 tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'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 main parcels of dispatch, effected 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, [4] bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

[4] ——*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.

Ber.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deferv'd it, in ufurping his fpurs fo long. How does he carry himfelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordfhip already; the ftocks carry him. But, to anfwer you as you would be underftood; he weeps, like a wench that had fhed her milk: he hath confefs'd himfelf to Morgan, whom he fuppofes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inftant difafter of his fetting i'the ftocks: And what, think you, he hath confeft?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeffion is taken, and it fhall be read to his face: if your lordfhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muft have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can fay nothing of me; hufh! hufh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroffa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you fay without 'em?

Par. I will confefs what I know without conftraint; if ye pinch me like a pafty, I can fay no more.

Inter. Bofko chicurmurcho.

2 *Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anfwer to what I fhall afk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. Firft demand of him how many horfe the duke is ftrong. What fay you to that?

Par. Five or fix thoufand; but very weak and unferviceable: the troops are all fcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I fet down your anfwer fo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him [5].

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving 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 [6] theorique of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape 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 ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't [7], 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 aſſertion of Parolles. STEEVENS.

6 ——*that had the whole* theorique] i. e. *theory.* So in Montaigne's Eſſaies, 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 Penniléſſe his Supplication,* &c.

——"I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled,* 1613:

"*I con* maſter 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 *ſçavoir gré.* To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour [8], I will tell true. Let me ſee; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks [9], leſt 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.

[8] —*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 frighted Scrub cries:

"Spare all I have, and take my *life*." TOLLET.

[9] —— *off their caſſocks*,—] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm ſays,—— "He will never come within the ſight of a *caſſock* or a muſquet reſt again." Something of the ſame kind likewiſe appears to have been part of the dreſs of ruſticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, attributed by ſome writers to Shakſpeare:

"Within my cloſet there does hang a *caſſock*,
"Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a ſhepherd's."

Again, in *Wheſtone's Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

——"I will not ſtick 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 moccado*?" In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again ſpoken of as part of a ſoldier's dreſs:

"Here ſir, receive this military *caſſock*, it has ſeen ſervice."
"——This military *caſſock* has, I fear, ſome military hangbys." STEEVENS.

Inter. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness 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 intergatories[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] *intergatories*] 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 *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeable to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood* 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 Pliant*, observes that she 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 foole,
"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 passing well."

See also note on Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, new edit. of Dodsley'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; καὶ μεταξὺ λέγοντος, ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους, ἡ κεραμὶς ἐπιπέσουσα οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ὅτου κινήσαντος ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτόν. See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.

Inter.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *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.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Inter. [4] *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 sides rogue!

[4] *Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,* ———] After this line there is apparently a line lost, 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 rhimes with the following alternate verses.

STEEVENS.

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,*
[6] *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs:*
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,

PAROLLES.

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 ſlight 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 miſplaced, 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:

Half won is match well made, match an' we'll *make it.*

i. e. if we mean to make a match of it at all. STEEVENS.

[6] *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiſs.*

The advice of Parolles 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 Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle *boy.*" MALONE.

Theobald, and later editors, read—*but* to kiſs. EDITOR.

5 2. *Lord.*

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, i'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, [7] an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, 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

[7] ——*an egg out of a cloister;*——] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

English

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'ecu* 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 Dumain?

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 saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

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 supposition

[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.

position of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected 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, headsman, 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 same 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 ass.

Rust,

Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE 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 [1] my motive
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,

[1] ——*my* motive] *Motive* for aſſiſtant. WARBURTON.

When

[2] When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
[3] 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;

[2] *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 *ſaucy* may very properly ſignify *luxurious*, and by conſequence *laſcivious*. JOHNSON.

[3] *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 *'fray* 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

[4] 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; [5] whose villainous saffron would

[4] *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* revyes *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 *revye*. 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 *vye* and *revye* were terms at several ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes first." Again: "——so they *vie* and *revie* till some ten shillings be on the stake, &c." Again: "This flesheth the Conie, and the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, however, *revyes* is not the true reading. Shakspeare might have written——*time* reviles *us*, i. e. reproaches us for wasting it. Yet, —*time* revives *us* may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

"——I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,
"Because I found them ever as myself." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour*:——] Parolles is represented 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 the cap*

would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been

cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs 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
"Dislik'd your yellow starch; or said your doublet
"Was not exactly frenchified?"———

And Jonson's *Devil's an Ass:*

"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 deserved 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 Shakspeare alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion——*Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youths of a nation in his colour,* i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* 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:—"Whose 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 piller wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call *startch,* wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this startch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, 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. [6] 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 ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clown. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallet, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

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 toſs'd at Tennis*, a maſque by Middleton, 1620, *the five ſtarches* are perſonified, and introduced conteſting for ſuperiority. Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"What price bears wheat and *ſaffron*, that your band's ſo ſtiff and *yellow*?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*, 1633: "——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*. STEEVENS.

See a note on *Albumazar*. Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. VII. p. 156, edition 1780. EDITOR.

[6] *I would, I had not known him!*——] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

Laf.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice [7].

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 [8]; 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 *Comediens 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 Courteſan*, 1604:

"———if a *fool*, we muſt bear his *bauble*."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: "The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London." Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*."

In the STULTIFERA NAVIS, 1497, are ſeveral repreſentations of this inſtrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorella's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's *Herbal*; "In the hollowneſs 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 bable*." An ancient proverb, in Ray's collection, points out the materials of which theſe *baubles* were made: "If every fool ſhould wear a *bable*, 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.

 phiſnomy

phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.[9]

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 [1] from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. [2] 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[3], 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.

9 —*his phisnomy 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. WARBURTON.

This attempt at emendation is unnecessary. The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus.* STEEVENS.

1 —*to* suggest *thee from thy master*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*seduce*, but without authority. To *suggest* had anciently 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." STEEVENS.

2 *I am a woodland fellow, sir,* &c.] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman.* WARBURTON.

3 —*But,* sure, *he is the prince of the world,*—] I think we should read—*But* since *he is*, &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an [4] unhappy.

Count. So he is. [5] 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 promis'd me to do it: and, to stop 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 waggish, unlucky.* See vol. II. p. 237. 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.

 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 pile 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 [6] 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. STEEVENS.

But,

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 [7].

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.

[7] *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 diffidence to thoſe who conceive the words, which they do not underſtand, to be corruptions. An *oſtringer* 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 e'en to it like French *Falconers.*"
A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *oſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk; and thus, ſays Cowell in his *Law Dictionary:* "We uſually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *auſtringer*." Again, in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. b. l. no date: "Now bicauſe I ſpoke of *oſtregiers* ye ſhall underſtand that the ben called *oſtregiers* that keep goſhauks or tercels, &c." I learn from Blount's *Antient Tenures*, that a "goſ-"hawk is in our records termed by the ſeveral names *Oſturcum*, "*Hoſtricum*, *Eſtricum*, *Aſturcum*, and *Auſturcum*," and all from the French *Auſtour*. 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
[8] 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 clothes;

[8] *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; [9] 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 sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hence-

[9] In former editions:
——— *but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's* mood, *and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*] I believe the poet wrote, *in fortune's* moat; because the clown in the very next speech replies, *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. Besides, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the *moats* round old seats were always replenish'd with fish, so 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 pressing him to deliver his letter to lord Lafeu, *Foh! pr'ythee stand away; a paper from fortune's* closestool, *to give to a nobleman!*
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be supported by a passage in the *Alchemist*:
" *Subtle.* ——— Come along, sir,
" I now must shew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*
" *Face.* Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?
" ——— ——— *Sub.* All.
" Only the fumigations somewhat strong." FARMER.

I believe the old reading, " in Fortune's *mood*," is the true one.——*By the whimsical* caprice *of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, 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 *resentment* 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 old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:
" ——This brain-sick 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

forth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind [1].

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's [2] metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

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.
STEEVENS.

[2] *Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the *ſtinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice, deſcribe her as Heſiod did the fury Triſtitia:

Τῆς ἐκ ῥινῶν μύξαι ῥέον.

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.* "*Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quos eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſtercus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* 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.
WARBURTON.

[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[4]? 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[5].—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! doſt thou put upon

ſhould read,——*ſimilies* 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 pythie *ſimilies*, *comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade." STEEVENS.

[4] *her?*] Added in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] *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

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 eat[6]; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Attendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our[7] esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know,
Her estimation home[8].

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth[9];
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears 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 Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *esteem*] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate*; in his own he lets it stand and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourselves 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* suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

Laf.

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 [1]; 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 reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill [2]
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 relicks 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 highneſs.

[1] *Of* richeſt *eyes;*——] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having 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 nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the firſt view ſhall kill*
All repetition:——
The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt. Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter 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 authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

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 [3],
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-repented blames [4],
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 [5];

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 leſs mixed with later emigrants, many expreſſions of Shakſpeare's time are ſtill current. HENLEY.

[4] *My high-repented blames,*]
High-repented blames, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare 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-

4 difference

Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, 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 sender turns a sour 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 allow 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:
———— or express'd it stol'n:
2. From the preceding verse:
Which warp'd the line of every other favour:
3. From the following verses:
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object:————

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 *contracting* into a *hideous object*: or by *expressing* or shewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of speech can this glass be said to *scorn*, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the metaphor becomes miserably mangled; but the foregoing observation will lead us to the genuine reading, which is:

Scorch'd *a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n*;

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 beautiful thought, makes the *scornful perspective of contempt* do the office of a *burning-glass*. WARBURTON.

It was but just to insert this note, long as it is, because the commentator 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:
[6] 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 consents 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, bless!
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 waking*, &c.]——— These two lines I should be glad to call *an interpolation of a player.* 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.

JOHNSON.

[7] *Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!*
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 wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. THEOBALD.

[8] *she*] So the old copy. The correction by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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 ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
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: [1] noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood 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.

[1] ——*noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood engag'd;——]
The plain meaning is, when ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, ſhe thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.
The firſt folio reads—*ingag'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."
Ingaged, in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

To

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine [2],
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 [3]
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 honour;
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] King. *Plutus himſelf,*
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,]
Plutus, the grand alchemiſt, who knows the *tincture* 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. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Then, if you know*
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,]
i. e. then if you be wiſe. A ſtrange way of expreſſing ſo trivial a thought! WARBURTON.

The true meaning of this *ſtrange* expreſſion is, *If you know that* your faculties are ſo ſound, 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. JOHNSON.

And

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-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall [4],
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 thinkings.

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 [5]
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 importing viſage; 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 his*

[4] *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'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 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 *journies* or *poſt-ſtages.* JOHNSON.

wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon 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 son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him [6].

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 son-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 son-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 son-in-law, &c. and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him as a dead man.—The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may imply: I'll buy me a son-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. Stukely*, 1605, is an allusion to this custom:

"*Gov.* I will be answerable to thee for thy *horses.*
"*Stuk.* Dost thou keep a *tole-booth?* zounds, dost thou make a *horse-courser* of me?"

Again, in *Hudibras*, p. II. c. I.

"——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 publickly *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 son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him. STEEVENS.

second folio certainly right S.A.

Enter

Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afeard, 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[7];
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[8], 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.

[7] *I wonder, sir,*——] This passage is thus read in the first folio:
I wonder, sir, sir, 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.

[8] ——*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 ſo 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 highneſs
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 honour,
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 [9] 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:
"'Tis to me wondrous how you ſhould ſpare the day
"From amorous clips much leſs 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.

Whoſe

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 six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent 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.

Dia. 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 quoted [3] for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'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:*
"Of what *validity* and pitch soever." STEEVENS.

[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. p. 168. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *debosh'd:*] See a note on the *Tempest,* act III. sc. ii. vol. I. p. 77. STEEVENS.

[5] *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*]
Here the modern editors read:
Which 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 angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As [6] all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her inſuit 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:——]
Every thing 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. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe.

"——ſcorns a *modern* invocation." *K. John.*
"Full of wiſe ſaws 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.

King.

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 command.
Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
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[7]; 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 by 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.——
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

[7] ——*But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;——] *Too fine*, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*.

So in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated Parallel: "We may rate this one secret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000l. in present money." MALONE.

Dia.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer [8].

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt 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:
[9] 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 [1],
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

Hel. No, my good lord;

[8] —*cuſtomer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello:*
" I marry her!—what?—a *cuſtomer!*" STEEVENS.

[9] *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.

[1] —*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 wond'rous 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 Parolles.*] 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:

[2] *The king's a beggar, now the play is done:*
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*

That

[2] The *king's a beggar*, now the play is done:] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps

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 popular 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 interruption. *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 produced 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 Shakſpeare.

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 Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Perſons 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.

I TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT[1]:

O R,

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,

[1] 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." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. August 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you Will* (which is the second 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 Shakspeare, 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 *Mitis* 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 cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

The

The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die——
[2] That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:

[2] *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 muſick, 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 muſick, 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 muſick:

"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." STEEVENS.

——*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 ſmells,
"If not from my love's breath?" MALONE.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south[3],
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 soever[4],
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! [5] 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 purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart[6];

[3] —*the sweet* south,] The old copy reads——sweet *sound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*Of what* validity *and pitch soever*,] *Validity* is here used for *value*. See p. 149. 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-repented* 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 shewing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

And my defires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er fince purfue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleafe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anfwer:
[7] The element itfelf, till feven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiftrefs, fhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to feafon
A brother's dead love, which fhe would keep frefh,
And lafting, in her fad remembrance.

Duke. O, fhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will fhe love, when the rich golden fhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elfe
That live in her[8]! when liver, brain, and heart,
Thefe

[7] *The element itfelf, till feven years* hence,] This is the reading of fome modern editor. All the old copies read:

The element itfelf, till feven years *heat*——.

Might not our author have ufed *heat* for *heated?* The air, till it fhall have been warmed by feven revolutions of the fun, fhall not, &c.

So, in *King John:* "The iron of itfelf, though *heat* red hot——."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"——And this report
"Hath fo *exafperate* the king——." MALONE.

[8] *O, fhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,*
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will fhe love, when the rich golden fhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elfe
That live in her!——]

Dr. Hurd obferves, that *Simo,* in the *Andrian* of *Terence,* reafons on his fon's concern for *Chryfis* in the fame manner:

"Nonnunquam conlacrumabat: placuit tum id mihi,
"Sic cogitabam: hic parvæ confuetudinis
"Caufa hujus mortem tam fert familiariter:
"Quid fi ipfe amâffet? quid mihi hic faciet patri?"
——ib.

'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[2], *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.

[9] 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 thee* fivefold *blazon.* WARBURTON.

[1] (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 ſubſequent ſcene:

"Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections.*"

Self king is *king o'er herſelf*; one who reigns abſolute in her boſom. In *Love's Labour's Love* we have *ſelf-ſovereignty.* MALONE.

[2] *Enter Viola.*——] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis.* STEEVENS.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'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 [3], and that poor number ſaved 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 ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto 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 [4].

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.

3 ——*and* that *poor number ſav'd with you*,] We ſhould rather read——*this* poor number. The old copy has *thoſe*. The ſailors who were ſaved enter with the captain.

4 *A noble duke in nature, as in name.*] 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 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 sight
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 hast 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 *state* 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 batchelor, 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 [7].
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.

Olivia's house.

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 [8].

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 [9] 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 *Wily Beguiled:*

"Ay,

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 [1], and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. [2] 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 gust 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 substractors, 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 derivation:
"Her *viol de-gambo* is her best content,
"For *'twixt her legs* she holds her instrument." COLLINS.
So, in the induction to the *Mal-content*. 1606.
"——come sit *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 viols*, consisting of the *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor and the treble. See Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a description of a *case*, more properly termed a *chest of viols*. STEEVENS.

[2] *He hath indeed, almost natural:*] Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:
He hath indeed, *all, most* natural. MALONE.

and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril[3], and will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top[4]. What, wench? [5] Castiliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter

[3] ——*a coystril,*——] i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *kestril*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone hawk. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

" —— ——— as dear
" As ever *coystril* bought so little sport." STEEVENS.

A *coystril* 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: '*Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights." Vol. III. p. 48: "so that a knight with his esquire and *coistrell* with his two horses." P. 272, "women, lackies, and *coisterels*, are considered as the warlike attendants on an army. So again, in p. 127, and 217 of his *Hist. of Scotland*. For its etymology, see *Coustille* and *Coustillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

[4] ——*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 frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"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.

[5] ———Castiliano *volgo*;——] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. The Oxford editor has taken my emendation: But, by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes it meant most civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness. WARBURTON.

Castiliano volgo;] I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* 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 host*. in the *M. W. of Windsor*, calls Caius a *Castilian king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters says: "Ha! my *Castilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspeare:

" And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

So again, in *Marlow's Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man."

Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

" Three Cavalieros *Castilianos* here, &c."

Cotgrave,

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir. To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost[6].

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: [7] accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir

Cotgrave, however, informs us, that *Castille* not only signifies the noblest part of Spain, but *contention, debate, brabling, altercation.* Ils sont en *Castille. There is a jarre betwixt them*; and prendre la *Castille* pour autruy: To undertake another man's quarrel.

Mr. Malone observes, that *Castilian* seems likewise to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

"——The absolute *Castilio*,
"He that can all the points of courtship shew."

Again:

"When some slie golden-slop'd *Castilio*
"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. Hanmer's comment. Marston, however, seems to allude to the famous Balthasar *Castiglioni*, whose most celebrated work was *Il Cortigiano*, 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 Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in verb. *accoster*." MALONE.

[7] *Accost, is, front her,* board *her*——]

"I hinted that *board* was the better reading. Mr. Steevens supposed

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, 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 [8].

Sir

supposed it should then be *bourd with* her; but to the authorities which I have quoted for that reading in Jonson, *Catiline*, act I. sc. iv. we may add the following;

> I'll *bourd* him straight; how now Cornelio?
> *All Fools*, act V. sc. i.
>
> He brings in a parasite, that flowteth, and *bourdeth* them thus. *Nash's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.
>
> I can *board* when I see occasion.
> *'Tis pity She's a Whore*, p. 38. 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 *abord* of a stranger as soone as he spoke to him frame a "right apprehension of his stature, bulke, and manner of making." EDITOR.

[8] *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

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 Maria.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st 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 Toby.

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 shrew); a *dry hand*, which is the *sign of a bad liver*, as he said you were, being *toward a husband* too, this was intolerable."

Monsieur, 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 *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1606: "——Let her marry a man of a melancholy complection, 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 *K. Hen.* IV. enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristicks 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 [9] thou ſeeſt, 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; [1] 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.

[9] In former copies:—*thou ſeeſt, it will not* cool my *nature.*] The emendation by Theobald. STEEVENS.

[1] ———*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-cheek,* 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 weakneſs. 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 dust, like mistress Mall's picture[2]? why dost thou

[2] ——*mistress* Mall'*s picture?*——] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. 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 Prancks 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*, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking 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, shaming 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 horse, as Centaurs 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 characteristick. 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 *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

"I yet but draw the *curtain*——now to your *picture*."

MALONE.

See a further account of this woman in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, edition, 1780, vol. VI. p. 1, vol. XII. p. 398.

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[3]. 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 stock[4]. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart[5].

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

lain 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 Cross], where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'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 Nose 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 stock.*——] The old copy reads—*a dam'd colour'd stock.* *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time, called *stocks.* So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"——or would my silk *stock* should lose his gloss else."

The same solicitude concerning the furniture of the legs makes part of master Stephen's character in *Every Man in his Humour:*

"I think my leg would show well in a silk hose."

See vol. I. p. 197. STEEVENS.

5 Taurus? *that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

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 unclaſp'd
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.

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, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part [6].
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 least 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 [7]!
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 thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours [8].

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 persons conversing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the physician to the princess Livia:

" *Sej*. You minister to a royal lady then?
" *Eud*. She is, my lord, and fair."
Sej. That's understood.

" Of

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten [9] anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying 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. [1] Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; [2] 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, phyſick 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.

[9] ——*lenten anſwer:*——] A *lean*, 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.

[1] *Marry*, a good hanging, &c.]

The firſt and authentick copy reads—*Many* a good hanging, &c. There is clearly no need of change. *Marry* is an innovation introduced by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] ——*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 whey*,

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 ſummer;

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! Those 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[3]——. God bless 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[4], 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 botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that trans-

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.

[3] *——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 wise man, or a wise foolish man.*" JOHNSON.

[4] *—Madona,——*] Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin.* STEEVENS.

gresses,

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 remedy? 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.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree!—Lady, *Cucullus 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?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. 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.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. 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 wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better encreaſing 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

ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet 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 ſlander 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 indue thee with leaſing, 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 *indue thee with* leaſing, *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, *indue thee with pleaſing*, 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 ſo, 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.

you

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. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'theſe pickle-herring!—How now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Couſin, couſin, how have you come ſo early by 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 [6] makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit 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.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes

[6] ——*above heat*——] i. e. above the ſtate of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

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 [7] 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 ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, 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.

[7] *——ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt,——*] 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:*

"—— —— put off
"To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives poſts.*"

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 "by this poſt is meant a poſt to mount his horſe from, a horſeblock, 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 Shirly, 1633, one of the competitors ſwears

"By the *Shrive's poſt*, &c."

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632:

"If e'er I live to ſee thee *ſheriff* of London,
"I'll gild thy painted *poſts* cum privilegio."

STEEVENS.

Oli.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. 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 beauty,—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; [8] I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter 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.

Viol. 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

[8] ——*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 so [9] 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 [1].—Some mollification for your [2] giant, sweet lady.

[3] *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

[9] ——*skipping*—] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry* IV. *P.* I:

"The *skipping* king, he ambled up and down, &c.

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I am to* hull *here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"That all these mischiefs *hull* with flagging sail."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*some mollification for your giant*,—] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] Vio. — *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.

Vio.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. 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. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. 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, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,——

Oli. A [illegible]table doctrine, and much may be ſaid [illegible] Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his [illegible]

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. 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 text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. [4] Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio.

[4] —*Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I* was *this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is nonſenſe. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expreſſion an air of gallantry. Viola preſſes 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 to morrow; jocularly intimating, that ſhe *painted.* The other, vext at the jeſt, 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[5], whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
[6] 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 face. *'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 herſelf, and perſonates the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation. STEEVENS.

5 *'Tis beauty truly* blent,——] i. e. blended, mix'd together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*. So, in a *Looking Glaſs for London and England*, 1617:

"———the beautiful encreaſe
"Is wholly *blent*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 6:

"———for having *blent*
"My name with guile, and traiterous intent." STEEVENS.

6 *If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,*
And leave the world no copy.

How much more elegantly is this thought expreſſed by Shakſpeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaſter*:

"I grieve ſuch virtue ſhould be laid in earth
"Without an heir."

Shakſpeare has copied himſelf in his 11th ſonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby
"Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die"

Again, in the 3d ſonnet:

"Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee."

STEEVENS.

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 haſt 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 [7]?

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, [8]
[9] 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 stainless 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 appraise 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*, *sire*, &c.

With adoration's fertil 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 *Almanzar*, and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:
" Jove *thunder'd out a sigh;*"
or, on another in *Lodge's Rosalynde*, 1592:
" The winds of my deepe sighes
" That *thunder* still for noughts, &c." STEEVENS.

He

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;
[1] Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
[2] Haloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling 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?

Vio. 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;
Unleſs, 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 fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe;

[1] *Write loyal* cantos *of contemned love,*] The old copy has *cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons.*—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was uſed for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a Comedy, 1605: What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton.*" See the SUPPLEMENT TO SHAKSPEARE, Vol. II. Appendix, p. 731.

[2] *Halloo your name to the* reverberate *hills,*] I have corrected, *reverberant.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton well obſerves, that Shakſpeare frequently uſes the adjective paſſive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unneceſſary. B. Jonſon, in one of his maſques at court, ſays:

" ———which ſkill, Pythagoras
" Firſt taught to men by a *reverberate* glaſs." STEEVENS.

My

My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'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.
Deſire 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
[3] 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.*

[3] *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. JOHNSON.

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 extravagancy. 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 [4] to expreſs myſelf: You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline [5], 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.

[4] ——*to expreſs myſelf:*—] That is, *to reveal myſelf.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*Meſſaline*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciouſly offers to read *Metelin*, an iſland in the Archipelago; but Shakſpeare 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.

I *Ant.*

Ant. 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, [6] 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.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. 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: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness 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. Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. 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.

Vio.

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[7].

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping 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[8], methought[9] 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 assert, 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, sure,*—] *Sure*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second.

9 ———*her eyes had* lost *her tongue,*]
We say a man *loses* 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.

She

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, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein [9] the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas,

[9] ——*the pregnant enemy*—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dextrous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*: "How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

[1] *How easy 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 easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i.e. fair in their appearance) 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. Shakspeare sometimes uses *proper* for *peculiar*. So, in *Othello*:

"In my defunct and *proper* satisfaction."

The *proper false* will then mean those who are *peculiarly false*, through premeditation and art. To *set their forms* 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 transposing 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.

I have

Alas, our frailty [2] is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge [3]? 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 sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untye. [*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 *diluculo 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.

[2] — 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 Fortunatus*, 1600:
"I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because I cannot lie."
So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"I'll have thy advice, and if it *fadge*, thou shalt eat."
"But how will it *fadge* in the end?"
"All this *fadges* well."
"We are about a matter of legerdemain, how will this *fadge*?"
"——in good time it *fadges*." See vol. II. p. 499.
STEEVENS.

Sir

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 unfill'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, [4] 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 [5] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. [6] By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.

[4] *—I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of these elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

[5] *a stoop——*] A *stoop*, Cadus, à ϛτoppa, Belgis *stoop*. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 111. In Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *galon* is explained by *een kanne van twee 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*. *Breath* has been here proposed: but many instances 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 Wolsey*, Append. p. 128: "Singingmen well-*breasted*." In Tusser's *Husbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. Short:

"The better *brest*, the lesser rest,
"To serve the queer now there now heere."

Tusser in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford castle; and

 that

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 Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Hadst it [7]?

Clo.

that, on occount 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 *Masques of Gypsies*, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called the *4 P's*, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this passage:

"*Poticary*. I pray you, tell me, can you sing?
"*Pedler*. Sir, I have some sight in singing.
"*Poticary*. But is your *breast* any thing sweet?
"*Pedler*. Whatever my *breast* is, my voice is meet."

I suppose this cant term to have been current among the musicians 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.

7 ——*I sent thee six-pence 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 six-pence to spend on thy mistress. 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 mistress. He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (says he) *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock*, i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses*, i. e. my mistress 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:

2 " ——out,

Clo. [8] I did impeticoat thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: 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 testril 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 sit!
" His duty is before you to stand,
" Having a lusty *whipstock* in his hand.,"
The word occurs again in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
" Bought you a whistle and a *whipstock* too."
STEEVENS.

[8] *I did impeticos*, &c.] This, sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read, *I did* impeticoat *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. JOHNSON.

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 dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of ideots, for a reason which I avoid to offer. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads——" I did impeticos 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 *harmless mirth and jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEVENS.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
[1] *In delay there lies no plenty;*
[2] *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,*
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we [3] 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.* I:

"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 *Wit 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:*

"Ridotto sips 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 [4] 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* [5].

Enter

[4] ——*draw three souls out of one weaver?*——] 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 musick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing:* "*Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?*"——Why, he says, *three souls*, is because 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 *Poetaster*: "*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 Shakspeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprizing effects of musick, which the ancients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who moved *stones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *savage beasts*; and Timotheus, who governed, 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 Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative*, *sensative*, and *reasonable*." FARMER.

[5] *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 precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other there results from the perform-

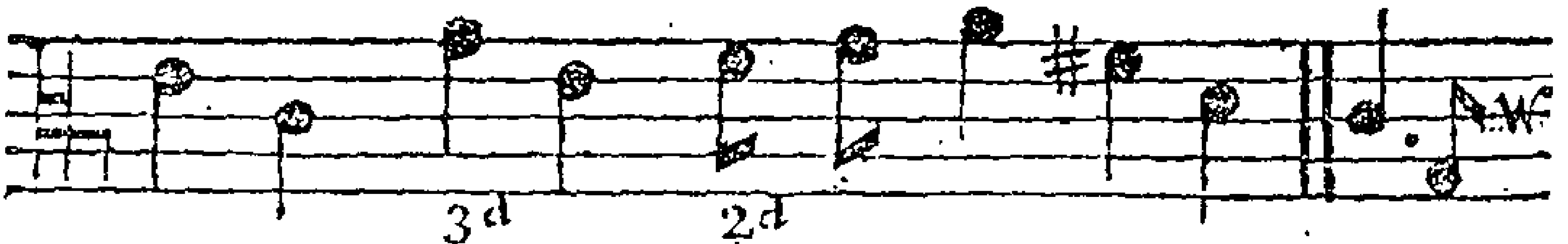
Enter Maria.

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 are fingers. 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 Purcel, *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 the singers 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 Shakspeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy.

A 3 voc.



The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entituled, "PAMMELIA, *Musick, Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie 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 1609, 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 [6], we are politicians; Malvolio's a [7] Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am

[6] ——*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.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Peg-a-Ramsey,*——] I do not understand. *Tilly vally* was an interjection of contempt, which sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

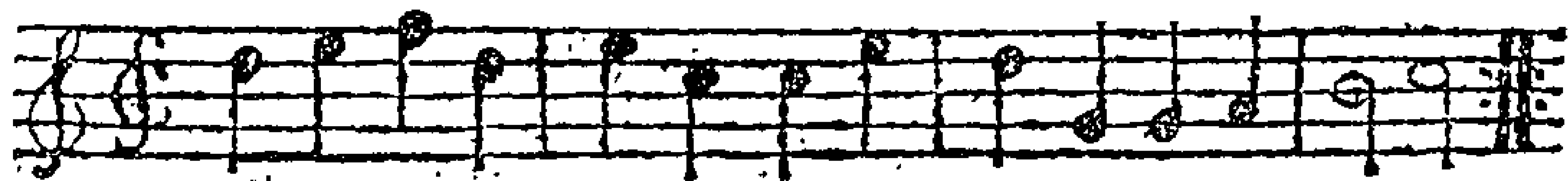
In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsey.* See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

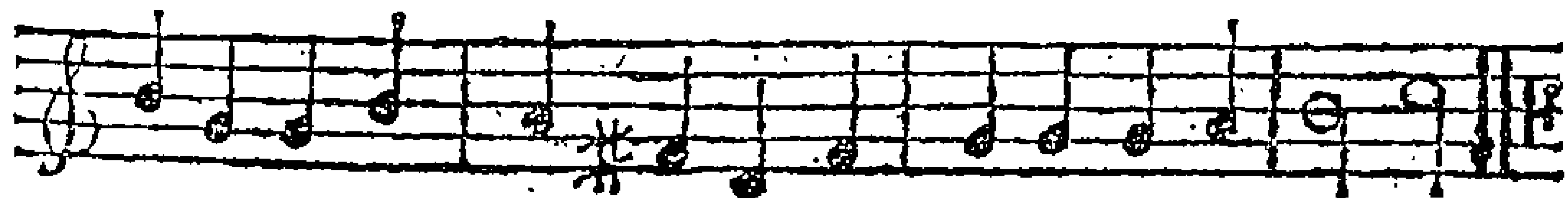
Tilly valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*; and is likewise a character in a comedy intituled *Lady Alimony.*

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsey* among several other ballads, viz. *Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the flowers of the Broom, Pepper is black, Green Sleeves,* Peggie Ramsie. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

Peg-a-Ramsay] Or *Peggy Ramsay*, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it.

Peggy Ramsey.





SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men we be, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated 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[8], lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, *lady, lady!* [*Singing.*

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-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"And three merry men, and three merry men,
"And *three merry men be we a.*" STEEVENS.

—— *three merry men we be.*] 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 boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.
"The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;
"The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatall sisters three.
"And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles 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 we be.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may be the original. *Antiche*, 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 sleepes in the tree." STEEVENS.

See "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, "compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry "Catches." 4to. 1661, p. 69. EDITOR.

[8] *Tilly 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:

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 [9] coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse

membrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, 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 applies 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 Lust*, 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.*" STEEVENS.

—*There dwelt a man in Babylon—Lady, lady.*] This song, or, at least, one with the same burthen, is alluded to in B. Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, vol. IV. p. 449:

" *Com.* As true it is, *lady, lady* i'the song." TYRWHITT.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entituled, *The Trial of Treasure*, quarto, 1567. MALONE.

9 ——*coziers*——] A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, French. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Hall in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2.

" Himself goes patch'd like some bare *Cottyer*,
" Lest he might ought his future stock impair."
STEEVENS.

Ye squeak out your coziers catches]

Mr. Steevens retains Dr. Johnson's interpretation, which, I apprehend, is not the proper one. Minshew tells us, that *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. Sneck up[1]!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. [2] *Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

zier is a cobler or sowter: and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's* end. If Mr. Steevens will take the trouble to read over again the passage he adduces from Hall, he will find *cottyer* is neither a taylor, nor a cobler, but the law English of the law Latin *Cotarius*, a *cottager*. WHALLEY.

[1] ——*Sneck up!*] The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *hiccup*. It is however used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion:

——"let thy father go *sneck 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 *sneck up*."

Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"She shall not rise: go let your master *snick up*."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"I have been believed of your betters, marry *snick up*."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"——if they be not, let them go *snick 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 *sneak cup*, at least, in sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck 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.

I surmise that Sneck up means go hang yourself, in which the sense is good in all the examples brought by Mr Steevens. S.A

I do not like any of the explanations: but should suppose that Cozier was the name of a Composer of Catches at that time perhaps an Italian from the term of squeaking them out S.A

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew 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 i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums [4]:—A stoop of wine, Maria?—

Mal.

[3] ——*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*] It was the custom on holidays or saints' 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 Busy*, act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.*

LETHERLAND.

[4] ——*rub your* chain *with crums:*]
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:

"Dost 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 crums.* Nash, in his piece entituled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with "*having stolen a nobleman's* steward's chain, *at his lord's installing at Windsor.*"

To conclude with the most apposite instance of all. See, Webster's *Dutches of Malfy*, 1623:

"Yes,

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 [5]; 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. Do'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 [6], and make him a common recrea-

"Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him
"To *scower his gold chain.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*rule*;——] *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*:

"Cast 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 guests we harbour, and what *rule* we keep."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"And set 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 *Satiromastix*: "I have some cousins-german at court shall beget you the reversion of the master 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.

[6] ——*a* nayword,—] A *nayword* is what has been since called a *byeword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

tion, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed; I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us [7], poſſeſs 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; [8] an affected aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cramm'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 expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: 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] *Poſſeſs us,*——] That is, *inform us, tell us,* make us maſters of the matter. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*an* affection'd *aſs,*—]

Affection'd 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. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass[9].

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea[1].

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 had'st need send 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 hast 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] ——*Penthesilea.* 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 preserved 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 'squire."

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

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 morrow, friends:——

Now, good Ceſario, 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 [3] 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.

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[4].

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 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[5],
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:

[4] —*favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguouſly uſed. JOHNSON.

[5] ——————*loſt and worn,*]
Though *loſt and worn* may mean *loſt and worn out* yet *loſt*; *and won* 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

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free [6] maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth [7],
And dallies with the innocence of love [8],
Like the old age [9].

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Musick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
[1] *Fly away, fly away, breath;*
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shrowd of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it [2].
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;

[6] —*free*—] is, perhaps, *vacant*, *unengaged*, *easy in mind.* JOHNSON.

I rather think, that *free* means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

[7] —*silly 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 *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:
"—————he void of fear
"*Dallied* with danger———."
Again, in Sir W. Davenant's *Albovine*, 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—*fie*. 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 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
[3] *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 [4]!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, [5] that their business might

[3] *Sad true* love *never find my grave,*]
The old copy has *lover.* I would therefore read—
Sad true-lover *ne'er* find my grave. MALONE.

[4] —*a very* opal!—] A precious stone of almost all colours. POPE.
So, Milton describing the walls of heaven:
"With *opal* tow'rs, 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 emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

[5] —*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. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—— [*Exeunt.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
[6] But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd [7].

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 *no* 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,——]
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 miracle?*—— 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. sets out, adorns.
WARBURTON.

The *miracle and queen of gems* is her *beauty,* which the commentator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature, it must be *pranked* by education.

Shakspeare does not say 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.

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 ſurfeit, cloyment, 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.*"
MALONE.

[9] ———*She pined 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 Romeus and Juliet,* 1562:
"The cauſe of this her death was inward care and *thought.*" MALONE.

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
[1] She ſat like patience on a monument,

Smiling

[1] *She ſat like patience on a monument,*
Smiling at grief.]

Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes this might poſſibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

"*And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie*
"*Dame* pacience *yſittinge there I fonde*
"*With facé pale, upon a hill of ſonde.*"

And adds: "*If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the* green *and* yellow melancholy *tranſcend the old bard's* pale face; *the* monument *his* hill of ſand."——I hope this critic does not imagine Shakſpeare 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 Shakſpeare deſcribed *her*, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakſpeare 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 goddeſs, but left her, like a ſtroller, ſunning herſelf upon a heap of ſand. WARBURTON.

This celebrated image was not improbably firſt ſketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, Shakſpeare'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."

P4 Thus

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?" *Mar.* "*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, "She starves 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 woes.*"

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 blush, 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 spurs together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυθεν γελασασα, and a passage in *Macbeth*——

"————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-

Our ſhows are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe [2],
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 [3]. [*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 caſe 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. Percy, 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. 356. 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 *gravamina*, 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 ſiſter 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 equivoque occurs in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "——my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no ſiſter." STEEVENS.

[3] ————*bide no* denay.]
Denay is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb ſometimes uſed

by

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 raſcally 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[4]?

Mar.

by Holinſhed: ſo, p. 620: "——the ſtate of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* 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 *denay*." STEEVENS.

4 —— *nettle of India?*] The poet muſt here mean a zoophyte, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian ſeas.

"Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* eſt ſortita." *Wolfgang. Frangii Hiſt. Animal.*

"*Urticæ marinæ* omnes pruritum quendam movent, et acrimonia ſuâ *venerem* extinctam et ſopitam excitant."

Johnſtoni Hiſt. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56.

Perhaps the ſame plant is alluded to by Greene in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "——the *flower of India* pleaſant to be ſeen, but whoſo ſmelleth to it, *feeleth preſent ſmart.*" Again, in his *Mamillia*,

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot 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 [5] under his advanc'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 whoſo 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 fleſhy ſubſtance, and of fleſh they feed. Their qualities is to raiſe an itching ſmart." The old copy, however, reads—mettle *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.

[5] ——*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 ſteward of the houſe,
"And bravely *jets* it in a ſilken gown."

Again, in *Buſſy's D'Ambois*, 1640:

"To *jet* in others' plumes ſo haughtily." STEEVENS.

Mal.

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 Macedoigne, of the which Alisandre was king.*" It was common to use the article *the* before names of places: and this was no improper instance, 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.

Straccio (see Torriano's and Altieri's dictionaries) signifies *clouts* and *tatters*; and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dictionary, says that *straccio* was pronounced *stratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakspeare'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—*starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In *Harsnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *sprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Household-Book*, *nursery* is spelt, *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *starchery* may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen may be significantly opposed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* 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 Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings how to seeth *starch*." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The World toss'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley, where *straches* is printed for *starches*. 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 basket*. MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him [7].

Mal. Having been three months married to her, fitting in my ſtate,—

Sir To. [8] 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 [9], 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.

[7] —*blows him*] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

"———— on her breaſt
"There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſtone-bow*,——] That is, a croſs-bow, a bow which ſhoots ſtones. JOHNSON.

This inſtrument is mentioned again in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 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-bows* in his forehead."

STEEVENS.

[9] —*come down from a* day-bed,——] Spenſer, in the firſt canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*, has dropped a ſtroke of ſatire on this lazy faſhion:

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
"And round about it many *beds* were dight,
"As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
"Some for *untimely eaſe*, ſome for delight." STEEVENS.

Eſtifania, 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 truſt, ſir.———" EDITOR.

Mal.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while! and, perchance, wind up my watch [1], or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; [3] curtsies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

[1] ——*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 Maiden's 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] *curtsies* there to me] From this passage one might suspect 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 *curtsy* 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 curtesie* to the " French king's armes, &c." Again, in the *book of kervynge and* " *sewynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, sign. A. IIII. " And " whan your Soverayne is set, loke your towell be aboute your " necke, than *make your soverayne curtesy*, than uncover your brede " and set it by the salte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, and " spone afore hym, then kneel on your knee, &c." These directions are to male servants. EDITOR.

Fab.

Fab. Though our ſilence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace[4].

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching 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 caſt 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:

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 wiſh he could have explained his own meaning. WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is: *Though our ſilence be drawn from us with* carts, *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 wainropes 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 ot *Malvolio*, in his *humour of ſtate*, bear a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of *Alnaſchar* 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 *ears*, it muſt be gently led." MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here [5]?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the ſpirit of humours intimate 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 ſhe her great *P*'s [6]. 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 belov'd this, and my good wiſhes:* 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. *Jove 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 thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock [7]!

[5] *What employment have we here?*] A phraſe of that time, equivalent to our common ſpeech of——*What's to do here.* The Oxford editor, not attending to this, alters it to,
What implement *have we here?*
By which happy emendation, he makes Malvolio to be in the plot againſt himſelf; or how could he know that this letter was an *implement* made uſe of to catch him? WARBURTON.

[6] —— *her great* P's.——] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*brock!*] i. e. badger. He uſes the word as a term of contempt, as if he had ſaid, *hang thee,* cur! *Out* filth! to ſtink like a *brock* being proverbial. REMARKS.

Mal.

Mal. I *may command, where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the [8] stannyel 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 [9] 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 at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter [1] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox [2].

Mal. *M*—Malvolio; —*M*,—why, that begins my name.

[8] —*stannyel*—] The name of a kind of a hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

To check, says Latham, in his book of Falconry, is "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *stannyel* is the common stone hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *stanchel*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden.

STEEVENS.

[9] *formal capacity.*] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose capacity is not disarranged or out of *form*. See vol. II. p. 155.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Sowter*——] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in *Like will to Like*, &c. 1587:

"You *sowterly* knaves, show you all your manners at once?"

A *sowter* was a cobler. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"——If Apelles that cunning painter suffer the greasy *sowter* to take a view of his curious work, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*as rank as a fox.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *not as rank*. The other editions, *though it be as rank*. JOHNSON.

 Fab.

I suppose Sowter to be the name of a hound that true bred [illegible] will not take notice of the scent of a fox, this Sowter is a [illegible] one which will cry at the rank scent of a fox, as readily as Malvolio will explain the cold scent given of the intention of the letter S.A.

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 [2].

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* [3], *some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who*

[2] *And O shall end, I hope.*] By O is here meant what we now call a *hempen 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 *Oh?*"

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore,* second part, 1630: "—the brick house of Castigation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but *O?*" Again, in *Hymen's Triumph,* by Daniel, 1623:

"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

commended thy yellow stockings[4]*; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd*[5]*: I say, remember. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, The fortunate-unhappy.* Day-light and cham-

4 —— *yellow stockings*;—] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. In Davenant's play, called *The Witts*, 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 entituled *The World Toss'd at Tennis*, 1620, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority. *Yellow starch* says to white:

"———since she cannot
"Wear her own lined *yellow*, yet she shows
"Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hose*."

Again, in Decker' *Match me in London*, 1631:

"————because you wear
"A kind of *yellow stocking*."

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 Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment 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 listes; 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 TEXNOTAMIA, says:

"Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man
"Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *puritan*,
"Cas'd

champian diſcovers not more [6]: 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 [7]. 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 pr'ythee.*---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 thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian diſcovers no more:*] Wrong pointed: We ſhould read:—*with thee the fortunate, and happy. Day-light and champian 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 ſubſcription 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 noſe 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.*"

Kaſtril, 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 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 *embaſſador 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*, 1616:

"Reproving him at *tray-trip*, ſir, for ſwearing."

Again, in *Glapthorne'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 ſtall, at *trea-trip* we play,
"For ale, cheeſe, and pudding, till it be day, &c."

STEEVENS.

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*. *Alchemiſt*, act V. ſc. iv.

"Nor play with coſtar-mongers at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*."

TYRWHITT.

The

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt 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 [1].

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 [2]; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy 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 excellent 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 *Machiavel's Dogge*, a ſatire, 4to. 1617:

> " But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice awhile,
> " To paſſage, treitrippe, hazarde, or mum-chance:
> " But ſubtill males will ſimple mindes beguile,
> " And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce:
> " Oh, cogges and ſtoppes, and ſuch like deviliſh trickes,
> " Full many a purſe of golde and ſilver pickes.
>
> " And therefore firſt, for hazard, hee that liſt,
> " And paſſeth not, puts many to a blancke:
> " And *trippe without a treye* makes had I wiſt
> " To ſitte and mourne among the ſleeper's ranke:
> " And for mumchance, how ere the chance doe fall,
> " You muſt be mum, for fear of marring all."

EDITOR.

[1] ——*aqua vitæ*——] Is the old name of *ſtrong waters*. JOHNSON.

[2] —croſs-garter'd, *a faſhion ſhe deteſts*;——] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, repreſents him as more upright than any *croſſe-garter'd* gentleman-uſher. FARMER.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live [3] 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 [4] 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.

[3] ——*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: *chevreau*, 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.

Vio. Thy reafon, man?

Clo. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown fo falfe, I am loth to prove reafon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and careft for nothing.

Clo. Not fo, fir, I do care for fomething: but in my confcience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invifible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: fhe will keep no fool, fir, 'till fhe be married; and fools are as like hufbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the hufband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I faw thee late at the count Orfino's.

Clo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the fun; it fhines every where. I would be forry, fir, but the fool fhould be as oft with your mafter, as with my miftrefs: I think, I faw your wifdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pafs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, fend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almoft fick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of thefe have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to ufe.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus [5] of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Creffida to this Troilus.

Vio. I underftand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, beg-

[5] ——*lord Pandarus*——] See our author's play of *Troilus and Creffida.* JOHNSON.

ging

ging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar[6]. My lady is within, sir. I will conster 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[7], check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fall'n[8], quite taints their wit.

6 ———Cressida was a *beggar.*]
"—————————great penury
Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye."
Chaucer's *Testament of* Cresevde. MALONE.

7 ——*the haggard,*——] The hawk called the *haggard,* if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning 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 chuse persons and times, and observe tempers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard,* to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

8 *But wise men's folly fall'n,*————]
Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly shewn.* JOHNSON.

The first folio reads, *But wysemen's folly falne, quite* taint *their wit.* From whence I should conjecture, that Shakspeare 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 *happens,* taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

Enter

This seems to mean that he must not let any bird pass by him unobserved, yet he must only strike his proper game. S.A.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman [9].
Vio. And you, fir.
Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, monfieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auffi; votre ferviteur.*
Sir To. I hope, fir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the houfe? my niece is defirous you fhould enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, fir: I mean, fhe is the lift [1] of my voyage.
Sir To. Tafte your legs, fir [2], put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better underftand me, fir, than I underftand what you mean by bidding me tafte my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, fir, to enter.
Vio. I will anfwer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

[9] In former editions:
Sir To. *Save you, gentleman.*
Vio. *And you, fir.*
Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monfieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auffi; votre ferviteur.*
Sir And. *I hope, fir, you are; and I am yours.*——]
I have ventured to make the two knights change fpeeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reafon. It were a prepofterous forgetfulnefs in the poet, and out of all probability, to make fir Andrew not only fpeak French, but underftand what is faid to him in it, who in the firft act did not know the Englifh of *Pourquoi.* THEOBALD.

[1] ——*the lift*—] Is the *bound, limit, fartheft point.* JOHNSON.

[2] Tafte *your legs, fir,* &c.] Perhaps this expreffion was employed to ridicule the fantaftic ufe 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 Scilla,* 1594:
"A climbing tow'r that did not *tafte* the wind."
Again, in Chapman's verfion of the 21ft Odyffey:
"——he now began
"To *tafte* the bow, the fharp fhaft took, tugg'd hard."
STEEVENS.

Enter

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[3].

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchſafed*:——I'll get 'em all three ready[4].

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 whet 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 muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave[5], 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

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 ſit,
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 receiving[6]
Enough is ſhewn; 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 Lucrece*, which was probably printed under his own inſpection, the word that we now ſpell *here*, is conſtantly written *heare*. 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 aukward an expreſſion, that it is very unlikely to have been Shakſpeare's. MALONE.

[6] ——*to one of your* receiving] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehenſion*. 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 ſun-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 uncertain. It might have been—*fond*:—or perhaps there was no omiſſion. *Hear* might have been uſed like *tear*, *fire*, &c. as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Vio.

Vio. No, not a grice [9]; 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-hoe [1]:
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 *ſtep*, ſometimes written *greeſe* from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello:*
"Which, as a *griſe* ſtep, may help theſe lovers."
STEEVENS.

[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 acted with great ſucceſs by *the children of Paul's*, on whom Shakſpeare has beſtowed ſuch notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be ſure they were rivals to the company patronized by himſelf.
STEEVENS.

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 fetter:
Love ſought 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 maſter'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?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

[2] ———*maugre*—] i.e. in ſpite of. So, in *David and Bethſabe*, 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.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, 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 jeſts, 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 gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'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 Browniſt[5], as a politician.

Sir

[5] ——*as lief be a* Browniſt,——] The *Browniſts* were ſo called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted ſeparatiſt in queen Elizabeth's reign. [See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, 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.*"

Neal's *Hiſtory of New England*, vol. I. p. 58. GREY.

The *Browniſts* ſeem, in the time of our author, to have been the conſtant objects of popular ſatire. In the old comedy of *Ram-alley*, 1611, is the following ſtroke at them:

——"of a new ſect, and the good profeſſors, will, like the *Browniſt*,

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. 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.

Fab. 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[6]; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: [7]taunt him with the licence of ink:

Brownist, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and obscure holes already."

Again, in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant:

" Go kiss her: by this hand, a *Brownist* is
" More amorous———" STEEVENS.

6 ———*in the martial hand*———] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed—a curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

7 ———*taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou* thou'st *him some thrice*,———] 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 *traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) " *You are an odious man.*"—" *Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—" *O damnable atheist.*"—" *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 confident'st traytor that ever came at a bar*, &c." Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satyrically prescribes to sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakspeare had of these petulant invectives, 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 traytor! THEOBALD. The

ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; 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 presage of cruelty.

The same expression occurs in Shirley's *Opportunity*, 1640:
"——Does he *thou* me?
"How would he domineer an he were duke!"

The resentment of our author, as Dr. 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 discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers*. Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607. "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagarants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole lesse 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 willingnesse they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them." STEEVENS.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. [8] Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-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 [9]; 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.

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SCENE

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 jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless 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,
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks [1],
And

[1] In former editions:
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks: and ever-oft *good turns*
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
The second line is too short by a whole foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever oft*, 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*
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which

And thanks, and ever[2]; 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 reliques of this town[3]?

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 gallies[4],
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew 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 ever: 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 town?*] I suppose he means the *relicks of saints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. 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 gallies*]. The only authentick copy of this play reads: ——the *count* his gallies. There is no need of change. *Orsino* is called *count* throughout this play, as often as *duke.* MALONE.

Albeit

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 ſake,
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 know-
ledge,
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: [5] 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.

How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow of him[6]?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'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, poſſeſt, 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 matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall

———*he ſays he'll 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 beſtow of him?*] Surely *of* is an error of the preſs, in the old copy, for *on*. MALONE.

be

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 atchieve 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 1606, p. 6. "But ſee here a companie now preſenting "themſelves that I cannot ſay are affected, but I thinke are rather infected with too much courteſie, you ſhall know them "by their ſalutations. For firſt with *the kiſs 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 honeſtie* is "little cared for: everie Gull was woont to have it at his "tongues end, but now it is forgotten. And theſe *Flowres of* "*Courteſie* as they are full of affectation, ſo are they no leſs formall "in their ſpeeches full of fuſtian phraſes, many times delivering "ſuch ſentences as doe bewray and lay open their maſters ig- "norance: 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.

Oli. Crofs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou defireft to be fo;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me fee thee a fervant ftill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midfummer madnefs[8].

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orfino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyfhip's pleafure.

Oli I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my coufin Toby? let fome of my people have a fpecial care of him; I would not have him mifcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worfe man than fir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: fhe fends him on purpofe, that I may appear ftubborn to him; for fhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caft thy humble flough,* fays fhe;—[9] *be oppofite with a kinfman,—furly with fervants,—let thy tongue tang*[1] *with arguments of ftate,—put thyfelf into the trick of fingularity*;——and, confequently, fets down the manner how; as, a fad face, a reverend carriage, a flow tongue, in the habit of fome fir of note, and fo forth. I have lim'd her[2]: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful!

[8] ——*midfummer madnefs.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I fuppofe, alluded to here JOHNSON.

'Tis midfummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection, fignifying you are mad STEEVENS.

[9] ——*be* oppofite *with a kinfman*——] *Oppofite*, here, as in many other places, means—— *adverfe*, *hoftile.* MALONE.

So in *King Lear*: —bound to anfwer an unknown *oppofite.*

STEEVENS.

[1] —*let thy tongue* tang, &c.] The firft folio reads *langer*; the fecond *tang*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *I have lim'd her,*———] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime.* See vol. II. p. 320.

JOHNSON.

And,

And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow[3]! 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 ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wiſe 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.

[3] — *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.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. 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 To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit [4] with ſatan: Hang him, foul collier [5]!

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 To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

[4] ——*cherry pit*——] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-ſtones into a little hole. Nash, ſpeaking of the paint on ladies' faces, ſays: "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." So, in a comedy called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:——"if ſhe were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." So, in *The Witch of Edmonton*: "I have lov'd a witch ever ſince I play'd at *cherry-pit*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *hang him, foul collier!*] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the higheſt reproach. So great were the impoſitions practiſed by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the concluſion of his *Notable Diſcovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has publiſhed what he calls, *A pleaſant Diſcovery of the Coſenage of Colliers.*

STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackneſs; *Like will to like, ſays the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt 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 [6] of madmen: But ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning [7].

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

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 ſenſe-leſs.

[6] *——a finder of madmen:——*] This is, I think, an alluſion to the *witch-finders*, who were very buſy. JOHNSON.

[7] *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 o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine[8]*; 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

[8] ——*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.

i.e. I may fall in the Duel, if I do, God have mercy upon my soul, my hope is that I shall not fall, therefore shall not have need at this time to call on Gods Mercy & therefore take care of thyself. I do not see any thing in this at all bordering on prophaness S.A.

most

most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. 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 unchary out[9]:
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 haviour that your passion bears,
[1] Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this [2] 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, sav'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 unchary *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, Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. I. p. 121. STEVEENS.

Vio.

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 hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy intercepter[3], full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, 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: therefore, 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[4] rapier,

[3] ——*thy* intercepter,——] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read——*interpreter*. STEEVENS.

[4] *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;*—] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, 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 *Dunghil or Truck 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: souls and bodies 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[5], 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—— " these of the vulgar or common sort are called " *Carpet Knights*, because (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 envie may wrest to an ill* " *sense*, yet questionlesse 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 scarres for his witnesse." EDITOR.

Greene uses the term— *arpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose;

——— " soldiers, come away,
" This *Carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars."

In Barrett's *Alvearie* 1580: " —— those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abhominable and filthy idlenefs, are as we use to call them, *Carpet-knightes*." B. ante O. Again, among sir John Harrington's Epigrams. b. iv. ep. 6. *Of Merit and Demerit:*

" That captaines in those days were not regarded,
" That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

The old copy reads——unhatch'd *rapier*. STEEVENS.

It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in verb *Hacher* [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term. I suspect, we ought to read—with *an hatch'd* rapier; i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly engraved and ornamented.

Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I would not disturb the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

[5] ——*hob, nob*,—] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire 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 yon muſt[6], 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.*

as *would ne would*, *will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and ſignifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnſon's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[6] —meddle *you muſt*,——] See vol. I. p. 10. EDITOR.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil[7]; I have not seen such a virago[8]. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck[9]—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, 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 on't; 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.

[7] *Why, man, he'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 formed on that of Viola and Ague-cheek. STEEVENS.

[8] —*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 woman with the prowess of man. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*firago.* 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 rounceval, 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 Shakspeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

[9] —*the* stuck—] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata,* an Italian term in fencing. So, in the *Return from Parnassus,* 1606: "Here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stock* in his pen." Again, in Marston's *Mal-content,* 1604: "The close *stock,* O mortal, &c." Again, in *Antonio's Revenge,* 1602:

"I would pass on him with a mortal *stock.*" STEEVENS.

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 [1] 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.

[1] ——*by the duello*——] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakſpeare's time, were ſettled with the utmoſt nicety. STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker[2], 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

[2] *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. 236. 4to edit. TYRWHITT.

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,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound 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'erflourish'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 saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt 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'erflourish'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure 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. Shakspeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

"——your title to him
"Doth *flourish* the deceit——" STEEVENS.

Again, in his 60th *Sonnet*:

"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

The following lines in *K. Richard* II. as exhibited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, confirm Mr. Steevens'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 maſter 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'ſt 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 [5] the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy

[5] ——*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[6], 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 fourteeen years' purchaſe[7].

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 Shakſpeare, 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 ſatire 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 Shakſpeare'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."

TOLLET.

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.

Clo. 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 And. 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 would'ſt 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 Ceſario:——
Rudeſby, 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 [8]
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.

This

This ruffian hath botch'd up [9], that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee [1].

Seb. What reliſh is in this [2]? 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 rul'd 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 ruffian 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 taylor 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 *hart*. The ſenſe however is eaſy enough. *He that offends 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?
JOHNSON.

[3] ——*ſir Topas*——] The name of *ſir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. STEEVENS.

rate;

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[4]; 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[5]. 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, [6] 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?

4 —*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 heighth 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 Shakspeare 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 præcognitis & præconcessis*, 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.

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 vexeſt 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 Sathan! 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'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir Topas.

Clo. Why, [7] it hath bay windows tranſparent as barricadoes, and [8] 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:

Cinthia's Revels by B. Jonſon, 1601:

——" retired myſelf into a *bay-window*, &c."

Again, in Stow's *Chronicle* of Henry IV:

" As Tho. Montague reſted 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 *Aſſemblie 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*."

STEEVENS.

[8] —the clear *ſtones*—] The old copy has—*ſtores*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio.

MALONE.

ness,

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 dispossess 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 sees 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. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. JOHNSON.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantello da ogni acqua.* SMITH.

I think the meaning is—I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please.—Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, that "he hath *an oare in every water*, and meddleth with all things." Florio's translation, 1603. MALONE.

ver'd,

ver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit, with Maria.*

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin*[2],
Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,——

Alas, why is she 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 paper; 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[3]?

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, perdy.—
"Alas, why is she so?" FARMER.
This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of *The Merchandises of Popish Priestes*, 4to. 1629 Sign: F. 2—— "there is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine, I can "best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as "we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly dis-"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:
"Bless thy *five wits!* Tom's a cold."
Again, in the old morality of *Every Man*: "And remember beaute, *fyve wyttes*, 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, entituled

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 [4] property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, 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. [5] 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 [6].

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

entituled *Graunde Amour*, ch. 24. edit. 1554, it appears, that the five wits were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory," MALONE.

4 ——*property'd me*;——] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

5 *Maintain no words with him*,——] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, 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.

6 ——*I am* shent, &c.] i. e. *scolded, reproved.* So in *Aschams*, Report and *Discourse*. "A wonderfull follie in a great man "himselfe and some piece of miserie, 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 speak what they should." See also note on *Hamlet*. A. 3. S. 2. EDITOR.

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 [7]?

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 requite 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 [8],
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,

[7] ——*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

Pare thy nails, dad,
[9] *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 see'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 [1],

[9] *Adieu, goodman, devil.*]
We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line:

Adieu, goodman drivel.

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, dad?"

In *Hen. V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger."
FARMER.

In the old translatoin of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: "Away filthie mad *drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

[1] *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 Shakspeare uses in an anomalous signification.
WARBURTON.

That

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 [2],
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me
To any other truſt [3], 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,
[4] Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you ſay?

[2] ——*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.
JOHNSON.

[4] *Whiles*—] 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 Shakſpeare, *whiles* is given us inſtead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the firſt reformer of his ſpelling, made the change. STEEVENS.

all recent example or what is transmitted to us in Books ~~or history~~ S.A. or by tradition S.A.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having fworn [5] truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;——And heavens fo fhine [6],
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ftreet.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'ft me, let me fee his letter.

Clo. Good mafter Fabian, grant me another requeft.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not defire to fee this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, defire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, fir; we are fome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How doft thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, fir, the better for my foes, and the worfe for my friends.

Duke. Juft the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, fir, the worfe.

Duke. How can that be?

[5] ——*truth*,——] *Truth* is *fidelity*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*heavens fo fhine* &c.] Alluding perhaps to a fuperftitious fuppofition, the memory of which is ftill preferved in a proverbial faying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the fun fhines, and bleffed the corpfe 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 [7], 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. Bennet [8], ſir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke.

[7] ——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 Marloe's *Luſt's Dominion,* the Queen ſays to the Moor:

——"Come, let's kiſſe."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, ſayes, *I*; and *twice away,* ſayes *ſtay.*"

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the ſixty-third ſtanza of his *Aſtrophel and Stella.* FARMER.

[8] ——*bells of St Bennet,*—— When in this play he mentioned the *bed of* Ware, he recollected that the ſcene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his ſenſe of the ſame impropriety could not reſtrain him from the bells of St Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare's improprieties and anachroniſms are ſurely venial in compariſon with thoſe of contemparary writers. Lodge, in his

True

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.

Clo. 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, unprizable;
With which such scathful [9] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?
1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,

True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's steeple*, 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 *bedlamite*; says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a *cockney*.

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles———
" ———yf yeet soom progenye from me
" Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat hopthumb." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*scathful*——] i. e. mischievous, destructive. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:
" He mickle *scatch* has done me."
Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
" That offereth *scath* unto the town of Wakefield."
STEEVENS.

That

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 [1],
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.

1 ——*deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,*]
Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a deſperate man.
JOHNSON.

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?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——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 fulsome to mine ear [2],
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

[2] ——*as* fat *and fulsome*——] We should read:——*as* flat. WARBURTON.

Fat means *dull*; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*; and *fat* is more congruent to *fulsome* than *flat*. JOHNSON.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
[3] Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours 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 tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
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't,*
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 *Heliodorus's Æthiopics,* 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 robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, *when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear,* and desired for companions 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 toward the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. THEOBALD.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'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, sirrah?

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[4],
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:

[4] *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 ſow'd a grizzle on thy [5] caſe?
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'as broke my head acroſs, and has given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

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;

[5] —*caſe?*] *Caſe* is a word uſed contemptuouſly for *ſkin*. We yet talk of a *fox caſe*, meaning the ſtuffed ſkin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Preſent State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth 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 *caſes* are far better than the bodies."

This expreſſion occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"The *caſe* of that huge ſpirit now is cold." MALONE.

But

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 To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. [6] Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure or a pavin,
I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

[6] *Then he's a rogue, and a* paſſy-*meaſure* pavin:] *A paſſy-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. *Panyn* 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 paſt-meaſure painim.*

This dance called the *pavyn* is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Mad Lover:*

"I'll pipe him ſuch a *pavan.*"

And in *Stephen Goſſon's School of Abuſe*, containing *a pleaſant invective againſt Poets, Pipers*, &c. 1579, it is enumerated, as follows among other dances:

"Dumps, *pavins*, galliards, meaſures, fancyes, or newe ſtreynes." I do not, at laſt, ſee how the ſenſe will completely quadrate on the preſent occaſion. Sir W. Davenant, in one of his interludes, mentions "a doleful *pavin.*" In the *Cardinal*, by Shirley, 1652: "Who then ſhall dance the *pavin* with Oſorio?" Again, in *'Tis pity ſhe's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633: "I have ſeen an aſs and a mule trot the Spaniſh *pavin* with a better grace." Laſtly, in Shadwell's *Virtuoſo*, 1676: "A grave *pavin* or almain, at

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, *pavan* is the lowest sort of instrumental music; and when this play was written, the *pavin* 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 pavin
I hate a drunken rogue.]

B. Jonson also mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, *Alchemist*, 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 (*saltatio 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 *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick 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 *Orchesographia* of *Thoinet Arbeau*. Every pavin 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 1647, 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—*after a passy measures pavin.*—So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

Then

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-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 kinsman;
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 passy-measure or a *pavin*, *I hate a drunken rogue*, i. e. *next to a passy measure or a pavin*, &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 shows 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 show, 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 duodecimo book called *Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, 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 ass."——"A picture 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, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?
Oli. Moſt 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 blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Meſſaline: 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 pourtraicture 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 *perſpectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." TOLLET.

That

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, [*To Viola*
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 orbed continent the fire
That ſevers 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 diſtract.

Re-enter

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy [8] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as 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 madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox* [9].

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madona; but to read his right wits [1],

[8] *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. l. 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.

[9] ——*you must allow vox.*] I am by no means certain that I understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of the Revisal pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the Clown begins reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Olivia 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 madman 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* frantick *tone.* MALONE.

[1] ——*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

is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [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 savours 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[2],
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,
[3] So much against the metal of you sex, [*To Viola.*
So

[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* mettal *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*.

Our

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.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.
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 smiling, and cross-garter'd to you [4],
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the [5] 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 [6], 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.

[4] ——*cross-gartered*——*yellow stockings*,——] In an entertainment called *Cupid and Death*, by Shirley, 1653, a Host enters in *yellow stockings* and *cross-garter'd*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*lighter*—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[6] —*geck*——] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline:*

"And

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 waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd [7]
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 plantiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.
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 [8]
We had conceived againſt him: Maria writ

"And to become the *geck* and ſcorn
"Of th' other's villainy."

Again, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, &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 ſall get ane *geck*." STEEVENS.

7 ——*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 would'ſt 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

The letter, at sir Toby's great importance[9];
In recompence 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 sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool[1]! how have they baffled thee[2]?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve 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[3],—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirlligig 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 convents[4],
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet sister,
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 *importunacy*, *importunement*. See vol. II. p. 244. STEEVENS.

1 *Alas, poor fool!*] See notes on *King Lear*, act. V. S. 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—*consents.* To *convent*, however is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together*. STEEVENS.

 But,

But, when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy[5],
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 toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
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, *beds* and *heads*, 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 *Benedict* and *Beatrix*. It ſeems to have been the *court-faſhion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour
to

to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, 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*,—*Rosalinde*,—*Mr. Paroles*, 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 Εικονοκλάστες, censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare*." 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 Lowine* 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 *Shakspeare*, 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 Shakspeare, 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 soliloquy 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.

Perſons Repreſented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
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.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in Sicilia; ſometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER's TALE.[1]

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

[1] *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.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from the *Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called ———	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia ———	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia ———	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia ———	Doraſtus.
Camillo ——— ———	Franion.
Old Shepherd ———	Porrus.
Hermione ——— ———	Bellaria.
Perdita ——— ———	Faunia.
Mopſa ——— ———	Mopſa.

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.

Cam.

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 Shakspeare 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 *Defense of Poesy*, has pointed out the very improprieties which our author has fallen into, in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia on the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, 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 traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

This play is sneered 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 nest of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, Tempests, and such like drolleries."

By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who were introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to. MALONE.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks 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,

"'Tis

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 [2], 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 princess 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 princess, and her likeness to her father, says: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted 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 *Bythinia:* but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus 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 princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—— 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 Gentleman of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

[2] ——*our entertainment* &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

sleepy

ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, 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[3], with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; though they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt[4]: 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 Hanmer 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 *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare 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 wood cut 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

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 [5], 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. [*Exeunt.*

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 should, 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 breed upon our absence: That may blow [6]
No sneaping 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 sooth, 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? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until

[6] ———that may *blow*
No sneaping winds——]
Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense*: and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens however to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh! That*, is not uncommon. In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: "St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen:*
———"In thy rumination,
"*That* I poor man might eftsoones come between!"
And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"
Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.
FARMER.

You

You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction [7]
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 [8],
To let him there a month, behind the geſt [9]

[7] ———————*this ſatisfaction.*]
We had ſatisfactory accounts yeſterday of the ſtate of Bohemia.
JOHNSON.

[8] ———*I'll give* him *my commiſſion,*]
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.
WARBURTON.

[9] ———*behind the geſt*]
Mr. Theobald ſays: *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe,* and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt:* But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *royal progreſſes* the king's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *geſts;* from the old French word *giſte, diverſorium.* WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbiſhop Cranmer,* p. 283.——The archbiſhop intreats Cecil, "to let him have the new-reſolved-upon *geſts,* 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:
"Caſtile, and lovely Elinor with him,
"Have in their *geſts* reſolved for Oxford town."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona,* 1612:
———"Do like the *geſts* in the progreſs,
"You know where you ſhall find me." STEEVENS.

Prefix'd

Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, [1] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock [2] 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-heed, Leontes.*] i. e. 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 expresses it. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne. 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 verier 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 unfledg'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."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *the imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.]
i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

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 sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'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 praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal [6];—

My

[5] *Grace to boot!*
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, &c.]
Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women. To each part of this observation the queen answers in order. To that of *temptations* she replies, *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, she 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. WARBURTON.

The explanation is good; but I have no great faith in the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

[6] *With spur 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 that,

My last good deed was, to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
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 sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love [7]; then didst 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.

[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*

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:

———— ———— ———— ——ere
With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise 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 recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

[7] *And* clepe *thyself my love*;———]
The old edition reads—clap *thyself*. This reading may be explained: 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 so *clap* hands, and a bargain." STEEVENS.

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 padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, 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, haſt 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 leſſon 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 miſs of his fees." Again, in the oldeſt copy of *Chevy Chaſe:*

"The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent." STEEVENS.

[9] *Why, that's my* bawcock.—] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occured in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol 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;* then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 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 pash, and the shoots that I have [3],
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
[4] 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."

Decker'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*?"

STEEVENS.

[3] *Thou want'st a rough* pash, *and the* shoots *that I have,*] *Pash* is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish, i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

A rough *pash* seems to mean a rough hide or skin. Perhaps it comes from the plural of the French word *peau*, or from a corruption of the Teutonic, *peltz*, a pelt. TOLLET.

[4] *As o'er-dy'd blacks,*———]
Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law* of Massenger, 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
"I would not hear of *blacks*."

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

 "———in

As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [5] '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 [6]: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop [7]---Can thy dam? may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the center [8].
Thou dost make possible things not so held [9],
Communicat'st with dreams,---How can this be?—
With what's unreal; thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent [1],
Thou may'st 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. "*Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*"
Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. STEEVENS.

[5] *No* bourn——] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet:*
"——from whose *bourn*
"No traveller returns——" STEEVENS.

[6] ———*welkin-eye:*——]
Blue-eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.
JOHNSON.

[7] ——*my* collop!—] So, in the *First Part of K. Henry* VI:
"God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh." STEEVENS.

[8] *Affection! thy intention stabs the center.*]
Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority:
Imagination! thou dost stab 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*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice:*
"———— *affections*,
"Masters of passion, sway 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 side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Thou dost make possible things not so held,*]
i. e thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*credent*,] i. e. credible. See vol. II. p. 140.
STEEVENS.

This means a man divested of all honesty, who by false dice removes the boundary of property, and makes what was mine thus unjustly become his. S.A.

^^ [crossed out] the term may mean a blue eye. However I will venture another conjecture from the old Proverb There is one above sees all, that your walkin eye may mean your discerning eye. S.A.

And

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[2]?

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,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter, and ſo 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[3]?

Mam.

[2] *What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?*] This line ſeems rather to belong to the preceding ſhort ſpeech of *Polixenes*, than to *Leontes*. 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 preciſe 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 another 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 vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakſpeare's phraſe in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:——"I ſhall have *eggs for my money*; I muſt hang myſelf." STEEVENS.

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, [4] 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 childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick 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 [5] 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 infantery skirmisheth 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 kingdomes and common wealths thorowout the world, 4to. 1630, p. 154. EDITOR.

[4] —— *happy man be his dole!* ——]
May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man.* JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance 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 man* 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. NICHOLS.

[5] *Apparent* ——————]
That is, *heir apparent,* or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

Be

Account no man happy untill his Death, was the saying of the Philosopher Solon to the rich Croesus: to this I suppose that Shakespear refers as the term of Dole is used to charity given to the poor in most Villages in the inland parts of England at funerals. S. A.

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 [6], 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 [7].——
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, cuckolds 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 ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles 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

[6] *the neb*——] This word is commonly pronounced and written *nib.* It ſignifies here the *mouth.* So in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie* being one of the Tales in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure,* 1566.—— "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*a fork'd one*——]
That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold.* JOHNSON.

Have

Have the diseafe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they fay.

Leo. Why, that's fome comfort.—
What? Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeft man.— [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great fir will yet ftay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caft out, [8] it ftill came home.

Leo. Didft note it?

Cam. He would not ftay at your petitions; made
His bufinefs more material [9].

Leo. Didft perceive it?—
[1] They're here with me already; whifpering, rounding [2],

Sicilia

[8] —*it ftill came home.*]
This is a fea-faring expreffion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——made
His bufinefs more material.]
i. e. the more you requefted him to ftay, the more urgent he reprefented that bufinefs to be which fummoned him away.
STEEVENS.

[1] *They're here with me already;*——]
Not Polixenes and Hermione, but cafual obfervers, people accidentally prefent. THIRLBY.

[2] —*whifpering, rounding,*]
To round in the ear is *to whifper*, or *to tell fecretly*. The expreffion is very copioufly explained by M. Cafaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word is frequently ufed by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So in *Lingua*, 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen fome "part of his Mufes; lent Pliny ink to write his hiftory; and "*rounded* Rabelais *in the ear*, when he hiftorified Pantagruel."
Again, in *The Spanifh Tragedy:*
"Forthwith revenge *fhe rounded me i'th' ear.* STEEVENS.

The word appears to have been fometimes written—*rowning*. So, in one of the articles againft cardinal Wolfey: "— come daily to your grace, *rowning* in your ear and blowing upon your grace with his perilous and infective breath." Again, in Speed's *Hift.*

Sicilia *is a so-forth*: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last [3].—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking [4], 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 messes [5],
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam.

Hist. of Great Britaine, 1614, p. 906: "———not so much as *rowning* among themselves, by which they might seem to commune what was best to do." MALONE.

[3] ——*gust it*——] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus." *Juv Sat.* 10. MALONE.

[4] —— 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.

[5] ————*lower messes*,]

I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. See *Anstis. Ord. Gart.* 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 messe*." At every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present, placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, *viz.* of sitting below the great salt-seller 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, 1635: "Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, 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 moss and
"stones
"Partly to make a shew with,
"And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating."
Woman Hater, act I. sc. ii.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l.

Cam. Bufinefs, my lord? I think, moft underftand
Bohemia ftays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To fatisfy your highnefs, and the entreaties
Of our moft gracious miftrefs.

Leo. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miftrefs?——fatisfy?—-
Let that fuffice. I have trufted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareft things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieft-like, thou
Haft cleans'd my bofom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which feems fo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeft: or,
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honefty behind[6], reftraining
From courfe requir'd: or elfe thou muft be contented
A fervant, grafted in my ferious truft,
And therein negligent; or elfe a fool,
That feeft a game play'd home, the rich ftake drawn
And tak'ft it all for jeft.

bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuftom in public houfes to keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no lefs than to fhylinges, and at the merchaunts tables xvi pence, and at my houfhold fervantes geve me twelve pence." Inferiority of underftanding is, on this occafion, comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank.
STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *meffes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, fee the *Houfhold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

[6] ——hoxes *honefty behind*,——] To *hox* is to ham ftring. So, in Knolles' *Hift. of the Turks*:
"——alighted, and with his fword *boxed* his horfe."
King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punifh "*hochares*," or flayers of horfe, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

Hoxing is a term ftill well known to the human brutes in Smithfield-Market. NICHOLS.

Cam.

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 [7]
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
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, Camillo,
(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
Resides 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

[7] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Against the non-performance,]
This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare 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 produce a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

Before

Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-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 [8]
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes [9]?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughing with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web [1], 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 wiſe is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'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;
Pronounce 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

[8] ——— *were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.]
i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that (if committed) for which you ſuſpect her. WARBURTON.

[9] ——— *meeting noſes?*
Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is, *meaſuring noſes*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*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 glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. [2] 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 thrifts,—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 lasting wink [3];
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 [4]
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 Henrie Earle of Oxenforde, Henrie Earle of Southampton,* &c. 4to. 1624. 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* medal ——So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"——a loss of her,
"That like *a* jewel has hung twenty years
"About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

The word *her* having occurred just before in the line, the compositor probably repeated it inadvertently. MALONE.

[3] ——*a lasting* wink;] So, in the *Tempest:*

"To the perpetual *wink*, for aye might put
"This ancient morsel."—— STEEVENS.

[4] *But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison:*——]

The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that *detect* the pri-

Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot [5]
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

prisoner. These effects he finely calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to *betray* the user. But the Oxford editor would mend Shakspeare's expression, and reads:

——— that should not work
Like a malicious poison: ——

So that Camillo's reason is lost in this happy emendation.

WARBURTON.

Rash is *hasty*, as in another place, *rash gunpowder*. *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. Shakspeare had no thought of *betraying the user*. The Oxford emendation is harmless and useless. JOHNSON.

[5] *But I cannot*, &c.] In former copies:

——————But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee ————

Leo. *Make that thy question, and go rot?*]

The last hemistich assign'd 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 lov'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've lov'd thee—Make't thy question, and go rot!

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. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous 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. JOHNSON.

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

So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee——[6]

Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and go rot!
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
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[7]?

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 wholſome beveridge,

[6] *I have lov'd thee*——]
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.

[7] *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[8]
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
Forsake 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,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

[8] ——*If I could find example,* &c.] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.

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[9]? '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 sickness
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 sighted 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[1],—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,

[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.

[1] *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 Insatiate 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.

Thereof to be inform'd; imprifon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anfwer.

Pol. A ficknefs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muft be anfwer'd—Doft thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaft
Is not this fuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doft guefs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beft 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 counfel;
Which muft be even as fwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it: or both yourfelf and me
Cry, *loft*, and fo 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 fwears,
As he had feen't, or been an inftrument
To vice you to't [3],—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol.

[2] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the perfon appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

[3] *To* vice *you to't,*——] i. e. to draw, perfuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an inftrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff fpeaking of Falftaff: "*If he come but within my* vice, &c." A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakfpeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best[4]!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over[5]
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 Holinshed, p. 945: "——the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips, &c." It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to *advise* you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Then said the emperour Ernis,
"Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce*."

My first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best. STEEVENS.

4 ——did betray *the best*.] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the 1st Fo. HENDERSON.

5 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 Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

——*Swear* this though *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 similar expression: "To *swear* a person *down*." MALONE.

The

The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation[6]
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 loſt. 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[7]
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 Shakſpeare wrote—"And thy *paces* ſhall," &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path.—The old reading however may mean—wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. MALONE.

Pro-

stopping & altering his to is makes the line more intelligible J.H.

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 [8]
The gracious queen, part of his theam, 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, wishes the queen, for her comfort, so 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 Shakspeare: 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.

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, Mamillius, 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 kiss 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 stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit 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 [9]:
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, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.
This supposition may be countenanced by a passage in our author's 98th Sonnet:
"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *Summer's story* tell." STEEVENS.

Saw

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 [1]? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge [2]!—how accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd [3], and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts [4]:——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 [5]
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For

[1] *In my just censure? in my true opinion?*——] *Censure*, 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 Gascoigne's *Steel Glasse*, 1576:
" Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book."
MALONE.

[2] *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*——] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Spider.*] That Spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair, " the Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* 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'ns 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.

The

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
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. Warburton's supposed allusion to enchantments is quite beside the purpose. REVISAL.

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606: "Sith then, Cleodora, thau 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 instances may serve to shew that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 12. has equipped *grief* with a pair of *pincers*:

"A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,
"With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The sense proposed by the author of the *Revisal* may, however, be supported by the following passage in the *City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639:

"——*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
"Like fishes, fowls, or faces." STEEVENS.

Leo.

Leo. 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 sear [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 adultress.

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].

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest Barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,

[6] ——*for calumny will sear*
Virtue itself:] That is, will *stigmatize* or *brand it* as infamous. So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*
"My maiden's name sear'd
"Otherwise." HENLEY.

[7] ——*you, my lord,*
Do but mistake.]
Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:
"——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

She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her[8]; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal[9], that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No; if I miſtake[1]
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
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[2]
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:

[8] *A federary with her;*——] A *federary* is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

[9] *But with her moſt vile principal,*——] One that knows what Hermione ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confident.—*But,* which is here uſed for *alone,* renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. It has the ſame ſignification again in this ſcene:

"He who ſhall ſpeak for her is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he ſpeaks." MALONE.

[1] ——*if I miſtake*——
The center, &c.——]
That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

[2] *He who ſhall ſpeak for her is far* off *guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.]
Far off *guilty,* ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.
The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry* V.
"Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you *far off*
"The dauphin's meaning?" MALONE.

I muſt

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 miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action [3], 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; leſt 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.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where [4]
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
[5] 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 peaces.

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 [6] 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 Shakspeare 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 *Repentaunce 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 [7];

Land damn him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he 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 Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakspeare'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*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested 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 *Promos and Cassandra*, 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 singula singulis. *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 *sonnes five*. EDITOR.

If

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
[8] 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*[9].

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 dungy 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;

[8] *And I had rather glib myself, &c.*——]
For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*.
In the *Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, act IV. the word *lib* is used in this sense:—"He can sing a charm (he says) shall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, 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 sight to a *lib'd*, breech is a sow-gelder?"
Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many countries, where they say—*to glib a boar*, *to glib a horse*. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:
"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Striking his brows.*] This stage direction is not in the old copy. I doubt its propriety. Leontes might feel a stroke upon his brows, but could not see the instruments that feel, i. e. his brows.
TOLLET.
Dr. Johnson's former edition reads—*sinking his brows*, 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.

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 ſight only, nought for approbation [1],
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 [2]: 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,——]
Approbation, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.
[2] ——*ſtuff'd ſufficiency;*——]
That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.
or rather of approved credibility St.

Give

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;
Leſt 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] *Leſt 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 *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo.
JOHNSON.

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 passes 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,
Lusty, 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]! beshrew
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 expression 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 *Mamillia:* "——yea, in seeking to unloose the *lunes,* the more she was intangled." STEEVENS.

Becomes a woman beſt; 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 goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
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,
Leſt 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 ſend 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.

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 adultreſs;—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.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'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;—

5 ———— *out of the blank*
And level of my brain, ————]
Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

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; commanded
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 ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,---ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal 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 goſſips 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.

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
Leſs 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[6]
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[7]! 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 woman 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 baſtard:—
[*To Antigonus.*
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd [8], unrooſted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baſtard;
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 meaning 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. 265: "He cured a *man-keene* wolf which had *hurt* many in the city."

Again, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me in *Fraunces Ivieclurch*: 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 obeiſ-
"ſant,
"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 grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, obſerves: "*Saxonicè man* eſt a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* eſt *nocumentum*, *Francicè* 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.

8 —*thou art woman-tyr'd*,;—
Woman-tyr'd, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phraſe is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare.—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."

Again,

Take't up, I say; give't to thy [9] crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness [1]
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 sting 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:
"Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh."
Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

9 ——— *thy crone*,]
i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. So, in the *Mal-content*, 1606: "There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Marquerelle." Again, in *Love's Mistress*, by T. Heywood, 1636:
"Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam."
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 enterlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:
"I have knowne painters that have made old *crones*,
"To appear as pleasant as little prety young Jones."
STEEVENS.

1 *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'st 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.

Leo.

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[2];
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[3]; lest she 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 stay her tongue.

[2] ——*his* smiles;] 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 possess him with *yellowness*." STEEVENS.

[4] *And*, lozel,——————]
"A Losel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne "good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of cre- "dit and honesty." *Verstigan's Institution*, 1634, p. 335.
EDITOR.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. 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.

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 savours
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 set 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 consum'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.

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

[5] —*Swear by this ſword,*] See a note on *Hamlet,* act. I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

Death

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 bastard 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 [6],
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,
Hasting 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; foretels,

[6] *commend it strangely to some place,*]
Commit to some place, *as a stranger*, without more provision.
JOHNSON.

The

The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a ſeſſion, 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 [7]; 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!

[7] *Fertile the iſle;* ———]
But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakſpeare wrote: *Fertile the* ſoil, ——which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading.
WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare 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 Doraſtus and Faunia,* the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his nobles, whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos, &c." STEEVENS.

How

How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'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 [6].

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 ſeſſion (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

[6] *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 ſo ſpending it. JOHNSON.

Of

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation [7].——
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. 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.

Offi. 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 sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence [8] *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 [9],

[7] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*——]
Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*.
STEEVENS.

[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*.
JOHNSON.

[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*.
JOHNSON.

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.

i.e. that the session shall not be put an end to, whether it appear during the proceeding either to tend to prove the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Sct.

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 prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it[1]
As I weigh grief, which I would spare[2]: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine[3],
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[4]

Have

[1] "——*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.

[2] *I would spare:*——] To *spare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the possession of it.* JOHNSON.

[3] *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, chap iii. verse 41. 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
Have 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

Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted [5]

Less

———*Since he came,*
With what encounter so uncurrent have I
Been stain'd *to appear thus.*

At least I think it might be read:

With what encounter so uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond. JOHNSON.

The sense seems to be this:—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

"———a noble nature
"May catch a wrench." *Timon.*

An *uncurrent 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 *encounters* thrust me not *awry.*"

The sense would then be:——In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* 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 *Custom 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 wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course."

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

To strain, I believe, here signifies *to swerve*. The word occurs again nearly in the same sense in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Nor aught so good but *strain'd* from that fair use,
"Revolts——"

A bed-*swerver* has already occured in this play. MALONE.

[5] *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less *impudence to gain-say what they did,*
Than to perform it first.]

It

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 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 negatives 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 confuſion. 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

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 [6],
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 [7],
(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 lost; 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,

[6] *My life stands in the level of your dreams.*] To be *in the level* is by a metaphor from archery *to be within the reach*. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*As you were past all shame,*
(Those of your fact *are so) so past all truth*]
I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we may read:
Those of your pack *are so.*
Pack is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

Those of your fact *are so.*——I should guess *sect* to be the right word. See *K. Hen.* IV. *P.* II. act II. sc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says: "It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff speaking to Dol Tearsheet: "So is all her *sect*: if they be once in a calm they are sick." *Those of your fact* may, however, mean,—those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

[8] 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 [9]. 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 see

[8] *Starr'd most unluckily,*——]
i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

[9] *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, &c. JOHNSON.

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

The flatness of my misery [1]; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Offi. 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.

Offi. [2] *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 geat Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The session 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 Novel:

"*The Oracle.*

"Suspicion is no proofe: jealousie is an unequal judge. Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." MALONE.

Of the queen's speed [3], 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 remedies 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
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended [4],

No

[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 incertainties himself commended,]
The old copy reads——and to *the hazard.*——The defect in the metre shews clearly that some word of two syllables was omitted by the transcriber or compositor. *Certain* was added by

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Through my dark rust[5]! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker[6]!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I 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. *Fearful* 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 frequently used in our author's time as the other. There is clearly no need of any other amendment. Shakspeare seldom deals in such common-place epithets as that which has been unnecessarily introduced in this line. MALONE.

[6] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession 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 oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

That did but shew thee, of a fool [7], inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour [8],
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; [9] 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 sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,

[7] *That thou betray'd'st 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.

——*shew thee* of *a fool,*——]
So all the copies. We should read:
——*shew thee off, a fool,*——
i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c. WARBURTON.

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 anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee* 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*
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

When

When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor 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 bitterest.

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 [1];
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] *I am sorry for't;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement 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.

Leo. Thou didst 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 Shakspeare 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;
Beſides, 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
Appear'd 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 fill'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 pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina more:—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
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,

Her-

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[3]: there these;

[*Laying down 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.——Farewel!
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[4]?—
Well may I get aboard;——This is the chace;
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 scar'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 chace*, or, the *animal pursued.* JOHNSON.

side

ſide, 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[5]! 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 ſtair-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 yeſt and fr th, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. 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 Laſs*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne*; O ceaſe 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:—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 sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. [6] 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 sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth [7] 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 [8]:——

[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 *gentleman.* THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, 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.

[8] ——*some changeling.*——] See vol. III. p. 26. STEEVENS.

[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 secresy.—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 sight 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 sins 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 desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." See vol. I. p. 64. FARMER.

 Of

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error [1],—
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 [2], and leave the growth untry'd
Of

[1] *———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 conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a season covers errors, which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read:
———that mask *and* unfold *error,———* THEOBALD.
Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it. STEEVENS.

[2] *———that I slide*
O'er sixteen years,———]
This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial 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 comprize 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 Shakspeare 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 *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (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 Shakspeare 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 presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell, &c." This
quo-

Of that wide gap [3]; since it is in my power [4]
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 stale
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.

[3] ——*and leave the* growth *untry'd*
Of that wide gap;——]
The *growth* of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:
——*and leave the* gulf *untry'd*,
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—untry'd—wide gap*. WARBURTON.

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 unnoted 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.

[4] ——*since it is in my power* &c.]
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.

Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; 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 [5],
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 ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt 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 [6]: 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 importunate: '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 every where alike. I know not whether both ſenſe and grammar may not dictate:
——*imagine* we,
Gentle ſpectators, that you *now may be*, &c.
Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold theſe ſcenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

[6] *Is the argument of time:*——]
Argument is the ſame with *ſubject*. See vol. III., p. 85. JOHNSON.

Cam.

Cam. It is fifteen years [7], 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 lov'ſt 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 buſineſſes, 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 heaping friendſhips [8]. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee 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:

——*that I ſlide*
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* heaping *friendſhips.*——This is nonſenſe. 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 *buſineſſes*, which Camillo had cut out.

WARBURTON.

I ſee not that the preſent reading is nonſenſe: the ſenſe of *heaping friendſhips*, though like many other of our author's, unuſual, at leaſt unuſual to modern ears, is not very obſcure. *To be more thankful ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein the heaping friendſhips.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which 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.

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 [9], he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, 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 extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. [1] 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*—]
Missingly 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 *All's Well that Ends Well:*
"She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me."
STEEVENS.

uneasy

uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!——We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country.

Enter Autolycus [2] 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 [3].

[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 piceata manus.*" Martial.
STEEVENS.

[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 Shakspeare'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 Aston, " 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.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge[4];
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

[5] *The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,—*
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts[6],
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have

[4] ——*pugging tooth*——] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces, and *progging* 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 *Prigging* in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

[5] The lark, that *tirra lirra* chaunts.]

— — — — — — —

La gentille allouette avec son *tire-lire*
Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant tire
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.
Du Bartas.

Ecce suum *tirile tirile*: suum *tirile* tractat.
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.

T. H. W.

[6] ——*my aunts*,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant for a *bawd*. 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 bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——I never knew
"What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,
"Till you preferr'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 [7]; 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 stocks avouch it.

[8] My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. [9] My father nam'd me, Autolycus; who, being,

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "I'll call you one of my *aunts*, sister; that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*wore* three-pile;——] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
" ————and line them
" With black, crimson, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet*." See vol. II. p. 520. STEEVENS.

[8] *My traffick is sheets*;——] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold 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*."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*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 communicate

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!
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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 [1]; and my revenue is the silly cheat [2]: [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 [4]:—Every 'leven weather tods [5]; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare's humour, alters it to,—*the sly cheat.* WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terns belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, 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 fleeces. It is much more probable that, like Justice

I do not see any thing in this passage unintelligible it being very common in barren countries to require eleven fleeces to make a tod or 28lb of wool, and that each tod should sell for 21 shillings is very probable that finer sort of wool sells dearer than coarser is well known. In the largest Lincolnshire sheep there are very few that yield fleeces two to the tod [illegible] Shakespear [illegible] [illegible] Mr Malone [illegible] SA

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clo. 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 ſiſter 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 ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all [6], and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means [7], and baſes: 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 Shakſpeare 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 "ſallad 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 ſhorn, &c." MALONE.

[5] —*tods*;—] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

[6] ——*three-man ſong-men all*,——] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham.* See *The Rel. of Poetry*, vol. II. p. 24. 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' Holidy*, 1600, ſome of theſe *three-man ſongs* are printed. STEEVENS.

[7] ——means, *and baſes:*] *Means* are tenors. See vol. II. p. 516. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*warden-pies*;——] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. I believe the name is diſuſed at preſent: it however afforded Ben Jonſon room for a quibble in his maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*

"A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

It

× I cannot do't without counters] this was an old method of reckoning described by Record in his old Book of Arithmetick it was on the principle of the Chinese Schwanpan. St.

That Warden is a species of pear I well know, but Shakespear must have eaten too many of them at Xtmas as to introduce them at a Sheep shearing at Midsummer. a Church-warden pye — he might hear that being their season of feasting.

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!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of [9] me.——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. 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.

Aut. 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?

Aut. 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.*

Aut. 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 peare the *poire de garde.* STEEVENS.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree, Volemus*, says, *Volema* autem *Pyra* sunt prægrandia ita dicta 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.

Clo.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*Picks his pocket*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman 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[1]: 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.

[1] —*with trol-my-dames:*—] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone bathes*, he ſays: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion, the paſtyme *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 vex'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."
STEEVENS.

[2] —*abide.*] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

Aut.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well; he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon [3], 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.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig! for my life, prig [4]! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. 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 kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper 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 [5]!

Jog

[3] *——motion of the prodigal ſon.——*] i. e. the *puppet ſhews* then called *motions*. A term frequently occuring in our author.
WARBURTON.

[4] 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.

[5] *——let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!*] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and com-

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way[6],
And merrily hent the ſtile-a[7]:
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 ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
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[8];
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.

[6] *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.

[7] *And merrily* hent *the ſtile-a*:]
To *hent* 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 *hent,* and comes from the Saxon pentan. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick,* bl. l. no date:

"So by the armes *hent* good Guy."

Again:

"And ſome by the brydle him *hent.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* b. iii. c. 7:

"Great labour fondly haſt thou *hent* in hand."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*your extremes,*——]
That is, your *exceſſes,* the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

The[8] gracious mark o'the land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up[9]: 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 glaſs[1].

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 dreſs with oſtentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:
"For they do *prank* them in authority."
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:
"I pray you go *prank* you." See p. 213. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſworn, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.]
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 glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty, of the character. But the Oxford editor alters it to:
——*ſwoon, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.
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 tranſpoſition, 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 glaſs.
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 glaſs, which would ſhew me

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove 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 [2]? 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 [3],
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 Shakspeare 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. Thinking 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, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly 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 Faunia*, 1592.
MALONE.

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;
[4] Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. [5] 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 theſe 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 theſe, 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 interpolation, made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perdita in the former Part of this ſcene addreſſes Florizel in the ſame manner as here: "*Sir*, my gracious lord, &c." We have only to regulate the lines thus, to complete the metre:

——————O but, Sir, your
Reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis, &c.

tion in *reſolution*, *perfection*, and many ſimilar words, is uſed by our author as a diſſyllable. So, in the preceding ſpeech, *tranſformation*. For the ſeparation of the pronominal adjective from the noun, precedents may likewiſe be found in theſe plays.

MALONE.

Per.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

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,
[6] For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming,

[6] *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 plants

Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
[7] Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(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 ruſtick 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[8], 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 ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind

plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance.* The noſegay diſtributed by Perdita with the ſignifications annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkiſh lover, deſcribed by lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

[7] *Grace, and remembrance,* ——]
Rue was called *herb of Grace.* *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſic. STEEVENS.

[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. STEEVENS.

By

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[9],
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble[1] 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 vex'd*, 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 carnation, 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 *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gillofers*, &c. And in *A. W's. Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

"Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell*."

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*dibble*——] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. 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[2],
For the flowers now, that frighted, 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[3],
But

2 ———O *Proserpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon!——]
So, *Ovid:*
" ———*ut summa vestem 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.*
JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary 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 fayre eyes.* So, in *Albumazar*, Trincalo says:
" ————————O Armellina,
" Come let me kiss thy *brows* like my own daughter."
Again, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1358:
" This Troilus full oft her *eyin two*
" Gan for to kisse, &c."
Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the possession of Mr. Strut the engraver:
" O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
" But let me kisse thine *eyes*, my sweete delight." p. 6. b.
The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.
——— βοωπιςποτνια Ηρη. *Homer.* STEEVENS.

Again,

But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; [4] 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 ſtrow 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 *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 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 Shakſpeare 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 ſate,
"Under the ſhadow of her even brows."
Faery-Queen, B. II. c. iii. ſt. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:
"When on each eye-*lid* ſweetly do appear
"An hundred graces as in ſhade they ſit." MALONE.

[4] —— ——*bold oxlips*,——] *Gold* is the reading of ſir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. 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 Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It ſhould be confeſſed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"——yellow *oxlips* bright as burniſh'd *gold*."

Again in an ancient ballad called a Poſie of *rare Flowers*:
"The muſk roſe ſweet and dainty
"With other flowers plenty
"*Oxſlips* and Peony." See vol. III. p. 51. STEEVENS.

Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms[5]. 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.

Flo. 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; so 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, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:
"*Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I see.
"*Rob.* In the swan'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 damaske eyes *the ruby blood doth peep*."
This poem was certainly published before 1600, being frequently quoted in a collection of verses entituled *England's Parnassus*, printed in that year. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the two first Sestiads, 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

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 [8]
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 [9].

Pol. This is the pretieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething [1],
That makes her blood look out: Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

[8] *I think, you have*
As 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 abſolutely neceſſary. This ſeems 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.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; [2] we ſtand upon our manners.—
Come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. [3] They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding [4]: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth [5]: He ſays, 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 *Moon-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,

I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

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 doleful matter, merrily set down [6], or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; 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*; and

[6] —doleful *matter* merrily *set down*;—] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises*, "A *lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *Mirth*, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] of *dildo's*] "With a hie *dildo* dill is the burthen of the *Batchelors Feast*," an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*fadings*:———] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*.
"——and daunsh 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, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* [9].

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares [1]?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'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 *fading*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th epigram:

"See you yond motion? not the old *fading*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, "*Oh! do me no harme, good man.*" FARMER.

[1] ——*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 mistress; 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." TOLLET.

the

the grofs: inkles, [2] caddiffes, cambricks, lawns: why, he fings them over, 'as they were gods or goddeffes; you would think, a fmock were a fhe-angel; he fo chants to the [3] fleeve-hand, and the work about the fquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach finging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he ufe no fcurrilous words in his tunes.

[2] ——*caddiffes*,——] I do not exactly know what *caddiffes* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters fays: ——"I will have eight velvet pages, and fix footmen in *caddis*." In the *Firft Part of K. Hen.* IV. I have fuppofed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *fix footmen in caddis*, is meant fix footmen with their liveries laced with fuch a kind of worfted ftuff. As this worfted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadeffe*, the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*fleeve*-band,—] Is put very probably by fir T. Hanmer; it was before *fleeve-hand*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we muft alter fome paffages in other authors. The word *fleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. IV. p. 313: "A furcoat [of crimfon velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, fkirts, and *fleeve-hands* garnifhed with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemife*." is Englifhed the wriftband, or gathering at the *fleeve-hand* of a fhirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "fhurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *fleeve-hand* occurs, and feems to fignify the cuffs of a furcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a fmock. I conceive, that the *work about the fquare on't*, fignifies the work or embroidery about the bofom part of a fhift, which might then have been of a fquare form, or might have a fquare tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illuftrious perfons. So, in Fairfax's tranflation of *Taffo*, b xii. ft. 64:

"Between her breafts the cruel weapon rives,
"Her curious *fquare*, imbofs'd with fwelling gold."

I fhould have taken the *fquare* for a gorget or ftomacher, but for this paffage in Shakfpeare. TOLLET.

The following paffage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewife tend to the fupport of the ancient reading—fleeve-*hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he fays:

"Their fmockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande*." STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers, 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;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel[4],
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 Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am,

4 ——— *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 deale of pinning theſe ruffes, 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 Shakſpeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled 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 untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." See vol. II. p. 336. STEEVENS.

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 going 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 he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring and the widow weeps.*

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 wilful boy, or I shall* charm *your tongue.*"

And in *Othello*, act V. sc. viii:

Iago. " *Mistress, 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 braggart in decimo sexto;* charm your skipping tongue, *or I'll*"———

GREY.

Mop.

Mop. I have done. Come,[6] you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo.

[6] ——*you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.*] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut recte monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill:

"And gird in your waste,
"For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie lace*."

As to the other present, promised by the Clown to Mopsa, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

"*Gloves as sweet as damask roses.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any 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 thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a 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 strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four Ps*. 1599:

"Brooches

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 [7]; 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 money-bags 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 *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſecond:

> "Of which the Naides and the blew 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 beck,
> "But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck." STEEVENS.

[7] *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 *lov'ſt 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 Iſle of Gulls*, 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*, i'faith. *A-life* is the reading of the only ancient copy of the *Winter's Tale*, fol. 1623. STEEVENS.

Aut.

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[8], 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[9] 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.

[8] ——*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. EDITOR.

 SONG.

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.
A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.
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 [1] 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 [2] 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 [4]; 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. I. 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 taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or "ſpent in the manſion houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the "ſame." EDITOR.

[3] *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neatherds, 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 courſer:

"He bounds as if his entrails were *hairs*." WARBURTON.

This is a ſtrange interpretation. "*Errors*," ſays Dryden, "*flow 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 cloſe 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 looſe 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 dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

Cervantes mentions, in the preface to his plays, that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture

ſelves ſaltiers; 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 [5]) 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 [6].
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

niture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, 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.
REMARKS.

He's ſimple, and tells much.—How now, fair ſhep-
herd?
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 ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
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 fann'd ſnow [7],
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,

[7] ——*or the fann'd ſnow,*] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,
"*Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
"When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

Thereof

I would remove the comma from hand to wash, or else instead of was. 'twas. Sd.

Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve: had force, and know-
ledge,
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?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate[8]?
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 unfilial: Reason, my son
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

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 business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. 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 divorce, 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

8 ——*dispute his own estat.?*]
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 suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, *&c.* CHAMIER.

These words, I believe, only mean—Can he maintain his right to his own property? MALONE.

Shorten

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st 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 sigh,
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 herdsman; 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. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard [1]: 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 Glocester 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.

[1] *I was not much afeard.* &c.]
The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become
her

I [2] was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?
[*To Florizel.*
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state 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.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[*To Florizel.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three [3],
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 [4].—O cursed wretch!
[*To Perdita.*

her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king had not become her education. WARBURTON.

[2] *I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,*
The self same sun, *that shines upon his* court,
Hides not his visage 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.

[3] *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.

[4] Where no *priest shovels-in dust*.———]
This part of the *priest*'s office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That

That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
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 afeard; 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 ſight 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,
[5] 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[6]: if my reaſon
Will

[5] *And mar the ſeeds within!*——]
So, in *Macbeth:*
"And nature's *germins* 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.

So,

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 honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, 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 miſs 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 [7], 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 Camillo.*

Cam. [*Aſide.*] He's irremoveable,
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

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchafe the fight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my mafter, whom
I fo much thirft to fee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am fo fraught with curious bufinefs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor fervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deferv'd: it is my father's mufick,
To fpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleafe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareft to him, which is
Your gracious felf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and fettled project
May fuffer alteration) on mine honour
I'll point you where you fhall have fuch receiving
As fhall become your highnefs; where you may
Enjoy your miftrefs; from the whom, I fee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
(As heavens forefend!) your ruin: Marry her;
And (with my beft endeavours in your abfence)
Your difcontenting father I'll ftrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoft a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee fomething more than man,
And, after that, truft to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; fo we profefs

Our-

Ourſelves [8] to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt 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 ſo, 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 welcomes 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 [9];

[8] *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 ſitting
What you muſt ſay; ——]

Every ſitting, 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 ſitting*. The truth is, the common 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 ſittings.* WARBURTON.

—— —— ——*at every* ſitting,] Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

The

The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
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 cheek,
But not take in [1] 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 i'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 pretty Perdita.——

[1] *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* Toryne."—STEEVENS.

But,

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 honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! [2] I have sold 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 sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,* pomander,——] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, 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 following 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 motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civit and musk. Incorporate 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 hallowed,*——] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

brought

brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, 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 pettitoes, '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 sir'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 scar'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 Leontes ——

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. How 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 thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly,

[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 [5] boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half flead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

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 prophecy
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, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip board
Get undeſcry'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.*

[5] ——*boot.*] That is, *ſomething over and above*, or, as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot*. See vol. VII. p. 124. JOHNSON.

Of

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 sight
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.

[*Exeunt 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 necessary 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 any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing 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, hanging, 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. Hanmer, 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 [7] excrement.——How now, ruſticks? whither 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.

[7] ——*pedler's excrement*——] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Whoſe 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[8].

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'st 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 toze[9] 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.

[8] —*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 toze—] The first folio reads—*at toaze*; the second—*or* toaze. To *teaze*, 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.

—*Think'st thou, for that I* insinuate, or toze *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 she 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 *toaze* you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpose." MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth [2].

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, 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.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel,

[1] *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;*——] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a great man,*—*by the picking on's teeth.*] 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 mess." 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-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; 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:

> "——ſure, ſir, I'll *conſider it* hereafter if I can.
> "What, *conſider* me? doſt thou think that I am a *bribe-taker?*"

Again, in the *Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou ſhalt be well *conſider'd*, there's twenty crowns in earneſt." STEEVENS.

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, ston'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?

ment? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so 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 saint-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 sweet'st companion, that e'er man [5]

[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.

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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 [6] 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'st 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 [7]?

[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:

"*Mess.* First, madam, he is *well?*
"*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but sirrah, 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. Just.* How does the king?
"*War.* Exceeding *well.* His cares are now all ended.
"*Ch. Just.* 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 squar'd 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 sainted spirit [8]
Again

[8] ——*would make her sainted spirit,* &c.] In the old copies:
——*would make her sainted spirit*
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(*Where we* offenders now appear) *soul-vext,*
And begin, &c.

'Tis

Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vext,
And begin, *Why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause [9].

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 consequently wants supporting. The slight 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 Revisal reads:

Where we offenders now——

very reasonably. JOHNSON.

We might read, changing the place of one word only;

——*would make her sainted spirit*
Again possess her corps; and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear, soul-vex'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 inserted it. STEEVENS.

[9] *She had just cause*] The first and second folio reads—*she had just* such *cause.* EDITOR.

Paul.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
[1] Affront his eye.
Cle. Good madam, I have done[2].
Paul Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you 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 fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

[1] *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.
[2] *Good madam, I have done.*]
Surely this hemistich should be divided between *Cleomenes* and *Paulina*:
Cle. *Good madam,* ———
Paul. *I have done:*
Yet if, &c.
The modern editors have read:
Good madam, pray *have done*. STEEVENS.

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[3]
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 shrewdly 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 professors else; make proselites
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, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit Cleomenes.*
Bring them to our embracement.—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;———]
The reader must observe, that *so* 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, stir
Afresh within me: and these thy offices,
So rarely 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

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[4]
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 goodly things as you?

4 ———————*whose daughter*
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:———]
This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read:
————*whose daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*
The prince first tells that the lady came from *Libya*, the king, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus?* *from him*, says the prince, *whose tears, at parting, shewed her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of a proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

Enter

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
Whiles he was haſtning, (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;
Whoſe 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:

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[5],
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.—'Beſeech 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 unanſwer'd: 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 *as 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

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. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

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 commanded 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 fulfill'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.

Enter a third Gentleman.

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 loſs, 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[6]: now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a

[6] ——*with* clipping *her.*——] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney:*

"He, who before ſhun'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms,
"Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

Steevens.

weather-

weather-beaten [7] 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 princeſs 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. Shakſpeare refers again to the ſame ſort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How now? a *conduit*, girl? what ſtill in tears?
"Evermore ſhowering?" HENLEY.

 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 [8], 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 [9] that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he him-

---

8 ——*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* constant." 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 Shakspeake. 1*st*, 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.* 2*dly*, 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 excellence;

himself eternity, and could put breath into his work would beguile nature of her [1] custom, so perfectly he is 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 all 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?

lence; 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* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist 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. sc. viii. say:

" ——all city statues must be *painted*,
" Else they be worth nought i'their subtil 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 ruddiness 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 Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess 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.

[1] ——*of her custom,*——] That is, *of her trade,*—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

1 *Gent.* [2] 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-ſick, 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 diſcredits.

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.

[2] *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs?*——] 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.

Shep. 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.

Shep. 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.

Shep. '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.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and [3] franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. 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 [4] tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk;

[3] —*franklins 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 honde.*"

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 would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. 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

ſkilful in thievery. Phraſeology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529:

"Thou art *a good man of thyne habite.*" See vol. IV. p. 166.
STEEVENS.

[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 neceſſities, for "I have neither ſhirt, nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are "neceſſary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

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 [6]: 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

6 ——— *therefore I keep it*
Lovely, *apart:*———]
Lovely, 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

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 aſham'd: 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 [7];
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 ſummers, 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 [8],

If

[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 poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the ſtone is mine)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.]

I do not know whether we ſhould not read, without a parentheſis;
————for the ſtone i'th' mine

I'd

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; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
[9] 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 fixure of her eye has motion in't [1],
As [2] 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 Shakſpeare, as it has been uſed by Holinſhed. *Deſcript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: "Now if you have regard to their ornature, 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.

[9] *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.

[1] *The* fixure *of her eye has motion in't,*]
The meaning is, that her eye, though *fixed*, as in an earneſt gaze, has motion in it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakſpeare 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 *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky." STEEVENS.

[2] 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't 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 aſſiſted
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 eaſy

" 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
" Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

To

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.*
'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.*

Her. You gods, look down,

And

And from your ſacred vials pour your graces[3]
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 waſt in being,—have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
[4] You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle[5],

Will

[3] *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.

[4] *You precious winners all;*———]
You who by this diſcovery have *gained* what you deſired, may join in feſtivity, in which I, who have loſt what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

[5] ————— *I, an old turtle,*
Will wing 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 loſs of Euridice, 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 Shakſpeare is known to have read:
"A *turtle* ſat upon a *leaveleſs* tree,
"Mourning her abſent *pheer*
"With ſad and ſorry cheere,—
"And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
"And for her love *laments*, &c."
Chapman ſeems to have imitated this paſſages in his *Widow's Tears*, 1612: "Whether ſome wandering Eneas ſhould enjoy your reverſion, or whether your *true turtle would ſit mourning on a withered bough till Atropos cut her throat.*" MALONE.

 Of

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 should'st 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 honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother?—both your pardons,
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 dissever'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 absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

M A C B E T H.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *General of the Engliſh forces.*
Young Siward, *his ſon.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An Engliſh Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor. A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.
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.

JOHNSON.

* 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 retrenchment of ſuch ſtage-directions as are not ſupplied by the oldeſt copy. Mr. Rowe had tricked out Macbeth, like many more of Shakſpeare'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 nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. 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 gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions.

2 *Witch.* When the [2] hurly-burly's done,
[3] When the battle's loſt and won;

3 *Witch*

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 χώρις ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *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 ſhewed ſome kindneſs in her anger, by cutting him off at a time ſo convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chryſoſtom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a ſcene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he ſuppoſes a ſpectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of deſtruction, and the arts of ſlaughter. Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πᾶσαν γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to ſhew him in the oppoſite armies horſes flying by enchantment, armed men tranſported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. 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 Shakſpeare by the authority of Henry Pecham, 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, deviſe, fayne, and make a name, immitating the ſownd of that it ſignifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore*, and *tumultuous ſtirre*." HENDERSON.

So in a tranſlation of *Herodian*, 12mo, 1635, p. 26.

"——there was a mighty *hurly-burly* in the campe, &c."

Again, p. 324.

"——great *hurliburlies* 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 ſiſters, as we may ſee in a note on the third ſcene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ; quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.

WARBURTON.

3 Witch. That will be ere th' set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch.

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 Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, 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 *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, 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, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, 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.

 Thus,

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* [4] There to meet with Macbeth,
1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin [5]!

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 unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were 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.
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Gray-malkin!*——]
From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes 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 majestie was in Denmarke, shee beeing accompanied with the parties before-specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of the *cat* the cheefest part of a dead man, and several jointes of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was convayed into the middest of the sea by

All. Paddock calls :——Anon [6].—
[7] 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 seene, &c." STEEVENS.

"——Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likenesse 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 naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North ; as in the following instance in *Cæsar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1602 :

"———*Paddockes*, todes, and watersnakes."

In Shakspeare, 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 *Hellish Bruegel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms ; and before the fire sit *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 storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act :

Though you untye 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 sight.

FARMER.

SCENE

SCENE II.

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 serjeant [8],
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 [9];
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their art. The merciless Macdonel [1]
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,

[8] *This is the* serjeant,]
Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare 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 Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant 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 sundry reproaches, and finally slew him.* This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding sergeant* introduced on this occasion. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

[9] *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.

[1] ———*Macdonel*]
According to Holinshed we should read *Macdowald*. The folio reads *Macdonwald*. STEEVENS.

The

The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) [2] from the weſtern iſles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes is ſupply'd;
[3] And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Shew'd

[2] ——*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 Greciſm of Shakſpeare's expreſſion, or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes,* which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the weſtern iſlands, I don't know. *Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis ſimilia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos Kernos vocant, nec non ſecures & loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos Galloglaſſios appellant.* Waræi 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 gondaliers, &c." Again, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Sun,* bl. l. no date: "—he was well garniſhed *of* ſpear, ſword, and armoure, &c." Theſe are a few out of a thouſand inſtances which might be brought to the ſame purpoſe. STEEVENS.

[3] *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 endeavour after the crown. The ſenſe therefore is, *Fortune ſmiling on his execrable cauſe*, &c. This is followed by Dr. Warburton.
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 *quarry* (i. e. game) muſt have conſiſted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the ſpeaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* 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.

The

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 [4], nor bade farewel to him,
'Till [5] he unseam'd him from the nave 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 nurses; 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*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*he unseam'd him from the* nave *to the chops*,] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides it must be a strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chops*. But Shakspeare certainly wrote:

——*he unseam'd him from the* nape *to the chops*.

i. e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a 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 *vertebræ* join to the bone of the skull. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" O! that you could turn your eyes towards the *napes* of your necks."

The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper; and alludes to the suture which goes cross the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis*; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his *Comus*, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus;

" Or drag him by the curls, *and cleave his scalpe*
" *Down to the hippes*."

An

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Capt. [6] As when the sun 'gins his reflexion

Ship-

An evident imitation of this corrupted 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 Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Nash, 1594:

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
"He *ript* old Priam." STEEVENS.

The old reading is likewise supported by the following passage in an unpublished play, entituled *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.

[6] *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, so*, &c. For the natural and constant motion of the ocean is from east to west; and the wind has the same general direction. *Præcipua & generalis* [ventorum] *causa est ipse Sol qui aërem rarefacit & attenuat. Aër enim rarefactus multum majorem locum postulat. Inde fit ut Aër à Sole impulsus alium vicinum aërem magno impetu protrudat; cumque Sol ab Oriente in occidentem circumrotetur, præcipuus* ab eo aëris impulsus fiet versus occidentem. *Varenii Geogr. l.* 1. *c.* xiv. *prop.* 10. See also Dr. *Halley's Account of the Trade Winds of the Monsoons.* This being so, it is no wonder that storms should come most frequently from that quarter; or that they should be most violent, because there is a concurrence of the natural motions of wind and wave. This proves 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 reflexion, is meant the rainbow, the strongest and most remarkable reflexion of any the sun gives.* He appears by this to have as good a hand at reforming our physics as our poetry. This is a discovery, that shipwrecking storms proceed from the rainbow. But he was misled by his want of skill in Shakspeare's phraseology, who, by the *sun's reflexion*, means only the sun's light. But while he is intent on making his author speak correctly, he slips himself. The rainbow is no more a reflexion 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 [7];
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
[8] Diſcomfort ſwells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
[9] As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks:

So

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 Norweyan invaſion.* The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this paſſage. Shakſpeare 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 reaſonably 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.* JOHNSON.

[9] *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:*]

Mr.

So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
[1]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 it's 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.

[1] *Or* memorize *another Golgotha*,]
Memroize, 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 thinke, right honourable lord,
"By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name." WARTON.

 The

[2] *Enter Rosse and Angus.*

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
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.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter Rosse* and Angus.] As only the thane of Rosse 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;

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

I have printed it, *Enter Rosse* only. STEEVENS.

In scene III. Angus, who enters with Rosse, says to Macbeth,

We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks, &c.

So that the old stage direction is certainly right.

MALONE.

[3] ————*So should he look,*
That seems *to speak things strange.*]

The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them; Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that teems *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.

JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Cymbeline* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"————one but painted thus,
"Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd, &c."

Again, in the *Tempest*:

"——prithee

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
[4] Where the Norweyan banners [5] 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:
[6] '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 he 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.

[4] *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.

[5] ——flout *the sky,*] To *flout* is to dash any thing in another's face. WARBURTON.

To *flout* does never signify *to dash 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 kiss them." STEEVENS.

So, in *King John*:
"*Mocking* the air with *colours* idly spread." MALONE.

[6] *Till that Bellona's* Bridegroom—] This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

[7] Confronted him [8] 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,

Ten

[7] *Confronted* him *with ſelf-compariſons.*] The *diſloyal* Cawdor, ſays Mr. Theobald. Then comes another, and ſays, a ſtrange forgetfulneſs in Shakſpeare, 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 aſſiſtance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway was underhand; which Roſſe and Angus, indeed, had diſcovered; but was unknown to Macbeth. Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's ſpeech to Macbeth, when he meets him to ſalute him with the title, and inſinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with hidden help and 'vantage.* WARBURTON.

The ſecond blunderer was the preſent editor. JOHNSON.

[8] ———*with* ſelf-compariſons,] i. e. give him as good as he brought, ſhew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

[9] ———*Saint Colmes' inch,*] The folio reads:

At Saint Colmes' ynch.

Colmes-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, a ſmall iſland lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb: called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Iſle of Columba*. The modern 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 cirumſtance; "*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 ſlaine, might be *buried in* Saint *Colmes' Inch*. In memory whereof *many old* ſepultures are yet in the ſaid *Inch, graven* with the arms of the Danes."

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.

Rosse. 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?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give me*, quoth I.
[1] *Aroint thee, witch!* the [2] rump-fed [3] ronyon cries.
Her

Danes." *Inch*, or *Inshe* in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia*. STEEVENS.

The spurious reading of this passage was derived from the second 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' *bill* in its room. MALONE.

[1] Aroint *thee*,————]
Aroint, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

Aroint thee, witch!————]
In one of the folio editions the reading is *Anoint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *anoint thee, witch*, will mean, *Away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other 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 sail [4],

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 ARONGT, of which the last 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 country proverb. The word is used again in *K. Lear:*

"And *aroint* thee witch, *aroint* thee." STEEVENS.

2 ——*the* rump fed *ronyon*——]

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 meat 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 size your belly out with shoulder fees,
"With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In the *Book of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in kepyng of haukes*, it is said: "The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*." STEEVENS.

3 ————*ronyon cries.*]

i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551:

"————her necke
"Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or *roine*."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

STEEVENS.

4 ————*in a sieve I'll thither sail,*]

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, sir W. Davenant, in his *Albovine*, 1629:

"He sits like a witch *sailing in a sieve*."

Again in *Newes from Scotland. Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian a notable sorcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough in Ja-*

nuarie

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 [6].
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
[7] And the very points they blow,

All

nuarie last, 1591; *which Doctor was register to the Devill, that sundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to 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 drowne his Majestie in the sea comming from Denmarke, with such other wonderfull 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 *cive*, 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 *Maunsell's catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsenet 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 sell 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 Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily

mistaken

All the quarters that they know,
I' the ſhipman's card [8].
I will drain him dry as hay [9]:
Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
[1] 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 inſtances 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.

8 —*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 ſail falſe." STEEVENS.

9 ——*dry as hay*:]
So, Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 9:

"But he is old and *withered as hay.*" STEEVENS.

1 *He ſhall live a man* forbid:
i. e. as one under a *curſe*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own *interdiction* ſtands *accurs'd.*"

So among the Romans, an outlaw's ſentence was, *Aquæ & 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 iſ piſ ꝥ bit ⁊ bote, &c.
He is wiſe that prays *and makes amends*,

As

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle [2], peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost [3],
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
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.

[2] *Shall he* dwindle, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"———— it *wastes* 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 bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, 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-tost.] So in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe, 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 declared, 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.

 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. [4] The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

[4] *The* weyward *sisters hand in hand,*]
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, froward, moody, obstinate, untractable,* &c. and is every where so used by our Shakspeare. To content ourselves with two or three instances:

"Fy, fy, how *wayward* is this foolish love,
"That, like a testy babe, &c."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
"This wimpled, whining, purblind, *wayward* boy."
Love'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 farther for the poet's word and meaning. When I had the first suspicion of our author being corrupt in this place, it brought to my mind the following passage in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide,* lib. iii. v. 618:

"But O fortune, executrice of *wierdes.*"

Which word the *Glossaries* expound to us by *fates,* or *destinies.* I was soon confirmed in my suspicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin's Cosmography,* where he makes a short recital of the story of Macbeth and Banquo.

"These two," says he, "travelling together through a forest, were met by three fairies, witches, *wierds,* The Scots call them, &c."

I presently recollected, that this story must be recorded at more length by 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

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 lower:

"The words of the three *weird* sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto."

And in several other paragraphs there this word is repeated. I believe, by this time, it is plain, beyond a doubt, that the word *wayward* has obtained in *Macbeth*, where the witches are spoken of, from the ignorance of the copyists, who are not acquainted with the Scotch term; and that in every passage, where there is any relation to these *witches* or *wizards*, my emendation must be embraced, and we must read *weird*. THEOBALD.

The weyward *sisters, hand in hand,*]
Mr. Theobald had found out who these *weyward sisters* were, but observed they were called, in his authentic Holinshed, *weird sisters*; and so would needs have *weyward* a corruption of the text, because it signifies *perverse, froward*, &c. *and it is improbable* (he says) *that the witches should adopt this epithet to themselves*. It was hard that, when he knew so much, he should not know a little more; that *weyward* had anciently the very same sense, as *weird*; and was, indeed, the very same word differently spelt; having acquired its later signification from the quality and temper of these imaginary witches. But this is being a critic like him who had discovered that there were two Hercules's; and yet did not know that he had two next-door neighbours of one and the same name. As to these *weyward sisters*, they were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra & maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; & cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three*; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the

charm

And thrice again, to make up nine;
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores [5]?—What are these,
So

charm they prepare in one of them: where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* 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 audience from that time to this. WARBURTON.

Wierd comes from the Anglo-Saxon pẏnƀ, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies* by Chaucer and Holinshed. *Of the weirdis gevyn to Macbeth and Banqhuo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parcæ* the *weird sisters*; and in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, *quhairin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betweene Age and Zouth*, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again;

"How dois the quheill of fortune go,
"Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo."

Again:

"Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
"Or zit his *wierd* to warie?"

The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, *et Skullda*, but also, *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. Bartholinus adds that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cup-bearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms*, and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ 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 Banquho were passand to Fores, quhair Kyng Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They were jugitt be pepill, to be *weird* sisteris." MALONE.

[5] *How far is't call'd to Fores?*——] The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and Banquo

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
[6] That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: [7] You should be women,
And yet your beards [8] forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth [9]! hail to thee, thane of Glamis [1]!

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 in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures 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 Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592 there is an enumeration of Spirits and their offices; and of certain watry spirits it is said.—— "by the help "of Alynach a spirit of the West they will raise stormes, 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 Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signifyed nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*."——"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum 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 wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor [2]!

3 *Witch.*

der of Duncan], but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's translation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edingburgh,* in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary *(as all women ar)* specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pursew the third weird, that sche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair 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 Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, 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 hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *king of Scotland.*" p. 243.

1 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*
2 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*
3 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:——and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman,* nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcom and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle.* FARMER.

[1] ——*thane of Glamis!*]
The thaneship 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 *Glames Castle.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*thane of* Cawdor!
Dr. Johnson observes in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,*

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,
[3] Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having [4], 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.

land, that part of *Calder caſtle*, from which Macbeth drew his ſecond title, is ſtill remaining. STEEVENS.

[3] *Are ye* fantaſtical,——]
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*. WARBURTON.

By *fantaſtical*, he means creatures of *fantaſy* or imagination; the queſtion is, Are theſe real beings before us, or are we deceived by illuſions of fancy? JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He affirmeth theſe tranſubſtantiations to be but *fantaſtical*, nor according to the veritie, but according to the appearance." The ſame expreſſion occurs in *All's Loſt by Luſt*, 1633, by Rowley:

"——or is that thing,
"Which would ſupply the place of ſoul in thee,
"Merely *phantaſtical*?"

Shakſpeare, 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,——]
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:
[5] By Sinel'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 [6] eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb.

[5] *By Sinel'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.

——*eaten of the insane root,*]
Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes mens' eyes *conceit unseen objects*." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:
"——they *lay that hold upon thy senses*,
"As thou hadst snuft 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[7]: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. [8] 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 preeminence.—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.

Rosse. 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?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd [9] with Norway; or did line the rebel
With

———*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. I:
"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* belongs to the preceding line:
Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel, &c.

Whether

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[1],
[2] 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 [3] swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[4] This supernatural solliciting
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,——*whe'r.*

So, in *King John:*

"Now shame upon you, *whe'r* she does or no."

MALONE.

[1] —*trusted home,*] i. e. carried as far as it will go, suffered to prevail in its utmost extent; or argument confidentially received or admitted home into your bosom. STEEVENS.

[2] *Might yet* enkindle *you*——]
Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*swelling act*] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *Henry* V:

——"princes to act,
"And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene." STEEVENS.

[4] *This supernatural* solliciting]
Solliciting for information. WARBURTON.

Solliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information.*

JOHNSON.

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 [5]
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my [6] ſingle ſtate of man, that [7] function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours, come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may;
[8] 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 Crœſus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:
"For as the ſhadow ſeems more monſtrous ſtill,
"Than doth the ſubſtance whence it hath the being,
"So *th' apprehenſion of approaching ill*
"*Seems greater than itſelf, whilſt fears are lying.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſingle ſtate of man,*——]
The *ſingle ſtate of man* ſeems to be uſed by Shakſpeare 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:—[9] my dull brain was wrought
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 [1], 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 Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"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 Shakspeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hower and time* if they were as certayne, &c." Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time*'s young *howres* attend her still,
"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."

MALONE.

9 *——my dull brain was wrought*
With things forgotten.——]
My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

1 *The* interim *having weigh'd it,——*]
This *intervening portion of time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauser Reason*.

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those 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:

He

[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, Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare; it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. OHNSON.

3 The

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
[5] 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 diſpoſition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* The ſame expreſſion 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*, act II. ſcene III.

"I'll *decline* the whole queſtion."

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have underſtood the word *conſtruction*, in this place, in the ſenſe of *frame* or *ſtructure*; but the ſchool-term was, I believe, intended by Shakſpeare.—In his 93d *Sonnet*, we find a contrary ſentiment aſſerted:

"In many's *looks* the *falſe heart's hiſtory*
"Is writ." MALONE.

[5] *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 *nihilo 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.

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[6];
[7] Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing

Safe

[6] — —*ſervants;*
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing.—]
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.

[7] *Which do but what they ſhould, by doing* every thing
"Safe toward your love and honour.]
Of the laſt line of this ſpeech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emendation has been attempted, which Dr. Warburton and Mr. Theobald once admitted as the true reading:

—— *our duties*
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants,
Which do but what they ſhould, in doing every thing,
Fiefs *to your love and honour.*

My eſteem for theſe critics inclines me to believe that they cannot be much pleaſed with theſe expreſſions *fiefs to love*, or *fiefs to honour*, and that they have propoſed this alteration rather becauſe no other occurred to them, than becauſe they approved of it. I ſhall therefore propoſe a bolder change, perhaps with no better ſucceſs, but *ſua cuique placent*. I read thus:

—— —— *our duties*
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants,
Which do but what they ſhould, in doing nothing,
Save *toward* 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 *fiefs* to *fief'd*; and Hanmer 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 ſuretiſhip*. Dr. Kenrick propoſes to read:

Safe

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 *warded* 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. saved) 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 saving 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 jeo doy a nostre seignor 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 preserved 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 Shakspeare certainly had read and probably remembered): "My sovereign lorde and kyng, the cause of my coming at this present is [*your honour saved*], to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence." Holinshed's Chron. vol. II. XX. *Col.* I. a.

MALONE.

I have

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys [8],
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness [9],
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

[8] *My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.*]
"——Lacrimas non sponte cadentes
"Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto."
Lucan, l. ix.

We meet with the same sentiment again in the *Winter's Tale*. "It seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy was drown'd in tears." MALONE.

[9] ———*to* Inverness,]
Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at *Inverness* are yet standing. STEEVENS.

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicle it appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno. *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib iv. c.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." Buchan. lib. vii. MALONE.

I'll

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Mac, The prince of Cumberland [1]!—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*.

[1] *The prince of* Cumberland!——]
So, Holinshed, *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcome*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his deceafe. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore 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 usurp the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case), the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.
STEEVENS.

If the foregoing observation relative to the designation of the king's son as his successor, by conferring on him the title of prince of Cumberland, wanted any support, Belenden's translation of *Hector Boece*, fol. 183, would furnish it: "In the meane tyme kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cubir, to *signify that he suld regne after hym*, quilk was gret displeseir to Macbeth, for it maid plane derogation to the thrid weird promitted afore to hym be this weird sisteris." MALONE.

SCENE

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 burnt 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 title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

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'd'ſt have, great Glamis,

[2] —*by the perfecteſt report*——] 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'd'ſt 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'd'ſt have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, thus thou muſt do, if thou have *me*.
JOHNSON.

That

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 [5];
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
[6] Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To

[4] *And that which rather*, &c.]
Perhaps the poet wrote:
And that's what *rather*, &c. STEEVENS.
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 fearest 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 italick.
" 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 Cæsar*, 1607:
" Thou in my bosom us'd *to pour thy spright*."
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 destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*,
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 desirous 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 disposition at present hinders it from taking effect. WARBURTON.
The words, as they now stand, have exactly the same meaning.

Such

To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your
tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The king comes here to-night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Mes. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [7] The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mes.*

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 business, and would *seem*
"*To have* us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between —"To 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 accustomed 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 [8]
That tend on [9] mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious viſitings of nature

[8] ——— *Come, you ſpirits*
That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.] There is an invocation in *Buſſy 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
Sadneſſe of heart and ominous ſecureneſſe
Enchantments, dead ſleeps all the friends of reſt
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmoſt ſtrengths; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the center; make the violent wheeles
Of Time and Fortune ſtand; and great exiſtens
(The maker's treaſurie) 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.
STEEVENS.

[9] ———— *mortal thoughts,* ————
This expreſſion ſignifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murtherous, 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 Penniles 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 ſecond kind of devils, which he moſt employeth, are thoſe northern Martii, called the *ſpirits of revenge*, and the authors of maſſacres, and ſeedſmen of miſchief; for they have commiſſion to incenſe men to rapines, ſacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the ſouthern ſpirits to wait upon them, as alſo great Arioch, that is termed *the ſpirit of revenge*." MALONE.

Shakſ-

Shake my fell purpose; [1] nor keep peace between
The effect, [2] and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And

[1] ———nor keep peace between
The effect, and it!——]
The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious 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 Shakspeare'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 compunctious 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 missed; the difficulty still remains how such a meaning is made by the words. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*and it!*——] The folio reads, *and hit*. STEEVENS.

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 *Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 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

And take [3] my milk for gall, you murd'ring minif-
ters,
Wherever in your fightlefs fubftances
[4] You wait on nature's mifchief! Come, thick night [5],
[6] And pall thee in the dunneft fmoke of hell!
That my keen knife [7] fee not the wound it makes;
Nor

affords a reafonably good comment on it. Thus, in the prefent inftance:

" ———Make thick
" My blood, and ftop all paffage to remorfe,
" That no relapfes into mercy may
" Shake my defign, *nor make it fall before*
" *'Tis ripen'd to effect.*" MALONE.

[3] ———*take my milk for gall,*———
Take away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

[4] *You wait on* nature's mifchief!
Nature's mifchief is mifchief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickednefs. JOHNSON.

[5] —— ——*Come, thick night*, &c.]
A fimilar invocation is found in *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth:*

" Oh fable night, fit on the eye of heaven,
" That it difcern not this black deed of darknefs!
" My guilty foul, burnt with luft's hateful fire,
" Muft wade through blood to obtain my vile defire:
" Be then my *coverture* thick ugly *night!*
" The light hates me, and I do hate the light."

MALONE.

[6] *And* pall *thee*———]
i. e. wrap thyfelf in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of ftate. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date;

" The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*."

Again, in Milton's *Penferofo:*

" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
" In fcepter'd *pall* come fweeping by."

Dr. Warburton feems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead. STEEVENS.

[7] *That my keen* knife———]
The word *knife*, which at prefent has a familiar meaning, was anciently ufed to exprefs a *fword or dagger*. So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Through Goddes myght, and his *knyfe*,
" There the gyaunte loft his lyfe."

6 Again,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark [8],
[9] To cry, *Hold, hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor [1]!

Enter

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 6:
"——the red-crofs knight was flain with paynim *knife.*"
STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the prefent inftance do not feem wanted, I fhall only obferve that Mr. Steevens's obfervation might be confirmed by quotations without end. EDITOR.

[8] ——*the* blanket *of the dark,*]
Drayton, in the 26th fong of his *Polyolbion,* has an expreffion refembling this:
"Thick vapours that, like *ruggs,* ftill hang the troubled air." STEEVENS.

[9] *To cry,* Hold, hold!——]
On this paffage there is a long criticifm in the *Rambler.*
JOHNSON.

In this criticifm the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has reprefented Satan as flying."
"——in the *dun* air fublime." STEEVENS.

To cry, Hold, hold!——]
The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punifhment upon "whofoever fhall ftrike ftroke at his adverfary, either in the heat or otherwife, if a third do cry *hold,* to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclofed: and then no man fhall be fo hardy as to bid *hold,* but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Inftructions for the Wars,* tranflated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewife illuftrate the laft line in Macbeth's concluding fpeech:
"And damn'd be him who firft cries, *hold, enough!*"
STEEVENS.

[1] *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*]
Shakfpeare has fupported 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 monfter of his own creation. The fofter paffions are more obliterated in her than in her hufband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with fuch a falutation as would have become one of his friends or vaffals; a falutation apparently fitted rather to raife his thoughts to a level with her own purpofes, than to teftify her joy at his return, or manifeft an attachment to his perfon: nor does any fentiment expreffive of love or foftnefs fall

from

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
[2] This ignorant present[3], 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[4], 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 process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

"————his shipping,
"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 praises, *where is read*
"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

Look like the time [5]; 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 Shakſpeare 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 Dedicatorie* to that edit.]; ſo that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel muſt have been indebted to Shakſpeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had appeared before that year. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air [6]
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
[7] 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 contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare 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;

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting [8] martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttreſs, nor coigne of vantage [9], but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they [1] moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!——
[2] 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.

Senſes 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.

[8] ——*martlet*—] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet.* 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.

[9] —*coigne of vantage,*——] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*moſt breed,*——] The folio,—*muſt breed.* STEEVENS.

[2] *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 me 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.

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,
[4] 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.

[3] *How you should bid* God-yeld us———]
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, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. 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 for't."
Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:
" *God yelde you* Esau, with all my stomach——"
Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warkwick*, bl. l. no date:
" Syr, qouth Guy, *God yield it you*,
" Of this great gift you give me now."
Again, in Chaucer's *Sompnoure's Tale*, v. 7759; late edit.
" God *yelde you* adoun in your village."
God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Milleres Tale*:
" *God shilde* that he died sodenly." v. 3427; late edit.
STEEVENS.

[4] *We rest your* hermits.]
Hermits, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
" I am your *beadsman* bound to pray for you."
Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:
" ————worshipful sir,
" I shall be still your *beadsman*." STEEVENS.

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[5], hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
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, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a sewer[7], *and divers servants 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 than filed steel,* did spur me forth."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Your servants ever,* &c.]
The metaphor of this speech is taken from the Steward's compting 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* sewer,——] I have restored this stage direction from the old copy. The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order 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 *sewer.*" Again: "See, sir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *sewer.*"]
STEEVENS.

Macb.

Macb. [8] If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: [9] If the aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With

[8] *If it were* done, *&c.*]

A man of learning recommends another punctuation:
If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly, if, &c. 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.

[9] ——— *If the aſſaſſination*]

Of this ſoliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakſpeare 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 reſtrain the regular courſe of conſequences, if *its ſucceſs* could ſecure *its ſurceaſe*, 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 *horrour*." Perhaps the preſent paſſage was one of thoſe thus depretiated. Any perſon but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleaſure on the tranſcendant 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 ſhudders" and blood-freezing "agues" by its intereſting and high wrought ſcenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardneſs of its language; for ſuch it appears from the context is what he meant by *horrour*. 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 aſſerts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this aſſertion however, and the verbal alterations

 made

[1] With his surcease, success; that but this blow
[2] Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and [3] shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come[4].—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice[5]
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 Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day.
MALONE.

[1] *With his surcease, success;*——]
I think the reasoning requires that we should read:
With its success surcease.—— 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."
Surcease is cessation, stop. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:
"*Surcease* 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 *shelve*. 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."
STEEVENS.

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 sleep out the thought of it."

[5] ————*This even-handed justice*]
Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.

The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him eve to feare, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had minister' to his predecessor." STEEVENS.

To

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
[6] Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, [7] or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
[8] That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur [9]

[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 ſightleſs 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, *courſers.*
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 fleſh?"
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:
"The ſcouring winds that *ſightleſs* in the ſounding 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

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other [1]—How now! what news?

Enter Lady [2].

Lady. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb.

[9] ———— *no spur*, &c.]
The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

———— *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 *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?"
MALONE.

[1] *And falls on the other*——]
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. STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter Lady.*] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowlege of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conquerer; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:
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 sometimes deluded their consciences, 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 dreſt 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? [3] Would'ſt 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,
[4] Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Macb.

that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakſpeare, 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.

[3] ——*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 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 paltry fears, which whiſper,* "I dare not," *to controul your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*

The

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace [5]:
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,
[6] 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:
[7] 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 [8]
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 vult tingere plantas.* JOHNSON.

[5] *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.

[6] *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.

[7] *I would while it was ſmiling in my face,*]
Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a ſimilar ſentiment of ferocity.

In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymiſque moretur)
Tranſadigam ferro———. STEEVENS.

[8] ———*had 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,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
[1] Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,

That

who was ſo little acquainted with our author's metre as to ſuppoſe this line defective. There is certainly nothing wanting. *Sworn* was uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[9] *But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *ſticking place* is the *ſtop* which ſuſpends its powers, till they are diſcharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in ſir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"———There is an engine made,
"Which ſpends its ſtrength by force of nimble wheels;
"For they, once *ſcrewed up*, in their return
"Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, act I. ſc. viii:

"*Wrench up* thy power to the higheſt."

Perhaps indeed Shakſpeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *ſcrewing up* the chords of ſtring-inſtruments to their proper degree of tenſion, when the peg remains faſt in its *ſticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

[1] *Will I with wine and waſſel ſo* convince] To *convince* is, in Shakſpeare, to *overpower* or *ſubdue*, as in this play:

"——Their malady *convinces*
"The great aſſay of art." JOHNSON.

So, in the old comedy of *Cambyſes*:

"If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*."

Again:

"By this his grace, by conqueſt great the Egyptians did *convince*."

Again, in Holinſhed:——"thus mortally fought, intending to vanquiſh and *convince* the other."

———*and waſſel*———

What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual cuſtom obſerved in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as ſome ſay, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengiſt uſed, when ſhe drank to Vortigern,

lovered

That memory, the warder of the brain [2],
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason [3]

lovered king was-heil; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Geoffry of Monmouth says,

"Kuste 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 me might evere iwite,
"And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases 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 Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

"Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *wass-heil*,
"Ingeminant *wass-heil*——

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* 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 *wassel?*
"——thou and Ferret
"And Ginks to sing the song: I for the structure,
"Which is the bowl, &c."

Again, in a song introduced in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, 1575:

"For *wine and wastell* he had at will."

Wassel is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion I believe it means *intemperance*.

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus:——*Enter* Wassel *like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her.* STEEVENS.

[2] *the* warder *of the brain,*]

A *warder* is a guard, a centinel. So, in another play of Shakspeare:

"Where be these *warders*, that they wait not here?"

STEEVENS.

Again, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, p. 119:

Thus was the *warder* of the common weale
The duke of Glocester giltlesse made away.

HENDERSON.

[3] ——*the* receipt *of reason*]

i. e. the *receptacle*. MALONE.

A limbeck

[4] 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 ſpungy 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 ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb, I am ſettled, and bend up [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 uſed. 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 uſed in this ſenſe by Holinſhed, p. 567:—"——the poor people ran about the ſtreets, called the capteins and governors *murderers* and *manquellers.*" Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1595:
"Preſs'd 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.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

[7] *Ban.* How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.
Ban. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven,
[8] 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!

Re-

[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.

[8] *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.

[9] ——— *Merciful powers!*
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe! ——]

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 ſenſes were ſhock'd at; and Shakſpeare 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 aſſiſt him to complete his purpoſe.

The

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 [1] been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up [2]
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought [3].

The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail 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.

[1] *He hath* to-night, &c.
To-night was first introduced by sir Wm. Davenant. MALONE.

[2] ——————*shut up*]
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.

[3] *Being unprepar'd,*
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 weïrd 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'st leisure.
Macb.[4] If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban.

[4] *If you shall cleave to my* consent, *when 'tis,*] *Consent* 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 Æneid:*

"And if thy will *stick* 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 kindest 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 *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in this line, and was, I believe, a mere errour 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 counselling Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

"O, that you bore
"That mind that I do; what a sleep 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?"

It

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 [5] 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 wishes are accomplished, 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 *consent*, 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,
"We 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 follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you."

MALONE.

5 ——*clutch*——] The meaning of this word is well known,

 not

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 marshal'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;
[6] And on thy blade, and dudgeon, [7] 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 *Measure for Measure*, 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 reprobated 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 Jonson had been at variance: "O, that Ben Jonson's a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Burbage and Kemp are the speakers in this scene. STEEVENS.

[6] *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,*] Certainly, if *on* the blade, then *on* the *dudgeon*; for *dudgeon* signifies a small dagger. We should read therefore:

And on the blade of th' *dudgeon*,—— WARBURTON.

Though *dudgeon* does sometimes signify a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* 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 buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—[8] 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 apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the ſeeds of parſly were ſtrown over it.*

So, in Lyllie's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "——then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch." In *Soliman and Perſeda* is the following paſſage:

"——Typhon me no Typhons,
"But ſwear upon my *dudgeon* dagger."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "I am too well rank'd, Aſinius, to be ſtabb'd with his *dudgeon* wit." STEEVENS.

Gaſcoigne confirms this: "The moſt knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old Engliſh. FARMER.

[7] ——*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 Shakſpeare uſed the word in alluſion to a phraſe in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or ſprinkled with red drops, it is ſaid to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de ſang*. STEEVENS.

[8] ————*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 huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
"The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
"The little birds in dreams their ſongs repeat,
"And ſleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews ſweat.
"Even luſt and envy ſleep!"

Theſe lines, though ſo well known, I have tranſcribed, that the contraſt between them and this paſſage of Shakſpeare 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 Dryden, all the diſturbers of the world are laid aſleep; in that of Shakſpeare, nothing but ſorcery, luſt, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden finds himſelf lull'd with ſerenity, and diſpoſed to ſolitude and contemplation. He that peruſes Shak

ſpeare,

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep [9]; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and [1] wither'd murder
Alarum'd

speare, 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 clutcht
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
"No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
"No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching-owls,
"Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
"——— I am great in blood,
"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
"That *sentinel* 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 Davenant for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote: *The curtain'd sleeper*. The folio spells the word *sleepe*, 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.

1 ———*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 *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*, which Mr. Theobald has tacitly copied from him, though a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as Milton expresses it:

"Smooth sliding without step."

This hemistich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
[2] With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves

——*and wither'd murder,*
——*thus with his* ſtealthy *pace,*
With Tarquin raviſhing, ſlides *tow'rds his deſign,*
Moves like a ghoſt.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a raviſher, and the ſenſe is: Now is the time in which every one is a-ſleep, but thoſe who are employed in wickedneſs; the witch who is ſacrificing to Hecate, and the raviſher, and the murderer, who, like me, are ſtealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjuſted, he wiſhes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *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 ſtole 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,
"*While* luſt *and* murder *wake to ſtain and kill.*"

WARBURTON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnſon that a *ſtride* is always *an action of violence, impetuoſity, or tumult.* Spenſer uſes the word in his *Faery Queen,* b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed 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 Arioſto,* may be brought:

"He takes a long and leiſurable *ſtride,*
"And longeſt on the hinder foot he ſtaid;
"So ſoft he treads, 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

Moves like a ghost.—[3] Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear

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:

"——*vestigia* furtim
"*Suspenso* digitis fert *taciturna gradu*." *Ovid. Fasti.*
"Eunt *taciti* per mœsta 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 rhime:

"Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*."

After all, perhaps *sides* 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 *side* past service, and his courage spent."
Vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,
Invalidum referens, emeritumque *latus*.

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, teste lucerna,
Et juvat admissa rumpere luce *latus*.

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 Lust and Murder wake to *stain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost, was of this import:

————and wither'd *murder*
Alarm'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
Enters the portal; while night-waking lust,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

There

Hear not my steps, [4] which way they walk, for fear

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakspeare'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 *ingredients* 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.

3 ————*Thou* sound *and firm-set earth,*]
is the reading of the modern editors: but though that of the folio is corrupt, it will direct us to the true one.

————*Thou* sowre *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 inserted it in the text. So, in act IV. sc. iii:

"Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure.*" STEEVENS.

4 ———— *which way they walk,*———]
The folio reads:

————*which they* may *walk,*———— STEEVENS.

Thy very stones prate of my where-about [5],
[6] 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 darknesse 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. lest 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,* than 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 insert it, as it may perhaps give some hint to other critics:

And take the present horrour 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 horrour of the time!*
That *now suits with it.*——

Macbeth has, in the foregoing lines, disturbed his imagination by enumerating all the terrors of the night; at length he is wrought up to a degree of frenzy, that makes him afraid of some 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 suspicion, and pauses; but is again overwhelmed by his guilt, and

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 horrour*, 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 est animarum, umbræque *silentes*,
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius 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:

"Conticuere 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 our poet. 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 surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets [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* possets,]
It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatic performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* 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 *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed." Macbeth himself has already 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 *posset* at night." STEEVENS.

[8] *Hark! I laid the daggers ready*
He could not miss them ——]
Compare Euripides, *Orestes*, v. 1291—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 eagerness 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, expresses 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 should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued

in

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 [1]. [*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. WARBURTON.

The ſame circumſtance on a ſimilar occaſion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236.

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem ſanguinis enſem
Conſpexi riguere comæ, atque in viſcera ſævus
Horror ut Meus ille Thoas mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata *paternis*
Inferor ———

Thoas was the father of Hypſipyle 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 *ſorrie ſight* as ever ſeene with eye. WHALLEY.

As

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands;
[2] Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd [3] *sleave of care,*

The

[2] Listening *their fear. I could not say, amen,*
When they did say, God bless us.]
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 *World toss'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:
" *Listen* the plaints of thy poor votaries."
Again, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:
" There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,
" The Graces sit, *listening* the melody
" Of warbling birds." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*sleave of care,*]
A skein of silk is called a *sleave* of silk, as I learned from Mr. Seward, the ingenious editor of Beaumont and Fletcher. JOHNSON.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave *of care,*]
To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *sleave* means *sleaved silk ravell'd*, it is observable, that a poet of Shakspeare's age, Drayton, has alluded to it likewise in his *Quest of Cynthia:*
" At length I on a fountain light,
" Whose brim with pinks was platted,
" The banks with daffadillies dight,
" With grass, like *sleave*, was matted." LANGTON.

Sleave is mentioned in Holinshed's *Hist. of England*, p. 835: " Eight wild men all apparelled in green moss made with *sleved* silk." Perhaps the same word, though differently spelt, occurs in the *Lover's Complaint*, by Shakspeare, p. 87, and 88, Lintot's edition:

" Found

[4] *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 [5];

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 mo letters sadly penn'd in blood,
"With *sleided* silke, feate and affectedly
"Enswath'd and sealed to curious secrecy."
STEEVENS.

[4] *The* death *of each day's life, sore labour's bath,* &c.] In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is:

The death *of each day's life,*——]

I make no question but Shakspeare wrote:

The birth *of each day's life,*——

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists 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 bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

Sleep that knits *up the ravell'd sleave of care,*
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,——]

Is it not probable that Shakspeare 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;*] So, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, v. 10661: late edit.

"The *norice* of digestion, the *slepe*." STEEVENS.

You

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 ſmear
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 [6]. If he do bleed,
I'll [7] 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?

[6] *——'tis the eye of childhood,*
That fears a painted devil——]
So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
" *Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*." STEEVENS.

[7] *——gild the faces of the grooms withal,*
For it muſt ſeem their guilt.]
Could Shakſpeare poſſibly mean to play upon the ſimilitude of *gild* 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* condems, 'tis *gilt* muſt make us glad."
And, laſtly, from Shakſpeare himſelf:
" England ſhall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Hen.* IV. p. 2. STEEVENS.

The

Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood [8]
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas [9] incarnardine,

Making

[8] *With all great Neptune's ocean, &c.*]

"*Suſcipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*
"*Non genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*"
Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
Νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

"*Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*
"*Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*
"*Non ipſe toto magnus Oceanus pater*
"*Tantum expiarit ſceleris!*" Senec. Hippol. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1613:
"Although the waves of all the northern ſea
"Should flow for ever through theſe guilty hands,
"Yet the ſanguinolent ſtain would exſtant be."
MALONE.

[9] ——*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, ſattins, 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:
"Ποντον επ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φιλων απανευθε φερουσιν."
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 critick ſhould have remembered, that this ſpeech is not the real effuſion of a diſtempered mind, but the compoſition of Shakſpeare; 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 [1].

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. [2] My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To

not found to my ears either like the quaintneſs of Shakſpeare, or 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 Shakſpeare 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 appearing 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 ſupervenit 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.

[1] *Making the green—one red.*]
The ſame thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 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 diſcolour'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.

[2] *My hands are of your colour,*——]

A ſimilar

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—Hark! more knocking:
[*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. [3] To know my deed,—'Twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
[4] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Porter.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's

A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust'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 lost* to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof:

——*be not lost*
So poorly in your thoughts.

But the Oxford editor, perceiving neither the sense, nor the pertinency of the answer, alters it to:

To unknow *my deed.—'Twere best not know myself.*
WARBURTON.

[4] *Wake Duncan with* thy *knocking!*] Surely we should read—with *this* knocking. The pronouns in our author's time were often abbreviated in MSS. which has been the source of many errors in his plays.

Sir William D'Avenant, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

 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 taylor

[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 hoſe*:——] The archneſs of the joke conſiſts in this, that a French hoſe being very ſhort and ſtrait, a taylor muſt be maſter of his trade who could ſteal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has ſaid this at random. The *French hoſe* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*) 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 foure gardes apeece laid down along their hoſe.*" Again, in the *Ladies Privilege*, 1640:

"————wear their *long*
"*Pariſian* breeches, with five points at knees,
"Whoſe tags concurring with their harmonious ſpurs
"Afford rare muſic; 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 Coneycatching*, 1592: "Bleſt be the *French* ſleeves and breech verdingales that *grants them* (the taylors) *leave to coney-catch ſo mightily.*" STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens cenſured 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 dreſſes: "*Mens hoſe* anſwered in length to their ſhort-ſkirted doublets; being made *cloſe to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets. And *Withers*, in

lor 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, *diminitive*, 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 [Savil, the old ſteward], if I be not found in carnation Jerſie 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 wiſs, it is, than your *dangling* ſlops."

Again: "Steward, this is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*." MALONE.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'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.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?——
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. 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 chimneys 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, entituled *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

——"to-night he's a good huswife, he reels 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; [1] 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! [2] Tongue, nor heart,

Cannot

[1] —*ſtrange ſcreams of death;*
And prophecying, 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 fev'rous, 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' woful time, the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay the earth
Was fev'rous 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 woful time*, that is, ſhould appear in uncommon numbers, is very conſiſtent with the reſt of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the univerſal diſorder into which nature is deſcribed as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder. 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 hatching.

STEEVENS.

[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. Cæſ.* act III. ſc. i:

" —there

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Mac. What is it you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
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 sprights,
To countenance [3] 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 hemistich—"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 musick;"—"Ring the bell;" &c."

I suppose it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into

their

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet 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!
[4] 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.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

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.

[4] *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.

The

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 stopt; the very source of it is stopt.
Macd. 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 [5],
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows [6]: 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.
Macd. Wherefore 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,
His

[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.
"With murder's crimson *badge*." MALONE.

[6] ——— *their daggers, which unwip'd we found upon their pillows.*]
This idea, perhaps, was taken from *The Man of Lawes Tale*, by Chaucer, l. 5027, 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 gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance:———]

Mr.

[8] His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature [9],
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
[1] 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 Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, 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 *gild* 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 *gilt* our Greekish arms
"*With blood* of our own nation."

Shakspeare repeats the image in *K. John*:

"Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,
"Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*."

STEEVENS.

[8] *His* silver *skin* laced *with his* golden *blood*;] The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that shews him to be acting a part.

WARBURTON.

[9] ——*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*.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Unmannerly breech'd with gore*;——] An *unmannerly dagger*, and a *dagger breech'd*, or as in some editions *breach'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:

—————— *daggers*
Unmanly drench'd *with gore*: ——

I saw

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 nonsensical account of the state in which the daggers were found must surely be read thus:

Unmanly reech'd *with gore:*]

Reech'd, soiled with a dark 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 sense 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 *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* 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*."
"*Unbreech* 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. *hilt*] 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 hilt*
" *In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."

Though

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. 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 *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *hatch'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 *unſeemly* ſight!)" For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly:* and the want of conſidering it in this *detached* ſenſe has introduced much confuſion into the paſſage. The Latins often uſed *nefas* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in the ſame ſenſe, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the Reviſal is equally frigid and unmeaning. "Their daggers *in a manner lay* drench'd with gore." The manifeſt artifice and diſſimulation 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—ſheath'd with blood. A ſcabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo* ——but you will aſk, whence the alluſion to *breeches?* 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 Erondell (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 6th 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."—Shakſpeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently ſuppoſes *breeches* to be a

new

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 [3], 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 set right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espoussere leur *haut-de-chausses*"—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress. FARMER.

[2] "*Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole.*"]
The old copy reads—hid *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.

[3] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That suffer in exposure, ——]
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.

[4] *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,*
Against the undivulg'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 *undivulg'd*, the traitor may pretend to fix upon me. JOHNSON.

Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—— conspiring

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'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort 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 [5].

Mal. [6] 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.

[5] ——*the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.]
Meaning, that he ſuſpected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *neareſt in blood* to the two princes, being the couſin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

[6] *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 inſure 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 sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, 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 [7] in her pride of place,
[8] 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.

7 ——— *in her* pride of place,]
Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality*. WARBURTON.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: " There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl."

STEEVENS.

8 *Was by a* mousing owl *hawk'd at and killed.*]

 A mousing

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, [1] 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.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
[2] What good could they pretend?

Macd.

A *mousing* owl does not signify, as Mr. Malone seems to intimate, 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.

[1] ——*minions of* their *race*,] Theobald reads:

—— —— *minions of* the *race*,

very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient stocks, 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 Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh.* Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe. STEEVENS.

[2] *What good could they* pretend?]

To

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.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like[3],
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macb. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill[4];
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of his bones.

Roſſe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;
—adieu!——
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Roſſe. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

To *pretend* is here to *propoſe to themſelves*, to *ſet before themſelves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this inſtance as in many others, is ſimply to *deſign*. See Vol. I. 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. *Holinſhed.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Colmes-kill*;] *Colmes-hill*, 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.

Colmes-

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weïrd women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou playd'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
([5] 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.

Senet ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. [6] Lay your highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Colmes-*hill* is one of the numerous corruptions of the ſecond folio, in a former ſcene of this play. *Kil* is the true word, and in the Erſe language ſignifies a burying place. MALONE.

[5] *(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. Hen.* VI. P. I. Sc. ii:
"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleaſed
"To *ſhine* on my contemptible eſtate." STEEVENS.

[6] *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.

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[7],
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 beſtow'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 wiſh your horſes ſwift, 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. Shakſpeare 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 cow'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 beſtirre 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 hee that hit it not full, if he *rid* not *the faſter*, had a ſound blow in his neck, with a bag full of ſand hanged on the other end." MALONE.

Let

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 none, but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; [8] as, it is ſaid,

Mark

[8] ——*as, it is ſaid,*
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar.——]
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 Shakſpeare 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 burſting from a man wholly poſſeſs'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 Shakſpeare cloſe together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the ſiſters.

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight; for though the words which I was once willing to eject, ſeem interpolated, I believe they may ſtill be genuine, and added by the author in his reviſion. The author of the *Reviſal* cannot admit the meaſure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he ſays, put

for

Mark Antony's was by Cæſar. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
[9] For Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to [1] 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 tribrachys or an anapæſt, and ſets 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.

My genius is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar's.] Our author having alluded to this circumſtance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is little reaſon to ſuſpect any interpolation here:

"Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
"Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
"Where Cæſar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
"*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

[9] *For Banquo's iſſue have I* fil'd *my mind*;]
We ſhould read:

——— 'filed *my mind*;

i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not neceſſary. To *file* is in the biſhops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"He called his father villain, and me ſtrumpet,
"A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "— like ſmoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes." Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1:

"She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *the common enemy of man*,]
It is always an entertainment to an inquiſitive reader, to trace a ſentiment to its original ſource; and therefore, though the term

2 enemy

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, [2] come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

enemy of man, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of the *Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *come, fate, into the list,*
And champion me to the utterance!———]
This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* a l'outrance. A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *animum internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

Rather than so, come, fate, *into the list,*
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 punctilios of the ceremonial. *Fate* is called upon to discharge this office, *and champion him to the utterance*; that is, *to fight it out to the extremity*, which they called *combatre à outrance*. But he uses the Scotch word *utterance* from *oultrance*, 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 lists without an opponent. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in Gawin Douglas's translation of *Virgil*, p. 331, 349:
"That war not put by Greikis to *utterance*."
Again, in the *History of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555;
"That so many monsters put to *utteraunce*."
Shakspeare 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?

Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference, [3] paſt in probation with you;
[4] How you were borne in hand; how croſt; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* 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 borne in hand, &c.]
i. e. paſt in *proving* to you, how you were, &c. So, in *Othello*:
" ——— *to prove* it,
" That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
" To hang a doubt on."

A comma therefore ſhould ſeem more proper than a ſemicolon at the end of this line.——
—To *bear in hand*, is to ſooth with hope, and fair proſpects.
MALONE.

[4] *How you were* borne in hand;——]
i. e. made to believe what was not true, what would never happen or [illegible] made good to you. In this ſenſe Chaucer uſes it, *Wife of Bath's Prol.* p. 78. l. 2. 32:
" [illegible] wiſe wife ſhall, &c.
" *Bere him in hond* that the cowe is wode."
And our author in many places, ſee vol. II. p. 50. WARNER.

That

That you can let this go? [5] 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?

[6] 1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
[7] Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file [8]
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 early 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 obedience to that precept of the gospel, "*to pray for those that despitefully 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 so plain a passage wanted an explanation, 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, *lycisca*; 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 present

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, 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.

[illegible] *ur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

[illegible] use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

— *the valued file*] Is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it.——*Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

File and *list* are synonymous, as in the last act of this play:

"——I have a *file*
"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the second part of his *Iron Age*, [illegible]: "——to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well-wishers." This expression occurs more than once in the [illegible] of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——[illegible]
"[illegible] in the file of mankind."

Shakespeare has it [illegible] in *Measure for Measure*: "The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise." In short, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it." STEEVENS.

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur*. And I another,
[9] So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord,

Macb. So is he mine: and [1] in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st 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;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

[9] *So weary with* disasters, tugg'd *with fortune*,]
We see the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adverse fortune. But this reading expresses but half the sentiment, of a man tugg'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the compleat thought, we should read:

So weary with disastrous tugs *with fortune*.

This is well expressed, and gives the reason of his being weary, because fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakspeare knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Let *myself and fortune tug* for the time to come."

Besides, *to be tug'd with fortune*, is scarce English. WARBURTON.

Tugg'd with fortune may be, *tugg'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*in such bloody* distance,]
Distance, for enmity. WARBURTON.

By bloody distance is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*. STEEVENS.

1 *Mur*.

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 [3],
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 ſlight alteration.——Macbeth is aſſuring the aſſaſſins 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 ſpied 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 general, 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 ſlea them, ſo that he would not have his houſe ſlandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himſelf." STEEVENS.

Fleance

Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. 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 ſorrieſt fancies [4] 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.

[4] ——ſorrieſt *fancies*——] i. e. worthleſs, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello*:
"I have a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum offends me."
Sorry, however, might ſignify *melancholy*, *diſmal*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"The place of death and *ſorry* execution." See vol. II. p. 243. STEEVENS.

Macb.

Macb. We have [4] 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 [6],
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
[7] In restless ecstacy.——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. *scorch'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 carbonado."
STEEVENS.

+ [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*.
STEEVENS.

[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*————]
Ecstacy, for madness. WARBURTON.
Ecstacy, 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:
"Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
"And have no hope to end our *extasies*." STEEVENS.

+ this alludes to the vulgar error that the disjointed parts of a snake lying near will attract each other & reanimate

Apply to Banquo; [8] 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 [9] 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 summons,
[1] The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath

[8] —*present him eminence*,——
i. e. do him the highest honours. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*nature's copy's not* eterne.]
The *copy*, the *lease*, 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 *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1305.

"——O cruel goddes, that governe
"This world with binding of your word *eterne*,
"And writen in the table of athamant
"Your parlement and your *eterne* grant." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

"——and our high-plac'd Macbeth
"Shall live the *lease of Nature*, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom."

Again, by our author's 13th *Sonnet*:

"So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*
"Find no determination." MALONE.

[1] *The* shard-borne *beetle*,——]
i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*." 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 *scaly wings*. From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales*:

"She

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady.

" She ſigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
" Whoſe *ſcherdes* ſhynen as the ſonne." l. 6. fol. 138.
and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *ſhards*, they being of a *ſcaly* ſubſtance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *ſcaly* hardneſs, ſerving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteriſtick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd*, ſays:
" The *ſcaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,
" That make a humming murmur as they fly."

In *Cymbeline*, Shakſpeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:
" ———we find
" The *ſharded* 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*, whoſe *ſharded wings* can but juſt *raiſe him above the ground*, is often in a ſtate of greater *ſecurity* than the *vaſt-winged eagle* that can ſoar *to any height*.

As Shakſpeare 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 Ænobarbus 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 *ſhards* or wings to raiſe him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we ſay that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd?

STEEVENS.

The *ſhard-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* ſcarabies." 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 *ſhard* ſignifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Stafford-ſhire,

Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck[2],

shire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cow-dung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, p. 165: "The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge in a cowe's foule *shard*." Again, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist*. exp. 775: "Turf and peat, and cow*sheards*, 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 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 *underborn* 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 overpeer'd Jove'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 appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

——the *sharp-brow'd* beetle. MALONE.

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Thus in Hamlet the priest says of Ophelia:

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[2] ——*dearest* chuck,]
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.

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady.

" She ſigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
" Whoſe *ſcherdes* ſhynen as the ſonne." l. 6. fol. 138.
and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *ſhards*, they being of a *ſcaly* ſubſtance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *ſcaly* hardneſs, ſerving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteriſtick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd*, ſays:
" The *ſcaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,
" That make a humming murmur as they fly."
In *Cymbeline*, Shakſpeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:
" ——— ——— we find
" The *ſharded* 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*, whoſe *ſharded wings* can but juſt *raiſe him above the ground*, is often in a ſtate of greater *ſecurity* than the *vaſt-winged eagle* that can ſoar *to any height*.

As Shakſpeare 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 Ænobarbus 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 *ſhards* or wings to raiſe him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we ſay that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd?

STEEVENS.

The *ſhard-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* ſcarabies." 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 *ſhard* ſignifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Stafford-
ſhire,

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck[2],

shire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cow-dung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, p. 165: "The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge in a cowe's foule *shard*." Again, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* exp. 775: "Turf and peat, and cow*sheards*, 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 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 *underborn* 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 overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes in the third part of *K. Hen.* VI. act V. sc. ii. TOLLET.

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"——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 drowze;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouze.

[3] ——*Come sealing night,*]
Thus the common editions had it; but the old one, *seeling*, i. e. blinding; which is right. It is a term in falconry.
WARBURTON.

So, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde, to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys maner the must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the beeke that she se not, &c. STEEVENS.

——*Come seeling night,*
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!——]
This may be well explained by the following passage in *Rich.* III:
"*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."
Again, in *Cymbeline*, act V. sc. iv:
"——take this life,
"And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

[4] Light thickens; *and the crow*]
By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Ant. and Cleopatra*.
"——my lustre *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*."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Makes wing to the* rooky *wood:*]
Rooky may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakspeare mentions
"——the *reek* of th' rotten fens."
And, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:
"Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme."
Rooky wood may, however, signify a *rookery*, *the wood that abounds with rooks*. STEEVENS.

Thou

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.* [6] But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
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 [7] the note of expectation,
Already are i'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.

[6] *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 promiſed at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers ſuborned, ſuſpects him of intending to betray them; the other obſerves, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be miſtruſted. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *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'st revenge.——Oh slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* [8] 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, Rosse, 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:

——*sit down at first,*
And last a hearty welcome.

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading is:

You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

And

And laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.
Mac. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate[1]; 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 i'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. [2] 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

[1] *Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, &c.*]
This idea might have been borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 108: "The king (Hen. VIII.) cauſed the queene to *keepe the eſtate*, and then ſat the ambaſſadours and ladies as they were marſhalled by the king, who would not ſit, but walked from place to place, making cheer, &c." STEEVENS.

A *ſtate* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in king *Henry* IV. P. I:
"This *chair* 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 *chayre* not to ſtand well under the *ſtate*, he mended it handſomely himſelf." MALONE.

[2] *'Tis better* thee without, than he within.]
The ſenſe requires that this paſſage ſhou'd 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 authour might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face*, *than he in this room.* Expreſſions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
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 caſing 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 [2] 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 ſold [3],
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;

[2] ——trenched *gaſhes*——]
Trancher to cut. Fr. See vol. I. p 200. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the feaſt is* ſold, &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 Shakſpeare's occurs in the *Romaunt of the Roſe*:

"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is ſold*, and bought to dere." STEEVENS.

——*the feaſt is* ſold,——]
The meaning is,—That which is not *given chearfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is ſomething that muſt be paid for. JOHNSON.

Meeting

Meeting were bare without it.

[*Enter the Ghost of Banquo*[4], *and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. 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.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and [5] extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

[4] *Enter the ghost of Banquo,* ——] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan,* first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: "We'll ha' the *ghost* i' th' white sheet sit at *upper end o' th' table.*" FARMER.

[5] ——*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. [6] 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] O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear) would well become
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You look but on a ſtool.

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 ſend
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,*
(Impoſtors 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 terrour and amazement might better become *impoſtures 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 authority of her grandam.* JOHNSON.
Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts,
Impoſtors to true fear,——]
i. e. theſe flaws and ſtarts, as they are indications of your needleſs fears, are the imitators or impoſtors only of thoſe which ariſe from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

[8] *Shall be the maws of kites.*]
The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer'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, i'the olden time,
[9] 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 [1], 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 ſit 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,
[2] And all to all.

[9] *Ere human ſtatute purg'd the* gentle weal;]
The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the ſtate made quiet and ſafe by *human ſtatutes*.
"*Mollia ſecuræ peragebant 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 ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with!
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger [3],
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
[4] If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me

The

[3] *The* Hyrcan *tyger,*]
Theobald chuſes to read, in oppoſition to the old copy:—*Hyrcanian* tyger; but the alteration was unneceſſary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* ſea. TOLLET.

Alteration certainly might be ſpared: in *Riche's ſecond part of Simonides*, 4to. 1584, ſign. c. 1. we have "Contrariewiſe these "ſouldiers like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themſelves on their own "bowelles, 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:
" ——— reſtore thy fierce and cruel mind
To *Hircan tigers* and to ruthleſs bears." MALONE.

[4] *If trembling I* inhabit,———]
This is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuſe*. The old reading may ſtand, at leaſt as well as the emendation. Suppoſe we read:
If trembling I evade *it.* JOHNSON.

Inhibit 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 *inhibited.*"

Hamlet,

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. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that "*inhibit thee*,"——is the true reading. In *All'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 Surry 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 caſtle, then proteſt me, &c. Shakſpeare 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 *wanton* one: which ſometimes ſhew a lion, a caſtle, or a promontory? The thought is fine, and in character. *Overcome* is uſed for *deceive*.

WARBURTON.

The alteration is introduced by a miſinterpretation. The meaning is not that *theſe things are like a ſummer-cloud*, but can ſuch wonders

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 sights,
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 summer-cloud passes 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 Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7. st. 4:

" ——A little valley——
" All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."
FARMER.

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentance*:
" With blacke *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 remain 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 trial is found to exceed it.* A thought somewhat similar occurs 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 Ends 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 forgetful 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 sight 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 Newberry*—" I jest not, said she; 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 dost *blanch* mischief,
" Dost make it white." STEEVENS.

Rosse.

Rosse. What ſights, 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. [8] It will have blood: they ſay, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
[9] Augurs, and underſtood relations, have
By

[8] *It will have blood,* &c.] So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates,* p. 118.

Take heede yee princes by examples paſt,
Bloud will have bloud eyther firſt or laſt. 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."
Ferrex and Perrex. 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:

Augures, and underſtood relations, have
By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.

 The

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. [1] How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. 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:

> *Augurs* that understand *relations*, *have*
> *By* magpies and by *choughs*, &c.

Perhaps we should read, *augures*, i.e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Maget* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly restores *Maget-pies*. In Minshew's Guide into *Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton in his *More Dissemblers besides Women*, says: "He calls her *magot-pie*." FARMER.

[1] *How say'st thou*, &c.]
Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel, yea, she returned answer to herself.*"

This circumstance likewise takes its rise from history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not chuse to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From this time he resolved on his destruction. STEEVENS.

[2] *There's not a one of them*,——]
A one of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1614, the same expression occurs: "—Not *a one* shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." Theobald reads
read

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weïrd sisters:
More shall they speak; for now 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. [4] 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. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

read *thane*; and might have found his proposed emendation in Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed: "He had in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all, &c."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*be* scann'd.]
To *scan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet*:
"———so he goes to heaven,
"And so am I reveng'd:——that must be *scann'd*."
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:
"———how these are *scann'd*,
"Let none decide but such as understand." STEEVENS.

[4] *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*]
I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to *all nature*. "*Indiget somni vitæ condimenti*."

JOHNSON.

You lack the season of all natures sleep.]
This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's Well 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 showers of silver brine."

MALONE.

[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*."

The

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate [6].

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
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 inſenſible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet ſays) by *hard uſe*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*meeting Hecate.*] Shakſpeare has been cenſured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and conſequently, for confounding ancient with modern ſuperſtitions.——He has, however, authority for giving a miſtreſs to the witches, *Delrio Diſquiſ. Mag.* lib. ii. quæſt. 9. quotes a paſſage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Aſino aureo:* de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." And adds further:—"ut ſcias etiam tum quaſdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In conſequence of this information, Ben Jonſon, in one of his maſques, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who preſides 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. Shakſpeare is therefore blameable only for calling his preſiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been unjuſtly cenſured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c. 2. and c. 16. and book xii. c. 3. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were ſuppoſed 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 always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, 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[7]
Meet me i'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 [9] vaporous drop profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

7 ——*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 *Amsanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

8 *Unto a dismal fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by reading

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*, *senseless obstinate*, and *mortal staring*. 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 vaporous 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 Erictho using it. l. 6:

"——*et virus large* lunare *ministrat.*" STEEVENS.

And that, diftill'd by magic [1] flights,
Shall raife fuch artificial fprights,
As, by the ftrength of their illufion,
Shall draw him on to his confufion:
He fhall fpurn fate, fcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wifdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, fecurity
Is mortals' chiefeft enemy. [*Mufic and a fong.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little fpirit, fee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ftays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make hafte, fhe'll foon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

[2] *Enter Lenox, and another lord.*

Len. My former fpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I fay,
Things have been ftrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may fay, if it pleafe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muft not walk too late.

[1] ——*flights.*] Arts; fubtle practices. JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the reft of Shakfpeare's, is perhaps overftocked with perfonages, it is not eafy to affign a reafon why a namelefs character fhould be introduced here, fince nothing is faid that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other difaffected 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 tranfcriber, inftead of Lenox and Angus, fet down Lenox and *another Lord.* The author had indeed been more indebted to the tranfcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

Who

[3] Who cannot want the thought, how monsterous
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. [4] The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone [5]
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:

[3] *Who* cannot *want the thought*———]
The sense requires:
Who *can* want the thought——
Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiæ. MALONE.

[4] *The son of Duncan,*]
The common editions have *sons*. Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

[5] ———*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*
Is gone to pray the king, &c. STEEVENS.

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, [7]and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate[8] 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[9], 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 ſtood:

Our feaſts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

[7] ——*and receive* free *honours,*]
Free for grateful. WARBURTON.

How can *free* be *grateful?* It may be either honours *freely beſtowed*, not purchaſed by crimes; or honours *without ſlavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

[8] ——their *king,*——] The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read *the* king, i. e. Macbeth. *Their* is the reading of the old copy.
STEEVENS.

[9] *Adviſe him to a* caution,——]
Thus the old copy. The modern editors, to add ſmoothneſs to the verification, read, ——*to a* care.—— STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV. [1]SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd [2].
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd [3].

[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 Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The

[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 Galinthia was changed into a* cat *by the Fates (says Antonius Liberalis,* Metam. *cap.* 29.), *by witches, (says Pausanias in his* Bœotics), *Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a* cat. So, *Ovid:*
"Fele *soror Phœbi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

[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 *Honest 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*, ere now." STEEVENS.

 3 *Witch.*

3 *Witch*. Harper cries [3] :—'tis time, 'tis time [4].

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 Shakspeare, 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 *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

" Though his bark cannot be lost,
" Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

" Weary sev'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 suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that about that time, "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*"

" Toad, that under the cold stone,
" Days and nights hast thirty-one,
" Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
" Boil thou first i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in

---

[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 *Harpalos*, ab ἁρπάζω rapio. 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.

5 1 *Witch*

1 *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go[5];
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights haſt 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 lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus*, *a great toad ſhut in a vial*, upon which thoſe that proſecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant*, *charged him*, I ſuppoſe, *with witchcraft*.

"Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
"In the cauldron boil and bake:
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——
"For a charm, &c."

The propriety of theſe ingredients may be known by conſulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, aſcribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may diſcover very wonderful ſecrets.

"Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
"Ditch-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 Shakſpear, on this great occaſion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances of horror. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth; the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. Theſe are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron ſing——
"Black ſpirits and white,
"Blue ſpirits and grey,
"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
"You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

"—— weird

[5] *Round about the cauldron go*;——] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity*:

"In diſmal dance about the furnace blue."

STEEVENS.

 Swelter'd

Swelter'd venom [6] 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 uncivilised 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 send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, white.*" There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

[6] *Swelter'd venom——*]

This word seems to be employ'd by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
" The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, the following sentence also occurs:——" an huge and mighty *toad* even *weltering* " (as it were) in *a hole full of poison.*" " *Sweltering* 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 rhime. STEEVENS.

Adder's

Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting [8],
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 [9],
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark [1];
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd [2] 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 slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron [4],
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*. STEEVENS.
In the *Mirror for Magistrates*, we have "monstrous *mawes and gulfes*." HENDERSON.

[1] ——ravin'd *salt 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 slice*. Again, in *K. Lear:*
"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch." STEEVENS.

[3] *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips*;]
These 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* chaudron.]

Chaudron

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'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[5].

[6] *Black ſpirits and white,*
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.*

Chaudron, 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 *chaldron.* Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635: "Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wiſh, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other diſhes, one was "a ſwan with *chawdron,*" meaning ſauce made with its entrails. See *Ives's Select Papers;* N°. 3. p. 140. See alſo Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient English Cookery,* &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66. STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill in common uſe in Leiceſterſhire. NICHOLS.

[5] ——*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.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs [7],
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 [8] yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple [9] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of

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.

[7] *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 gesserim hic, ita *dorsus totus prurit*." STEEVENS.

[8] *—yesty waves.*] That is *foaming* or *frothy waves*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Though castles* topple——] *Topple*, is used for *tumble*. So, in Marlow's *Lust'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

[1]Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

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 sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show [2]. [*Thunder.*

"——may be, his haste 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.

[1] *Of nature's germins*——]
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. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*: "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] ————deftly *show.*]
i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of *K. Edward* IV. by Heywood, 1626.
"————my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly."

Deft is a North Country word. So, in Richard Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:
"——He said I were a *deft* lass." STEEVENS.

1st [3] *Ap-*

1st [3] *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 Dunſinane. 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 repreſented (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 naught.*]
Silence was neceſſary during all incantations. So, in Dr. *Fauſtus*: 1604:
"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 wizzards, in whoſe words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*, &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

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!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth [8]. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in 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 [9] the round
And top of sovereignty?
All Listen, but speak not to't.
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 [1] high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Mach.

[8] *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinshed:—"And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the round*
And top of sovereignty?] This *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Dunsinane's high hill*] The folio reads;

——high

Macb. That will never be:
[2] Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
[3] Rebellious head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

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?

[*Hautboys.*

——— *high Dunsinane hill*———
and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

Prophesies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick 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 besyde 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 impress'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.

4 — eight

1 *Witch.* Shew! 2 *Witch.* Shew! 3 *Witch.* Shew!
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[[4] *A shew of eight kings, and Banquo; the last with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
[5] Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—[6] 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[7]?—

Another

[4] —*eight kings.*] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play." *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

[5] *Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:*——] The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* sears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, *to blind*. JOHNSON.

[6] In former editions:

——— *and thy* hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former:——]

As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised 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.

[7] ———*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 *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"And

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass [8],
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
[9] That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:

" And will as fearless entertain this sight
" 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 Laws against Witches*, it is said, that " they do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in *glasses*, chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the *persons* or things sought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemist*, this seems to be one:

" And taking in of shadows with a *glass*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, n te:

" Shew you the devil in a *chrystal 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 *Cambuscan* 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 confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's book on *Dæmonology*, the notes to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For [1] the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What? is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, chear we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
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.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar [2]!—
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weïrd sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The

[1] *——the blood-bolter'd Banquo——*] Gildon has ridiculously interpreted *blood-bolter'd*, in a thing he calls a *Glossary*, to signify *smear'd with dry blood*; he might as well have said with *extreme unction*. *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate 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.

[2] *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacs the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. See Vol. V. p. 57. STEEVENS.

3 *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. [3] 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 sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

[3] *Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:*] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

[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. Shakspeare uses the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firstlings* of these broils"
STEEVENS.

[5] *That* trace *him*, &c.] i. e. follow, succeed him. So, in sir A. Gorges' translation of the third book of *Lucan*:

"The tribune's curses in like case,
"Said he, did greedy Crassus *trace*." STEEVENS.

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the [6] natural touch; for the poor wren [7],
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz'
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season [8]. I dare not speak much further:

[6] —*natural touch:*—] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden'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 passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions*:

"———— but that
"The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as physic."
STEEVENS.

But

But cruel are the times, [9] when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; [1] when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

[9] ——*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 unconscious of guilt*;—*when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves.* MALONE.

[1] ——*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.
" 1 *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.*
" Possess'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.

It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Roſſe.*

L. Macd. Sirrah [2], 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 ſays to his ſervant,
"*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend theſe men our pleaſure?"
MALONE.

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 not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect [3].
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;
[4] To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

[3] ——*in your ſtate of honour* I am perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your taſk of honour. So, in the old book *that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil,* &c. bl. l. no date: "——which when Virgil ſaw, he looked in his boke of negromancy wherein he was *perfit.*" Again, in *The Play of the four Ps.* 1569:

"*Pot.* Then tell me this, are you *perfit* in drinking?
"*Ped. Perfit* in drinking as may be wiſh'd by thinking."
STEEVENS.

[4] *To do* worſe *to 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 ſo 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 may'ſt find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'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-ear'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 Whore*, 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 ſorts."
And Chapman in his tranſlation of the 7th book of *Homer*, 1598, applies the ſame epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the ſpurious play of *K. Leir*, 1605:
"There ſhe had ſet a *ſhagbayr'd* murdering wretch"
STEEVENS.

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 *heare*. Hence perhaps the miſtake. So in Ives's *Select Papers, chiefly relating to Engliſh Antiquities*, No. 3. p. 133: "——and in her *heare* a circlet of golde richley garniſhed."

However, as *flap-ear'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.

[6] *Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd.

[6] *Enter*——] The part of Holinſhed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's tranſlation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece* imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. 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 Malcolme was verie ſorrowfull for the oppreſſion of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that meant unfeinedlie as he ſpake, or elſe as ſent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have ſome further triall, and thereupon diſſembling his mind at the firſt, he anſwered as followeth :

" I am trulie verie ſorie 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 ſenſualitie (the abhominable 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 intemperancie ſhould be more importable unto you than the bloody tyrannie of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe anſwered; This ſurelie is a very euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have loſt both lives and kingdomes for the ſame; neverthelefſe there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counſell. Make thy ſelfe king, and I ſhall conveie the matter ſo wiſelie, that thou ſhalt be ſatisfied at thy pleaſure in ſuch ſecret wiſe, that no man ſhall be aware thereof.

" Then ſaid Malcolme, I am alſo the moſt avaritious creature in the earth, ſo that if I were king, I ſhould ſeeke ſo manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would ſlea the moſt part of all the nobles of Scotland by ſurmized accuſation, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods and poſſeſſions; and therefore to ſhew you what miſchiefe may enſue on you through mine inſatiable covetouſnes, I will rehearſe unto you a fable. There was a fox having a ſore place on him overſet with a ſwarme of flies, that continuallie ſucked out hir bloud; and when one that came by and ſaw this manner, demanded whether ſhe would have the flies

driven

Macd. [7] Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Be-

driven beside hir, she answered no; for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue through my comming amongst you.

"Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have beene slaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith 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 soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Makduffe: This is yet the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scotishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing 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 woorthie to enjoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onlie avaritious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. 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 cheekes verie abundantlie.

"At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have

[8] Beſtride our down-faln birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, [9] and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,

As

have none of theſe vices before remembered, but have jeſted with thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth ſought 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,
Beſtride our downfal birthdoom:——]

He who can diſcover what is meant by him that earneſtly exhorts him to *beſtride* his *downfal birth-doom*, is at liberty to adhere to the preſent text; but it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote:

——— *like good men,*
Beſtride our downfaln birthdom———

The alluſion is to a man from whom ſomething valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and ſtands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, ſays he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is deareſt to them, not abandon it, but ſtand over it and defend it. This is a ſtrong picture of obſtinate reſolution. So Falſtaff ſays to Hal:

"When I am down, if thou wilt *beſtride me*, ſo."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the ſame analogy with *maſterdom* in this play, ſignifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *maſter*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us ſtand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the ſecond part of *K. Hen.* IV. Morton ſays:

"—— he doth *beſtride a bleeding land.*"

And the old reading in this play of *Macbeth* is not *birthdoom*, but *birthdom*. STEEVENS.

8 *Beſtride our down-faln birthdom*:——]

To protect it from utter deſtruction The alluſion is to the Hyperaſpiſts of the ancients, who beſtrode 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

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
[8] 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.
[9] 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:
[1] 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.
[2] Why in that rawneſs 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:
——deſerve *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 ſuſpicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by ſuppoſing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not ſay that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue muſt wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Why in that rawneſs*——]
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 baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee!—[3] wear thou thy wrongs,
[4] His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

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. frighted from exerting itſelf. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakſpeare, the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads.—*The* title, &c. i.e. the regal title is afraid to aſſert itſelf. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally ſettled by thoſe who had the final judication of it. Affeerers* 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 affear'd.

Poor country! wear thou thy wrongs! thy *title to them is now fully eſtabliſhed by law.*——

The was, I conceive, merely the tranſcriber's miſtake, from the ſimilar ſounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

For

Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands 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. [5] 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 confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd.
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
[6] Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,

For the ſubſtituted reading, *his*, there is no authority. MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS explains it thus. *His* (i. e. Macbeth's) title is *affeer'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.

[5] *It is myſelf I mean; in whom I know*] This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

[6] Sudden, *malicious*,——] *Sudden*, for capricious. WARBURTON.

Rather, violent, paſſionate, haſty. JOHNSON.

In

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 so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; [7] grows with more pernicious root
Than

[7] —*grows with more pernicious root*
Than summer-seeming *lust*;——]
Summer-seeming has no manner of sense: correct,
Than summer-teeming *lust*;——
i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,
Than fume, or seething lust.
that is, than angry passion, or boiling lust. JOHNSON.

Summer-seeming lust, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—

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." BLACKTSONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*seeming*." MALONE.

[8] — *foysons*—] Plenty. POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, in the *Ordinary* by Cartwright: "New *foysons* byn ygraced 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: "—fifteene hundred men, and great *foison* of vittels." See Vol. I. p. 52. STEEVENS.

[9] *Portable* is, I think, here used for *supportable*; and ought to be printed with a mark of elision.—*All these vices, 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

With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome 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 ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
[1] 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!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth,
By many of theſe trains, hath ſought to win me
Into his power; [2] and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my 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 haſte.]
From over haſty credulity. MALONE.

Old Siward, with ten thouſand warlike men,
[3] All ready at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together; [4] 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 [5]
The great aſſay 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 Shakſpeare 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 errour 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 *Reviſal* conceives the ſenſe of the paſſage to be rather this: *And may the ſucceſs 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 Shakſpeare 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.

[5] ——*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 sollicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp [6] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: [7] 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. [8] My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd.

[6] ——a *golden stamp*, &c.] This was the coin called an *angel.* So, Shakspeare, in the *Merchant of Venice:*
"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
"*Stamped in gold*, but that's insculp'd upon."
The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and 'tis spoken,*
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.——]
It must be own'd, that Shakspeare 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.
WARBURTON.

[8] *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

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air [9],
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
[1] 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 sicken.
Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

its 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 disused. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
With *rented* hair and eyes besprent with tears."
STEEVENS.

1 *A modern ecstacy*; ——]
That is, no more regarded than the contorsions 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 Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common*; as "*modern* instances," in *As you like It*, &c. &c.
STEEVENS.

Rosse. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes [2].

Mal. 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.

Rosse. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing [3] ſhould not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a [4] 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 *lache*,
"With ſuch doreſſe, &c."

Again, b. i. fol. 27:

"When that he Galathe beſought
"Of love, which he maie not *latche*."

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?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer [5]
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!——
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows [6];
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak [7],
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-ſimple* wits for verbal theft." MALONE.

[5] *Were, on the* quarry *of theſe murder'd deer*]
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.

[6] ——*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 browe,*
"And in his heart he was full woe, &c."
Again:
"Jamey *his hat pull'd over his brow*, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the grief, that does not ſpeak,*]
So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
"Thoſe are the killing *griefs*, which *dare not ſpeak*."
"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent*." STEEVENS.

Macd.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. [8] 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 [9]?

Mal. Dispute it like a man [1].

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 braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle, heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion [2]; 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:*
"Delivered letters, ſpight of *intermiſſion.*" See vol. III. p. 209.
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

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. 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.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry 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.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut [1].

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot [2].

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—[3] Hell is murkey!—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 [4]?

Doct.

[1] *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 112th ſonnet:

"———— ———— ————my adder's *ſenſe*
"To critick and to cenſurers ſtopped *are*." MALONE.

[2] *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 waſh'd out?"

Webſter's play was publiſhed in 1612. Shakſpeare's in 1623.

[3] —— *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 diſmall 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.

[4] ——*who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?*] Statius, in a paſſage already quoted, ſpeaking of the

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſhe now?—What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—— No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. 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!

Doct. What a ſigh is there! The heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,——

Gent. Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—— I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

the ſword by which an old man was ſlain, calls it *egentem ſanguinis enſem*; and Ovid, deſcribing a wound inflicted on a ſuperannuated ram, has the ſame circumſtance:

——guttura cultro
Fodit et *exiguo* maculavit *ſanguine* ferrum. Met. l. 7.
STEEVENS.

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To the deaf pillows will difcharge their fecrets.
More needs fhe the divine, than the phyfician.——
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ftill keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:
[5] My mind fhe has mated, and amaz'd my fight:
I think, but dare not fpeak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnefs, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The Englifh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward [6], and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear caufes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
[7] Excite the mortified man.

Ang.

[5] *My mind fhe has* mated,———] Aftonifhed, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expreffion is taken from *chefs-playing*:

"———that fo young a warrior
"Should bide the fhock of fuch approved knights,
"As he this day hath *match'd* and *mated* too."

Soliman and Perfeda. See vol. II. p. 212. STEEVENS.

[6] *His uncle Siward,*——]
"Duncan had two fons (fays Holinfhed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, Earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Excite the* mortified *man.*]
Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expreffion. "*It means* (fays he) *the man who has abandoned himfelf to defpair, who has no fpirit or refolution left.*" And, to fupport this fenfe of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified fpirit* in another place. But if this was the meaning, Shakfpeare 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 [8], that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Men. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
[9] 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 *Ascetic*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"He like a *mortified* hermit sits."
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

To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin [1] 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,
[2] To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. [3] Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
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 [5] English epicures:

The

[1] ——*The medicin*——]
i. e physician. Shakspeare 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 *medicin* of our house." STEEVENS.

[2] *To* dew *the sovereign flower*, &c.]
This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about You*, 1600:
"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tear."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery 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 desertions—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 epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note,

The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt[6], nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon[7]!
[8] Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?

Ser.

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.

Shakſpeare 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 Engliſhemen, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, truſting (becauſe he had beene brought up in the iſles, with the old cuſtomes and manners of their antient nation, without taſt of *Engliſh likerous d.licats)*, &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. Johnſon'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 ſuperfleus banqueting." STEEVENS.

[6] *Shall never* ſagg *with doubt,*——]
To *ſagg* is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"This ſaid, the aged Street *ſag'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 *ſagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

To *ſag*, or *ſwag*, 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 *ſags*, or has *ſagged*."
TOLLET.

[7] ——*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.

[8] Where got'ſt thou that *gooſe* look?]
So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— ye

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 linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.---Seyton!---I am sick at heart,
When I behold---Seyton, I say!---This push
Will cheer me ever, or [3] disseat me now.

"——ye souls of *geese*,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"From slaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

9 ——*lily-livered 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 effect*————"
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?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging 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* disseat *me now.*]
The old copy reads *disseat*, which is certainly right, though modern editors have substituted *disease* in its room. The word *disseat* occurs in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* by Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakspeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse:
"————seeks all foul means
"Of boisterous and rough jadry, to *disseat*
"His lord that kept it bravely."
Dr. Percy would read:
"*Will* chair *me ever, or disseat me now.*" STEEVENS.

Disease is the capricious alteration of the second folio.
MALONE.

I have

I have liv'd long enough: [4] my May of life

Is

[4] ——— *my* way *of life*

Is fall'n into the sear, ———]

As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it 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 sear,——

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 lustyhood."

And *Hen*. V.

" My puissant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth."

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella*, stanza 21:

" If now *the May of my years* much decline."

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont aud Fletcher:

" ——— — you met me

" With equal ardour in your *May of blood*."

Again, in *The Guardian* of Massinger:

" I am in the *May* of my abilities,

" And you in your December."

And in *Claudius Tiberius 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 R. Davenport, 1655:

" Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers, &c."

Again, in the *Renegado* of Massinger:

" Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

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Again, in the *Renegado* of Massinger:

"Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

"In my excuse." STEEVENS.

Is fall'n into the sear[5], the yellow leaf:

And

I have now no doubt that Shakspeare 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 walke."

Beſides, that a ſimilarity of expreſſion in other paſſages of Shakſpeare, 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 mellow 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 ſear, 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 Shakſpeare'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

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, [6] 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.

[5] —*the* sear,—] *Sear* is dry. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:
"——*sear* winter
"Hath seal'd that sap up."
Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d sonnet:
"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*, &c."
And Milton has—"Ivy never *sear*." See vol. II. p. 223. STEEVENS.

[6] ——skirr *the country round*;]
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 slings."
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca:*
"——the light shadows,
"That, in a thought, *scur* o'er the fields of corn,
"Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

 Hang

Hang thoſe that talk of fear [7].——Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
[8] Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick 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 could'ſt, doctor, [9] caſt
The

[7] ——*talk of* fear.]
The ſecond folio reads *ſtand* in fear. HENDERSON.

[8] *Cleanſe the* foul *boſom of that perilous ſtuff,*]
Stuff'd 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:
Cleanſe the *foul* body of th' 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 *ſtuft*, 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 *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel by John

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, ſenna [1], 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 Dunſinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every 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
Keeps

John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving, without *caſting her water*, where ſhe was pained, &c." Again, in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638: "Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well ſkilled in *caſting waters*." STEEVENS.

[1] —*ſenna*, —] The old copy reads—*cyme*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*but the* confident *tyrant*]

Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. '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 Shakſpeare, ſignified *opportunity*. *He ſhut up himſelf and his ſoldiers* (ſays Malcolm) *in the caſtle, becauſe when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all deſert him.*

More and leſs is the ſame with *greater and leſs*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Leſs*. 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 yſpronge to *moſt* and *leſſe*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the 12th:

"Of Britain's foreſts all from th' *leſs* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 8:

"———all other weapons *leſſe* or *more*,
"Which warlike uſes 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.

Macd. [4] Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw. 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 dareful, 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 criticks 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.]
i. e. *property* and *allegiance*, WARBURTON.
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:
"———ſtraight
"Can *arbitrate* a war of deadlieſt weight." STEEVENS.

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-ſhriek; 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 Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. VIII. 150. vol. X. 473. edit. 1780.
EDITOR.

[8] ———fell *of hair*]
My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *ſkin*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Alphonſus 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 goujeres 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,
——ſurfeited *with horrors*;
and ſo, for the ſake of a politer phraſe, has made the ſpeaker talk abſurdly. For the thing we ſurfeit of, we behold with uneaſineſs and abhorrence. But the ſpeaker ſays, the things he *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:*
"——attollit membra, toroque,
"Erigitur *plenus monſtris*, vanumque cruorem
"Excutiens."
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 [2],
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
[3] 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 liv'd 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 pass'd 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 send *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 Fooles*, 1570:

"*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall amende.

STEEVENS.

[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 participle 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.

The way to dusty death[4]. 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 ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing——.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mes. 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.*
Mes. 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,
[5] 'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care

[4] *The way to* dusty *death.*——]
We should read *dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. The Oxford editor has condescended to approve of it. WARBURTON.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has:
The way to study *death.*——
which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an errour 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, stuck

I care not if thou doſt for me as much:—
I pull in reſolution; and begin
To

ſtuck together. In the *Roman Actor* by Maſſinger, the ſame word, though differently ſpelt, appears to be uſed:

"———my entrails
"Are *clamm'd* with keeping a continual faſt."

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praiſe of the Old Aſſe*, &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 wither'd 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 *gripe*, 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 *cling'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 *clem* in the *Poetaſter*, act I. ſc. ii: "I cannot eat ſtones and turfs; ſay, what will he *clem* me and my followers? aſk him an he will *clem* me." To be *clem'd* is a Staffordſhire expreſſion, which means, to be *ſtarved*: and there is likewiſe a Cheſhire proverb: "You been like Smithwick, either *clem'd* or burſten." Again, in *Antonio and Mellinda*;

"Now lions' half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food."

In the following inſtances, the exact meaning of this word is not very clear:

"Andrea ſlain! then weapon *cling* my breaſt."
First part of *Jeronimo*, 1605.

"Although my conſcience hath my courage *cleng'd*,
"And knows what valour was employ'd in vain."
Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603.

Again, in the *Sadler's Play*, among the Cheſter Whitſon plays, Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is ſpoken of:

"That now is *clongen* under clay."

I have given theſe varieties of the word for the ſake of any future lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

Mr. Whalley however obſerves, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhauſt 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.

[6] *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 Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—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[7] 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 pall *in resolution*,——
I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful 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.

[7] *harness*]
An old word for armour. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
"His *harness* is converted to soft silke." HENDERSON.

Shall

Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course[8].—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Mac. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight; and young Siward is slain.*

[8] —*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.

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 kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; [9] either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheathe again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited [1]: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

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 undeeded. MALONE.

[1] *Seems* bruited:——]
From *bruit*. Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noiſe. So, in *King Henry* IV. P. II:
" ———his death
" Being *bruited* once, &c."
Again, in *Timon of Athens:*
" ———I am not
" One that rejoices in the common wreck,
" As common *bruit* doth put it."
Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " Lais was one of the moſt *bruited* 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.

Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the [2] intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
[3] I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd.

[2] *As eaſy may'ſt thou the* intrenchant air]
That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

As eaſy may'ſt 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.

[3] *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.

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 [4] 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 Dunsinane,

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 guile,
"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 charmed* shield,
"And eke enchaunted arms that none may pierce."
STEEVENS.

4 —— *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*[5].
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

[6] *Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is ſlain.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Roſſe, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. 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 prowefs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?

[5] ———*Hold, enough.*]
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 terminated 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.

[6] *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 moment after Macduff enters, as from another place, with his head on a ſpear. Of the propriety of ancient ſtage-directions, the following is no bad ſpecimen: *Enter* Sybilla *lying* in childbed, with her child *lying* by her, and her nurſe, &c." Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611. STEEVENS.

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
[7] 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;

Siw. 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 [8] kingdom's pearl,
That

[7] *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.]
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.

[8] ——— ——*thy kingdom's* pearl,]
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 Althorpe*, may countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:
"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,
"Countesses, ye courtly *pearls*, &c.
Again, in Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice*:
"———he is the very *pearl*
"Of courtesy."——— STEEVENS.

Thy 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;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your 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 *pearle* of poetry."
So, again, J. Sylveſter, quoted in the ſame book:
"————peace,
"Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms all.*"
Again, in *Endymion's Song and Tragedy*, 1606:
"————an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl.*" MALONE.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a liſt of no leſs than CII. 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 Duncan (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 ſo 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

formance on the ſame ſubject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will tranſcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus:* "Fabulæ anſam dedit antiquæ de Regiâ proſapiâ hiſtoriola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurriſſe duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixiſſe Regem futurum, ſed Regem nullum geniturum; hunc Regem non futurum, ſed Reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe Potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakſpeare 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 Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof, the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakſpeare, was on this occaſion. FARMER.

This play is deſervedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and ſolemnity, grandeur, and variety, of its action; but it has no nice diſcriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular diſpoſitions, and the courſe of the action neceſſarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well deſcribed; and I know not whether it may not be ſaid, in defence of ſome parts which now ſeem improbable, that, in Shakſpeare's time, it was neceſſary to warn credulity againſt vain and illuſive predictions.

The paſſions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely deteſted; and though the courage of Macbeth preſerves ſome eſteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE FOURTH.